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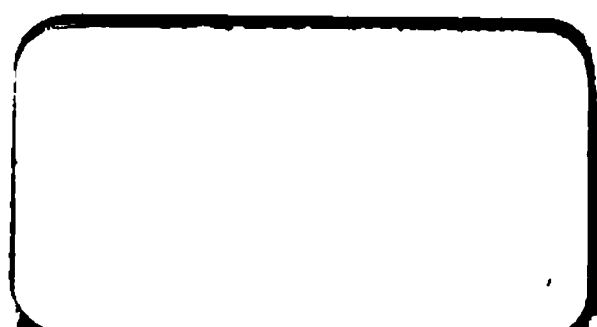
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UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE**

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DUBLIN

JAMES M^cGLASHAN, 21 D'OLIER-STREET.

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THE Editor of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, finding it quite impossible to read and answer the innumerable communications sent to him, gives notice that he will not undertake to read or return MSS. sent to him, unless he has intimated to the writer his wish to have them sent for perusal.

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LOVE AND MESMERISM: SOME PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF THE
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THE gilded spires of Venice had long faded in the distance—the blue lagoons, the splendid palazzas of that city, rising with her tiara of proud towers, still lingered in glorious beauty upon the eye of memory, though the fair original lay leagues behind me, as I wended my weary way towards my native land. Many years had rolled over since I had last seen it. I had long been a wanderer in strange countries, but beneath the cloudless sunny skies of the sweet south I had not forgotten the land of my birth; as I passed the river and approached the frontiers, and the dark mighty mountains rose before me, looming in the distance, I felt all that inexpressible delight, known only to him who, after years of absence, returns to his home again. And yet in the country I was leaving behind me had been spent the happiest hours of my short life. I had gone to Italy in order to perfect myself in painting and sculpture, but the temptations so incident to youth in that delightful country had naturally impeded my progress. As I ceased to be industrious I had become enervated by idleness, and the not very agreeable reflection now arose in my mind that I knew rather less about my art than when I had departed from home. Occupied in the perilous pursuit of pleasure, I had begun to despise my profession. The pains required for mastering the minute details of art seemed intolerable drudgery to me, and at last I began to think that I had not sufficient power through the medium of the pencil and the chisel to shape into existence those bright and beautiful images of which I had dreamed. What would I not have given to be able to

recall the departed past. I thought of the time I had wasted, and the opportunities I had neglected, and I now wished that the years I had spent in Italy had been less agreeable and more profitable. Tortured by reflections such as these I wandered on. The rainy weather, which had lasted for some days, adding materially to the discomfort of my journey, a voice seemed sounding in my ears the word “return,” and yet an irresistible impulse was urging me forward. I became at length so miserable that I often wished for death. A fresh torrent of rain impelled me to seek shelter under a tree, where having seated myself on a fragment of rock, I mused long and sadly over the broken hopes and futile strivings of my past life. Before me lay the desolate region of a vast mountain solitude, disturbed only by the noise of an angry torrent, whose dark waters were swollen by the incessant rain. I looked down into the eddying pools of that sweeping river, and the dark thought crossed my mind that in their depths my sorrows might have rest; then I was suddenly seized by a vague and unaccountable terror of death, and, afraid to trust myself further, I sprang up and fled as if from my own thoughts.

After travelling for many weary leagues, I arrived at length at a large solitary house, situated at no great distance from the town of Ancona. The combined effects of darkness, rain, and fatigue, induced me to pause beneath the ample doorway which invited the traveller's approach. As I entered, a shiver ran through my frame, and again I was seized with the same vague and unaccountable apprehension which I had experienced when seated on the moss-

covered rock, beneath the lonely tree, and beside the sweeping river.

As soon as the genial glow from the warm room of the inn breathed upon me, I immediately recovered, and felt myself better than I had been for several days. I received a cordial welcome, and, throwing my knapsack upon a table, was shown into an adjoining apartment, where I could divest myself of the clothes which were thoroughly soaked by the rain. While I was undressing myself I heard a noise of footsteps running rapidly up and down the stairs, and a voice eagerly inquiring if I had come on foot with a knapsack, and if I was about to remain in the house all night. Returning to the "salle" I felt at a glance that I had attracted the observation of the whole company. I could no longer control my curiosity as to the reason I had been so particularly inquired after, and at length asked if there were any other strangers in the house. The answer was in the affirmative, for it had so happened that a large party had arrived in the course of the evening, detained partly by the inclemency of the weather, and by the illness of a young lady who belonged to it.

This party consisted of a noble family of four persons, an old gentleman, a young lady, of exceeding beauty, an old lady, who was supposed to be the mother of the younger one, a doctor, two servants, and two ladies' maids. At the same time I was informed that both the old gentleman and the doctor, witnessing my arrival, had made particular inquiries about me in the public room. The landlord assured me that they were particular friends, and I was desired to go up to their room. I shook my head, convinced they must be wrong, as I could recollect no friend of such consequence in the whole world.

An old servant of the party shortly afterwards entered the room, where in broken Italian he asked for some wine. I addressed him in German, and he seemed rejoiced once more to hear the accents of his mother tongue. "His master," he said, "was a certain Graf von Rosenthal, who was on his way to Italy with his family, in order to procure for his daughter the benefit of a change of air." In proportion as he

drank he became more communicative. I informed him that I was on my return to Germany, and the tears stood in his eyes as he exclaimed with much solemnity, "Oh! that I could only return with you. I cannot," he continued, "endure it any longer; I believe there is a curse hanging over my master's family. I can get no one to trust in—few would believe me."

By the time we had cracked our third bottle, Heinrich, for such I found was the old man's name, became more confidential.

"Countryman!" said he, in a solemn tone, and casting an anxious glance round the whole room, in which, the company having departed, none save ourselves remained, and we sat alone by the side of a dim wood fire, whose flames fell fitfully upon the silent wall, "I cannot be blind. In the midst of the blessings of wealth and plenty, the old evil spirit is doing his work, the curse has come home to roost, God help us! The Graf, my master, is as rich* as a Jew, but he goes prowling about like a malefactor, and seldom speaks. He never seems happy. The old Gnadige Frau seems also to be in a continual flurry. As for the young lady, a child of paradise could not be more lovely, but I fear the old graf has married her to the devil. But, Lord bless us! what is that?" exclaimed Heinrich, as the casement came rattling in with a sudden crash.

"Nothing," exclaimed I, "but the rain and wind."

"It is no wonder," replied Heinrich, "I live in perpetual apprehension of some dreadful event. Some one of the family must soon meet his fate. The fraulein Kathern told me that; and if I could not occasionally, with my comrade Thomas, refresh myself with a little wine—for eating, drinking, and money are not at all scarce with us—I would have been off long ago."

"But why do you think one of you must soon die?" I inquired, believing the old man was becoming fuddled under the influence of the three bottles of sweet wine.

"It is certain," said Heinrich; "the countess told me, and what she predicts is sure to happen. At Juden-

* "Stein rich" is the German phrase, which signifies "close-fisted."

burg, fourteen days ago, we had the same story. No one would believe it, for we were all enjoying our accustomed good health. As we were at that moment going along the road, the Herr Müller, the graf's secretary, one of the finest men you ever saw, fell suddenly with his horse and baggage down a steep precipice, ten times as high as the church steeple. It was an awful sight, man and horse were smashed to pieces; should you ever happen to pass through the village where, the accident occurred they will show you where he lies. It only now remains to be proved which of us is to die. It will happen—upon my soul it will," added the old man, with emphasis, seeing I looked incredulous; "and if I am not the unlucky individual, I shall immediately obtain my discharge from the Graf. These are things of unusual occurrence, and my neck is so dear to me, that I should entertain the strongest objection to have it broken in such a godless service."

I laughed at his superstitious fears. He continued to swear that the countess was possessed of a legion of bad devils.

"A year ago," said he, "she was walking along the roof of the castle of Rosenthal, with as much ease as you or I could walk on that floor. Often, without the least intimation, she falls into violent convulsions, and she can see quite plainly into the inside of any one's body. Doctor Walter, one of the most able men I ever knew, told me in confidence that she can look through the people, or walls, and doors, as if they were made of glass. It is awful; but when she is at herself, she is perfectly sensible. When, however, she is under one of these seizures, something speaks out of her, and she governs us just like dogs. Could not we have remained quietly at home, in our snug villa, instead of jogging about on mules and all manner of uncomfortable conveyances; and all, forsooth, because she would have it so—had we remained on the broad road, the Herr Müller might, at this moment, have been drinking his glass of wine with us."

Heinrich's conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the servant, bearing my scanty supper into the

apartment. He left me, promising to explain much of what he had so clearly hinted, upon the occasion of our next meeting. His place was soon filled by a little spare thin man, whom the old domestic, as he departed, accosted by the name of "Herr Doctor;" and I became instantly aware that I had a second member of this mysterious family before me. I observed, as I went on eating my supper, he was regarding me with a steadfast earnest gaze. He at length broke silence, by asking me from whence I had come. When I informed him I was a German, he became more friendly, and accosted me in the mother tongue. In reply to my inquiries, he informed me that his master was the Graf von Rosenthal, on his way to Italy.

After some further conversation, in which we discussed my plans, he said—

"What, suppose you accompany us to Italy, as your prospects do not at present seem very auspicious? You are familiar with the country, its language, and inhabitants; you know the most healthy places—you could be of the greatest use. The Graf would engage you on the spot, in place of a secretary he has just lost. Free quarters, travelling expenses paid, and six hundred gulden a-year—no bad thing, not to mention the well-known kindness and liberality of the count."

I shook my head, and remarked that having no acquaintance with the count, I did not know how we would get one.

"Oh, if that is all," replied the doctor, "you have already a strong recommendation."

"Recommended!" I exclaimed, "and by whom?"

The doctor seemed quite at a loss for an answer—

"By necessity," he replied, somewhat abruptly.

"No," I replied, "I never care for abundance, if I have only the means of life. From my childhood up, I have always been accustomed to a life of independence—I am not rich, but I will never sell my independence."

The doctor seemed somewhat puzzled; but there was a grave earnestness in my tone which admitted of no cavil. I could not divest my mind of some disagreeable forebodings in re-

gard of this extraordinary family, although I never for a moment believed the old man's representation, that the sick countess was possessed by a legion of devils, yet, notwithstanding, there seemed something odd in the overtures thus made to an entire stranger ; but as all this discussion appeared to make me but the more resolute, the doctor at length finished his bottle, and departed.

Left to myself, I turned the matter over in my mind, weighed the *désagréments* of my poverty against the pleasant position in the family of a rich "Graf." I jingled the few remaining coins in my pocket—all my worldly wealth ; and the result was still the same—out of Italy the peace of God, the career of a village schoolmaster, and independence. I tried to compose myself ; but then I reflected how I had lost all the plans of my life, which money could never restore.

My wonder was by no means decreased, when, in about ten minutes after the doctor's departure, a servant of the Graf made his appearance, with the compliments of his master, to request I would visit him in his apartment. The adventure was so curious as to determine me to see it out. I found the Graf a tall man of commanding presence, traversing his apartment with hasty strides. There were many pleasant features in his face, which had an appearance of great dignity. He led me to a seat, and, with many apologies for the liberty he had taken, repeated in terms the offer made by the doctor. I still with modesty and firmness persisted in declining his offers. He turned to the window, where, with his hands behind his back, he remained for some moments lost in thought ; at length he approached me, sunk into a chair, took one of my hands in his, and said—

"My friend, I appeal to your heart : my knowledge of character must indeed be slight if I do not think you an honest man. Be open—remain with me, stay with me, only for two years, I beseech you—you may rely upon my generosity, you shall have everything you require—and at the end of this period I will set you up with a capital of a thousand louis-d'or. You will never regret the time you have spent in my service."

He said this so kindly and pleasantly that there was something in his manner which moved me more than the promise of a capital which would leave me free to pursue whatever mode of idleness I pleased ; but I still thought that, should I accept of his proposal, it might have the appearance that I would sell myself for money. This splendid offer, besides, excited my suspicions.

I replied—"For such a sum you may command services superior to any I could command." I told him openly of all my previous occupations and fortunes, and thought, in this manner, to put him off ; but he resumed earnestly—

"We must not be separated. It may appear wonderful to you, but the fact is not the less true, that you are the very man of whom we have long been in search ; and it was upon your account that I have, with my daughter, undertaken this long and inconvenient journey."

I looked at him with astonishment, thinking he was trying to crack jokes upon me.

"How could you look for me if you did not know me? How could you possibly tell I should be here at this time, for two days ago I did not know it myself?"

"It is not so," he said : "this afternoon, resting yourself in a wilderness, full of sadness, you leant upon a block of granite under a tree. You looked at a black torrent which went foaming past you. You then fled, and came here. Confess it openly—is it not so?"

At these words, my senses well nigh left me with terror.

"Confess," said he ; "is not this so? Are you not the man we have been seeking?"

"I do not deny it," I replied ; "but you overwhelm me with fear." Withdrawing my hand from his, I exclaimed—"How did you know this? Who told you?"

"My sick daughter," replied the count. "I believe it may appear wonderful, but this miserable girl entertains strange fancies in her sickness ; and she has for a long time persisted in the idea, that it is only by means of you she can ever regain her health. Four weeks ago, my daughter described you in the dress in which

you now stand before me. Fourteen days ago, she said you were sent by God to deliver her. She showed me the way you would take, marking out the route with a compass upon the map. At Villach she showed us the nearest way to the place of our sojourn. With the compass in our hands, and the chart in the carriage, we travelled along, ignorant of our destination, like mariners drifting at sea. At Villach we left the main road, and it was only this afternoon we became aware of your proximity. It was also from her I became aware of what passed within you. Doctor Walter informed me, after your arrival, that you were the very person of whom we had been so long in search. I feel assured myself also; and that you are the only person who can restore to me the blessings of life, and save my child."

He was silent, as if awaiting my reply. I sat for some time, revolving the strange incident, compared to which my eventful life could afford nothing.

"As you tell me, noble count," I replied, "it is incomprehensible, and therefore I am still incredulous. I am but an artist, and know nothing of medicine. There are many things inexplicable in our lives, but none of them impossible, particularly when the reality is before us, although we cannot explain the cause."

"True," replied the count, "you are no doctor; but my daughter's foreknowledge in other matters satisfies me she is right in this, and that you are ordained to be her saviour. I was, in my earlier life, an unbeliever even in the existence of a deity, and even in my old days I cannot believe in devilries, witches' tricks, apparitions, or the devices of warlocks. You may explain to yourself, my dear friend, my pressing you, as well as my liberal offer: the former is pardonable from one who lives in perpetual apprehension of losing his only child; the latter is not too great for him who saves her. Remain, then, with us—you will witness many wonderful things. If you like occupation, besides agreeable travelling, you may choose any business you like. You are my only hope: remain near, as a member of my suite is expected to die a desperate and unexpected death. A sore hour of trial awaits us—my

daughter has prophesied it will happen—I tremble under the weight of this anticipated apprehension."

When the count had concluded, he was moved almost to tears. I felt myself in an uncomfortable position—what I had heard, excited at once my curiosity and my scruples.

"I do not accept of your liberal offer, noble Graf," I replied: "give me as much as will supply my necessities, and I will accompany you. It will be a sufficient reward if I can be of any real use; but as yet I cannot find how. I shall always, however, stipulate to preserve my independence, and shall only remain with you as long as I find your service comfortable."

The eyes of the count danced with joy, as, pressing me in his arms, he exclaimed—

"God be praised! To-morrow you shall see my daughter, who is now in bed!—to-morrow I shall prepare her for your arrival!"

"Prepare her for my arrival!" I exclaimed. "Did you not inform me that she was acquainted with my arrival, as well as with my name?"

"I beg your pardon—I forgot to explain one circumstance to you. What in her dreamy state she hears, knows, and understands, when awake she is utterly ignorant of. She knows nothing from the time of these seizures, and would be distracted were she made aware of what she had spoken. She only described you during the period of her fit, and knows nothing of you except through our report of her own words."

I also learned from the Graf that, from her earliest childhood, his daughter had evinced a taste for walking in her sleep. In a state of somnambulism she has risen from her bed, dressed, written letters to friends, played the most difficult pieces upon the piano, with an ability which in her waking hours she could never command. These fits are nothing but a higher species of somnambulism, which, although in themselves harmless, have the effect of dreadfully impairing her constitution.

It was pretty late when I left the room of the count. There was no one in the *salle* except old Heinrich, who was still enjoying himself over his bottle.

"Speak a little German with me,

sir, if you please, that I may not forget the language of my native land. You have had a long interview with the Herr Graf."

"I have had an interview with him, and am going to accompany him to Italy," I replied.

"Charming!—it always does me good to have a German face near me, for the Italians are bad sparks, as I have heard. With the exception of the countess, who is certainly bewitched, you will find all our company agreeable; and as you are now one of ourselves, I may venture to speak more openly upon these subjects. The Graf would be a fine fellow if he could only laugh—whoever is about him must always have a face as solemn as the twilight. The old lady is fond of scolding if her slightest command is not instantly attended to. I think her travelling to Italy is more for the sake of the good burned waters than her health, for she is mightily fond of a glass of liqueur. The young countess would be well enough if she had not a whole army of devils in her. Doctor Walter would be the best among us if he had only the skill to banish the devils——"

At this moment, the landlord came rushing in, apparently wild with terror, calling out—

"Help! help! the house is on fire!"

"Where?" I exclaimed: "show the way."

"Up stairs—the bright flames are bursting out of a window!"

With these words he rushed out. The whole house was now roused—I attempted to rush, but Heinrich, as pale as a ghost, caught me in his arms.

"Jesus Maria!" he exclaimed, "what has again happened?"

I said, in German, that we must look for water—that the house was on fire. Every thing was in confusion—the people of the house were running about in every direction—the floor of the room was on fire, and they sought for means to force the door. Heinrich was there as soon as I, with a vessel of water. As soon as he reached the door he exclaimed—

"Holy Maria! it is the chamber of the old countess!"

"Break it open," shouted the Graf, in a voice of thunder.

The tools soon arrived, but it was difficult to break the door, on account of its surprising thickness; when at

length, however, it was forced open, all drew shuddering back. The chamber was pitch dark; but on the floor, near the window, there played a yellowish-blue fire, which soon died away. A dreadful smoke assailed our nostrils. Heinrich, bearing a crucifix, came rushing up the steps. The Graf called for a light, which having been brought, I entered the chamber, and proceeded to open the window. The Graf held the light to the bed, which was smooth, and apparently unoccupied. The smell was so dreadful, that I nearly fainted. The Graf called aloud the name of Frau von Mentloch. As the torch approached, he beheld at my feet a great black mass of ashes. I was struck with terror, as I saw an arm with the hand partially consumed, and the burned remains of a human head; in another place were three fingers with gold rings, and the foot of a lady partially consumed.

"Great God!" exclaimed the Graf, turning deadly pale, "what is this?"

He gazed shuddering at these dreadful remnants of mortality. Seeing the fingers with the rings, he uttered a loud cry as the doctor entered—

"Frau von Mentloch is burned, and yet no fire!—no smoke!—incomprehensible!"

He cast another glance to convince himself of the truth, gave the taper to an attendant, and went out, deadly pale.

I stood as if petrified by the awful tragedy I had met with. The wonderful tale I heard made such an impression upon me, that I regarded these dreadful remains without sensation. Soon the room was filled with servants of the hotel. I heard them weeping, and I thought I was surrounded by ghosts. When I recovered myself, I left the room, and returned into the "saal." At this instant a side-door opened, and a young lady, in a light night-dress, and supported by two ladies, each bearing a taper, appeared. I remained staring, as if struck by lightning, at this apparition. So stately was her form, so noble her features, that nothing I had ever seen in the masterpieces of painting and sculpture came at all near it. All the past horrors were forgotten in my intense admiration. The young beauty tottered towards the room where the frightful catastrophe had taken place.

When she saw the remnants, she stood still, and said, with a voice of command—

“Begone!”

Immediately one of the Graf’s servants employed himself in executing her commands by clearing the apartment.

I returned to the “saal,” where I found Heinrich sitting over his wine, still as pale as a ghost.

“Did I not tell you,” he cried, “it was the turn of one of us to go? The devil willed it. To-morrow I’ll take my departure, or else my turn may come next. In Italy, they say the mountains spit fire—I’ll keep away from them. The pope would soon make roast beef of me.”

I related to him what I had seen.

“That,” said he, “was the young countess. God protect us—is she not beautiful?”

Heinrich was now summoned by the count, and he departed, sighing piteously.

After the fatigues of the previous day, I enjoyed a sound and refreshing sleep until noon, when the events of the past rose before me like fireside visions, of the reality of which I could scarcely convince myself. Having nothing to lose, and nothing to fear, I determined to keep my engagement with the count. When I entered the “saal,” it was filled by magistrates and policemen, who had been attracted either by business or curiosity. They were all firmly persuaded that the death of the lady had been caused by supernatural influences. The Graf had ordered the remains to be interred by his own people, and this caused such a sensation that it was actually in contemplation that the whole family should be taken prisoners; and they were only in doubt whether it would be better to deliver us over to the civil or the military authorities. Some were for taking us before the archbishop. I endeavoured to explain to the authorities that they were about to place themselves in an awkward position, by taking prisoner a person of so much consequence as the count, as I was convinced the death had been the result of natural causes; and I hinted further, that if it was true, as they supposed, that it had happened through the count’s influence with his Satanic majesty, that influence might be enlist-

ed in a mode prejudicial to themselves. I ended by advising them to take a sum of money which the count had offered, and allow him to depart in peace. My advice was attended to. They took the money, we ordered our horses, and departed without further molestation.

On the road, we had much conversation upon the events of the former day, by which, he said, his daughter had been dreadfully affected.

“You must let my daughter have pretty much her own way, for when she is thwarted, she is so sensitive that she suffers intensely. I have already informed her of your arrival, and asked if she wished you to be introduced. ‘It would be time enough,’ she replied, ‘when we should arrive at Venice.’ Therefore do not allow yourself to be dissipated by her fancies. She is an unfortunate girl, who must be treated with forbearance. She is my only earthly joy. The cause of the death of this unhappy woman is easily explained. The death was produced by spontaneous combustion from the quantity of brandy she was in the habit of drinking.”

Nothing of importance happened until our arrival at Venice. During our journey I never was introduced to the countess, who appeared displeased whenever she saw me. Shortly after our arrival, one morning I met her entering her sedan-chair, and she inquired from Doctor Walter—

“Who is that man who is always trotting after us?”

“It is the Herr” replied the doctor.

“He is a very disgusting person,” responded the young lady; “send him away.”

“You sent for him yourself,” replied the doctor. “It was upon his account the journey was undertaken. You must look upon him as medicine which is ordered for you.”

“He is the nastiest medicine I ever saw,” said the young countess, shrugging her shoulders.

This conversation was not very flattering to my “*amour propre*,” and had it not been for the kindness of the Graf, I should have left the service of the ill-tempered Venus without delay. I never considered myself handsome, but I was regarded in a favourable light by the fair sex in general; and

now to be regarded in the light of nasty medicine by a beautiful girl, was too much for my feelings, and in this mode the countess arrived at Venice, her medicine riding on horseback after her.

A suite of apartments and servants were assigned to me in the magnificent palace which the count had hired, and as the count had plenty of friends among the Venetian noblemen, we had soon abundance of visitors.

We had not been in Venice more than four days, when, one evening, I was summoned to the count, by whom I was welcomed with more than his usual cordiality.

"My daughter wishes to see you," he said; "enter with me into her apartment—but softly, for she is in such a state of nervous excitement, that the slightest noise will upset her."

We came into a large and splendid apartment, hung with green silk drapery. The two chambermaids leant against the window; the doctor was on the sofa looking at his patient, while the beautiful girl stood in the middle of the room, bolt upright, with one of her beautiful arms hanging down, and the other extended. She looked like a rare piece of statuary, her attitude was so still; and only the heaving of her breast told she lived. Everything was so silent, while every eye was attracted by the godlike figure of the beautiful countess. She said, with a smile of angelic sweetness, at last—

"Emanuel, why have you staid away so long? Come near and bless me, that my sufferings may end."

Not understanding whether this conversation was meant for me, I looked very foolish; but the doctor and the count made a sign that I should approach, and, like a priest, make the sign of the cross, and lay my hands upon her, as if I was blessing her. I drew near, raised my hands over her beautiful head, but, so great was my respect, that I had not the courage to touch her. I lifted my hands again, and extended them towards her. Her movements seemed to become more joyful; my confusion increased, as the beautiful girl said—

"Oh! Emanuel, it is not yet thy wish to assist her—wish!—wish! Thou art powerful, and thy wishes can do anything."

"Doubt everything, beautiful coun-

ness," I replied, "except my wish to assist you;" for I felt that had she required me to cast myself out of the window, I would have cheerfully done it, so strong was the fascination of her beauty.

I felt as if I were in the presence of a goddess. The graceful beauty of her figure, the classic charm of her features, which seemed of more than earthly loveliness—had disembodied my spirit. I had never before felt the combined power of beauty and nobility. As I had seen her previously, her face appeared so pale and mournful, with a touching expression of meek sorrow; but now it was far different: a celestial blush suffused her features, and her eyes swam in an atmosphere of radiant light, which neither art nor nature could bestow. The expression of her face had a smile, and yet not a smile; but breathing a delight so intense, it was justly called by her attendants inspiration—but such inspiration, it never entered into the glorious dreams of the most inspired artist to imagine or conceive.

"Oh, Emanuel," at length she said, "now is thy wish earnest—now she feels that through thee her hour of succour is at hand—thy hair is wreathed in golden flames, and from thy fingers are waving streams of silver light; thou floatest in the liquid azure of heaven."

Her whole being seemed to drink in a flood of light. Notwithstanding the beauty of her language, I could not help thinking of the nasty medicine to which she had previously compared me, and the not unnatural wish arose in my mind, that I should always continue radiant in the brilliant hues in which I was now clothed by her fancy, shining all over like a silver fish.

"Do not let thy thoughts wrong the fancy of the sick girl, Emanuel, who compared thee with bitter medicine," said the countess. "Be more noble than that unfortunate lady, carried away by the intensity of her sufferings, which has brought her to the verge of madness."

The doctor cast a laughing glance at me, which I returned; but it was not of astonishment that the proud beauty had entreated my pardon, but that she had guessed my inmost thoughts.

"Do not talk to the doctor, Ema-

nuel," said the inspired countess; "it hurts her when thy thoughts are for a moment absent; remain firm in thy desire to light up her half-dissolved being with thy power. Seest thou how strong is thy will?—the cold particles soften and dissolve like the hoarfrost of winter beneath the sunshine."

As she thus spoke, her arm, which was extended, gradually drooped, animation and life returned to her figure, and she asked for a chair. The doctor fetched one covered with cushions of green silk, elaborately wrought.

"Not this," she said, "but that arm-chair covered with striped linen, which stands before the writing-table in Emanuel's room below—have that always."

Now it so happened that there was a chair exactly answering this description before my writing-table, which the countess could never have seen. As I gave the key to one of the servants, she said—

"Not that key, but the one with the dark spot on it."

I gave them both to the servant, and it appears she was right; for the first key, which I had mistaken for that of the chamber door, opened only a press.

When the chair arrived, having seated herself in it, she desired me to stand opposite, with my hands extended, pointing to her heart.

"O God!" she exclaimed, "what intense delight! Give her thy words—she prays thee not to leave her till her health is restored. If thou leavest her she must perish miserably; her life depends upon thee. Do not regard her," she said; "when in a state of earthly waking she knows thee not. Forgive the unfortunate, who knows not what she does—all vices are weakness of the vital powers which destroy the powers of the mind."

She became communicative, and, so far from being angry at my questions, seemed to listen to them with pleasure. I expressed my wonder about the extraordinary features of her case, and said I had not thought it possible that any one could predict events, or know the thoughts of others. After a silence of some moments, she said—

"She is as well as any mortal can be, whose earthly frame is about to be dissolved. She is as well as she can be, when the body is about to retire to destruction, and the earthly lamp of

eternal light is going out in darkness."

"This inspiration," I said, "does not in the least enlighten me on the subject; on the contrary, it leaves me quite in a mist."

"Mist, Emanuel! but you will learn by experience. She knows much, but cannot express it. Nature seems an endless ocean of holiness, or like a shining heaven, suffused with melted light, which drops into stars. The soul is the shell of a heavenly body, which is but the covering of the everlasting. The earthly shell of the sick person is now broken, and her soul sees and feels out of her earthly tabernacle—the earthly shell can now be made whole, Emanuel, by thee; otherwise will she perish."

She was silent; I listened as if to the voice of another world. The count and the doctor listened with equal surprise; both assured me that the countess had never before spoken in a similar manner, and had never before answered questions.

I drew her attention to her weakness, and asked if long speaking did not take away her strength.

"No," she replied, "not when thou art with me—in seven minutes her sleep will go off; but to-morrow it will return. Then, Emanuel, I pray thee do not fail her. Come to her, with the steadfast wish to save her, five minutes before three o'clock, by the clock in thy chamber, not by thy watch, which is three minutes too fast—be punctual, that the patient should escape unnecessary suffering."

With this she ceased, and a dead silence fell over the party. Her face became paler every instant, and the appearance of life in her features faded. Sinking negligently down, she seemed as if about to fall asleep; then she groaned and wakened; and when she beheld me, she appeared astonished—she looked from one to another. The chambermaid hastened to her, also the count and Doctor Walter.

"What is your pleasure?" said she to me, in a harsh tone.

"Gracious countess, I only await your commands."

"Who are you?"

"Your servant, Emanuel, noble countess."

"I feel much obliged by your good-will; but if you would allow me,

I prefer being alone," she replied, in a sorrowful tone; then making a bow, got up and turned her back upon me.

I quitted the apartment with a strange mixture of sensations: as different as heaven and earth was the condition of the countess asleep and awake. Gone were my gold and silver beams—gone her familiar *thou*, that sank so softly into my soul; and even the name Emanuel, by which she had called me, was known no more.

I returned to my solitary chamber, shaking my head like one who had listened to fairy tales so long, that the reality seemed charmed. There was no arm-chair before my writing-table; I supplied its place, and wrote off the wonderful scene which had just occurred, for I feared that at some future time I should not believe it. I willingly forgave all her former harshness, for the sake of her exceeding beauty.

The following day I had a second visit from the Graf, who related to me in joyful accents that his daughter had passed a delicious night, and that she felt herself much better.

"At breakfast," continued he, "I related to her all that had passed, but she would not believe me, persisting it must be the ravings of insanity. She began to weep; I quieted her. I said that without doubt we might anticipate her complete restoration to health. I could not, however, prevail upon her to see you awake; but she assured me your appearance was so distasteful, she could not endure you. We could not force her assent—what is to be done?"

The count and I became more intimate every day, and his friendship seemed to increase in proportion with the hatred of his daughter.

Doctor Walter, with the rest of the servants, soon began to observe the extraordinary influence I had with the count, and overwhelmed me with polite attentions, which I would willingly have exchanged for the smiles of the beautiful countess, who still continued hostile. Her dislike seemed gradually to increase, and at last I hardly dared to enter her presence. I will not, however, anticipate my story. At three o'clock exactly I entered the chamber of the countess, when I found matters pretty much the same as be-

fore; all her peculiar beauty had returned: and when she became aware of my presence, she threw a haughty glance at me, and said—

"Who gave you permission to enter my chamber unannounced?"

A low convulsive sob choked her voice, and she fell into the arms of her attendants. They immediately brought the arm-chair which she had asked for the day before. She had scarcely seated herself in it when she began to beat herself in a frightful manner. It was with difficulty I could endure the sad spectacle. I assumed the attitude I did on the former day, extending my arms towards her. Her convulsions continued; but at length, with a soft sigh, she seemed relieved, and the impression of sadness gradually disappearing from her countenance, the glow of inspiration began to return. At length she said, in a tone of angelic softness—

"Oh, dear friend, what would become of her but for you? She seems floating in an atmosphere of light, in which her being seems to mingle with thine."

She continued to have her eyes close shut, but was able to tell all that was passing behind her; she even told the number and description of persons who were passing in a gondola near. She began to converse, at length, of her illness—of her night wanderings, and of a long fainting fit, in which many of her family believed her dead, and which had lasted for nearly ten hours. She described how her father, leaving her in despair, had retired to his chamber, and, throwing himself upon his knees, prayed—a circumstance which could have been known to no one but himself, for the room was dark, and he had locked the door. In these conversations she still continued to speak of herself in the third person, as if of a stranger. At one time she said,

"She is a countess, and the daughter of the Count von Rosenthal; but I am not."

Her whole appearance in these trances was of the most lofty and beautiful kind. Presently she sank into a fit of deep reflection. Upon the occasion of this interview, her fit of inspiration ended almost as it did before. Thus matters went on for many months. Although very anxious, I can scarcely describe what passed. The health of the countess appeared gradually to im-

prove. In consequence of her frequent trances, I became almost a slave; I could scarcely leave the house for a moment. Every day seemed to clothe her with a fresh charm. Had I never seen her but for an hour, its memory would endure for a lifetime. Oh, the rapture of first love! Yes; I deny it not—love it was, but I may truly say, not an earthly one: my whole being was bound up in this inspired priestess. I felt so unworthy to be regarded by her slightest look, could she only have tolerated me as the meanest of her servants, without antipathy, I would have thought it the highest celestial happiness. But, alas! in proportion as my society seemed to charm her when asleep, rose her antipathy to me when awake. This antipathy gradually increased to hatred—always showed itself in some manner of which I was peculiarly sensitive; with passionate tears she would entreat her father to send me out of the house. She despised me as a common vagabond, who was unworthy to breathe the very air with her, still less to be so much in the confidence of the Graf von Rosenthal.

Incredible as it may appear, when she was in these trances she seemed to follow all the movements of my hands, and to anticipate my very thoughts. At length, it seemed scarcely necessary that I should extend my hands towards her; my wishes were sufficient to bring relief. She would drink neither wine nor water which I had not touched with my fingers, out of which issued, as she said, “streams of light.”

One day the count proposed to me that I should make an experiment of the affection of his daughter, by asking her, when in a trance, that she should give me a beautiful full-blown rose when she was awake. The experiment was tried, notwithstanding my objections; and I one day interrupted a friendly conversation, by making the request, previously to which, however, I ought to mention, that I had gone over to some roses which were growing in the balcony, and in selecting one of them, a thorn pierced my finger—the countess actually uttered a violent exclamation, as if in severe pain.

“Take care,” said she, “Emanuel; whatever hurts you pains me also.”

Thinking this the most suitable moment to make my request,—

“Why do you not tell her,” said the countess, “that you wish her to give you a full-blown rose to-morrow?”

I was astonished—she had divined my wishes; and I attempted to make some excuse.

“Oh, nonsense,” said she, laughing; “I knew my father put it into your head.”

“But it is also my dearest wish,” I replied. “Will you, when you waken at twelve o’clock, remember it?”

“Can she do anything else?” she replied, laughing.

When this conversation ceased the count departed, and summoned the attendants and the doctor.

It might have been a little after ten o’clock that Hortense awoke, and showed to the physician the hurt on her finger. She thought she had injured it with a needle, and wondered there was no outward sore. At eleven she showed symptoms of uneasiness—walked up and down the chamber, and began to abuse me to her women, and overpowered her father with reproaches for not having dismissed me before. She then began to talk about other matters. Her restlessness increased; she was asked if she was unwell. They tried in vain to find out the cause of her uneasiness. She hid her face in the pillows, and begged of them all to leave the room. A quarter before twelve, her bell was heard. She informed her maid, when she entered the apartment, that I must be present when the clock struck twelve. Although I had looked forward to this invitation, I felt quite upset by it. With a palpitating heart, I entered the room; the countess was sitting carelessly upon the sofa—her beautiful head, shaded by its dark locks, supported by her delicate hand. In a manner half sorrowful, half angry, she rose as I entered; and I then requested the honour of her commands.

She did not immediately answer, but seemed to hesitate, as if at a loss for words. At last she said—

“Mr. Emanuel, it seems as if I ought to make you a present, in order to induce you to retire from our service.”

“Countess,” I said, as I felt my pride rising, “I did not force myself into the count’s employment; you are aware of the reasons which have induced me to remain in the company of my lord. I would willingly obey your

commands just uttered, but for the hope of being useful."

She turned her back upon me, and began to play with a pair of scissors near the rose-trees. Suddenly she cut off a new-blown rose, which she offered me, saying—"Take the best I have to offer you—take it as a reward for having hitherto kept out of my way, and let me see you no more." Then she threw herself on the sofa, and, with averted face, made a sign that I should withdraw.

I regained my apartment, and pressed to my lips the rose, which I considered worth all the crowns and jewels on earth.

The dislike of the countess from this period, strange to say, seemed to increase. Her father, convinced of my honesty, as well as my ability to be useful, was proof against all his daughter's suspicions and fears. My position became very irksome; for I perceived that every one else, even to the servants, treated me with aversion and contempt. This at length increased to such an extent, that I perceived that it had gradually the effect of alienating from me the count's esteem; and I should have been unable to remain, had it not been for the kindness of the countess, who, in her trances, would entreat me not to mind such temporary estrangements.

One evening the count called me into his cabinet. He asked me to give him the books I had managed, as well as an order for two thousand louis-d'ors recently come, which he said he wished to put into the bank of Venice, as he intended remaining for another year. I took the opportunity to entreat of him to give these matters of service to the management of some one else, as I intended, as soon as the health of the countess should be a little restored, to leave his house and service. Although I said this with some emotion, the count did not appear to pay much attention, but merely replied, that he would be able, doubtless, to get some one to attend to his affairs. This was enough; I perceived that he wished to get rid of me. I went back to my room, and collected all the papers, both those he had asked me for, and the others; but I could not lay my hands upon the order he required; I searched for it, but in vain.

The next morning the count reminded me.

"You have forgotten," said he, "the steward's accounts I asked you for yesterday, with the money order."

The only excuse I could devise was, that I had temporarily mislaid some papers, among which I supposed was the one in question, but that I would surely have it by the following morning. My search, however, was utterly in vain; and at length I came to the conclusion that the cheques were either lost or stolen, or that I had unknowingly destroyed them myself. No one, except my servant, who could neither read nor write, had the key of my room. My apprehensions were terrific.

On repairing next morning to the countess, in order to be present at her state of somnambulism, the count received me with a stern and grave aspect. The thought that he believed me dishonest was maddening. Full of these thoughts, I approached the sleeping countess; and the idea immediately occurred to me, that she, by means of her extraordinary gift of second sight, might inform me what had become of the papers. While I was deliberating how I should approach the subject, the countess complained of an extraordinary cold blast, which was blowing from me to her, and which, she said, if it were not changed, would cause her pain.

"Thou art disturbed by some secret sorrow, Emanuel," said the countess; "thy thoughts and thy wishes are not with her."

"Dearest countess," I replied, "it is no wonder. Perhaps you, with your wonderful powers of penetrating into mystery, can give me back my peace. I have lost four cheques belonging to your father."

The count frowned. Dr. Walter exclaimed—

"I beg you will not trouble the countess with such matters in her present state."

I was silent. Hortense appeared to reflect for a few moments.

"Do not be uneasy, Emanuel, "you have not lost them; they have been taken from you. Here, take this key; you will find them in yonder jewel-case."

I hurried to the press with a little gold key she gave me. One of the

chamber-maids, Leonora, sprang before me, and would not let me open it.

"My lord count," she said, "you surely will not allow any man to rummage the things of my lady?"

But ere she could finish, I had pushed her to one side, opened the jewel-case, and there beheld the cheques of which we were in search. With a glowing countenance I handed them to the count, saying, that I should shortly have the pleasure of waiting upon him with the rest; and with a light heart approached Hortense.

"How you are changed," said she, "Emanuel; you look like a sun floating in a sea of golden light."

The count, much affected by this scene, desired me to ask the countess how she came by them. I obeyed. Leonora, the waiting-maid, fell fainting upon the floor. Dr. Walter hurried up to her, and was just dragging her out of the apartment, when the countess began to speak. The count ordered silence, and that no one should quit the apartment.

"Out of hatred, my dear Emanuel, the sick person had the cheques taken from you," she said; "but things did not happen as she wished; for old Heinrich was standing in one corner of the corridor, when Dr. Walter went in with the second key, and took the cheques, which were put with letters from Hungary, and, on carrying them out, he gave them to Leonora. Heinrich would have blown upon us all, as soon as it was known that the papers were missing. Dr. Walter, who saw the cheques with you, offered to have them stolen; Leonora said she would assist; the sick person encouraged them both, and could scarcely restrain her impatience until they were brought."

Dr. Walter, as she said these words, remained leaning against Leonora's chair, and, turning to the count, said with a ghastly smile—

"No one can now contend that the countess is not to be believed in her moments of inspiration."

The count did not reply, but, ringing the bell, ordered old Heinrich to be sent for, and asked him, if he had ever seen Dr. Walter in my room during my absence.

"I saw him on last Tuesday evening in the room of Mr. Emanuel,"

said the old man; "but Leonora can tell better than I, for she was standing in the passage. He handed her some papers, and I saw them both smile, and talk in a whisper, as they went away."

They were then put out of the apartment, and Hortense soon became more agreeable than usual. The result of this remarkable morning was, that the doctor, Leonora, and another servant, received their dismissal, and the count covered me with the most ample apologies, and entreated I should never leave him.

"I know the sacrifices you have made for us, but you may depend upon my gratitude."

The evident pain of the count touched me, and I agreed to remain. In the meantime, the way in which I had been treated by the countess greatly weakened me in my belief in the goodness of her heart. As the health of the countess began gradually to improve, her dislike to me seemed to diminish. I was occasionally permitted to visit her in her lucid intervals. At length I was permitted to take my place at the table when there was a dinner party, and a cover was even laid for me when they were alone. The countess did not speak much; but what she did say was with a mingled hauteur and modesty which was enchanting. My situation became more agreeable; but I kept out of her presence, when in a state of wakefulness, as much as possible; and even if she regarded me with carelessness, she must, nevertheless, have been aware how much I despised her in my heart — so quiet, without its being perceived by Hortense, the bond of union between us had gradually been changed; but my time was spent in longing for the period when my services should no longer be required.

Among those who were on terms of intimacy with the count at Venice, was a rich young nobleman, who inherited the title of prince, from one of the most distinguished Italian families. I will call him Carl. He was of lofty stature, of agreeable countenance, and full of spirit and urbanity. The flexibility of his features, and the ardent glance of his eye, betrayed a mind which would be easily excited. He had an immense establishment, and was as proud as he was vain. His

friendship with the count, the result of accident, had detained him in Venice longer than he intended. He had seen Hortense, and mingled in the crowd of her admirers. His station in life, his riches, his numerous suite, had flattered the vanity of Hortense. Without distinguishing him from others by her favours she willingly saw him near her. A single smile or kind look was enough to raise in him the boldest hopes. The old count, not less flattered, met the attentions of the prince more than half way, and soon received him as a friend of the family. I never for an instant doubted that the count had arranged it in his own mind that the prince should be his son-in-law. Nothing but the illness of Hortense appeared to retard matters. The prince had heard of the extraordinary state of the countess's health, and was devoured by curiosity to see her in one of her trances, and the count who knew that she appeared to great advantage, gave him permission, which he had never before accorded to any one. Accordingly, one afternoon, about the time Hortense had predicted she would fall into a trance, the prince made his appearance. Fear and delight were pictured in the face of the prince as he beheld her radiant in superhuman beauty. The countess began to speak, and as usual to entertain herself with me, in a language however flattering to me, by no means so agreeable to the prince. I made a sign to the prince to give me his hand; as soon as he had done so the countess, with a violent shudder, exclaimed, "Take away that goat; he is going to stick me!" She fell into strong convulsions, and the prince was obliged to leave the room. As soon as he had departed she repeated, with emphasis, "Never let that unclean person enter into my presence again." This interview brought with it unpleasant consequences to me. The prince, regarding me as his rival, was filled with the most deadly hatred, and the count, easily influenced by any one much in his society, I soon saw he began to participate in the feelings of the prince. It was only a suspicion that the countess had a regard for me, but even this was very mortifying to his vanity. The count was much with the prince, and I was soon separated altogether from her society, except

during the period of her trances. It was at length arranged between them that the project of marriage should be mentioned to her as soon as it was consistent with her state of health. I soon perceived that I was in the way. My old habits resumed their sway, and the only agreeable reflexion I had was in the steady friendship of Hortense. All her former hatred, even in her waking hours, was turned into respect and friendship. She treated me like a physician, asked my advice upon all occasions, and obeyed my orders with the utmost punctuality. It sometimes seemed to me as if the power of my will had become a part of her nature.

The pride and vanity of the countess, in proportion as her health improved, began to disappear like evil spirits; her gentleness was more touching than even her beauty; and how was it possible that I, the daily witness of her many perfections, should remain insensible to her charms. I almost wished that she should treat me with the contumely which she had formerly done, that I might be able to tear myself away; for I felt that the parting which must sooner or later come, would take me to my grave. What made me worse was a dream which often occurred to me, and in which the same images were always presented. Sometimes I sat in a strange room—sometimes on the shore of the sea—sometimes on the stem of an oak in a vast wilderness—then the countess would appear, radiant with beauty, and say, "Why so sorrowful, my dear Emanuel?" At this period I would generally waken, for the thrilling tone in which she spoke these words would vibrate to my soul. In the crowded marts of the city I heard it—it rose above the songs of the gondoliers—wherever I went that gentle and touching sound was ever in my ear. Once, during the night, when I had this dream, I wakened as soon as the mouth of Hortense had opened to give utterance to the accustomed question, and then I believed that I heard the voice in reality. A dream is generally a dream; but in this tissue of wonders seethed woven into my fate everything extraordinary. One day when I was in the room with the count, looking over some papers, he was summoned to receive the visit of a Venetian nobleman. Thinking he would soon return I sat

down in his chair at the window, feeling very mournful. In the meantime steps approached, and the countess, who was looking for her father, entered the room. I felt a sudden tremor, and rose respectfully.

"Why so sorrowful, dear Emanuel?" said the countess, in the same sweet and gentle tone whose sound had so often mingled in my dreams. She smiled, as if surprised at her question, rubbed her forehead as if considering. "What is that? I thought I had heard that before; it seems to me as if I had seen you in the same position before, and had asked you the same question."

"Nothing can be so strange," I replied; "I have over and over again dreamed that you had used the same words you have done at this moment."

The count entered the apartment, and our interview terminated. A few days after this I dreamed that I was present at a banquet; it was a great festival; but the music made me mournful, and I remained a solitary spectator of the revelry. I thought that from the throng of dancers Hortense came smiling forth, looked at me with a glance of tenderness, and said, "Why so sorrowful? I cannot be happy unless you are so;" and with these words she disappeared among the dancers.

The next day I was invited to a party where there were to be fireworks and dancing, and upon the way thither I was informed by the count that Hortense was to be present. The prince opened the ball with the countess. As I looked on the noble pair, I felt as if there was a dagger in my heart. In order to banish the sight, I chose a partner, and mixed in the floating throng; but I soon felt too miserable to dance, and I was glad to make my escape. At this moment the dream of the previous night at once occurred to me. The dance had just terminated, and lo! the countess came up to me, pressed my hand swiftly, and secretly gave me one glance of ineffable tenderness, saying—"Why so sorrowful, my dear Emanuel? be joyful, or I cannot be so," disappeared among the crowd. The glance which she gave me seemed at the same moment to deprive me of speech and breath; before I could recover, she had rejoined the dancers, and was swimming gracefully along, but I saw, or thought I saw, that her eyes al-

ways sought mine. I left the place where I was standing, as I could not endure this. The dance had concluded, and a new one was about commencing as I approached the seat of the ladies: a beautiful form rose as I drew near; it was the countess: her arm soon lay in mine, and we fell into the ranks of the dancers. I felt astonished at myself, for I never could have had the daring to ask her for so great an honour; but it seemed as if, in the confusion of the moment, I had done so without being aware of it. She scarcely seemed to regard me as she swept through the crowd with her beautiful form and lustrous eye. In a moment the music struck up. I felt as if I belonged to another and a higher world, and was floating along on the voluptuous swell of the music. I did not know what happened, nor that the eyes of the whole company were upon us; but I cared little for that, and at the third round of the dance led the countess to a seat. I stammered forth my thanks, and her low bow to me was such as she would have bestowed upon the most distant acquaintance.

The count, as well as the prince, had seen me dancing with the countess, and had heard the general whispers of admiration. The count was displeased at my audacity, and scolded the countess the next day for having so far forgotten her rank. Neither the count nor the prince doubted that I had inspired the countess with some extraordinary liking for me, but notwithstanding their attempts at concealment, I could plainly perceive that I was the object of their intense aversion. I was seldom permitted to enter the company of the countess; but both of them were carried away by their apprehensions. The countess never concealed from either of them that she had feelings of kindness towards me. She said it was quite the same to her whether I was in Venice or Constantinople. "It is in your power," said she, "to send him away as soon as I am well."

The count and the prince waited with anxiety the period of my departure, which would rid them of my presence and interruption. I also looked forward to this moment with some anxiety. I felt that absence from Hortense was the only way in which I could heal my wound. I felt unutterably wretched. One day the countess

predicted that the end of her illness was near, and that her convalescence was at hand.

"In the hot steam-baths of Battaglia," said she, "she will lose her power of inspiration. A bath every morning; and after the tenth bath you will depart: she will then see you no more, unless you wish it; but let her have a remembrance of you. Without this she cannot get well. You carry on your breast a dried rose, cased in gold. As long as she wears this on her heart, rolled up in silk, her illness can never return. Neither earlier nor later than the seventh hour after the thirteenth bath, give her this rose: wear it until then. Thenceforth she will be convalescent."

"Do you really carry anything of the kind?" said the count, in high delight at the prospect of his daughter's approaching recovery.

I replied in the affirmative; and he then asked if I attached any value to this possession.

I replied that I did, and that I would sooner forfeit my life; but that I would give it up to ensure his daughter's recovery.

"Some pledge of love, I suppose?" said the count, smiling.

"It is the gift of one who is all in all to me," said I.

The count, touched by my generosity, embraced me, adding—

"I am eternally your debtor!"

The first thing he did, when Hortense awoke, was to mention the incident.

"It is," he added, "the gift of one he loves."

He said this with the greater pleasure, because he thought that if the countess had really any liking for me, she would the more readily surrender it when she heard that I had been sighing in the chains of another beauty. Hortense received this intelligence with such carelessness, that the count's suspicions at once vanished. He immediately informed the prince of what had happened, and the result was a total alteration of their coldness of manner. I was treated by them like a benefactor. Speedy preparations were made for our departure to the baths of Battaglia; the prince had gone before to make preparations for his bride, and early on a beautiful summer's morning we left Venice, through the

lovely plains of Padua. We approached the Euganean mountains, at the foot of which lies the little city with its wells. During the journey, the countess liked to make little excursions on foot, and I was her constant companion, her kindness was extreme.

"I could be very happy," said she, "if I were allowed to spend my life in some quiet retreat in Italy, occupied with the simple concerns of domestic life. The amusements of cities leave a void in the spirit, and depress more than they please. How happy I would be if I could live quietly apart from courts and cities; if I had will enough to make my happiness consist in doing good to those around me; but one cannot have all one wishes!"

More than once, and in the presence of her father, she spoke of the great obligation they owed me as the saviour of her life.

"Could I only know," said she, "how to compensate you. I have been ransacking my brain to find out something agreeable to give you. You must be already aware that my father will place you in a position to be independent of all mankind: that is the smallest thing; but I must have another satisfaction for myself."

At another time she would turn the discourse upon my resolution to leave them immediately after her convalescence.

"We shall all be sorry to lose you," she would say, with tenderness. "We will mourn your loss like that of some dear friend and benefactor. Could we not by our entreaties induce you to change your resolution and delay your departure? But your heart calls you elsewhere," she said, with a smile, as if she had penetrated the secret of my heart. "If you are only happy, we shall have nothing further to wish you, and I doubt it not, love will make you happy. Still, do not quite forget us, and remember from time to time to let us have intelligence of your welfare."

My replies were full of distant and cold politeness, for respect forbade my heart to betray this confidence. But still, she would bestow upon me glances which would overpower my feelings, and I would say more than I had intended. It occasionally happened that when I spoke in a more flattered and obliged tone, Hortense would look upon

me with a clear glance of wondering innocence, as if she did not understand me. I persuaded myself that Hortense wished only to appear kind and thankful to me without according me any preference over that she bestowed upon ordinary mortals, and that it was only out of pure good nature, and to give me pleasure that she had asked me to dance with her at the ball. Ah, how my passion had already carried me beyond the bounds of hope, far beyond the bounds of hope; for had Hortense really felt towards me anything more than good-will, what use would it have been? I would only have become more unhappy in her unhappiness. Whilst this flame was consuming me in secret, in her heart there was a serene heaven full of rest; whilst I was yearning to fall at her feet, and to confess all I felt for her, she wandered near me without the least suspicion of my situation, and sought to dispel my earnest sorrow by her innocent mirth.

Rooms were prepared for us through the prince, in the castle of the Marchioness of Este. This castle, on a hill near the little city, combined the greatest conveniences with, at the same time, the most beautiful views, and shady promenades in the distance. But in order to make use of the steam-baths it was necessary to go into the city, near which a house had been prepared for the reception of the countess, where she spent the mornings on which she wished to bathe. After the first three baths she received, her inspirations became less frequent and more obscure. She spoke seldom, seldom answered a question, and appeared to enjoy natural and refreshing sleep. She said in her sleep that after the tenth bath she should no longer be permitted to enter this house. After the tenth bath, she fell into her usual trance, in which she said—

"Emanuel, I see thee no more!"

These were the last words she uttered in a state of inspiration. The day of the thirteenth bath arrived, and up to this period every incident which she had predicted when in a state of inspiration regularly took place. Her last commands now only remained to be fulfilled. The prince and the count came to me early in the morning, to remind me how soon I should be expected to deliver up my amulet. They did not leave me alone for a

single moment. They made me show them the amulet, as if they feared that, when the time was drawing so near, some accident might happen to it, or it might be lost through carelessness. As soon as the news arrived that the countess was in the steam-bath, every moment was counted. We were at length summoned to accompany her to the castle, when we found her extremely agreeable, and prepared to receive from me a present which she was to wear all her life. She began to joke with me about my infidelity in giving to her the present of one I had loved. It struck ten o'clock; the seventh hour had arrived. We were all—the count, the prince, the countess, and her attendants—present in a spacious and well-lighted apartment.

"Now wait no longer," said the count: "the moment has arrived which is to be the last of Hortense's sufferings, and the first of my happiness."

I drew the precious medallion from my neck, opened the golden chain, pressed a kiss upon the glass, and, not without emotion, handed it to the countess. She received it, and as her glance fell upon the dried rose, suddenly a bright glow shone on her countenance. She stammered a few words of thanks, and then suddenly disappeared with the chambermaids. The count and the prince were full of thanks. They had prepared a little feast at the castle, to which noble families from Este and Porigo were invited. In the meantime we waited in vain for the re-appearance of the countess. We soon heard, however, that upon putting on the amulet she had fallen into a deep and refreshing slumber: two, three, four hours passed, but she came not. The count, much disquieted, made his way to the bedside, but her sleep was so sweet and deep, he would not disturb her. She was still asleep, when, at midnight, the party broke up; but the next morning it continued. The count feared death, and my disquietude was no less. Doctors were summoned, but they pronounced her in perfect health, and advised she should be allowed to sleep on. Noon and evening came, and still the countess slept. If it had not been for the assurances of the doctor, that she was in good health, we would have been greatly alarmed. The next morning we were all in the great-

est delight to receive the intimation that the countess was awake. Every one hurried in, and wished her joy, and all were happy except I, who stood sorrowful in my room.

Why should I not tell it? Amid the universal joy, I stood alone sorrowful—ah, more than sorrowful—in my room. The obligation by which I was bound to the Count Rosenthal was over—it was fulfilled. I could depart whenever I would; they wanted nothing from me except the last word. But now to inhale the air she breathed appeared to me the most enviable of all lots—to receive but a single glance, the dearest nourishment of my life; away from her, and it seemed to me as a condemnation to death. And when I thought of her approaching marriage with the prince, and the weak nature of the count her father, then my manly pride and independence struggled within me; and I determined to depart. I swore I would fly. I saw the eternity of my unhappiness; and rather than remain contemptible to myself, I determined to bid adieu to joy and pleasure for life. I found Hortense in the castle garden. A shudder ran through my frame as I drew near to offer my congratulations. She stood, apparently lost in thought, apart from her attendants, and near a flower-bed. She seemed more beautiful than I had ever seen her before, and looked as if possessed with a new life.

"How you have startled me!" she said, a slight blush suffusing her features.

"I also wish you joy, my dearest countess," said I. I could speak no more; my senses were confused; I could not bear her look, which seemed to penetrate my heart. Stammering forth an excuse for having disturbed her, I stopped short.

"You speak of joy," said she; "but are you joyful?"

"Most heartily," I replied, "that you are raised from your long illness. In a few days I must depart, and belong to another country; I now belong to none. My promise is ended."

"Is this your intention, dear Emanuel?" said the countess. "You say you belong to no one; do not you belong to us?"

I laid my hand upon my heart, and glanced to the earth, for my heart was too full to speak.

"You will remain with us—will you not?" she said.

"I may not."

"But if I entreat it?"

"Good God, gracious lady, do not command me; I cannot endure it; I must depart."

"You are not happy with us; but, nevertheless, you have neither duty nor profession to take you away."

"Duty to myself," I replied.

"Go, then—I have been strangely deceived in you; I thought we would have been of more value in your eyes."

"If you but knew, noble countess, what sorrow your words are causing me, you would pity me, and let me depart in peace."

"Then I must be silent. Go; but you do me a great injury."

Speaking these words, she turned away. I dared to go after her, and begged of her not to be angry. She began to weep. With folded hands I implored her not to be angry with me.

"Command me," said I, "and I will obey. Command that I should remain, my soul's rest—my happiness—my life I will offer up at your command."

"Go, then—I force nothing from you; you are unwilling to stay with us."

"Oh, countess, bring me not to desperation."

"When will you depart?"

"To-morrow—to-day."

"No, no," said she, gently, as she came nearer to me. "I set no value on my health. Remain yet only a few days at least."

She murmured this with such an entreating air, and looked upon me at the same time with her moist eyes so sorrowfully, that I was no longer master of my destiny.

"I remain."

"But willingly?"

"With rapture."

"Good. Now leave me for an instant. You have sorely troubled me. But do not leave the garden: I only seek to recover myself."

With these words she went away, and vanished amid the blooming orange flowers. I remained for a long time in the same place, as if in a dream. Such words I had never before heard from the countess. It was not merely the language of politeness. Everything within me was disturbed with

the idea that I had some value in her eyes. The request to remain longer—the tears—the indescribable something that cannot be described—her movements—her voice; the wonderful language, in every thing a language without words, which spoke more eloquently than words could express. I understood nothing, and I understood all. I doubted, and I was convinced. After about a quarter of an hour spent in wandering up and down the garden walks, with the attendants who remained, the countess came with a lively and friendly air towards me. In her gentle figure waving with white drapery, she appeared like a lovely vision of Raphael's gorgeous dreams. In her hand she carried a bouquet of carnations, roses, and violet-coloured anilla flowers.

"I have plucked a few flowers for you, dear Emanuel," she said; "do not despise them. I give them to you in quite another spirit from that with which, in my sickness, I once presented you with a rose. I should not remind you, my dear doctor, how I must have teased and distressed you with my childish humours; but I remember *that* on purpose, in order to cement my friendship with you more closely. Oh, and how much have I to repay you! Give me now an arm, and the Lady Cecilia will give another:" so she called one of her companions.

As we went along, chatting and laughing, her father the count, and the prince arrived. Never was Hortense more amiable than on this, the first day of her convalescence. With tender respect she conversed with her father; with friendly intercourse to her attendants; with polite kindness to the prince; but to me with the liveliest expressions of gratitude. She thanked me not only in words, but in her manner, when she spoke. When she turned to me, there was in her words and in her tone an inexpressible kindness, good-nature, and care for my contentment. This tone was never altered in the presence of her father nor of the prince. She carried it on with an assurance that it could not and should not be otherwise; and so many charming days flew lightly on wings of joy. The conduct of Hortense never altered towards me in the *last*. I myself swaying between the *cold dictates* of prudence and honour,

and the fire of passion, found always in her society a peace and an independence which, since these wonderful events happened, I had never known. Her kindness and truth made me feel towards her like a brother. She never concealed a heart full of the purest friendship towards me; and as little did I conceal my sensations, if I did not openly express them. And still, oh! who could withstand such beauty?—it must be betrayed.

The bath guests of Battaglia were accustomed on fine evenings to assemble at a large coffee-house, where, sitting in the open air, they might enjoy each other's society. They sat there in chairs, in a half-circle, in the open street. One might hear on all sides the music of mandolins and guitars mingled with Italian songs. There was also music in the coffee-house; windows and doors were lighted. The countess came one evening, when the prince was accustomed to leave us earlier than usual, in order to ask me to accompany her to the assembly of bath guests. I was seated in my chamber, dreaming over my strange destiny; the door stood half-open. Hortense and Cecilia saw me as they passed; both observed me for a long time; then they entered gently, but I saw them not until they stood right before me, and declared that I must accompany them into the city. They remained joking and enjoying my confusion. Hortense recognized the bouquet; she took it from the table where I had left it, and placed it, all withered as it was, in her bosom. We then went to Battaglia, and mingled with the company.

It so happened, that Cecilia, in conversation with one of her acquaintances, went away from us. Neither the countess nor I were much displeased. With her upon my arm, we wandered through the gay crowd, until she was wearied. We sat upon a bank, under a spreading lime-tree; the moonlight fell through the branches upon the beautiful countenance of Hortense, and upon the withered bouquet in her bosom.

She gazed long on me with a curious, earnest look.

"I know not how it is, dear countess," I exclaimed, in a voice tremulous with agitation, "the charm which had power over us is not lost—its direction

only is altered. Once, when you were in a state of inspiration, I worked upon your mind; you now work upon mine. I live only in thoughts of you; I can do nothing—I am nothing without you. Be not angry at my confession: folly, indeed, before the world, but not in the sight of heaven. I only do your bidding. Can I hide myself from you? Is it a crime that my whole soul is filled with your image, dear countess? If so, it is not my crime."

She turned away her face, and raised her hand in order to make a sign that I should be silent. I had at the same moment lifted mine to conceal my eyes, which were full of tears. The raised hands sunk in one another. We were silent; my thoughts boiled over, under my overpowering sensations. I had betrayed my passion, and Hortense was gracious.

Cecilia disturbed us; we went silently back to the castle. When we departed, the countess said, gently and softly—

"I have been made well by means of you, only to become more sick."

The next day, when we met again, a kind of sacred fear seemed between us. I scarcely dared to speak to her, or she to answer me. Our looks often met, both full of earnestness: she appeared as if trying to look through me; I endeavoured to read in her eyes if my boldness of the day before still made her angry. Many days passed in this manner before we had an opportunity of being alone; we had a secret between us, and seemed afraid of suffering the least sign of it to appear. The whole manner of Hortense seemed more solemn, as if she did not belong to the present world. In the meantime I thought that her altered demeanour was caused by that hour under the elm-tree, which had so strange an effect upon us both. Prince Karl had, as I afterwards discovered, formally demanded the hand of the countess in marriage, but this had given rise to an unpleasant scene between the prince and the count. In order, therefore, not to offend either of them, Hortense requested time to consider, but seemed so uncertain, that the prince began to despair of ever seeing his wish fulfilled.

"Not that I dislike the prince," she would say, "but I mean to enjoy my

freedom for some time; but if this offer is too soon repeated, I will certainly refuse him, even if I loved him."

The count knew from experience the determined nature of his daughter, but hoped a satisfactory result, as she had not yet declined the attentions of the prince. The prince seemed in low spirits about it: he saw himself condemned to be a lover, without any certain hopes; but he had vanity enough to believe that, through trusting and long waiting, he would succeed in gaining her affections. Her confidence in me began to make him rather uncomfortable, but he seemed to think it the less dangerous on account of her open nature. He had accustomed himself to look upon me as the friend of the family, as well as the adviser of the father and the daughter, and on this account he feared me the less as a rival. He at length went so far as to look upon me as a confidant, and told me the history of his love for the countess, and implored me to find out if Hortense had really any affection for him. I was obliged to promise. He asked me every day if I had discovered anything, and I was obliged always to excuse myself by saying that I found it difficult to get at the countess alone. In order, I suppose, to procure me an opportunity, he got up a party to Arquà, three miles from Battaglia, which was often visited by strangers, to see the monument of Petrarch. Hortense seemed to have the highest opinion of this sweet lyrist, and to value him more than all the other Italian poets. She had long pictured to herself what pleasure this journey would afford her; but when the moment of departure arrived, Karl remained behind upon some trifling excuse, which he also contrived should detain the coach: he promised, however, to follow us without fail. Afterwards, Beatrice and Cecilia, the companions of the countess, went with her in the carriage, and I followed on horseback. I conducted the ladies to the churchyard of the village, where a simple slab of marble covers the ashes of the poet, and translated the Latin epitaph for them. Hortense stood over the stone in deep earnestness; she sighed.

"But all things do not die," said she

and I thought I felt a gentle pressure of my arm.

"If all things died," I replied, "human life would be cruelty, and love would be the greatest curse of life."

We went sorrowfully out of the churchyard: a friendly old man conducted us to the little hill covered with vines, on which stood the dwelling of Petrarch, near a garden commanding a pleasant view of the valley in the distance. The tools with which the poet worked were still to be seen in perfect preservation; the chairs and table at which he wrote and rested, and even the kitchen utensils, were all carefully preserved. Such remains as these have always a strong influence over my mind, connecting, as it were, the distance between the past and the present: it seemed to me as if the old poet was only just gone out, and would come in through the open door of his room to greet us. Hortense found a small edition of the sonnets lying upon the parlour table. She sat down as if tired, and resting her beautiful head upon her hand, began to read. The attendants went out to procure refreshments, and I remained in silence at the window. My fate was the love and hopelessness of Petrarch; but there in my presence, in her loveliness, sat another Laura, not divine through the power of poetry, but divine in her own living, breathing charms. I saw the countess was weeping, and becoming alarmed, I approached her fearfully, but did not dare to speak. "Poor Petrarch," said she, rising. "But all things pass away. His grief has ceased hundreds of years ago; but they say in latter years he conquered his passion. Is it good, therefore, to be thus a conqueror—does not it destroy one's happiness?"

"But if necessity should command it?" said I.

"Has necessity power over the heart of man?" replied the countess.

"But Laura was the wife of Hugo of Sada; her heart could not be his; his lot was to love, and to die alone: he had the power of music, which was his solace; but like me, he was unhappy."

"As you!" said Hortense, in a low voice—"unhappy!"

"I have not the divine power of

song; therefore my heart will break without a comforter. Oh, dearest countess, I can say no more—I can only remain honoured in your opinion through manly courage; grant me, however, one favour, which I ask in all respect."

The eyes of the countess fell, but she spoke not.

"One request, dearest countess, for sake of my peace."

"What is it?" she whispered, without looking up.

"Am I certain you will not refuse it," I replied.

She regarded me with a long, earnest look, and at length said—"I know not what you are going to ask me; but I owe you my life; whatever it is, I will grant it—speak."

I seized her hand—I sank at her feet—I pressed her hand to my burning lips—I nearly lost my consciousness and my power of speech. Hortense, as if powerless, stood with cast-down looks.

At last I regained the power of speech. "I must depart from hence—I must fly—I dare no longer stay. Let me fly—I dare no longer stay here—I will pass my life in some solitude far from you—I dare no longer remain—Karl has requested your hand in marriage."

"It shall never be his," interrupted the countess, with an earnest voice. She seemed to struggle with herself. "You are doing a great wrong," she said; "but I cannot hinder it," and she burst into a fit of tears. She staggered. As if in search of a seat when she arose, she sunk sobbing upon my breast. After a few moments, she regained her self-command; she felt herself encircled by one of my arms, and tried to escape; but I, as if heaven was within my reach, forgot everything, pressed her closer to my breast, and exclaimed—"This moment alone—it is enough." Her resistance was at an end. She raised her eyes; they met mine, and a celestial blush, like that glorious hue of her ancient inspiration, suffused her lovely features.

"You will forget me, when I am gone."

"Never!" she replied, earnestly.

"Adieu, then," I stammered. My forehead sank upon hers: our lips met: I felt her soft kiss steal over

my lips, and one of her arms encircled my neck. Minutes, hours, passed away. I went by her side, reeling like a drunken man, down the steps which led from the dwelling of Petrarch. Two servants awaited below, who conducted us to a summer-house under the laurels, where refreshments were prepared. The next moment a carriage rolled up, in which were seated the count and the prince. Hortense was very earnest, and her answers short. She seemed lost in reverie. I cast furtive glances at her, and saw her attempts at conversation with the prince. We visited a second time the dwelling of Petrarch, in order to gratify the curiosity of the count. When we entered the room, made sacred by the scene which had just passed, Hortense seated herself in the chair she had previously occupied, and resumed her former position, and took up the book. She remained so until we departed: then she rose, placed her hand upon her heart, cast a searching, hurried glance at me, and departed. The prince observed this look and gesture; a dark lurid flush overspread his features as he went out with folded arms. I did not doubt but that the jealousy of Karl had guessed everything, and feared his vengeance less for myself than for the peace of the countess. Therefore, as soon as we returned home, I determined to prepare for a speedy departure on the next morning. I told Count Rosenthal of my determination, gave up all my papers, and enjoined him to say nothing of it to the countess until I had departed.

Some time previously I had obtained the count's permission, in case of this event, that old Heinrich, who had often prayed for his discharge, in order once more to see his German home, should accompany me. He danced for joy in my room, when he heard that the hour of departure was near. A horse and a mantlesack provided for each was our only preparation for the journey. I had determined, before the arrival of the next day, to depart in great quietness. No one was to know anything about it except Heinrich and the count. I wanted to write a few lines of thanks, and an eternal farewell to Hortense. The count embraced me in the most tender manner, thanked me for my ser-

vices, and promised in an hour to return to my room, in order to give me some papers which would be of use, and would enable me to pass my future life free from care. As he expressed himself, this was only to be a small instalment of the debt which he would have to owe me all his life, I did not intend to refuse a moderate sum for my travelling expenses, for I was almost without funds; but more than this my pride forbade me to receive. When I returned to my room, I began to pack up. Heinrich went to prepare the horses, in order to be able to start at a moment's notice. In the meantime I wrote to Hortense, and what I suffered in this task—how often I rose unable to finish it—I can scarcely explain. My hopes in life were destroyed—my future a blank—death were preferable to a life without hope. I tore several times what I had written. I had scarcely finished, when I was interrupted in an unexpected manner. Heinrich rushed into my room trembling and breathless, seized upon the packages, and exclaimed—

“Something unfortunate has happened: they will send you to prison; they will prosecute you: fly, before it is too late!”

I asked the reason of his terror.

“I only know the old count is in dreadful anger, and the prince is in a frenzy. Every one in the castle was enraged at me!”

I answered coldly that I knew no reason to fear—still less, that I should fly as a criminal.

“Sir,” shouted Heinrich, “one could not enter this family without misfortune. An evil star is over it; I have long said so—fly!”

In the meantime, two chasseurs of the count entered the door, and besought me to come to his highness on the instant. Gobald nodded, and winked with his eyes, that I should try to escape. I could scarcely avoid laughing at his consternation as I followed the chasseurs. Yet I told him to keep the horses saddled, for I could not doubt that something extraordinary had happened, and perhaps the prince, mad with jealousy, had got me into some scrape. It had happened as follows:—I had scarcely left the count, when Karl came violently to him, and told him plainly that I had dishonoured his house, by making

open love to the countess. The attendant of Hortense, Beatrice, now, either by the presents of the prince, or by his kindness, had, when with Cecilia she left the dwelling of Petrarch, impatient at our delay, returned back there, and saw our embraces. The handmaid was, of course, too modest to interrupt us, but ready enough, as soon as we had returned to the castle, to inform the prince of what had occurred. The count would not believe it: it appeared to him so improbable, that a painter—a common plebeian—should have gained the affections of the countess, at first he was disposed to attribute the whole thing to the vain suspicions of jealousy. So the prince, in order to justify himself, was obliged to betray the betrayer, and Beatrice, however reluctant, was compelled to describe what she had seen.

The rage of the count knew no bounds, and what had happened seemed so extraordinary to him that he wished to have his daughter's account of the affair. The countess appeared. The sight of the pale faces, distorted by anger and by fear, aroused her.

"What is the matter?" she said, with a serious air.

The count replied, in a stern, earnest voice—

"That remains for you to tell." Then, with forced composure, he took her hand—"You are accused of staining the honour of our ancient house, by a love affair with this painter. Deny it—say no—give honour and peace to your father; you alone can do it. Confute these malicious witnesses—confute the declarations of those who have dared to say they have seen you in that man's embrace. Here stands the prince, your future husband—give him your hand—show him that this accusation is a cursed falsehood. His presence shall no longer disturb our peace; he leaves us this evening for ever," the count continued.

He seemed to endeavour, now that the varying colour of the countess left him no alternative, to give the best colour he could to the affair. He was prepared for everything, except what he was now to hear from the countess. With her usual dignity and determination, but not without some anger at the treachery of Beatrice, and the intelligence of my approach-

ing departure, she first turned towards Beatrice, and said—

"I will not be judged before you; my servant shall not be my accuser. Leave this room, and this castle, and never dare to enter my presence again."

The attendant fell weeping at her feet, but to no purpose—she was obliged to leave the room. Then she turned to her father, and desired that I should be summoned. The count hurried out; I was called. The count retired for a few moments, and we entered the apartment together.

"My dear Emanuel," said she, "you and I stand here as accused, or, more properly, as condemned." She then related what had happened. "They now await my justification. I shall not justify myself, save before God, the judge of hearts. I have now only to confess the truth, because my father wishes it, and to declare my unalterable determination, because my destiny orders it, and I have been born under an unlucky planet. I should be unworthy of your esteem, if I could not rise higher than any misfortune." She next advanced to the prince, and said—"I respect, but I do not love you. My hand will never be yours; entertain no further hopes. After what has taken place, I must entreat you to trouble us no more. You need not expect my father can alter my determination: his least violence can only end in my death. I have no more to say to you. But to you, my father, I must make it known, that I love him whom you call a painter. He is hated by you, because his rank in life is inferior to yours. He must depart. My earthly ties with him are at an end; but my heart remains his. You cannot alter it; for any trial to do so will end my life. I tell you beforehand, I have made up my mind to die. There will be an end of my misery."

She was silent. The count tried to speak, so did the prince. She nodded to him to keep silence. She then advanced to me, drew a ring from her finger, gave it to me, and said—

"My friend, I depart from you, perhaps, for ever; keep this ring in memory of me. This gold and these diamonds will be dust sooner than my love and trust can wither. Do not forget me."

With these words she laid her hands upon my shoulders, imprinted a kiss

upon my lips, became cold and pale, and sunk with closed eyes to the earth.

The count uttered a fearful scream; the prince called for help; I carried the beautiful and lifeless body to a sofa. The attendants came; doctors were called in; I remained on my knees almost insensible. The count raised me up. "Thou hast killed her," he shouted in a tone of thunder. He pushed me out of the door. At a signal from him, two chasseurs caught hold of me, and pushed me down the steps. Heinrich, who was standing at the stable, saw me, hurried forward, and carried me to the horse, which stood ready saddled. He lifted me on horseback; and as we rode away, I rode as if in a dream, and was often in danger of falling. It was some time ere I recovered. Everything that had happened rose before me; I wanted to turn back to the castle, and learn the fate of Hortense; but he entreated of me so fervently to give up this idea, that I was constrained to submit. I had scarcely turned my horse, when I saw some riders apparently at full gallop, and a voice exclaimed, "Accursed murderer!" It was the voice of Karl. Some shots were fired; and while I was seizing my pistols, my horse fell dead under me. I extricated myself. The prince rode at me with a drawn sword; and while he tried to ride me down, I shot him through the body; as he sank he was caught by his attendants. Heinrich fired at them as they retreated; then he came back, removed the bags from the dead horse, put me up behind him, and we departed with all speed. This affair took place near a small wood, which we did not reach until it was nearly dark. We rode the whole night not knowing whither. In the morning, when we halted at a small village inn to rest, we found our horse so cut with the saddle, that we could not use him further. We, therefore, sold him for a small sum, continued our route by pathways little frequented, carrying our own baggage, which was not very heavy.

The first beams of the rising sun were sparkling upon the diamonds of Hortense's ring. I kissed it, weeping. Heinrich had informed me, the previous evening, that he had heard from one of the servants the countess was recovering. This cheered my drooping

spirits, and my fate was now indifferent to me. I had exquisite sorrow in the separation from that being. We never stopped until we reached Ravenna; there we had a long rest, and, overpowered by my exertions and sufferings, I fell into a fever. The old servant was under dreadful apprehensions that the death of the prince would cause us to be apprehended by the authorities. We assumed feigned names, changed our dresses, and my powerful constitution, rather than the skill of the physician, gradually restored me to health. I was, however, still weak, but as we had determined upon sailing from Ravenna to Trieste, I hoped that the voyage would complete my recovery. One morning Heinrich came into my room in great fear.

"We can't," he said, "remain here any longer. A stranger is at the door inquiring for us; he says he must see you. We are betrayed."

"Let him enter," I said.

A well-dressed man, who inquired after my health, came in.

"It is well," added he, "you are recovering. The prince is out of danger, but has sworn against you. You wish to go to Germany by Trieste. Do not travel by that route. There is no ship in Rimini for Trieste, except one, which touches at Naples. If you go there you are either dead or a prisoner. Here you have a letter. The captain is a friend of mine; he will receive you with pleasure."

I was much struck that this apparent stranger should know my history so well, and inquired how he had gained this information.

"That is all I can tell you," he replied. "I live in Ravenna, and am a scribe of the justices. But I advise you to save yourself."

I had great difficulty in persuading Heinrich that the stranger was not the devil. "How otherwise," said he, "could he have found out all this." But upon inquiry I ascertained that he was really what he had represented himself to be. But what puzzled me was his having penetrated our intention of going to Trieste, which I supposed no one but myself had been aware of. The same evening, having hired a carriage, we arrived at Rimini; but I was yet in doubts whether I was plunging into the hands of my enemies

or escaping from them. In the meantime we reached Rimini, and found the captain. I gave him the letter, which I had previously taken the precaution of reading. A favourable wind arose, the anchor having been hoisted, we set sail. There were other travellers on board. One among the number gave me some apprehensions, for I remembered to have seen him at the baths of Battaglia. He was bound for Naples, where he said he had a warehouse. He spoke much of the acquaintances he had made at Battaglia, but especially of a German countess he had met, who was a picture of beauty and grace. He had not heard of the prince's misfortune. The countess, he said, had departed a few days previously, whither he had not taken the trouble of inquiring. It was enough: Hortense lived, was well, and I sighed, "May she be happy." Many a night I walked the deck, lost in reverie, and dreaming of her. The young merchant tried to raise my drooping spirits, and having heard that I was a painter, continually drew my attention to that subject. His kindness, and the sympathy he showed for my sorrow, induced him to invite me to his house, more especially as my funds were waxing low.

The kindness and care of Imfaldine (for such was the name of my new friend) quite embarrassed me. From a mere *compagnon-du-voyage* he became my friend. He introduced me as his friend to his worthy mother and his beautiful wife; but he did not rest even here—he introduced me to his friends, and I procured many orders for paintings. I succeeded beyond my hopes. My pictures were admired, I was paid munificently, and everything seemed to prosper with me. Heinrich found himself so comfortable, that he forgot his home wishes, and, as he himself quaintly said, he would rather live on bread and water than serve the Count Rosenthal for gold. My plan was to make as much by my profession as would bring me back to Germany. I was diligent and frugal, and thus a year passed over. The quiet and happy life I led in the house of Imfaldine, and the beautiful climate, contributed to make me forget my first resolution of returning. The only attraction which that country now seemed to have for me was in the

hope of meeting the countess once more; but when I thought of our painful parting, and of the solemn promise she had made her father to see me no more, I determined to suffer my lot in silence. Young, I was like an old oak tree withered, and left to die alone. Time, they say, heals all wounds. I believed this, but did not experience its truth. My sorrow was unceasing. I departed from the happy haunts of my associates, and often wept in secret. I thought of her in all her majesty and beauty. The second year passed, and I was as miserable as ever. In the darkest hours of my life, remarkable as it may seem, a gleam of hope still cheered me, and I always had expectations of hearing of my loved and lost one. This now began to leave me. How could she hear or know of my hermit life. Hortense was dead to me. She only came back in my dreams, radiant with celestial beauty, as I used to see her when inspired. Imfaldine would often ask me what was the cause of my sorrow. I could not bring myself to tell. At last inquiries ceased. My powers of life began to fail, and I often thought of death; when, one evening, amongst some letters which were orders for fresh paintings, there came a little box. I opened it. Who can paint my joy and rapture—I saw a picture of Hortense, fresh and beautiful, but dressed in mourning. Her face was paler, but her eyes were filled with a radiant light; beside it was a piece of paper, on which was written—"My Emanuel, HOPE!" I fell speechless into a chair; I knelt, thanking kind Providence. I sobbed—I tore my hair—I committed a thousand extravagances. Heinrich found me in this condition—he thought I had gone mad. In truth, I felt how much less capable we are of bearing up against happiness than sorrow. My hopes bloomed freshly; my health was restored, much to the marvel of Imfaldine and all my friends—I waited impatiently for further tidings—I could not imagine how she had arrived at the knowledge of where I was residing. Eight anxious months had passed before I heard any. At length a letter arrived, containing these words:—

"I wish to see you once more, Emanuel. On the first morning in May, be in Sivornia; inquire from the

Swiss merchant for the widow Marina Schwartz, from whom you will hear further news. Inform no one in Naples whither you are going—speak least of all of me. I live for no one in this world but for you only, and that, perhaps, for a few months.”

This letter filled me with delight ; but the fear of some further mystery still haunted me. To see that beautiful creature once more, if only for a few moments, was enough. In April I left Naples, and the house of Imfaldine—I left it with sorrow. I arrived with Heinrich at Gæta, where an unexpected pleasure awaited me. At the gate of the gardens, among some ladies, I saw Cecilia. I alighted. She introduced me to her relatives. I heard, too, she had left Hortense about a year ; she knew nothing of her, except that she believed she had entered a cloister.

“ I hear,” she added, “ the old count is dead. From the manner in which he contracted his expenditure before his death, I believe he had left his affairs greatly embarrassed. The countess reduced her establishment to a few persons. She had the kindness, however, to retain me ; but as she lost everything in an unlucky lawsuit, we were all sent away except an old waiting-woman. The countess declared she would end her days in a convent. However painful the parting was, she was an angel, and never looked more beautiful than under the pressure of adversity. Her rich dresses, her priceless jewels, she distributed amongst us—rewarded all with queenly generosity—leaving herself almost in a state of necessity—and departed, entreating our prayers.”

This story of Cecilia soon cleared up Hortense's last letter ; but I heard that the Prince Karl, who was desperately, but not dangerously wounded, had entered the Maltese service, where he afterwards lost his life. In a joyful mood I left Gæta ; the ill-fortune of Hortense aroused my pity, and gave me fresh hope. The whole way to Sivornia I was occupied with such dreams. I arrived there eight days before the first of May, and immediately sought the appointed shop, that I might find the residence of the widow Schwartz. A servant accompanied me ; but, to my great disappointment, I found she had gone out,

and would not return for an hour. At the appointed hour I arrived, and was conducted to an upper apartment, where I found a lady seated upon a sofa, who did not appear to observe my entrance. She seemed overpowered with grief, and was trying to stifle her sobs ; a feverish shudder ran through my veins. There seemed something in the form of the widow like that of my long-lost Hortense—her sobs reminded me of her—like a drunken man, I let my hat and stick fall, and threw myself at her feet. My God ! who can describe my feeling—the arms of Hortense enchaind my neck—her lips pressed mine—the dread past was forgotten—the future rose fresh and glorious before me—never had love such a reward, or trust such a realization. Both seemed to think that the present was but a happy dream. The first moments we spent together seemed so short, and even the questions we asked and answered, so uncertain, that when we parted it seemed as if we had only just met. I breakfasted with her next morning ; her whole suite was a chamber-maid, a cook, and a chasseur. Everything on the table was of the finest porcelain and silver, but every article without the old count's crest. This appearance of wealth, so contrary to my expectations, nearly banished my dreams of happiness. I had almost hoped to have found her poor, in order to be able with courage to offer her my hand. Now I was the poor painter again, whose station was so unequal to hers. I did not conceal from her what I heard at Gæta, and what thoughts, fears, and hopes, I had indulged that she would not hide her youth and beauty within the walls of a convent. How happy I would be in laying the profits of my future industry at her feet. I doubted her in the hour of hope and love. The simple and quiet life we might lead in solitude ; the humble house, with its little garden ; the artist's studio, enchanted by her. She cast down her eyes, and a bright glow suffused her features. Hortense arose, went to a press in the wall, took out a little ebony box, mounted with silver, and gave it to me, with the key.

“ For this purpose,” she said, “ I have had you summoned to Sivornia. It belongs, in part, to the entire fulfilment of your dreams. After the death

of my father, this was my first thought. I have never lost sight of you since your flight from Battaglia. A lucky chance threw a letter of yours from Ravenna in the way of one of my suite, directing the way in which you intended to travel. Imfaldine allowed himself to be persuaded into an understanding that you should be taken care of, and allowed me from time to time to give him some presents for you. I heard of you every month, and these letters have been my only solace since our separation. After my father's death, I left my family, partly on account of my position, as the estates went to male heirs. I converted everything else into money. I never thought of returning to my native land again—my last hope was a convent. I pretended that I wanted to marry, which I could not do, surrounded by the relatives of my father. I therefore separated from them, assumed the name and rank of a civilian, and after all was arranged, I had you summoned, in order to fulfil the promise I had made to heaven and to you. You have related to me your beautiful dreams—now let us turn to reality."

She opened the casket, took out a packet closely sealed, and directed to me. She broke the seal, drew forth a paper made out by a notary, in which were enumerated debts owed to me, and bank-notes in the money of various countries—accumulated interest which belonged to me as the reversion

of the property of the widow, Mariana Schwartz—

"This, Emanuel, is your justly-earned wealth. I have nothing to do with it. When I depart from the world, and retire to a cloister, I shall still have enough left. If you ever think of me—I beg you will preserve an eternal silence as to my name and rank—breathe not a syllable; and if you either refuse this, or offer me thanks, all bond of union between us is broken. Give me your hand upon it."

I heard this with pain and wonder, pushed the papers aside, and said—

"Do you imagine these have any value for me? I care not to refuse them, nor to thank you—I shall do neither. If you retire into a cloister, all this and the world beside are nothing to me. I want nothing. What you give me is worthless dust. Oh! Hortense, you once said my soul had inspired you—I will burn these papers—destroy your picture—become poor, too; but be mine—mine only!"

She leaned trembling against me, took both my hands in hers, and said, with strong emotion—

"Am I not yours, Emanuel?"

"But the convent," I said.

"My last resource, if you leave me."

Then we swore our union before God—the priests blessed it at the altar—we left Sivornia, and sought out a charming solitude, which is now peopled with our children.

P. B.

LIFE AND LITERARY REMAINS OF JOHN KEATS.*

A SPIRIT of antagonism has always subsisted, and will subsist, between the operations of intellect and the affections in the abstract, and the same mental powers and sensations, when narrowed within the bounds of human aims, and debased by servitude to the pomps and vanities, the cares and casualties of life. There has always been an engrossing principle in the world; but the character of that principle has varied, to suit the spirit of the time. In the age of Milton, civil contentions—triumphs alternating with overthrows—produced a state of feeling and thought, more disposed for action and the interests of an hour, than for the enjoyment of refined leisure, or wandering far into the realms of imagination, beyond the precincts of the actual. The poet himself, troubled by the spirit of the age, complains of having

“—————fallen on evil days,
—————with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude.”

Utilitarianism, the ruling principle of later times, with a quiet, stealthy, and uniform progress, is extending its influence over all ranks and conditions of men; it creeps in everywhere—its *cui bono* touchstone is applied to all objects of mental contemplation; the universities, the strongholds of ancient thought, cannot resist its encroachments; new studies of a practical and *quasi*-useful nature, must be substituted for the old-world babblings of people, whose stock in trade is tuneful breath, and dreamy moonshine. The everlasting hills, the deep-bosomed vales, the nooks and

“Nestlings green for poets made,”

cannot escape its intrusions. In vain did the indignant poet exclaim against the outrage. The hissing devil winds its way through tunnels and cuttings, over rivers and ravines, to his loved solitude. In vain did his plaintive

voice implore the monster to leave a pastoral and primitive people to themselves—to allow them—

“Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
To keep the noiseless tenor of their way.”

Deaf and inexorable it drives on, blackening, and assimilating, and civilising; and so it will do—and so let it. Still there are hearts in the world that will not beat one pulse quicker or slower, for all this hurry and flurry; minds there are—never were more—mindful of man's destiny, of his powers; sensible of the truth, the beauty, and the stability of the works of nature, and nature's mirror—the glorious imagination of man. Yes—

“Thanks to the human heart, by which we live—
Thanks to its tenderness, its hopes, its fears,”

There never were more men and women alive to the best and highest feelings of our nature, and quickened to a keen perception of the beautiful, than there are at this present hour. Why, then, should we delay longer to introduce to the notice of such readers the publication under review: “The Life and Letters of John Keats,” edited by R. M. Milnes.

We will take occasion elsewhere to speak of the fine spirit which Mr. Milnes has brought to his labour of love, and the felicity of his execution; but we will confine our attention in this place to Keats alone, and consider him as a poet, and as a man.

At that period when Keats began to feel, and ponder, and lisp in numbers, the world was stirred and swayed, as the ocean by the breeze, by the wild and potent strains of a great poet; who, trampling under foot the rationalism and elaborated wit of a former age—disdaining, to use the quaint language of Barrow, “a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way, which, by a pretty surprising turn in conceit or expression, doth

* “Life and Literary Remains of John Keats.” Edited by R. Monckton Milnes, M.P. 2 vols. London: Moxon. 1848.

affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto"—seized with a nervous grasp the strong passions of man, and ruled the human breast by a fascination universal and irresistible; throwing out his gifts, as it were slightly, to the crowd that devoured them as if "urged by appetite, or constrained by a spell."

At this juncture—sprung from the purlieus of a livery-stable, and educated in the ungenial mysteries of drugs and gallipots—the "marvellous boy," unaided, poor, and lowly, was admitted into fellowship and fraternity by poets and painters. Utterly unknown to the world, his claims to the "Vision and the Faculty divine" were at once allowed; and a self-taught stripling—ushered into life with all the disadvantages mentioned—amongst men of recognised merit and genius—men who had grown glorious in literature and art, such as Leigh Hunt, Haslitt, Reynolds, Shelley, Haydon, *et hoc genus omne*,—was acknowledged, valued, fostered, and revered, as an accredited, genuine-born poet; ay, and, though the world knew nothing of him, as a world-poet too.

Keats owed this very rare privilege of being admitted into the friendship of men of established fame and attainments, without any ostensible recommendation, not to anything performed or written at the time; but to those signs and symbols which are clearly perceptible, and quickly discerned by kindred intelligences. The flash of originality breaking suddenly through conversation—a passion, wakened by some chance expression, and venting itself in burning words—an image, rising up at the beck of an allusion or a recollection—his very looks and emotions—but above all, his letters, multiplying the image of the man in every mood and temperament: these must have been the "hooks of steel" that linked him to such men, at so early a stage of his short career.

That these signs and symbols did operate on the opinions of his friends, is shown by many striking incidents and expressions, both of voice and feature, having been remembered and recorded. I quote from the "Life":—

"His habitual gentleness made his occasional looks of indignation almost ter-

rible. Hearing of some unworthy conduct, he burst out, 'Is there no human dust-hole into which we can sweep such fellows?'"

At another time he remarked:—

" 'The imagination may be compared to Adam's dream. He awoke and found it truth.' "

Again:—

" 'The first thing that strikes me on hearing a misfortune has befallen another, is this. Well, it can't be helped; he will have the pleasure of trying the resources of his spirit.' "

On another occasion:—

" 'Lord, a man should have the fine point of his soul taken off, to make him fit for this world.' "

Mr. Milnes remarks:—

"Plain, manly, practical life, on the one hand, and a free exercise of his rich imagination on the other, were the ideal of his existence. His poetry never weakened his action, and his simple every-day habits never coarsened the beauty of the world within him."

Letters written on the spur of the moment, and giving the thoughts and emotions that come uppermost, without effort or affectation, are at once a clear exponent of the intellect, and a true picture of the moral qualities of the writer. The letters of Keats, which form a large part of these volumes, thrown off evidently with the ease of conversational familiarity, have an importance, now that he is no more, in connexion with his works as a poet, which he never contemplated. They also give an insight into his moral nature, clear and decisive—a nature open and candid, but exquisitely sensitive; proud in the consciousness of capabilities [that the world cared nothing for; constant and affectionate in friendship, but violent in hatred of oppression and injustice: his action, like his thoughts, was spontaneous and unbidden—the promptings of the heart, rather than the dictates of duty, led him on. In a nature so sensitive, fits of gloom, despondency, and moroseness were sometimes too painfully manifest; and his brother says of him—

"Although he was the noblest fellow whose soul was ever open to my inspection, his nervous, morbid temperament at times led him to misconstrue the motives of his best friends." He was borne along by impulse, but his impulses were refined and elevated by an imagination revelling in beauty, and teeming with fair flowers of its own production. He was conscious of a predisposition to sensual excitement, but felt, in opposition to it, the redeeming predominance of the imaginative faculty. In a letter to his sister, he applies to his own case the fine couplet of Byron—

"I am free from men of pleasure's cares,
By dint of feelings far more deep than theirs."

Thus carried along by impulse, that impulse was allied to, and ennobled by, the divine yearning of his soul after the beautiful and the eternal. His action and his passion went together; but both were involuntarily attracted towards a fairer world than the "visible diurnal sphere" he walked on. His own poetry can best illustrate the instincts which moved him—

"What sea-bird o'er the sea
Is a philosopher—the while he goes,
Winging along, where the great water throes?"

The letters of Keats give evidence also of the absolute devotion of his soul to poetry. He did not recur to it as an occasional relaxation from business, or an accomplishment allied to graver studies of a literary kind. The end, and ultimate consummation of all his hopes, was to be a poet—a poet in its true and great significance—such a poet as Milton and Shakspeare were, and Wordsworth is—a poet who would create new modes of thought, new ideals of possible existences, and cause new chords to vibrate in the heart of man. These aspirations, had life been spared him, might not have been vain; but enough remains to warrant our belief, that he was both a great natural-born poet, and that he has even in what he left, achieved an immortal fame.

The lofty pretensions of genius are forcibly asserted by the Roman orator—"Atqui sic a summis hominibus eruditissimis quæ accepimus, ceterarum rerum studia et doctrinâ et præceptis et arte constare. Poetam na-

turâ ipsa valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi divino quodam spiritu inflari."

The language of Keats tells "simpler so"—"If poetry comes not as naturally as leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all."

And that poetry did thus come to Keats naturally no one can for a moment doubt who has a heart to feel and a taste to relish the tenderness, pathos, and exquisite felicity of his effusions. Many faults of judgment there are—many irregularities, excrescences, and obscurities; but the staple is there, nevertheless; and towards the close of his short career, a more correct style, and a nearer approach to propriety of conception, was plainly observable. His first publication, "Endymion," has been so well estimated both by Mr. Milnes and Lord Jeffrey, that we shall pass it by without much comment. Of all his productions, it was the least adapted to arrest public attention. Luxuriance of imagery, exquisite delicacy of expression, and prodigality of invention, could not compensate in public estimation for its want of method, connexion, and human sympathy. If, instead of this wonderful, but "*indigesta moles*," he had published his "Lyrics and Sonnets"—"The Pot of Basil," the "Eve of St. Agnes," and "Hyperion," the effect on the public mind would have been far different. To the few who could estimate it fairly, the powers that had enabled a raw and self-taught youth to revive the life and spirit of ancient fable, and, in the words of Lord Jeffrey, "sheltering the violence of the fiction under the traditionary fable—to have created and imagined an entirely new set of characters, and brought closely and minutely before us their loves, and sorrows, and perplexities, with whose names and supernatural attributes we had long been familiar, without any sense or feeling of their personal character." The powers, we repeat, which had consummated all this, at so early a stage of their progress, appeared, with good reason to those capable of judging, extraordinary.

But we hasten to his lyrics, and to tales where human sympathies are more vividly awakened. We cannot pass unnoticed the tenderness—the sweet harmony of his "Isabella, or the Pot

of Basil." The skeleton is Boccaccio's ; but read the original, and then the poem. The incidents, indeed, are borrowed ; but all the exquisite pathos,

all the colouring of the picture are his own. What fine images have we here of the pangs humanity suffers, to appease the rich man's cravings :—

" For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,
And went all naked to the hungry shark ;
For them his ears gushed blood ; for them in death
The seal, on the cold ice, with piteous bark,
Lay full of darts : for them alone did seethe
A thousand men in troubles, wide and dark—
Half ignorant, they turned an easy wheel,
That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel."

Barns, in his twin poems of matchless beauty, on the " Daisy" and " Field Mouse," interests our affections, by contrasting the lot of these with humanity under certain relations. The following " gem of purest ray serene" derives its charm from the same principle of application :—

I.

" In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity.
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them,
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

II.

" In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
The bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look ;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting—
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

III.

" Ah, would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy ;

But were there ever any

Writhed not at passed joy.
To know the change, and feel it,
Where there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme."

The sonnet must ever be a favourite form of poem : giving expression to a stray thought or passing emotion, it arrests the fugitive idea, and imprisons it in its little net-work of measured cadences. In proportion to its minuteness, the artistic execution is difficult : in so small a composition, one unmeaning phrase, one weak line mars the beauty of the whole. There must be a completeness about it in the clearness and integrity of the idea, as well as in the distinctness, concinnity, and balanced cadence of the verse. Many of Keats' early sonnets will not bear criticism. The thought often glimmers brokenly through the expression, and the reader is not caught ; but he has written sonnets as fine in idea and perfect in finish as any we know of. We select two :—

I.

" Happy is England. I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own—
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods, with high romances blent.
Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
For skies Italian, and an inward groan
To sit upon an Alp, as on a throne,
And half-forget what world or worldling meant.
Happy is England. Sweet her artless daughters—
Enough their simple loveliness for me—
Enough their whitest arms, in silence clinging.
Yet do I often warmly burn to see
Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
And float with them about the summer waters.

II.

" Nymph of the downward smile, and sidelong glance,
In what diviner moments of the day
Art thou most lovely ? When gone far astray
Into the labyrinths of sweet utterance ?

Or when serenely wandering in a trance
 Of sober thought? Or when starting away,
 With careless robe to meet the morning ray,
 Thou sparest the flowers in thy mazy dance?
 Haply 'tis when thy ruby lips part sweetly,
 And so remain, because thou listenest.
 But thou to please wert nurtured so completely,
 That I can never tell what mood is best:
 I shall as soon pronounce what grace most neatly
 Trips it before Apollo, than the rest."

In a review of Wordsworth's poetry in the *Blackwood* of May, 1835, his stanzas on an "Eclipse of the Sun," which he beheld from a boat on the lake of Lugano, are thus rapturously lauded:—"We do not hesitate to pronounce this the finest lyrical effusion of combined thought, passion, sentiment, and imagery within the whole compass of poetry." We cannot say whether the reviewer had seen, at that time, Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale:" if he had, an eye so true to poetic excellence could scarcely have let pass unnoticed a lyrical poem of a character so exquisitely imaginative.

"One morning he took his chair from the breakfast table, placed it on the grass-plot, under a plum-tree, and sat there for two or three hours, with some scraps of paper in his hands. Shortly after, Mr. Brown saw him thrusting them away, as waste paper, behind some books, and had considerable difficulty in putting them together, and arranging the stanzas of the ode"—so naturally and unaffectedly did this wondrous strain of "linked sweetness, long drawn out," well from his soul, moved as it was by "the continued song of the bird that, in the spring of 1819, had built her nest close to the house, and which often threw Keats into a sort of trance of tranquil pleasure."

The poet at first feels the overpowering charm creeping over him like a numbness. He longs for some ethereal draught that might spiritualize his being, fading away from mortality. It is done; the potent charm has worked—he is now with his "light-winged Dryad of the trees," and, straying "'mid verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways," he wanders in embalmed darkness (what an epithet!), and listens. The place and the hour call up an image of "easeful death"—it would be sweet "to cease upon the midnight, with no pain." The bird meanwhile sings on untired; death

hath no part in that immortal voice—it hath charmed alike "emperor and clown," long ages ago. But the association of a word breaks the spell—the "plaintive anthem fades;" and a glorious lyric is born into the world.

The difference between poetical verbiage tastefully assorted and harmoniously combined, and the hot, burning lava-stream of Keats, thrown out in the eruptions of his various moods and feelings, and penned down almost with unmediated ease, is very palpable. So close in him was the connexion of sense and imagination, that he might almost be said to taste with his palate, and touch with the nerves of sensation, the objects which flitted before his strong conception. We will see how truthfully he longs in idea for

"A draught of vintage that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,"

when we compare his every-day gossip on such matters:—

"It (claret) fills one's mouth with a gushing freshness, then goes down cool and fearless; then, you do not feel it quarrelling with one's liver. No; 'tis rather a peacemaker, and lies as quiet as it did in the grape. Then it is as fragrant as the queen-bee, and the more ethereal part mounts into the brain—not assaulting the cerebral apartments, like a bully looking for his trull; but rather walks, like Aladdin, about his enchanted palace, so gently that you do not feel his step."

There is much of Charles Lamb's humour in this and other passages of his prose.

Dramatic power requires more than a fine imagination and a rich poetic diction: a thorough knowledge of mankind, and discriminative insight into character, in all its varieties, is as indispensable as ideas to words. The tragedy of "Otho the Great" is a failure; the incident has no invention, and the characters no identity. Keats

had evidently, as yet, dwelt too much with nymphs, and fawns, and nightingales, to paint, like a master, the workings of the human breast—to display the conflicts of passion, or reveal the thoughts that lie brooding below the surface. Whether he would ever have possessed dramatic powers, is doubtful. And we are inclined to think that an imagination so delicate, would have shrunk from grappling with the strong passions of man, or could with difficulty have adhered with severe fidelity to our human nature. Many considerations, however, would suspend a too-hasty decision. During the six years of his literary life, his mind was in constant and rapid progress. Fortunately for him the “getting-on system,” as it is inimitably depicted by Mr. Dickens, in his Doctor Blimber’s academy, had not urged his studies in advance of his capacity; on the contrary, his genius was far ahead of his knowledge; and who can tell now to what “new scenes and changes” this progress might have carried him? He might have “moulted his feathers, and stood on his legs,” or rivalled the “*Tempest*” or “*Midsummer Night’s Dream*.” He gives us reason to suppose that man was often the subject of his inspection. In one of his letters he says :—

“ Each one kept shroud, nor to his neighbour gave
Or word, or look, or action of despair.
Creus was one—his ponderous iron mace
Lay by him, and a shattered rib of rock
Told of his rage, ere he thus sunk and pin’d,
Iapetus another : in his grasp
A serpent’s plashy neck ; its barbèd tongue
Squeezed from the gorge, and all its uncurl’d length
Dead ; and because the creature would not spit
Its poison in the eyes of conquering Jove.”

It is only from a view of the idiosyncrasy of Keats’ mind and feelings that we can account for his fondness for the old fables and traditions of Greek literature. His sensuous imagination associated the fair appearances of the external world, and the yearnings of the soul after the grand and beautiful, with incarnations and sensible existences. The agencies of invisible power were clothed with shapes, and endued with attributes, analogous to the impression they made, or the thoughts they awakened ; and the same reverential and creative principle, which gave life and mystical predominance to the

“ When I am in a room with people, if I am free from speculating on creations of my own brain, then, not myself goes home to myself, but the identity of every one in the room begins to press upon me, so that I am in a very little time annihilated.”

This passage, if he did not deceive himself, would go far to make us believe that the universality of the dramatist—that universality by which Shakspeare threw himself into, and lost himself in his characters, with as much ease as he would have put on their stage dresses—was a faculty he possessed and exercised.

Of what he was capable in the highest flights of sublime invention, one noble, but alas ! fragmentary poem, remains to show. His “*Hyperion*,” had it been finished, would have placed him on a high eminence among poets. The jealous spirit of Byron confessed its power. The conception of the poem is very fine. The old dynasty of Heaven—Saturn, Cybele, and the giant race of Titans—fallen, like Satan and his angels, from their high estate. The power of this outworn race of brute agency yielding to the higher and more spiritual influences. How fine this picture of the fallen gods :—

fictions of the lively Greek, operated, thousands of years after, to restore them their lost dominion in the ideal of a kindred mind. Nor is it wonderful that a mental formation so susceptible of beauty, whether in the animate or inanimate creation—so alive to impressions received through the senses—should prefer instinctively “those fair humanities of old religion”—raised, by a beautiful excess, a little above us, without breaking the ties of sympathy, which connect the series—ascending from the lowest to the highest order of being, to the far loftier and severer truth, which, indulging no passion or

appetite, shows man at once his fallen condition and his deliverance.

Mr. Milnes can scarcely account for the phenomenon, that a youth, not only unread in Greek literature, but unacquainted with the language, should fall into the manners, feelings, and sentiments of ancient fable, with an originality, freshness, and propriety, unrivalled since Moschus or Theocritus. But we conceive that wherein Mr. Milnes thinks the wonder chiefly to consist—his ignorance of the language—was, in fact, in a mind constituted as his was, so far from an obstacle, a great safeguard against a commonplace, and second-hand scholarship. English literature, from Chaucer to Milton, was stuffed with interlarded heathenism of this dull and clumsy quality. Had Keats gone through the drudgery of college lectures and Greek versifications, the same process which would have sharpened his critical acumen, might have dulled the edge of his imagination, and dried up the freshness of his heart in that channel for ever. Thoroughly acquainted with the Greek mythology from English sources, he wove his own fancies around the naked trellis-work he found. His genius, foreign only from the circumstances of changed times and manners, but not essentially different, became acclimated to genial themes and scenes, and his creations, original as “Marmion” or the “Lay,” were, like these poems, true to the spirit of the ages they represented. We cannot cease, however, to be astonished at his “fine paganism,” as Wordsworth called it. The originality of his Grecian verse is so complete, that an ancient would never doubt its descent from a common source of inspiration; and, truly, few of the old masters ever drank deeper from the sacred spring. If Keats had flourished in the age of the emperor Julian, that determined stickler for the old religion would have hailed with delight a genius which could clothe his loved fictions with new beauty, and recommend them by the graces of inexhaustible imagery.

The language of Keats is, in our opinion, a more striking phenomenon than his unlearned classicality. The picturesque beauty of his phraseology, the imaginative pregnancy of his epithets, and the richness of his vocabulary is unsurpassed by any writer in

the English language. This could not have resulted from any degree of industry. It is one thing to have all the words in a dictionary at command; it is another to combine them in magical groupings. One epithet may strike the reader more than the most elaborate simile. When Shakspeare said,

“This little life is rounded by a sleep.”

Had he not a whole picture before him of a little island, girded round by the ocean, eternity?

The reader will find Keats' poetry full of these pregnant epithets. It is said by Johnson that Pope, in his translation of Homer, had enriched the language with every turn of phrase and form of expression it was capable of; but the reader of Keats will find elegancies of expression and happy words to be found nowhere else. Keats used to say, “he pursued fine phrases like a lover,” and we must admit that these coy mistresses to him, at least, were not chary of their favours.

As his sensation was intimately connected with the imaginative faculty, so his ear was not only exquisite in its sense of harmony, but almost interpreted the *meaning* to the fancy. In one of his comments on the passage from “Paradise Lost”—

“To slumber here as in the vales of heaven,”

He says, “there is cool pleasure in the very sound of *vale*.”

Keats was a creature of impulse; his action seldom resulted from any weighed principle; but he had a good heart. The beautiful, moral, as well as physical, shed a halo round his thoughts, and raised his affections. The charm of his character, no less than the impression his genius made on all who knew him, turned acquaintances quickly into friends, and made his friends not only admire but love him. The homage which genius pays to genius; the love which unites congenial spirits; but, above all, the things which a friend can do and suffer for a friend, throw a beautiful charm, or rather consecration over the closing scene of Keats' life.

That closing scene was in perfect keeping with his beautiful existence. Of too fine a temper for the rude shocks and conflicts of the world,

racked with bodily pain, and bleeding at every pore from the wounds of a cruel separation from the object of a passion—the only one he had ever felt—that consumed him, and burned madly within him, he prayed for the quiet of the grave, and fell asleep in the arms of kindred genius.

A plain open-heartedness and genuine simplicity of character, united to every great and generous emotion, endeared him to his many friends in a degree rarely observable in this world of cold hearts and self-absorption.

The letter of Leigh Hunt to Mr. Severn (a name never to be heard without respect and admiration), which did not reach the “Eternal City” till after the dying poet had breathed his latest sigh, conveys some idea of the state of feeling shared in common at that time by all who knew, valued, and loved him:—

“Tell him,” says Mr. Hunt, “tell that great poet and noble-hearted man, that we shall all bear his memory in the most precious part of our hearts, and that the world shall bow their heads to it as our loves do.”

In the last hour that awaits every man, the embraces of friends to be seen no more, the consciousness of greatness achieved, and the thought of living after death in the memory of men, are not enough, cannot reasonably be enough to satisfy the parting spirit. We would hope that Keats was not without that “faith which looks through death.” It is on feeling hearts, fine sensibilities like his, that the simple and sublime words of Scripture work with most effect; nor is it easy to suppose that a mind so gentle and so tender could have contemplated the divine love incarnated in the lowly Jesus, without emotion and gratitude. But his end was peaceful and happy, nor was that lovely imagination ex-

tinct—it lingered to the last. “Severn,” said he, in one of the intervals of pain, “I feel the flowers growing over me;” “and there they do grow, even all the winter long, making one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.”

The volumes before us have been long a desideratum, but we do not regret they did not appear sooner. The published poetry of Keats has been some twenty years before the public. It has been silently winning its way, making many proselytes to poetical doctrines, very much differing from those held in the days of Pope and Dryden, and pointing back to the fountain of all that is great in the Elizabethan era.

These volumes appear just in time to gratify a laudable interest awakened by merit already felt and valued; and Keats is fortunate in having been consigned to one so thoroughly alive to his merits and defects, as Mr. Milnes unquestionably is.

Mr. Milnes unites a fine simplicity to a picturesqueness of expression very captivating, and the poet involuntarily peeps out in many a passage. Good criticism—by no means silent where censure is called for—gives these volumes additional value, and to every lover of poetry—to every one who loves to contemplate the highest order of human genius soaring aloft, or fretted like a caged eagle; weak as a breaking wave, or, in its hour of strength,

“Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of poesy;”

we would recommend these attractive and instructive remains, and can assure the reader from our own experience that he will close the book to recur to it often again, and that from the perusal he will derive much pleasure, much knowledge, and will feel the better for it.

CEYLON AND THE CINGALESE.

BY ONESIPHORUS,

AUTHOR OF "CHINA AND THE CHINESE," &c.

CHAPTER V.

MODE OF PREPARING CINNAMON—CASTE WHICH PERFORM THE OPERATION—GOING TO BROWN'S
TO SEEK FOR CRAVATS, AND IN THEIR STEAD FIND INSOLENCE—PETTAN—MOORMAN'S SHOP—
VERANDAH QUESTION—GALLE FACE—SUNSET—FIRE FLIES HOVERING OVER THE LAKE OF
COLOMBO.

"Gratia anhelans, nulla agendo nihil agens."

CINGALESE MAN.

"Now, Gus, we shall be late, if you sit scribbling there any longer. Dighton said that he would call at the Queen's House for Otwyn, at four o'clock, then come here for us, and all go together to see the cinnamon peeling, that you have been making such a jolly fuss about. You shan't write another word. Come quick; do pack up all your writing traps."

"Tom, Tom, you are invariably in a hurry. Why, it is not yet four o'clock, even by your watch, which is, like yourself, always too fast; but it is time to put up the valuable effusions of my pen, as my dear mother calls them; and to her they are valuable, for she is a fond, anxious ——"

"Affectionate mother, looking after her lovely, innocent, delicate, strap-

ping, big-whiskered baby, of the infantine age of twenty-four years. Is not that what you were going to say, Gus? Well, perhaps not exactly; but I am sure some long-winded sentiment was coming out, so I thought it best to cut it short. You are a good-tempered fellow, though, 'our beloved cousin,' or, by Jupiter Ammon, you would constantly resent my impertinent remarks. But here comes Dighton's carriage. What a rum-looking nigger that is, running by the side of the horse! What does he look like? Red turban; a thing doing duty for a coat, that looks like a grubby white bed-gown with short sleeves; breeches to match; his lovely brown face, arms, hands, naked legs and feet, presenting—as you would say, Gus—a pleasing contrast; but which I say looks *tarnation ugly*."

"How are you, Whalmer?—how are you, Atkins?—are you ready, my boys? Otwyn would not get out of the carriage. He says that he is incapable of using the exertion, or undertaking the fatigue, which would result from getting out of the carriage to *salute* you; as you must get into the carriage to go to the cinnamon gardens, and so see him, he need not get out to see you."

"Well, Dighton, let's start. Come, Gus, you bundle in first; keep your long legs to yourself. Close packing—four big fellows in your machine, Dighton. But I beg the machine's pardon for not using its proper designation, 'palanquin carriage;' pity it is not a little larger. Dang your *impudence*, Otwyn, you lazy *varmint*; why did you not come out, and ask us in a gentlemanly manner how we found ourselves?"

"Well, old fellow, consider I did come out, and did inquire as to the state of your salubrity. Really, Atkins, I am half dead with the heat."

It is *rather* hot for us, white Christians; but those black heathen pagans don't seem to mind it a bit. Dighton, what a queer-looking chap your horse-keeper is; does he wear your livery?"

"I found him clad in that costume, and they tell me it's the custom here; but I do not find it more absurd than our European livery."

"Look, Gus, there goes another chap, holding the horse's head, dressed in sky blue, and a sort of crest on his arm; here comes another, in white

and purple. This is style; a phaeton with a horse-keeper at the side of each horse. They look well in their dress of bright red, turbans and all; it's quite refreshing, in this *cool climate*, to gaze on their subdued colours—ugh! what taste some folks have. Those niggers look red hot, as if they had just come out of Mount Etna to get a breath of fresh air."

"If they can find any iced, or even cool air, I only hope they won't keep it all to themselves; the smallest donation would be thankfully received, and gratefully acknowledged, if they send some this way."

"I say, Dighton, do all these cinnamon gardens belong to you?"

"No, there are two other proprietors besides our firm, who have plantations here. These are called the 'Cinnamon Gardens,' *par excellence*, and lead into Slave Island. But here is our place; and there stands the burgher-clerk, whom I ordered to keep the peelers here, and remain to explain the process to us."

"He seems to be taking it easy, at all events; he has brought himself to an anchor; and look at these *interesting* natives, in the elegant attitude indulged in by them, when they squat on their heels."

"I expected to have perceived a fragrance diffused around; but, in passing through the cinnamon gardens, not the slightest aroma was perceptible."

"It is a mistaken idea, Whalmer, of many; but you will find, that as soon as they commence peeling the cinnamon bushes, the effluvia will be very powerful. Smell this blossom; scarcely any scent is perceptible; but, strange to say, the oil which is obtained from the berry, or fruit, by boiling—which, when cold, is a substance like wax—is frequently made into candles, and will emit a very pleasant perfume in burning."

"What is the size of the fruit, and what is it like?"

"The fruit is smaller than a pea, and shaped like an acorn; but to see a plantation in full beauty, you should visit it when it is first putting forth the young leaves, which are of a pale, delicate yellow, streaked with bright red."

"It must be very beautiful, Dighton; yet these cinnamon laurels, with their vesture of shining dark green

leaves, are most pleasant to behold, and the eye rests upon them with gratified satisfaction. Nature has been most bountiful, as in all her phases she presents the means of enjoyment to the intellectual powers of her sons."

"Stop that *jabber*, Gus; and, Dighton, tell your niggers to begin. What are those queer-looking weapons they have in their paws?—they look like a heathen marrow-spoon, with sharp edges, and pointed at the tip."

"Those heathen-looking marrow-spoons, as you call them, are cinnamon peeling-knives; but I doubt, Atkins, if by your description any one would recognise a long knife, which is convex on one side, and concave on the other, and whose point is curved."

"What caste is it that prepare the cinnamon—are they a high caste?"

"They are a very low caste, indeed, being a division of the fourth caste, and are called *Chalias*; now, do you not perceive the aroma?"

"Very strongly; but do ask your clerk to explain the process, for our edification."

And immediately Dighton desired the burgher-clerk to explain the process, and as the peculiar burgher lingo would be unintelligible to our perusers, unless they had been resident in the Cinnamon Isle, and if that were the case, we feel quite satisfied that they would have seen the process too frequently gone through to read our description, we will, in good, honest, simple, intelligible English, describe the operation of cinnamon-peeling, which usually takes place twice in the year; the first crop is the best and most abundant, this is obtained between April and August, and the second between November and January. The cinnamon-peeler squats on the ground—for it cannot be dignified with the name of sitting—and cuts off the shoots of a year old, which are of the thickness of a finger, and vary from one to three feet in length. He strips off their leaves, and with his knife then makes an incision the whole length of the shoot, and separating the bark from the wood, he carefully scrapes off the grey outer skin, and the green inner rind, leaving the bark free from all fleshy substance, and about the thickness of parchment, of a greenish-white colour. This is spread out to dry in heaps, and the power of the

sun soon changes the bark to a brown hue, and causes it to roll round closely. It is then tied up in bundles or sheaves, and is sent to the market for sale.

"We are very much obliged to you, Dighton, for all the trouble that you have taken to gratify us. The perfume is most pleasant that is exhaled from the fresh-peeled bark; but to what use do you apply the leaves, which they are so carefully gathering into heaps?"

"We extract oil from them. I have told you that we do the same from the berry; from the refuse we distil a golden-coloured, fine-flavoured fluid, which is called cinnamon-water, and from the root we frequently make camphor."

"You apply the cinnamon laurel to many purposes, and it appears to thrive in this white sandy soil."

"Yes; all that the bush requires for its growth and luxuriant perfection, is a sandy soil, powerful sun, and frequent irrigations."

"I say, Dighton, you have forgotten the white ants; they seem to thrive here *unkimmon*. Do you not make some decoction from them—soup or oil—which? For I am quite sure they ought to be applied to some purpose, or exterminated, or they will soon eat the colonists up. They are no disciples of Malthus, I am certain, nor have the least regard for surplus population, nor the price of provisions—but they are all folks with large appetites, and larger families."

"It is very strange, certainly; but cinnamon-gardens are always infested with white ants, and they do comparatively very little injury to the bushes."

"Come, old fellows, let's leave these naked, filthy-looking niggers: as for me, I will never touch or look at cinnamon again: see that filthy beast spitting his red saliva over a heap of cinnamon. What would a nice girl say, just as you handed her a custard after the last polka, if she could see or be told what contamination the flavouring of the custard she was imbibing had been subjected to?—it makes me shudder at the thought."

"Will you drive us to the Fort Dighton? I want to go to Benn to get some cravats, for my sati stocks are *werry ot*, as the cockney say."

"With all my heart; but I will

make the bargain, that you shall come with me to the Pettah afterwards. I want to go to a Moorman about some goods which we expect out; it will be good fun for you."

"You are considerate, my boy; accept our thanks. I am going to do the grand, and talk regally."

"If you want to do the grand, you can't do better than take a lesson from the shopkeeper, Benn, whom we are going to. He is a most presuming, insolent blackguard; nearly got kicked the other day by the colonial secretary, for being impertinent to his wife; and said to one of the A.D.C.'s two days ago, that as he intended to write *merchant* after his name next year, he supposed he should be asked to the queen's ball. The A.D.C. told him that he did not think that he would be; at all events, if Sir Colin Campbell held the office of governor."

"A compliment to your body, Dighton—a shopkeeper to place himself on a level with a merchant."

"I can assure you, that my partner tells me he would not have dealings with Benn on any account. The fellow came out here—I believe worked his passage out—at all events, his wife and brats were steerage passengers. He is a shrewd fellow. Got some Moorman to trust him with goods; took a shop in the Fort; his wife, a fresh-coloured, good-looking woman, used to stand behind the counter to serve; the officers, *pour passer le temps*, used to go in and talk to her; well, they must buy something, and as Benn sold cheese, cigars, brandy, ham, wax-candles, anchovies, biscuits, preserves, saddlery, pickles, and tog-gery of all sorts, why, the dickens was in it if they could not find something they either wanted, or thought they did; and when their month's pay became due, Benn's bill made a great hole in it. Sometimes they would let the bill run, and were not articles clapt into it they say they never had! From little and little, Benn got on, until he had consignments sent out to him—and he now sells everything, from a pennyworth of pins to a lady's bonnet, every article for the table, and every description of gentlemen's clothing. I forgot, however, he deals in horses, builds carriages, has turned auctioneer, makes money that way, and will occasionally keep the money, and hand you a bill at two or three

months—by some absurd colonial regulation, you have no redress for this but to wait for your money, although the auctioneer has been paid, in hard cash, for your goods—he puts your money in *his pocket*, and hands you a bill with his valuable signature."

"At all events, Dighton, he seems a persevering man, and if he were a worthy character, would deserve great praise for raising himself from his original obscurity."

"Wait, Whalmer, until you have seen him, and if, even with all your philanthropy, you can have a kindly feeling towards him, I believe you will be the only one in the island who has. He is a low, London shopkeeper, in every sense of the word, and a most—I will not say what I was about. Here we are at his shop; you may all get out; I won't set foot on the beast's premises."

"Nor I," said Otwyn, "for he was most impertinent to a brother-officer, because he asked him to let his bill stand over for a month—regularly bullied him; if it had been me, I would have knocked him down, big as he is, or, at all events, have had a trial for it."

Whalmer and Atkins walked into a spacious shop, crowded with every imaginable article—provisions, saddlery, articles of clothing, both for the masculine and feminine genders, stationery, books, artificial flowers, wines, spirits, bottled beer—in short, *everything* was to be found strewn about in most admirable disorder, or, as sailors say, 'everything *a-top*, and nothing to be found.' Windows and doors, of course, wide open; and a burgher stood staring at them as they walked in.

"I want some thin cravats—either muslin or thin silk; have you got any?"

"*I dun know.*"

"Call somebody who does know, then."

Still the burgher remained immovable, staring at them.

"Why do you not call your master, or some one who can speak and understand English?"

"Hush, Tom, don't be so impatient. Go, will you, and call Mr. Benn."

Away walked the burgher, most deliberately, and they waited for about five minutes.

"I an't going to wait any longer,

Gus ; if this fellow won't come, I will go."

And they were walking towards the door, when a tall man, with a very yellow skin, small, cunning eyes, and dark hair, dressed in colonial costume, namely, white jacket, waistcoat, and trowsers, the shirt collar unbuttoned, and cravat loosely tied, came forward.

"I could not come before ; I was writing. Do you want me?"

"No ; but I want some muslin cravats ; have you got any?"

"I don't know. Ferrara, have we any muslin cravats ? I know the sort you want—me and the Smiths always wears them."

"Then you can continue to do so for me. Come, Whalmer."

Out walked the two gentlemen, leaving Benn standing in the middle of his shop, staring like a stuck pig.

"I tell you what, Dighton, never, as long as I am in the colony, will I have anything from that insolent ruffian, Benn ; he kept us waiting five minutes, and, instead of apologising, told us he had been writing. I walked out of his shop ; I believe he looked *rayther conglomerated* as we turned on our heels."

"I only wonder that he condescended to come at all. You can get all you want in the Pettah, and much cheaper ; and even if you do not like going there, his neighbour, Hantz, has all the articles Benn has, is much cheaper, and is an honest, civil fellow, although he is a burgher."

"I am glad," said Arthur Otwyn, "that Benn *riz your dander*. Why didn't you kick him ? You are an independent chap—you are neither a civil or military servant, so could not be hauled over the coals for ungentlemanly conduct, in kicking an insolent shopkeeper."

"I only wish he had, or would give me an excuse for doing so, as if this be a specimen of a colonial English shopkeeper, the sooner they are kicked back to old England the better ; for even in these days, when everybody tries to be everybody's equal in England, shopkeepers are obliged to be attentive and civil, or they are soon done up."

"I can assure you, that colonial shopkeepers assume intolerably impertinent airs—fellows who at home would stand hat in hand to you, here think

themselves upon an equality with us merchants, kick and abuse the natives, and term themselves English gentlemen."

"More fools the natives, for not turning round, and giving them a good kicking in turn. If all English shopkeepers in colonies resemble Benn, a precious set they must be ; they would soon be obliged to shut up shop, though, if all gentlemen were to resent their insolence by withdrawing their custom."

"Come, come, Tom—do let us change the subject: none of us will have any dealings with Benn—that's settled ; and as for kicking a tradesman because he is insolent, that will never do ; keep out of his den, and he can't annoy you."

"Well, Gus, as you like, for the beast is not worth talking about. Close shave, that."

This was said as the wheel of the carriage grazed a pillar, which is placed in the middle of the narrow road, going out of the fort to the Pettah of Colombo.

"We shall fall foul of a bullock-baudy, or get locked with another carriage. Your horse-keeper seems a careless dog ; tell him to be more careful."

"I wish that I could ; for not a word of his lingo do I speak, and not a sound of ours does he understand beyond '*stop*,' and the names of the principal shops ; but they tell me that accidents rarely happen, although from the manner in which bullock-baudies, palanquins, phaetons, gigs, and saddle-horses, get jumbled together, we, fresh ones, think there will be a smash."

"That's very fine talking ; but all these colonial-built vehicles may be used to this work—my mother-country precious limbs are not ; besides your carriage can be mended or replaced, so, you may say, could my limbs ; but I would *rayther* not see them stand in need of restoration."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Tom. What do you mean by Pettah, Dighton?"

"It is a part of Colombo, so called ; but I believe it signifies native bazaar, or market-place."

"There seem decent sort of streets here, but I do not see any shops."

"We shall come to them presently ; the horse-keeper has turned down one of the side streets, and it is in these

side streets of the Pettah that the burghers live."

"I see some good-looking girls among them; pity they are so dark, though."

"Just like you, Otwyn—always looking after the pretty women. What you call girls, are in age children, or, at least, what would be so at home. They marry at twelve, thirteen, and fourteen, and look like shrivelled hags at thirty; at twenty, all freshness is gone, and they either become shapeless masses of flesh, or shrivelled fleshless skin and bone."

"My own blessed lovely countrywomen! It is the fashion of authors to land and extol eastern skies and Asiatic beauty, black eyes beaming luxuriously, warm souls, &c. &c.; but let them come among these women, and would they not prize our own mild, gentle, intelligent, blue-eyed, white-skinned, modest countrywomen. Ah, woman! how are ye degraded in the East!—ye have lost all the impress of your original purity."

"Pull up, Gus—look at those queer shops, open to the passers-by; these are the same as those in the Moormen's quarter of Galle, only larger. Look at that brawny chap, nude from the waist upwards, with a dirty-white cotton night-cap stuck on his shaven poll; he has been chewing betel, and is sending forth his red spit in a slimy stream. Look at him again; the brute is wiping under his arms, and—ugh—he is putting some rice into the same handkerchief that he has been wiping himself with—the disgusting, filthy beast."

"Do not talk about it, Tom; you quite nauseate me. How strange is this scene—so dissimilar to anything European! Look at these wicker trays, with the red chillies, white rice, round, black pepper-corns, and yellow tumeric, spread on them for sale. See the two pendant bunches of plantains suspended from the roof—one bright yellow, and the other a delicate green; the blending of the colours is so harmonious, that they look as if they had been arranged by an artist."

"Make a sketch, Gus; only do it to the life—spit, handkerchief, and all. Not a bit of it—you artists never do stick to truth; you put into the picture what you like, and leave out the rest."

"Fortunately, Tom, there are few

men of education whose minds are so debased as to delight in what is indelicate, or disgusting; therefore why should an artist portray what would necessarily recall disagreeable or unpleasant remembrances? You admire, Tom—and very naturally—a beautiful woman, Nature's most perfect handiwork; when her portrait was taken, should you desire, or wish the artist to depict her suffering under some of the many diseases to which poor humanity is liable?"

"Certainly not, Gus; but I should beg of the lady to put on all her finery, and make herself as smart as a carrot half-scraped. I do believe that what you say is quite correct—you are a clever dog, Gus; only a *leetle* too long-winded sometimes. We often hear of poetic licence; that you grant yourself, and you are strongly disposed to allow artistic licence, as well."

"Now, will you get out with me, you fellows?—for here we are at Marcar Lebby Tamby's, the gentleman who I am going to transact business with. But there he stands in *propria persona*—come along, my boys."

Out they all jumped, and followed Dighton [into a large shop, or warehouse, crowded with every imaginable article, and were received by a Moorman—a large, handsome fellow, with a magnificent black beard and whiskers, although his shaven head was as innocent of hair as a delicate woman's hand. He wore on his naked scone a round cap, embroidered in many colours; a garment made somewhat in the fashion, only longer, of a lady's dressing jacket—this was made of a most showy chintz, which had been originally intended for bed furniture, or window curtains. Under this was a white shirt, with jewelled studs, six in a row; and to complete this *picturesque masculine* costume, his lower limbs were concealed in the comboy, or petticoat, made of checked red and yellow cotton. His ankles and feet were stockingless and shoeless. The comboy was bound round his waist by a silk handkerchief; and in the folds formed by the comboy were deposited his betel-box, a huge watch, with ponderous chains, to which was suspended half-a-dozen large old-fashioned seals. This *baby in petticoats* was a fellow nearly six feet in height; and, although very brown, indeed, was

as manly in appearance, and as handsome as—as who? Why, ladye fair, as handsome as your lover, or that good-looking fellow with whom you danced the polka so energetically at Mrs. ——'s party, and with whom you flirted so outrageously—at least, all the ladies said so—after you found he was in the *Royal Horse Guards Blue*, an eldest son, and heir to a good fortune. How you did try to hook him! don't be angry, or look so cross; your dearest friend is our authority. But we must return to Marcar Lebbe Tamby.

"Salaam, gentlemen," said the Mahomedan, placing his four fingers flat on his forehead. "I glad talk master," looking at Dighton. "Suppose master no come Pettah day—morrow morning I go Fort, talk master; ship soon comin, master tink, I plenty want dem tings—master come inside, I talk master.

"Wait here, and look about you—it's all strange to you—I shan't be above five minutes settling this business."

While Dighton is talking with Tamby about invoices, prices of goods, discount for ready money, and nine per cent. for credit, the expected time of the ship's arrivals, the scarcity of the particular articles required by Tamby, and which Dighton had for sale, &c., we will stop in the shop, with the three gentlemen.

"Gus, look here—is this a menagerie, Noah's ark, or a shop which has every thing to sell? In this case are ribbons for ladies' caps, flowers for their bonnets, shoes for their toes, and gloves for their hands. Next to these are shooting gaiters, a stuffed spaniel, some knives and forks, bottled fruits, and snakes in spirits; powder-flasks, shooting-belts, high-lows, cloth trousers, and coats; wax candles, muslin for dresses, felt hats, artificial flowers, men's socks, writing paper, and some chintz for covering sofas."

"Atkins, here is a dinner-service—a dashing silk bonnet, feathers, flowers, and all, in the gravy-dish. Here are pots and pans of all sorts and sizes; a

lot of ladies' French shoes are quietly reposing in the frying-pan. Here is a handsome claret jug, filled with tooth-brushes; lots of champagne glasses, a cut glass dessert-dish, filled with packets of brown Windsor soap. This soup-tureen contains packets of scented hair-powder. What's in this case?—claret, and an oil-painting representing the Vicar of Wakefield buying the gross of spectacles from the Jew. What have you found, Whalmer?"

"Here are some engravings of the Queen and Prince Albert, in close propinquity to a side of bacon. Here is some coarse towelling lying on a large ham. Here are jars of preserves next to the writing-paper; some anchovy paste and steel pens are also together; bottles of tart fruits are standing on "The way to keep him;" and the account-books have some reels of thread standing on them; whilst these tins of Leman's biscuits have formed an intimate acquaintance with some pocket handkerchiefs and a baby's slobbering bib."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha! Gus, I shall expire at the idea; here are papers of needles of all sizes in this plated tea-pot; in the glass milk-ewer are hair-pins; whilst in the bread and butter plate is a card of blonde lace; in the glass butter-cooler is some net for frills; in the slop-basin a pack of cards; some peppermint lozenges, a bottle of blacking on this plate; some shoe-brushes in the fish-kettle; on the gridiron are brushes for the hair and babies' socks; in that centre dessert-dish is a cheese-scoop; in the lower one are nail-brushes; and in this sauce-tureen are some metal trowser-buttons."

"You seem very merry, old fellows," said Dighton, coming from the inner shop, where he had been settling business matters with Marcar Lebbe Tamby, to their mutual satisfaction.

"It's enough to make a tom-cat stand on his hind legs and laugh, to see the extraordinary heterogeneous mass of articles that are accumulated in this shop; I am certain there is everything here which can be required by man, wo-

* Although this may appear a caricature, yet the truth of the above inventory will be admitted by those who have visited a Moorman's or Parsee's shop, or store, as they are frequently called; where, as a naval friend of ours said, "you might find everything, from a fine needle to an anchor for a seventy-four—from lace for a lady's head-gear, to a roll of canvas for sails."

man, or child, in their lifetime. By the way, Mr. Moorman, do you sell coffins?"

"No have got; but suppose master want, can get."

"Tom, don't jest upon so serious a subject; you see the Moorman believes you are in earnest. We should be very careful in our dealings with the natives, or they will be too apt to form a very indifferent opinion of our country, and I fear, from the conduct that is too often evinced towards them, and exhibited out here, with very great cause."

"Well, Gus, I was wrong, I'll allow; but you know that I say things first, and think afterwards, when I'm full of my fun. Now, Dighton, shall we go?"

"Yes, if you choose; but let me recommend you to get what you want from Tamby, his articles are good, and he charges a fair price. Good bye, Tamby; don't forget to send the sauces and cheese in the morning to Maradahn."

"Plenty, Salaam, gentlemen. I no forget send *tings* in *mornin*; suppose gentleman want *ting*, I got all kind—good *ting*, true price sell."

"Very well, Tamby, look me out some thin cravats, and send them to Ackland Boyd's in Colpetty. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, master, I plenty know; *mornin* time send muslin *tin dress* sack to Colpetty; master like, can take; no like, no take."

"All right, Tamby; at all events, you are civil—not like Benn, the brute."

"Salaam, master, I send; plenty Englis gentleman no like Benn; he plenty *bobbery* make."

"You are right, Tamby; and if all were like, no one would darken his doors."

"Away stepped the quartette into the palanquin, Dighton calling out to the horsekeeper, "Galle Face;" and, addressing his companions, said—

"That Moorman is enormously wealthy; yet will be as thankful if you spend eighteen pence with him, as if he had not a *pice* in the world. Crowded as his shop is, he says that he is very often asked for an article that he has not in stock; and he wanted me to send for a cargo of *rowing-pans*, as he said he had heard that we used them in England, not

having the least notion to what use they are applied."

"That beats Banagher—don't it, Gus? How thoughtful you are—penny for your thoughts."

"I was thinking what could be in the sacks that are piled up in those balconies, behind the portion that has mats hung up in front. Can you tell me, Dighton?"

"The bags are filled with paddy and grain; the owners of the house have matted off part of the verandah, —not balcony, Whalmer, out here—to form a sort of store-house; and this is the great political question that now agitates Colombo."

"Political question, Dighton?—I don't understand you."

"I will enlighten your ignorance; but you must be patient, and listen attentively, for, as Atkins will say, it's a long *jawbation*. The colonial government have forbidden the natives to mat up the verandahs; it prevents a free current of air passing down these crowded streets and thoroughfares, thereby engendering disease and filth; orders are issued to the police to pull them down, and accordingly down they tear all these mats. So far so good, for every precaution to guard against infectious diseases should be taken at all times, but more especially in a tropical climate, and among people of dirty habits. But the political question now mooted is, whether the verandah is part of the house or not. The colonial government say that the ground belonging to the house extends only to the outer wall, but that the verandah has been built on crown land, which has never been bought or paid for, and it is therefore an encroachment upon the street; having been added and built without permission, and they now demand the value of the ground occupied by these verandahs. The inhabitants contend that it is part of the house, in the first place; and, in the second, that if it were an encroachment on the street originally, as it has never been noticed since Europeans first settled in the island, both custom and time have admitted and sanctioned the appropriation. How it will end I cannot tell; the inhabitants of Colombo, in the Fort, as well as the Pettah, oppose it manfully; but, as the governor likes a surplus revenue, and as the colonial secretary has a per centage on the sale

of all crown lands, I think the million will cry out."

"But, Dighton, suppose they make these folks buy the ground upon which the verandahs are built, the owners will then have a right to mat them up, brick them up, or what not—for a man has a right to do what he likes with his own—has he not?"

"Not always in a colony; the exclusion of the air, by matting or brick-ing up the verandahs, would easily be got over by an ordinance forbidding the enclosure of the verandahs, as it was prejudicial to the health of the inhabitants."

"Well, all I can say is, that, by jingo! when I have my estate, no governor or secretary shall interfere in my domestic arrangements."

"Tom, do not utter such radical sentiments. The convenience of the few must give way to the benefit of the many; and assuredly the governor is bound to legislate for the benefit of all; and if enclosing the verandahs, thereby excluding the air, preventing it from passing freely through the public thoroughfares, is calculated to engender disease, it is his bounden duty to prevent it, as far as lies in his power. But, Tom, I do not think Sir Colin Campbell would attempt to interfere with you, or any one else, if you or they choose to build a house on your own estate, or in a garden; for, being a detached dwelling, others could not suffer from any particular mode of building your domicile."

"Fudge!—I shall not heed you, Gus; for as you are a menial, a hired mercenary, in short, a civil servant, you dare not censure your master's acts, and are not capable of giving an unbiassed opinion. I should not be surprised, Otwyn, if Gus is looking forward to be colonial secretary himself, some say, and is thinking how *werry pleasant* the per centage will be."

"I say, Dighton," inquired Otwyn, "how is it you are so very notient in all colonial matters?"

"My partner has initiated me into the politics and personal characters of the colony and colonists; as he is a member of council, in the first place, an old resident in the colony and a merchant, in the second, it is very natural that he should be *au fait*, and fully informed on these matters."

"How refreshing the sea breeze is

this evening, here especially, after the oppressive heat of the day. This Galle Face is *the drive*—in short, the Hyde Park, of Ceylon; unfortunately the women do not look like our rosy English belles; what listless, pale, sallow creatures they seem to be. Look at those equestrians, how languidly they sit: no life, no apparent enjoyment taken in the exercise; but they appear as indolent as the ladies who are lolling in their carriages."

"I am told, that let the most lovely, vivacious woman be in India, China, or Ceylon, for two years, she will lose the principal part of her beauty, the whole of her vivacity, becoming indolent and listless."

"Those womenkind in that phaeton do not seem listless now; look how eagerly and curiously they are staring at us. I am not naturally bashful, but they almost put me out of countenance."

"You will get used to being *gawk-ed* at; a comer to a colony is as much canvassed as a new political character is at home; every one is on the *qui vive* to ascertain who, what he is, why he has come, and which place he is to fill. This laudable curiosity is not confined to the female portion of the community, but is most sedulously shared by the masculine. Occasionally the good folk will state what post he is to fill, before the individual himself has the least idea of it. When it occurs, which it generally does, that the individual in question is appointed to a totally different office, they then state that he is not fit or calculated for *that* place; but *the one* they had given him previously was just the thing for him."

"They are too good. Doff your castors, my boys—here comes the governor."

Our party bowed respectfully to Sir Colin Campbell, who graciously acknowledged the salutation.

"What a set of boors!—not a creature, with the exception of the military, take off, or even touch, their hats or caps to the governor; it is very bad taste, to say the least of it."

"They think nothing of that sort of thing in a colony, where each individual tries to assume the position which can only belong to the governor, and appears to imagine that insolent familiarity with his superiors, wil

ensure him the station in society which he tries to usurp."

"I detest that sort of thing, Dighton. Folks who adopt this line of conduct only prove their ignorance, and how little pretension they can have either to the position or rank of a gentleman; for you will invariably see that a man who is well born and educated, will most scrupulously render homage where homage is due; and it is only the vulgar-minded upstart who will adopt, or even attempt, the contrary line of conduct."

"Quite right, Gus; and I coincide in every word you have said, as every honest, right-minded man must do."

"I do not like the idea, Dighton, of these horse-keepers leading the horse, by running at his side; it seems cruel to make a human being keep pace with a beast of burthen. See there!—what a piece of ostentation—a man driving a phaeton, with a horse-keeper running on each side of the carriage; surely he might let them sit behind; they would be as ready to render any necessary assistance, should it be required, as they are now."

"Custom, Whalmer, goes a great way; the horses very seldom go quickly, and these fellows are habituated to their work; but some people are introducing seats for the horse-keeper to drive from: then, however, arises the difficulty of finding men capable of driving, for although every horse-keeper can lead a horse, not one in a hundred can drive. There is an instance of it—that is a brother-merchant's carriage, R.'s; one fellow, the coachman, is driving, whilst the horse-keepers run at either side of the carriage. The moment the carriage returns, the coachman will throw down the reins, and off he walks; it is his business merely to drive—not a thing about the carriage or horses will he do. Each horse has a horse-keeper for his especial service; for these blacks will not attend to more than one horse: then the horse must have a grass-cutter; for the black who cleans him would think it beneath his dignity to cut or fetch his grass. Believe me, these chaps take good care they are not overworked."

"I am positive they are very lazy, and will shirk work if they can; nevertheless, I shall not make my horse-keeper run by the side, or the head of my horse, I shall drive a gig with a

hood, and he shall sit behind. I am sure that the horse must be unnecessarily fatigued, by having his head thus drawn down, as the horse-keeper must inevitably lean heavily on the bridle, and this must be very apt to throw the horse down."

"You are quite right as to the throwing down, for there is scarcely a horse which has been three months in Ceylon, whose knees are not broken; and this very circumstance has caused driving-seats to be introduced, as the folks have a care for their horse's knees, although they have none for the horse-keeper's legs. To prove to you how little these niggers care about running—in hiring a horse-keeper, if you tell him that he will be required to drive, he then demands higher wages, as he considers that extra work, not belonging to his capacity as a horse-keeper; although the driving would, as you would say, and every one naturally suppose, prove more agreeable and less fatiguing than running at a horse's head."

"Chacun à son goût, as the French say; and assuredly it would not be mine to keep pace with a horse, however slowly he might trot. How attentively and silently you are gazing around you, Whalmer—are you in love, old boy? W—h—almer, how many times am I to call you, before you will reply to me?"

"I beg your pardon, Otwyn; I was entranced by the singularity, beauty, and Oriental character of the scene and view. There the boundless ocean, dashing in waves of white foam on the beach, with a ship in full sail gliding over its bosom, the canoes of the natives lightly floating on, and skimming over the ocean; whilst close to the beach this carriage-drive is made, and going round encloses green sward, whereon high-bred Arab horses are curvetting, bounding, and prancing, in the full enjoyment of existence. On the opposite side is the race-course, dotted over with white posts, and the earth clothed in green, over which more horses are carioling in high glee; whilst the carriage road, which divides the race-course from the green sward, is thronged with carriages of every shape, filled with Europeans, whilst their Eastern attendants run at the side of the vehicle. At the back of the race-course runs the Lake of Colombo, the banks studded with droop-

ing palms, the leaves gently waving in the evening breeze, overshadowing the clear waters, on which float the pink lotus and white water-lily; whilst our dwelling (Ackland Boyd's), with the verandah overgrown with creepers, and the grounds crowded with gorgeous-coloured flowering shrubs, fill up the vista of beauty on this side; looking from which, with nought to impede the view save the stand on the race-course, you can distinctly see the grey, time-mossed ramparts, which encircle the Fort of Colombo. It is the most varied panorama of nature that my eye ever dwelt on; and although nature may assume a more sublime character, never can she bear a more pleasing, characteristic, or Oriental one."

"Wut, weh, Gus, as the waggoners say at home; you have expended much breath, fine language, and valuable time, in describing the Galle Face of Colombo, whose only beauty, in my eyes, consists in being able here to enjoy the cool breeze from the sea; as for the lake, I know what abominations its water conceals, and the gorgeous shrubs in the ground attract and harbour lots of musquitoes, to whose ravenous propensities my poor body will bear most painful and voracious testimony. Now to speak of the bipeds and quadrupeds. The women look sallow and stupid; the men nasty, bilious, and impertinent; the horses are brutes, with ewe necks, cat hams, broken knees, and who prance from sheer viciousness."

"I should much like to know," said Otwyn, "which description would be thought most correct—Whalmer's or Atkins'? I say they are both good and true, although at first sight this may appear enigmatical."

"Not at all," replied Dighton, for the description given by Whalmer is that of a poet—one who is a sincere worshipper and lover of nature; while Atkins looks at all around in a matter-of-fact point of view, and possibly discovers blemishes and defects where Whalmer would only see beauties."

"Your idea is a correct one, Dighton, for I honestly confess that I adore nature under all her ever-changing phases; whilst Tom, I verily believe, would find something to dislike in the most picturesque landscape."

"Certainly I should, if the landscape were in Asia, for I neither like the heat of the climate, character of

the scenery, nor the inhabitants of this quarter of the globe. Come, let's stretch our legs a bit, and have a walk; the sun is setting, and it is tolerably cool. Sto—p—e, you nigger," shouted Tom Atkins.

— He did s—t—o—p, and the party commenced taking a *constitutional* walk on the race-course.

"How gloriously the sun is setting—sinking into the bosom of the sea in majestic tranquillity, as his parting beams illumine the green waters on which they glitter in thousands of sparkling rays; whilst over the azure vault of heaven float violet, crimson, and golden-tinted clouds, which, as we gaze, fade away, assuming fantastic forms. No language can describe the gorgeous, glorious, magnificent beauty of the sun's rising and setting in the tropics; the ever-changing and numberless hues which tint the clouds in constant succession, is beyond tongue, pencil, or pen to represent. See, Sol is now dipping; he almost appears to be toying with the waters, into whose bosom he is sinking, and on whom he is throwing his lurid beams. How gloriously bright is the sun's colour, and how noble is the arch! Gradually he sinks—lower—lower—lower; and he has now gone to illumine another quarter of the globe, casting around his life-imparting beams."

"For once in my existence, Gus, I, even I, could not stop you; how well you do jaw about commonplace things. Pity you are not an M.P., for I believe that you would make even a poor-law or Irish repeal debate palatable, by the language which you would use, and similies wherewith you would embody your ideas."

"I say, Whalmer, what a lover you would make. No chance for a poor fellow like me, if you tried to cut me out with your fine speeches. I should like to find a nice girl, who could talk well. Can you recommend me one, Dighton, for I am in sad want of a dear, nice, little cosy wife?"

"I do not think you will find such as you want out here, Otwyn; nice girls in a colony, or presidency, are rare commodities; but there is the 'Mary Bannaher' expected out soon, perhaps there may be some on board her who may do for you."

"Thank you, Dighton, for nothing; girls who come out on spec, as merchants send their goods to the colonies,

when they can't find purchasers at home, would not suit me at all—I always suspect such articles to be damaged."

"I quite agree with you, that no girl worth marrying need leave home to find a husband, as even in dear England nice girls are not overabundant; but this does not apply to the ladies I allude to, and who are expected by the 'Mary Bannaher,' as they are the daughters of the officers of — regiment, who are ordered for service here."

"What was that you said, Dighton," inquired Whalmer, eagerly. "Did you say the — regiment was expected out here?"

"Yes, I did, Whalmer, does it interest you?—is your true love one of the officers' daughters?"

"No, indeed; but one of the officers' wives is a relation of mine—a most lovely, intelligent, highly-cultivated creature; and much as I should like to see her elsewhere, I shall grieve to see her here, as I fear, with her education and habits, a colony will be most dissonant to both."

"How in the world, Gus, is it that we never heard of this before?—the regiment was not under orders when we left England."

"I can only account for our ignorance on this subject, by the length of time that we spent loitering everywhere, on our way out, which had the least object of interest connected with the spot; and we know that somehow we were always missing letters, as those which did come to hand constantly referred to others which we had not seen."

"I am very sorry the regiment is ordered out, for Constance's sake, glad as I shall be to see her again. I fear her residence in Ceylon will be most unpleasant to her, and I can only hope that she has not accompanied Devereux."

"Be sure that where her husband is she will be at his side; for her sense of duty alone would not permit her to remain in England apart from him, to say nothing of the strong affection she has for Devereux. I pity her mother, though, deeply; it must have been a terrible blow for her to have parted with a daughter so dearly beloved as Constance is, more particularly when each was to dwell in a different quarter of the globe."

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"What a pity, Gus, it was that Constance would not have you; for I never saw two people more calculated for each other."

"Come here, Tom—we shall rejoin you two directly," said Whalmer, looking towards Dighton and Otwyn—"let me entreat you never to allude to this subject before living mortal; think if, in this gossiping place, her name were to be coupled with mine in any other way than as being relations."

"My dear Gus, do forgive me—it was very thoughtless; but rest assured that if any man dared insinuate a slander against Constance Devereux, I would blow his brains out."

"That would not be the way to wipe away the stain the slander would have cast. The fair fame of a woman is too precious to be placed in the custody of the chattering multitude; and our aim in life should be, not to give cause by word or deed for the propagation of *slander*, and thereby avoid the necessity of resenting it."

"You are always right in these things, Gus—my only excuse is, my thoughtlessness at all times; and I am very glad it was only Dighton and Otwyn who heard what I said—as they know all about the affair, no harm is done; and I am sure they are not the sort to chatter about other people's business."

"Be more cautious in future, Tom—caution is what I wish to impress upon your mind; you are honest and open-hearted yourself, but all those we meet have not those estimable qualifications. This intelligence has saddened me, and recalled circumstances which I deemed had been buried in the bosom of the past. But I must shake off this melancholy, although I wish my cousin could have loved me well enough to have become my wife; and I know too well the value of her noble disposition, cultivated mind, and lovely person, not to feel acutely my loss. As she is another's wife, it is my duty to think of her only as a near and dear relation, and to banish every other feeling from my heart. I thought that I had succeeded in this; but the sudden intelligence that we are likely soon to be inhabitants of the same town, has undeceived me. I shall go home, as I wish to be alone."

"Not a bit of it, Gus—I will not

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let you ; let us rejoin Dighton and Otwyn, finish our walk, bid them good bye, and then, if you like it, we will return home together. Now then, old boy, let us toddle towards them."

Whalmer and Atkins rejoined Dighton and Otwyn.

"When did you say the 'Mary Bannaher' was expected, Dighton, as you may imagine we are particularly interested in her arrival, as Captain Devereux, who is married to a relation of ours, will be with his regiment?"

"The ship is expected daily ; and, believe me, it will give me great delight to renew my acquaintance with Mrs. Devereux ; at all events, we shall then have one gentlewoman in the colony."

"I wonder if she is as lovely a wife as she was a girl," said Otwyn ; "for I always considered her the finest creature I ever saw ; and she was so clever, and used to sing so beautifully. What a sensation her arrival will cause ! I shall mention to Sir Colin Campbell, that Captain and Mrs. Devereux are expected with the regiment ; for it was only yesterday evening that the governor was speaking of the kindness he had received from Mrs. Devereux's father. I am certain that he will be very glad to see the beautiful little girl, as he called her, now grown into a lovely woman."

"Thank you, Otwyn," said Whalmer ; "it will be but right to apprise the governor that his old friend's daughter is coming out. It is quite dark—why, it is seven o'clock ; we will say good bye, as it is time to go home to dinner."

"Good bye, then, till to-morrow evening ; if we do not meet before, we shall be sure to see each other at the Queen's House."

"I think it very kind of Sir Colin Campbell to have us all on the same day—it is very kind, indeed."

"You may thank me for that, Atkins, do you suppose the governor troubles his head as to who is asked on Thursdays?—not a bit of it ; it is his A.D.Cs. that make out the list, and as one of them is an old school-fellow of mine, I asked him to invite our squad. I tell you, when the governor makes out the list—it is on the special Tuesdays, when only favourites and personal friends are invited ;

those are the pleasant dinners—up-stair ones, as they are called."

"Good bye" and "good bye" was echoed by all ; Dighton taking Otwyn in his carriage, to set him down in the Fort, at the Queen's House, while Whalmer and Atkins walked in the contrary direction towards Colpetty, each with a thoughtful brow, but the former with a saddened one. Whalmer broke the silence by saying—

"Look, Tom, in the direction of the lake ; what myriads of fire-flies are hovering over it ; a cloud of them are frisking about in the air, alighting on the drooping leaves of that palm, causing its foliage to be illuminated. Now see, some few are settling on the leaves of that lotus floating on the lake ; two or three have crept into the flower, and sparkle like brilliants in its bosom ; more have alighted on the other aquatic plants around, and the waters glisten with a million minute specks of light. Now they wing their flight upwards in innumerable numbers, and the air appears to be replete with a shower of the sun's rays, whilst many are settling on the tall banana, the outline of whose leaves is distinctly defined by the dazzling specks of fire on them. This is beautiful ; but to me the sighing of the night breeze, and the rolling of the waves on the beach, have a mournful sound, telling of departed visions of bliss—whilst the brilliant fire-flies, floating and disporting in the air, flickering hither and thither, are as the bright hopes that I once indulged in—meteors most pleasing to mental vision ; but as the sunshine of the morrow will disperse these glittering insects, so that which has been the sunshine of another's life, has deprived mine of its essential stream of light. Moore's beautiful lines involuntarily are recalled to my mind, as visions of the past flit before memory's eye:—

" ' All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest ;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest. ' "

"We must return home, my dear fellow, you are low-spirited ; and I am almost tempted to believe that it is catching, for I feel rather down in the mouth myself. But this won't do

at any price ; so we will walk into the house, take our baths to purify our outward man, eat our dinner to invigorate and restore exhausted nature, drinking lots of Bass's pale ale to

quench our thirst, and imbibing any quantity of Moett's champagne to raise our spirits. Come, Gus, in with you ; ten to one my toilette will be completed before yours."

CHAPTER VI.

FROM 1796 TO 1805—BRITISH RULE—KANDY—CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE—GOVERNMENT UNDER NATIVE SOVEREIGNS AND RULERS—CUSTOMS—MODE OF SMELTING IRON—GOVERNOR NORTH, FIRST ENGLISH GOVERNOR—SUPREME COURT OF JUDICATURE ESTABLISHED—KANDIAN WAR—FEARFUL MASSACRE OF BRITISH TROOPS—DASTARDLY CONDUCT OF MAJOR DAVIE—SUMMARY OF POLITICAL EVENTS IN CEYLON—FALSE POLICY OF GENERAL MACDOWALL—BRAVERY OF MAJOR JOHNSON.

BEFORE we enter upon the history of Ceylon under the British, as the subjugation of Kandy forms a prominent feature of our rule, we will give a sketch of the character of the people, and the government of that nation under the dominion of their own sovereigns and rulers. All those authors who have written upon Ceylon remark, with great justice, the difference of character that is observable between the inhabitants of the mountainous and those of the lowlands and maritime districts. It is an insult to a Kandian to call him a Cingalese, as the Kandians hold the latter in contempt. The Kandians term only the inhabitants of the lowlands, Cingalese ; and the natives of the latter, when speaking of the former, invariably make the same distinction—calling them Kandians, and not Cingalese. The Kandians are a purer race, possessing much nobility of character—are daring, courageous, and generous ; whilst the Cingalese are cowardly, servile, and mean : and the nobles of Kandy assert (and it was stated to us by a Kandian noble of high rank, and the highest caste) that the vices of lying and thieving, now so fearfully prevalent in Ceylon, were introduced into the Kandian provinces by the Cingalese, who had acquired these intolerably despicable vices from intercourse with the Portuguese and Dutch. Robert Knox, who passed twenty years in captivity at Kandy, thus writes of them, in the seventeenth century :—

"Of all the vices, they are least addicted to stealing, the which they do exceedingly hate and abhor ; so that there are but few robberies committed amongst them. They do much extol and commend chastity, temperance, truth in words and actions ; and confess that it is

out of weakness and infirmity that they cannot practise the same, acknowledging that the contrary vices are to be abhorred."

After making this statement, he gives the following one, which is somewhat contradictory, as regards their propensity to *lying*. But great allowance must be made for the position in which Knox was placed ; as his protracted captivity for so long a period (during which time he had received many promises relative to his release) would not predispose him to place much reliance on their veracity, or enable him to give an unprejudiced opinion as to the national character. Notwithstanding, there is much truth to be found in the succeeding quotation, which gives, on the whole, a fair estimate of the Kandian character :—

"In understanding, quick and apprehensive ; in design, subtle and crafty ; in discourse, courteous, but full of flatteries ; naturally inclined to temperance, both in meat and drink, *but not chastity* ; near and provident in their families—commending good husbandry ; in their dispositions, not passionate—neither hard to be reconciled when angry ; in their promises very unfaithful—approving lying in themselves, but disliking it in others ; delighting in sloth—deferring labour till urgent necessity compel them ; neat in apparel ; nice in eating, and not much given to sleep."

For the bravery, which we deem inherent in the Kandians, and their love of country, no better proof can be offered than the determined, vigorous, and protracted resistance opposed to the attempted subjugation of their country by the Portuguese, Dutch, and British. And this dislike to the imposed yoke of a foreign power exists to no small extent at this moment ;

for, at the time we now write—August, 1848—an insurrection has broken out at Kandy, where they have crowned their king;* whilst the Cingalese have tamely submitted to foreign rule for more than a century and a-half. The difference of person apparent in the Kandians and Cingalese, is as marked as their mental dissimilitude. The bearing of the Kandian is haughty and erect; the complexion, bright bronze, or brown; the eye large—meeting the observer's fixedly and undauntedly; the brow high—nose, well formed and prominent; and the expression of the face intelligent. While, on the contrary, the deportment of the Cingalese is servile and crouching; their complexion of a yellowish brown; the eye, although of good size, seldom fully opens, and endeavours to avoid looking fixedly on the observer; the brow low; the nose less prominent, and not so well formed, as that of the Kandian; and the expression of the countenance has a character of servile, low cunning.

Although it is affirmed by writers that the Kandians and Cingalese are both descended from the same parent stock, we disagree with them materially, as the Kandians have all the distinctive marks of a nobler race, and purer blood—being, in our opinion, the offspring of Malabars, who had intermarried with the Veddahs, or aborigines of Ceylon, whose blood has remained pure, owing to non-admixture with foreign conquerors; as Kandy remained a free, warlike, and independent state long after the lowlands had experienced the yoke of numerous conquerors, of various nations: whilst the Cingalese are the descendants of the followers of the Indian King, Singha, or Wijeya, who conquered Ceylon long anterior to the Christian era, and the aborigines, or Veddahs. But the race has deteriorated, both physically and mentally, by constant admixture with the various tribes and nations who have conquered, colonized, or visited the lowlands and maritime districts.

Although Buddhism inculcates the practice of chastity and continence more than any other heathen religion, yet in no part of Asia is the observance of these virtues less practised than by

the followers of Buddha, and more especially in Ceylon, where the want of chastity in woman, which pervades all classes, beginning with the highest and descending to the lowest caste, is lamentable in the extreme. This appears to have been a national failing, from the earliest records of the island; but in a work intended for general perusal it would be unadvisable to quote *verbatim et seriatim* from Knox on this topic, who expatiates fully and strongly on the total disregard evinced by the women for chastity. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to the following extract from that author:—

“Whilst a woman would flee from the contact of a man of a lower caste than herself, so would she desire and seek it most anxiously with one of her own caste, or of a higher one.”

At this time it is the crying sin of the natives, even among women professing Christianity; and many murders arise from the excited jealousy of husbands and lovers, who come unexpectedly, and find a paramour with the women; when the ever ready knife, or any other weapon that is near, is seized hold of, and bloodshed ensues.

The government of Kandy was an absolute and despotic one, the king having unlimited power over the lives and property of his subjects: in fact, the Kandian nation being the slaves of the monarch—slavery was permitted, and practised to a great extent throughout the kingdom. But the king was not only lord paramount of the soil, the whole produce of which he could claim, if it pleased him so to do; but he claimed and enforced equal ownership over the persons of the cultivators.

The men of the next rank to the monarch were the two *adikars*, or prime ministers; and these *adikars* also acted as judges, and to them an appeal could be made, should a suitor feel dissatisfied with the decision of the governor of his province—and from the *adikar* a final appeal lay to the king in person; but the king reserved to himself the power of inflicting capital punishment, and human life was constantly sacrificed in the most wanton manner, and on the most puerile

* A full account of this will be given in due course.

occasions. These adikars were appointed by, and held office during the king's pleasure. After the adikars came the dissaaves, or governors of provinces. A certain number of this body were appointed to the command of the king's troops; and these held a superior rank to their fellows, whose business it was to receive and pay into the royal treasury the tribute to the king, and maintain peace and order in their provinces. The dissaaves, like the adikars, received their appointment from the king, who would disgrace them, depriving them of their offices, and putting them to death, or torturing them, as caprice dictated. The next in rank and power were the ratramahatmeers, who acted as deputies to those dissaaves, who commanded the king's guards, or troops, by preserving proper order in their provinces during the dissaaves' necessary absence from their districts, whilst on duty at court. Under these ratramahatmeers were many inferior officers, who obtained their posts either by bribery or from the patronage bestowed by their superior. When the dissaave or ratramahatmeer travelled through his province, to administer justice, he was attended by the whole of his inferior officers. Before the dissaave or ratramahatmeer was borne a long whip made from the fibres of the talipot palm, which was the emblem of their official rank, and also used by them as an implement of punishment. This whip was constantly kept in motion when borne before these officials; and the sound produced served to warn all travellers or passers-by to clear the road, and leave a free passage, and also to apprise those who had complaints or charges to prefer, that the dissaave or ratramahatmeer was at hand. When a complaint had been substantiated, which, in the estimation of the official, called for corporeal punishment, the criminal was straightway stripped, tied to the first tree, and flogged with the whip which a short time previously had given notice of the judge's approach. This business concluded, the dissaave would resume his way, to enact the same scene elsewhere. Fines, imprisonment, and torture were the other punishments inflicted by the dissaaves and ratramahatmeers, in the course of these periodical visitations, which were conducted with great state, ceremony,

and parade; and were also very lucrative, as the dissaaves and ratramahatmeers were bribed to decide in the briber's favour, and consequently whoever could or would administer the largest bribe almost invariably gained his suit. But on the reverse of this pleasant picture stood a despotic monarch, who, from the merest whim, would take from them their rank and wealth. Knox, after referring to the above facts, writes:—

“ But there is something came after, that makes all the honour and wealth of these great courtiers not at all desirable—and that is, that they are so obnoxious to the king's displeasure, which is so customary, that it is no disgrace for a nobleman to have been in chains—nay, and in the common gaol, too; and the great men, too, are so ready, when the king commands, to lay hold on one another, as he to command them, and glad to have the honour to be the king's executioners, hoping to have the place of the executed.”

In the foregoing quotation is found a summary of the uncertain tenure of place and power, when held from or under a despotic monarch, who even dictated what description of dwelling his subjects were to build or inhabit. It may appear almost paradoxical that a nation should have suffered *one* man to tyrannize over their persons, actions, and properties, to the extent which the Kandians permitted under their own kings, and should yet rebel against the mild rule of the British government. But such is the anomaly presented by human nature, that we will cheerfully and willingly endure what we voluntarily submit to, or our forefathers have borne before us, however intolerable it may appear to others; whilst the supposition or knowledge that we are to be forced into a particular line of action, dictated by a novel or foreign power, who rules with its own laws, although the administration of those laws may be equitable, and for our benefit, produces a feeling which causes us to consider ourselves aggrieved, and we rebel against the foreign yoke. This is not only a national feeling predominant amongst the Kandians, but will be found in every quarter of the globe, and is applicable to the inhabitants of every country.

Knox, after describing the various

modes adopted for building their dwellings, says :—

“ For they are not permitted to build their houses above one story high ; neither may they cover them with tiles, nor whiten their walls with lime ; but there is a clay which is as white, and that they use sometimes. The poorest sort have not above one room in their houses—few above two, unless they be great men ; *neither doth the king allow them to build better.* The great people have handsome and commodious houses. They have commonly two buildings—one opposite the other, joined together on each side with a wall, which makes a square court-yard in the middle. Round about against the walls of their house, are banks of clay to sit upon. Their slaves and servants dwell round about without, in other houses, with their wives and children.”

This author speaks of the ancient remains of grandeur which were found in Kandy (and these will be noticed in a chapter devoted to the antiquities of Ceylon). In writing of their cultivation of rice, the staple commodity of food for the nation, he tells us that their ploughs consisted of “ a piece of wood, shod with iron [these primitive ploughs are used in the interior at the present day, and to them are yoked buffaloes or bullocks] proper for the country.” He describes minutely the Oriental custom of treading out the grain from the husk, “ and this is a far quicker and easier way than threshing ; at reaping also they are excellent good, just after the English manner.” He also states, “ their rents were brought to the king thrice in each year, and were generally paid in the produce of the soil, and not in money.” Besides these, however, whatsoever is wanted in “ the king’s house, and they have it, they must, upon the king’s order, bring it.” Knox describes the state of learning in the Kandian dominions, to have been in a fearful state of degradation, to what it had been in former times ; and it is certain that for centuries, the inhabitants of Ceylon had been retrograding in learning, arts, and sciences, more particularly since the Portuguese and Dutch had obtained a footing in the island. “ Their learning,” says Knox, “ is but small ; all they ordinarily learn is, to read and write, but it is no shame to a man if he can do neither—nor have they any schools

wherein they might be instructed in these or any other arts.” The Kandians polished the precious stones found in their dominions by a species of grinding-stone, still in use among them, and which is very similar to an European one. They smelted the gold found in their rivers, in furnaces, formed of a species of white clay, found inland, and they fashioned the precious metal into ornaments for the head, nose, ankles, fingers, and toes ; and in the gold were frequently set precious stones and gems. We subtract the succeeding lines from Knox, as giving a most accurate and interesting account of the mode adopted by the Kandians to obtain iron from the ore. He commences by saying, that the ore was found throughout the country, and that it generally lay about five or six feet below the surface of the earth :—

“ First they take these stones and lay them in a heap, and burn them with wood, which makes them softer and fitter for the furnace. When they have so done, they have a kind of furnace, made with a white sort of clay, wherein they put a quantity of charcoal ; there is a back to the furnace, behind which the man stands that blows. Behind the furnace they have two logs of wood placed fast in the ground, hollow at the top like two pots ; upon the mouths of these two pieces of hollow wood they tie a piece of deer’s skin, on each part a piece, with a small hole, as big as a man’s finger, in each skin. In the middle of each skin, a little beside the holes, are two strings, tied fast to as many sticks stuck in the ground, like a spring, bending like a bow—this pulls the skin upwards.”

He then describes minutely the process of blowing, and continues :—

“ As the stones are thus burning, the dross that is in them melts, and runs out at the bottom, where there is a slanting hole made for the purpose. Out of this hole runs the dross-like streams of fire, and the iron remains behind, which, when it is purified as they think enough, they drive through the same slanting hole ; then they give it a chop half way through, and so fling it into the water : they so chop it that it may be seen that it is good iron, for the satisfaction of those who are minded to buy.”

The state of religion observable

among the Kandians, anterior to, at the period of, and subsequent to Knox's captivity, will be noticed hereafter; and we will for the present bid adieu to the ancient Kandians, and resume our history subsecutively, from taking possession of the Dutch settlements in Ceylon by the British, in 1796. Mr. Andrews was sent as ambassador to the Kandian court, by the Madras government, to obtain Rajah Singha's ratification to the preliminary treaty, and to negotiate a definitive one on more enlarged principles, by which the Kandian nation was to have enjoyed privileges and advantages which they had not possessed in tranquillity for more than two centuries. Ten armed vessels were to have been placed at the king's service, entirely free from our superintendence, to carry on foreign and home trade; and the *terrys*, or salt marshes at Putlam, then most profitable, and which had been in the possession of the Dutch, from whom they had passed into our hands, were to have been given up to Rajadhi Rajah Singha. Our ambassador could not succeed in bringing matters to a termination, as the king of Kandy required various alterations to be made in the proposed treaty, to which Mr. Andrews was not authorised to accede.

The first pearl fishery, under our government, took place during this year, and yielded upwards of sixty thousand pounds. The proceeds of the several fisheries under the Dutch and English will be given in a portion of this work, devoted to the produce of Ceylon.

In the year 1797, an insurrection was caused by the employment of Malabar Duboshes, or collectors of the revenue and other duties; these offices had been formerly filled by the Cingalese *arachys*, or headmen, but the Madras government had displaced them, substituting natives of the Malabar coast in their stead. These trivial disturbances were speedily quelled, and entirely subsided, when the Cingalese were reinstated in their official appointments.

The king of Kandy, during this year, made overtures to us for a renewal of the negociation, and conclusion of the treaty; but before a definitive arrangement was entered into, Rajadhi Rajah Singha died, after a tolerably tranquil reign of seventeen years. Although he had five legiti-

mate wives or queens, as well as concubines, he did not leave any male issue; and he bore the character of an indolent, voluptuous man, "addicted to love and poetry, and to nothing else [this is extracted from 'Davy's Ceylon'], and who ruled his subjects with an easy yoke." The following is the personal description of Rajadhi Rajah Singha, given by Boyd in his "Miscellaneous Works":—

"He is about thirty-six, or thirty-seven years of age, of a grand majestic appearance, a very large man, and very black, but of an open, intelligent countenance, as I found afterwards on a nearer approach. On the whole, his figure and attitude put me in mind of our Harry the Eighth. He wore a large crown, which is a very important distinction from the other princes of the East."

In the following year, 1798, Ceylon was made a King's Colony, and the Hon Frederick North, afterwards Earl of Guilford, and a worthy successor to his learned and philanthropic progenitor, was appointed governor of the island, and arrived there in the month of October.

Historians differ, as to whether it was a nephew of one of the queens, or a son of a sister of one of the concubines of the late king, that Pilimi Talawe, the first adikar or prime minister, raised to the throne of Kandy, under the title of Sri Wikrama Rajah Singha, to the exclusion of the royal family; as Prince Mootoo Sawme, the chief or first queen's brother, was the legitimate heir to the crown. This step was taken by Pilimi Talawe to further his own ambitious views, as Sri Wikrama was but an automaton on the throne, whose actions were directed by the first adikar, Pilimi Talawe, who imprisoned the chief queen of the late monarch Rajadhi, and several relatives of the royal family; whilst Prince Mootoo Sawme, with his adherents and followers, made their escape from Kandy, and placed themselves under the protection of the British government at Colombo.

During the following year the importation of slaves was prohibited, and torture and barbarous modes of punishment abolished in our possessions in Ceylon. In the month of February, Governor North granted an interview to Pilimi Talawe, and the prime-mi-

nister appears to have been most cautious in his mode of proceeding with our government, as this interview was merely a complimentary one; but in a subsequent one, in September, he offered to assassinate the monarch, Sri Wikrama, whom he had raised to that dignity, if the English would assist him to ascend the throne, that he, Pilimi Talawe, would govern Kandy as the English would dictate. This ignominious proposition was rejected in the manner it merited, and the governor made Pilimi Talawe understand, that neither the monarch, or nation, which he had the honor to represent, either aided or abetted murder, or assassins; but undaunted by this prompt and determined refusal of Governor North to aid him in his criminally nefarious project, Pilimi Talawe made many after-communications of the same nature, which were rejected with the scorn and contumeliousness they merited.

The first English seminary was established at Colombo, for the instruction of natives within the year; thus we find that immediately after Mr. North held the reins of government, and when naturally in a new colony, there were many important political, and commercial subjects to engross the governor's attention and time; that gentleman had been employing his leisure hours in endeavouring to ameliorate the sufferings, and improve the condition, of his sable fellow-man. Governor North abolished the importation of slaves, torture and barbarous modes of punishment, and established a seminary for the instruction of the ignorant and benighted natives, and that within the space of twelve months. Noble conduct of this nature needs no comment or praise, and each one in reading this may apply the following text to himself, "go and do thou likewise."

In the following year, 1800, Governor North agreed to send an ambassador to the king of Kandy, as the first adikar, Pilimi Talawe, had made overtures of an honorable nature, in the name of Sri Wikrama, in his official capacity of prime-minister. The Rev. Mr. Cordiner writes:—

"In order to elude the arts of the adikar, the governor promised that Major-General Macdowall should be sent as ambassador, if the consent of the

king were previously obtained to his carrying with him a sufficient military force to maintain his independence. It was at the same time proposed, that if the king should approve of it, he should transport his person and his court for greater safety to the British territories, there to enjoy all his royal rights, and to depute to Pilimi Talawe, the adikar, the exercise of his power in Kandy."

The king of Kandy consented to the requisition, and General Macdowall started for Kandy on his embassy, escorted "by the light company, and four battalions of his Majesty's 19th foot, five companies of the second battalion of the 6th regiment of coast sepoy, five companies of the Malay regiment, a detachment of the Bengal artillery, with four six-pounders, and two howitzers." Now, the utility of the caution evinced by Governor North in sending an ambassador, with a powerful escort, was displayed, as on the road the deputation met with opposition from the natives, and several skirmishes resulted, not without suspicion that Pilimi Talawe had secretly instigated the rebels to this contumacious mode of proceeding. Our ambassador and his escort finally reached Kandy, where a series of lengthened interviews ensued between Sri Wikrama and General Macdowall, which terminated in the general returning to Colombo, without having been able to effect a new treaty, or alter the position of affairs then existing between the British and Kandian governments.

Events of an historical nature remained in *statu quo* during the year 1801, but the following year was fraught with circumstances of interest, as well as with those of deep importance in a political point of view. The Supreme Court of Judicature was now first established, and vaccine inoculation was introduced. At the beginning of the year the king of Kandy sent his second adikar as ambassador to our government at Colombo, when a satisfactory treaty was entered into, which ensured the safety, and permission to carry on commercial intercourse, to the subjects of the two powers. Shortly after the new treaty was ratified it was violated by the Kandians, who committed the first act of aggression, by plundering some British subjects, who had purchased

Areka nuts in the Kandian dominions. Governor North demanded that restitution should be made of the stolen property, or that the parties should be reimbursed to the full value of their merchandize. This demand Pilimi Talawe, in the name of his sovereign promised to comply with, but postponed the fulfilment of his promise, and after repeated demands had been made by our government for the required compensation, which were constantly met by puerile evasions, Governor North threatened the king of Kandy with hostile proceedings if the demanded and promised restitution was not forthwith made. War was declared against the Kandians in the January of 1803, and General Macdowall, at the head of a considerable force, marched for Kandy. These troops consisted of "two incomplete companies of Bengal artillery, with the usual proportion of gun lascars, two companies of his Majesty's 19th regiment of foot, the entire of the 51st regiment (625 strong), one thousand Ceylon native infantry, one company of the Malay regiment, and a small corps of pioneers." Colonel Barbut also set out for Trincomalee, commanding "one company of the Madras artillery, five companies of the 19th regiment, the greater part of the Malay regiment, and a necessary proportion of lascars and pioneers." These divisions, in their respective marches, did not meet with the slightest resistance, and although each had pursued different routes, arrived almost simultaneously at the Kandian seat of government, which they found undefended and deserted, and our large army, which consisted of more than three thousand men, took undisturbed possession of Lanka-Diva's capital, the palace of which had been fired before the retreat of the Kandians, and was partially destroyed; but in some of the apartments were found "pier glasses, statues, particularly those of Buddha, sets of glass and china-ware, and a few golden cups adorned with silver filagree." In the arsenal, or what was used for the store-house for their warlike weapons, a large quantity of arms of various descriptions were found by our troops, and appropriated. Mootoo Sawme was now proclaimed king by Governor North, and he was crowned with all due ceremony at Kandy. This prince was

the legitimate heir to the Kandian throne, as he was the brother of Rajadhi's chief queen, and he had placed himself under the protection of the British government, when Pilimi Talawe placed Sri Wikrama on the throne, after the decease of Rajadhi without male issue. A treaty was ratified by Governor North and Mootoo Sawme, to the effect that the British merchants and soldiers should be indemnified for losses sustained previous to, and during the war, that a portion of land was to be given up for the purpose of constructing a road from Colombo to Trincomalee, that the province of the Seven Korles, which is a tract along the western coast, should be made over for ever to the British, that the king should not form any alliance without the concurrence of his Britannic Majesty, and that an European force should be kept in Kandy, for the preservation of order. To all these considerations Mootoo Sawme readily agreed. A force was now sent to Hangrenketty, about sixteen miles from Kandy, commanded by Colonel Barbut, in pursuit of the fugitive Sri Wikrama, which was nearly drawn into an ambuscade, but owing to the caution of the colonel, a timely retreat was effected, although the object for which the troops were sent remained unaccomplished. Pilimi Talawe evinced much penetration in the mode of warfare which he adopted with our troops, being fully conscious of the inferiority of the Kandian soldiers if opposed to them in regular engagement. He harassed them by hovering about the capital, cutting off supplies, and all communication between Kandy, Colombo, and Trincomalee. A detachment of our men were nearly taken by Pilimi Talawe, which had been sent out to commence a negotiation with some chief in the vicinity, and our soldiers barely escaped annihilation, and were necessitated to retreat into Kandy precipitately. A reward of ten rupees was set on the head of each European, and five rupees on that of any of the native troops in the service of the British. This harassing mode of warfare was beginning to make inroads on the health of our troops, when a negotiation was opened with General Macdowall by Pilimi Talawe. The adikar proposed to surrender the person of the deposed monarch, Sri

Wikrama, into the hands of the British, on the condition that he, Pilimi Talawe, should have supreme authority in Kandy, under the title of Octoan Komarayan, or great and supreme prince, and that Mootoo Sawme should retire to Jaffnapatam, receiving a pension from the Kandian government. Unfortunately for the honor of Britain, this degrading proposal was acceded to by General Macdowall, who returned to Colombo, withdrawing a large body of the troops, leaving Kandy under the command of Major Davie, with a garrison of only one thousand men. Pilimi Talawe having found that his nefarious scheme for obtaining power, and raising himself to the highest dignity had succeeded, now resolved upon attempting to obtain possession of the person of Governor North, and for this purpose requested a conference might take place at Dambadiva, about fifty-seven miles east of Colombo, and which had been a royal residence. Governor North being most anxious for peace, and to avoid bloodshed, acquiesced most readily to Pilimi Talawe's proposition. A day having been fixed upon for the conference, namely, the 3rd of May, the governor went to Dambadiva, attended by a numerous suite and guards, whilst a detachment of three hundred soldiers met Governor North at that place. These precautions were necessary to guard against the treacherous designs of the perfidious Pilimi Talawe; and had it not been for this armed force accompanying the governor, in all probability he would have been made prisoner, as the adikar *had a body* of armed men awaiting the governor's arrival, but he *had not* any proposal, or fresh negotiation to enter into. Finding it impossible to seize the person of governor North in the face of his escort, Pilimi Talawe broke up the conference, after a nominal ratification of the former treaty.

General Macdowall returned to Kandy, and took the command of the garrison on the 16th of May, and most unfortunately for the sake of humanity, and of Great Britain's honor, he was taken seriously ill, and compelled to leave Kandy on the 11th of June following, leaving the garrison under the command of Major Davie. Our pen almost refuses to perform its task, and record the horribly sickening de-

tails of the fearful massacre and sacrifice of human life, brought about, and entailed on his victims by the cowardice and pusillanimity of one man, who dishonoured and disgraced the country that gave him birth, the king he served, the commission he held, the uniform he wore, and the sword which he ought to have wielded. So long as there is power in language, or truth in history, the name of *Major Davie* will be execrated and loathed, as denoting all that is vile, despicable, dastardly, treacherous, and mean—

“ Veritatis simplex oratio est ; ”

Therefore we resume our history.

From concomitant circumstances, we are induced to believe, that Pilimi Talawe only waited for the absence of General Macdowall to attack the weakened garrison of Kandy; the power of the troops was diminishing daily, either by desertion or sickness. They were under the command of Major Davie, a creature unworthy the name of man, who had neither the courage nor ability for an office which placed in his keeping and power the honor of his country, and the lives of his fellow-creatures.

Within a few days after the general was forced to leave Kandy, Pilimi Talawe besieged the garrison, and Major Davie surrendered by capitulation; and it was stipulated that Kandy should be delivered up forthwith, with the whole of the military stores, and that the British troops should retire to Trincomalee, being allowed to retain their arms. Before sunset on the day the surrender had been made, our garrison had evacuated Kandy. Major Davie, marching at the head of our troops, *leaving 150 sick Europeans in hospital*, who had not been named in the articles of capitulation, and for whom no provision was made, to be dealt with as their savage, barbarous enemies might choose. Our troops, consisting of seventeen officers, twenty British soldiers, two hundred and fifty Malays, one hundred and forty gun lascars, accompanied by Mootoo Sawme and his attendants, reached Wattapolawa on the Trincomalee road, when their progress was intercepted by the river Mahavelliganga, at all times a rapid stream, but at that season much increased by the late rains. Major Davie in vain at-

tempted to get the men across; and no mention had been made of this river in the articles, therefore their enemies, the Kandians, were not bound to provide them with boats or rafts; and they now stood on the surrounding heights, jeering at the position our troops were placed in. Mootoo Sawme, Major Davie, and the officers, with their followers, remained on the banks of the river during the night, and their attempts to procure rafts the following morning proved abortive. Observing their irresolution, some Kandian chiefs opened a communication with Major Davie and his perplexed followers, and these chiefs offered to provide boats, *on the condition that Mootoo Sawme was delivered into the power of the Kandians.* Major Davie, for a short time, hesitated, *but finally agreed to this dishonourable, base, infamous, atrocious proposition,* and communicated his determination to the unfortunate prince, or rather king, Mootoo Sawme.

“Is it possible,” he exclaimed, “that the triumphant arms of England can be so humbled, as to fear the menaces of the Kandians?”

But his expostulations were lost upon the dastardly, cowardly Davie, and Mootoo Sawme was delivered to his enemies—a living holocaust, presented by British officers to the demands of disgrace and cowardice.

No language is sufficiently powerful to express the dishonour brought on the name of Great Britain by this infamous act. The law of nations, as well as those of good faith and honour, were violated: Mootoo Sawme fled to us for protection, placed his person in our keeping, confiding in our honour; we accepted the trust reposed—nay more, caused him to be crowned king in his own dominions, and entered into an alliance with him; then broke our faith with him, by listening to, and accepting the overtures of a rebel, thus deposing the monarch whom we ourselves had crowned. He retreated with our troops, still trusting in British probity, when he was shamelessly handed over to his enemies, by one of that nation to whom he had confided the safe-keeping of his person. And the man who was guilty of this atrocity was a *soldier*, and one who ought to have guarded the honour of his country, and the persons of those who placed themselves under the pro-

tection of Great Britain. Shame on the name of Davie!—dishonoured it is, and will be as long as time shall endure, and we spurn the name from our pen, as we would a loathsome reptile from our path.

Mootoo Sawme was taken before the usurper, Sri Wikrama and his adikar, when Pilimi Talawe put the following question to him:—

“Was it proper for you, being, as you are, of the royal family, to fly to the English for protection, and join them in fighting against your country?”

“I am at your mercy,” the unfortunate Mootoo Sawme meekly replied.

Some further questions were put, and received humble replies, when this wretched prince was ordered to suffer the most barbarous tortures, and be impaled alive, thus meeting death in his most terrific and agonising form. This sacrifice of Mootoo Sawme did not appease the insatiate Kandians, who, finding that their former demands had been agreed to, now refused to provide the promised boats, insisting that the British troops should lay down their arms, and return to Kandy. No attempt at resistance was made by Major Davie to this unprecedented demand—no expostulation used as to the breach of faith now exhibited by the Kandians; all they required was readily agreed to, and Major Davie, with his officers, were separated from their men, and the arms of the whole party taken from them. The men were then marched into a narrow pass, strongly guarded by their armed Kandian escort, and ordered out, two by two, and the question put if they would serve under the Kandian king? When a negative was given, these poor fellows were taken some distance from the main body, and butchered in the most horrible manner by their savage enemies. At the conclusion of this revolting slaughter of the soldiers, the officers shared the same fate—but three European and one Malay officer being spared. The names of these were, Major Davie, Captains Rumley, Humphreys, and Nouradeen. The first three lingered out their lives in a wretched captivity among the Kandians, but Captain Nouradeen's fate merits more particular and honourable notice. The Kandians, not yet glutted with blood, returned to Kandy, and murdered the whole of the hun-

dred-and-fifty sick European soldiers in hospital. What must have been the agony of these men whilst this revolting massacre was taking place? Left unprotected, in a hostile country, by their commanding officer, whose duty it was to have provided for their safeguard, prostrated by sickness or wounds they had received whilst fighting under their country's banner, and in her monarch's cause, unprovided with arms, prostrated by bodily infirmity, prevented thus from availing themselves of the means of self-defence, with which nature had provided them, their mental sufferings must, indeed, have been most terrible. Nor can we be surprised, if, in their dying agony, they forgot their duty as Christians, and cursed the man whose cowardice, want of firmness, and inhumanity, had left them to meet death, inflicted by the hands of barbarous enemies.

It is the bounden duty of an historian to be impartial, and draw notice to the conduct of those placed in responsible positions; therefore we deem it necessary to animadvert upon the line of policy adopted by General Macdowall. In the first place, it was a decided breach of faith, and violation of our treaty with Mootoo Sawme, *the monarch whom we had crowned*, to enter into a negotiation with Pilimi Talawe, and agree that he should be the viceroy of Kandy, thereby deposing Mootoo Sawme, and agreeing that he should retire to Jaffnapatam. The overtures of the crafty Pilimi Talawe had not the excuse of being made in the name of the king, whom he acknowledged, and whose prime minister he was, namely, Sri Wikrama, but were made in his own name and for his own benefit, as he consented to deliver the person of his monarch into the hands of the British. General Macdowall evinced but an imperfect knowledge of human nature, *even in listening to, much more in acceding to*, the propositions of a man who was alike a rebel and a traitor to his king and country. He who was faithless to the country which gave him birth, and the monarch whose confidential servant he was, could not be relied upon, or be expected to keep faith with the British, whom he only availed himself of to use as a step in ascending the ladder of his ambition. In the second place, General Macdowall is to be censured, for prematurely withdrawing

so large a body of troops from Kandy, leaving only one thousand men in garrison, in the midst of a hostile, treacherous nation, who could, from the natural defence of the country, cut off all communication and supplies; added to which, this small body of men was left under the command of an officer totally incapable and unfit to have so important a trust reposed in him. The fearful consequences attendant upon the whole of the mistaken line of policy pursued by General Macdowall in this disastrous business, has been seen in the fatal results recorded in previous pages. No attempt at palliation can be made for Major Davie's misconduct; and, for the credit of Great Britain, such transgressions of the laws of honour and humanity are rare. The result of Davie's pusillanimous cowardice, in acceding to all the unconscionable demands of his Kandian enemies, met with awful retribution in his own person, and those of his brother-officers; but their sufferings could not restore to life the hundreds of slaughtered men who had fallen victims to the savage brutality of the Kandians. To a well-regulated mind, death is always preferable to dishonour, and this feeling is generally deeply imprinted on the heart of the British defender of his country; and fortunate it is that the contrary sentiment is rarely met with among Britain's sons; for, were it otherwise, and conduct such as Major Davie's of frequent recurrence, we should become a byword among the nations of the earth, instead of being honoured and respected where the name of England is known.

We expressed our intention of noticing the heroic conduct of Captain Nouradeen, whose life was spared at Wattapolowa by the Kandians. This officer was a Malay, then commanding the Malay regiment; and Pilimi Talawe had used every persuasion during the period our troops occupied Kandy, to induce Captain Nouradeen to leave our service, and enter that of the Kandian, promising him high rank and riches. All these offers were steadfastly refused; and when he was made prisoner, Pilimi Talawe renewed them tempting Captain Nouradeen with life, rank, and riches, if he would serve Sri Wikrama; but the answer he received was, "that he (Captain

Nouradeen) was already the servant of a mighty king, whose uniform he wore, and that he could not serve two masters." Finding all entreaty and persuasion useless, threats and tortures were essayed; but these proved alike futile, in inducing Captain Nouradeen to become traitor to the country which he served; and this noble, heroic fellow was put to death by Pilimi Talawe. The contrast presented in the character and conduct of Nouradeen and Davie need no concluding comment.

In August, desultory warfare and ravage commenced between the British and Kandians, when Sri Wikrama, stimulated and intoxicated by his late successes, threatened to attack Colombo, but refrained from doing so; and in September, he besieged Hangwelle, a fort of little importance, in our possession, and suffered a severe defeat.

At the commencement of the year 1804, the Kandians prepared and attempted a general invasion of the British settlements, but were repulsed on all sides; great havoc was made among their troops, and the losses they sustained were considerable. Shortly after this, Pilini Talawe again made overtures of an amicable nature to our government; but the severe punishment the British had met with previously, after listening to his treacherous propositions in 1803, were too vividly impressed on their minds to permit them to hold further intercourse of a friendly description with so treacherous a man; and, therefore, the overtures made by Pilimi Talawe were rejected with the contempt they called for.

In the month of February of the year 1805, the Kandians again invaded the British territories; but the result was the same as that which they experienced the preceding year, viz., that of loss and defeat. A body of our troops, consisting only of three hundred men, followed by numerous

coolies and servants, and commanded by Major Johnson, were ordered to the interior. This brave officer fought his way from Batticaloa to Kandy, and was there surrounded by the troops of Sri Wikrama. Nothing daunted, he cut his way through them, and proceeded in his road to Trincomalee, although constantly harassed by the Kandian troops, who opposed the progress of this undaunted body of men. This small army, headed by Major Johnson, reached their destination with comparatively small loss, having had to pass through a hostile country, and constant skirmishes having taken place between them and the Kandian troops—thus showing what energy and bravery could perform when commanded by an officer possessing firmness and valour. The war was carried on with much determination and bravery on both sides; and the king of Kandy proposed a cessation of hostilities, which was agreed to by the British, although no formal treaty was entered into, and peace continued till 1814.

In July of this year, 1805, Governor North was relieved by Sir Thomas Maitland, who succeeded to the appointment of Governor of Ceylon. Governor North returned to England with the good wishes of all the native British subjects of that island; and certes, Great Britain is indebted to the abilities of the Hon. Frederick North, the first English Governor of Ceylon, for retaining this bright colonial gem in the British diadem. Governor North left the colony in a comparative state of tranquillity, no fresh hostilities having been renewed with the Kandians until 1814; and he found it a scene of disorder, warfare, and bloodshed. Mr. North left Lanka-Diva's verdant shores with the satisfactory conviction, that he had done much to ameliorate the condition, physically and morally, of the benighted inhabitants of Ceylon.

RUINS.

I.

Shall we tread the dust of ages,
Musing dreamlike on the past,
Seeking on the broad earth's pages
For the shadows Time hath cast ;
Waking up some ancient story,
From each prostrate shrine or hall,
Old traditions of a glory
Earth may never more recall ?

II.

Poet thoughts of sadness breathing,
For the temples overthrown ;
Where no incense now is wreathing,
And the gods are turned to stone.
Wandering by the graves of heroes,
Shrouded deep in classic gloom,
Or the tombs where Egypt's Pharaohs
Wait the trumpet and the doom.

III.

By the city, desert-hidden,*
Which Judea's mighty king
Made the Geni, at his bidding,
Raise by magic of his ring ;
By the Lake Asphaltian wander,
While the crimson sunset glow
Flings its radiance as we ponder
On the buried towns below.

IV.

By the Temple of the Muses,
Where the climbers of the mount
Learned the soul's diviner uses
From the Heliconian fount.
By the banks of dark Illyssus,
Where the Parcæ walked of old,
In their crowns of white narcissus,
And their garments starred with gold.

V.

By the tomb of queenly Isis,
Where her fallen prophets wail,
Yet no hand has dared the crisis
Of the lifting of the vail.
By the altar which the Grecian
Raised to God without a name ;
By the stately shrine Ephesian,
Erostratus burned for fame.*

VI.

By the Libyan shrine of Ammon,
Where the sands are trod with care,
Lest we, bending to examine,
Start the lion from his lair.

* Palmyra, or Tadmor.

Shall we tread the halls Assyrian,
Where the Arab tents are set,
Seek the glory of the Tyrian,
Where the fisher spreads his net?

VII.

Shall we seek the "Mene, mene,"
Wrote by God upon the wall,
While the proud son of Mandane
Strode across the fated hall?
Shall we mourn the Loxian's lyre,
Or the Pythian priestess mute;
Shall we seek the Delphic fire,
Though we've lost Apollo's lute?

VIII.

Ah, the world has sadder ruins
Than these wrecks of things sublime;
For the touch of man's misdoings
Leaves more blighted tracks than Time.
Ancient lore gives no examples
Of the ruins here we find—
Prostrate souls for fallen temples,
Mighty ruins of the mind.

IX.

We had hopes that rose as proudly
As each sculptured marble shrine;
And our prophets spake as loudly
As their oracles divine.
Grand resolves of giant daring,
Such as Titans breathed of old,
Brilliant aims their front uprearing,
Like a temple roofed with gold.

X.

Souls of fire, like columns pointing,
Flame-like, upward to the skies;
Glorious brows which God's anointing
Consecrated altar wise.
Stainless hearts, like temples olden,
None but priest hath ever trod;
Hands as pure as were the golden
Staves which bore the ark of God.

XI.

Oh, they built up radiant visions,
Like an iris after rain;
How all paradise traditions
Might be made to live again.
Of humanity's sad story,
How their hand should turn the page,
And the ancient primal glory,
Fling upon this latter age.

XII.

How with God-like aspirations,
Up the souls of men would climb,
Till the fall'n, enslavèd nations
Trod in rhythmic march sublime:

Reaching heights the people knew not,
 Till their prophet Leaders led—
 Bathed in light that mortals view not,
 While the spirit life lies dead.

XIII.

How the pallid sons of labour,
 They should toil and toil to raise,
 Till a glory, like to Tabor,
 Once again should meet earth's gaze.
 How the poor, no longer keeping
 Count of life alone by groans,
 With the strong cry of their weeping,
 Start the angels on their thrones.

XIV.

Ah, that vision's bright ideal,
 Must it fade and perish thus?
 Must its fall alone be real,
 Are its ruins trod by us?
 Ah, they dream'd an Eldorado,
 Given not to mortal sight;
 Yet the souls that walk in shadow,
 Still bend forward to its light.

XV.

Earnest dreamers, sooth we blame not
 If ye failed to reach the goal—
 If the glorious real came not
 At the strong prayer of your soul.
 By the path ye've trod to duty,
 Blessings yet to man may flow,
 Though the proud and stately beauty
 Of your structure lieth low.

XVI.

Low as that which Salem mourneth,
 On Moriah's holy hill;
 While the heathen proudly scorneth,
 Yet the wrecks are glorious still:
 Like the seven columns frowning,
 On the desert city down,
 Or the seven cedars crowning
 Lofty Lebanon.

XVII.

Poet wanderer, hast thou bent thee
 O'er such ruins of the soul?
 Pray to God that some Nepenthe
 May efface that hour of dole.
 We may lift the shrine and column,
 From the dust which Time hath cast;
 Choral chants may mingle solemn,
 Once again where silence passed;

XVIII.

But the stately, radiant palace,
 We had built up in our dreams,
 With Hope's rainbow-woven trellis,
 And Truth's glorious sunrise beams—
 Our aims of towering stature,
 Our aspirations vain,
 And our prostrate human nature—
 Who will raise *them* up again?

SPERANZA.

THE FAIRFAX CORRESPONDENCE.

THE history of England, during the period of the civil war, is, perhaps, that to which we most often recur, and with most advantage. The great questions which agitate society were certainly never discussed with more consummate power than was brought to the argument by the respective parties in the protracted contest; principles were never more nobly exemplified in act than by the great men in the royalist and the republican parties. Life, and more than life, was perilled in the cause; and it is well for England that the battle-field and the scaffold have tested the fidelity of her Hampdens and her Charleses. We sympathise with what is excellent in all. The same reader finds his heart elevated and his affections purified by the "Defence of the People of England," and by the "Eikon Basilike." There is a passage of Coleridge, in which he speaks of the love with which noble spirits, whom opposed views of truth have separated from each other in their earthly warfare, may be supposed to be mutually affected in another life, which, though of some length, is of such beauty that we cannot but present it to our readers:—

"When I have before me on the same table the works of Hammond and Baxter; when I reflect with what joy and dearness their blessed spirits are now loving each other; it seems a mournful thing that their names should be perverted to an occasion of bitterness among us, who are enjoying that happy mean which the *human* TOO-MUCH on both sides was perhaps necessary to produce.

"If ever two great men might seem, during their whole lives, to have moved in direct opposition, though neither of them has at any time introduced the name of the other, Milton and Jeremy Taylor were they. The former commenced his career by attacking the Church Liturgy and all set forms of prayer. The latter, but far more successfully, by defending both. Milton's next work was then against the prelacy and the then existing Church Government—Taylor's in vindication

and support of them. Milton became more and more a stern republican, or rather an advocate for that religious and moral aristocracy which, in his day, was *called* republicanism, and which, even more than royalism itself, is the direct antipode of modern jacobinism. Taylor, as more and more sceptical concerning the fitness of men in general for power, became more and more attached to the prerogatives of monarchy. From Calvinism, with a still decreasing respect for fathers, councils, and for church antiquity in general, Milton seems to have ended in an indifference, if not a dislike, to *all* forms of ecclesiastic government, and to have retreated wholly into the inward and spiritual church communion of his own spirit with the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Taylor, with a growing reverence for authority, an increasing sense of the insufficiency of the Scriptures without the aids of tradition and the consent of authorised interpreters, advanced as far in his approaches (not, indeed, to Popery, but) to Catholicism, as a conscientious minister of the English Church could well venture. Milton would be, and would utter the same, to all, on all occasions; he would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Taylor would become all things to all men, if by any means he might benefit any.

"The same antithesis might be carried on with the elements of their several intellectual powers. Milton, austere, condensed, imaginative, supporting his truth by direct enunciation of lofty moral sentiment, and by distinct visual representations, and in the same spirit overwhelming what he deemed falsehood by moral denunciation and a succession of pictures appalling or repulsive. In his prose, so many metaphors, so many allegorical miniatures. Taylor, eminently discursive, accumulative, and (to use one of his own words) *agglomerative*; still more rich in images than Milton himself, but images of fancy, and presented to the common and passive eye, rather than to the eye of the imagination. Whether supporting or assailing, he makes his way either by argument or by appeals to the affections, unsurpassed even by the schoolmen in subtlety, agility, and logical wit, and unrivalled by the most rhetorical of

the fathers in the copiousness and vividness of his expressions and illustrations. Here words that convey feelings, and words that flash images, and words of abstract notion, flow together, and at once whirl and rush onward like a stream, at once rapid and full of eddies; and yet still, interfused here and there, we see a tongue or islet of smooth water, with some picture in it of earth or sky, landscape, or living group of quiet beauty.

"Differing, then, so widely, and almost contrariantly, wherein did these great men agree?—wherein did they resemble each other? In genius, in learning, in unfeigned piety, in blameless purity of life, and in benevolent aspirations and purposes for the moral and temporal improvement of their fellow-creatures! Both of them wrote a Latin *Accidence*, to render education more easy and less painful to children; both of them composed hymns and psalms proportioned to the capacity of common congregations; both, nearly at the same time, set the glorious example of publicly recommending and supporting general toleration, and the liberty both of the pulpit and the press!"

In the great civil war we have three nations engaged in the scene. Scotland in the struggle gaining advantages, which suggested to Ireland a similar course—for in the lessons learned at the trial of Stafford was the hope inspired that led to the disastrous rebellion in Ireland. At this interval of time, it would be well that events which cannot be forgotten—however much oblivion were to be desired—could be recorded, disentangled from the language of violent feeling; that the spirit in which men acted could be shown rather in the representations which they themselves would give of their conduct, than in the colouring of their enemies; that we might learn what they sought to realise to themselves, and thus, perhaps, find something to console humanity for inevitable suffering. This is what constitutes the charm of biography to such a degree, that, be the vanities or the vices what they may, of any one who pictures to us the real movements of his mind and will, it is impossible not to suggest feelings with which every one will sympathise—

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

There is no period of history richer in memorials of every kind than that of

the civil war. No contest, of which, as far as the English were actors, the motives influencing everybody that bore a part in the transactions have been more distinctly communicated. The state papers of each party—the flying pamphlets—the lampoons—are all before us; and every now and then some private repository unlocks its ponderous and marble jaws to let out volumes of vaporous letters. Verily, we are, in England and out of it, wherever the English language is spoken, a reading public. There is nothing hidden that we do not wish revealed; there is not a word spoken in the ear that we are not desirous to have proclaimed on the house-top.

The Fairfaxes have a name in English history. The poet of Elizabeth's day, and the general of Cromwell's, have won it for them. The family describe themselves as of a Saxon stock, seated at Northumberland before the Conquest. The name, sometimes spelt *Fairvex*, is said to mean fair hair.

The rise of the family, like that of so many of our nobility, was through the law. How many of them struggled on in the more obscure grades of the profession, or its kindred occupations, is not recorded. The first whom the pedigree takes notice of, in this walk of life, is Sir Guy Fairfax, a judge of the court of King's Bench in 1478. The judge was a prosperous man. He built a castle at Steeton, in Yorkshire, and established the principal family residence at that place. He was, in point of fact, the founder of the family. The earlier history is as authentic as the descent of the Britons from Dardanus, of an ancient Greek family from Apollo or Jove, or of one of our own squires of the western province from some Dalcassian prince of dateless celebrity.

The judge of the King's Bench was succeeded by a judge of the Common Pleas. William succeeded Guy, and increased the wealth and condition of the family. The heir of William—himself a William—was high sheriff of York in the reign of Henry the Eighth. Your prosperous lawyer marries well, and rarely dies without a child and a will; and one of these gentlemen added by marriage the lands of Denton to the family estate. But the Reformation now came, and one of

the pious Fairfaxes was shocked at a son of his assisting at the sack of Rome. He disinherited him; at least he did his best. But it was not as easy in good King Harry's days, to cut off entails as in those that followed. The Denton estates, it was found, were secured beyond the power of the relentless parent. They descended to Sir Thomas, and he is ancestor of that branch of the Fairfaxes, with whom we are chiefly concerned.

Our concern with them arises from the fact that for two centuries they appear to have carefully preserved such correspondence on matters in any way interesting to the family as occurred during that interval. That correspondence is often curiously illustrative of public events. On the marriage of one of the Fairfaxes to the daughter of Lord Culpepper, the papers which form what is called the "*Fairfax Correspondence*" were removed to Leeds Castle. Leeds Castle is now the residence of Mr. Fiennes Wykeham Martin. Some alterations in the castle were made in the year 1822, and some useless lumber sold. Among the rest, an old oaken chest, filled with Dutch tiles. It was sold to a shoemaker, for a few shillings. Under the tiles were found an enormous mass of manuscripts. Their value was not at first suspected. "Some of the parchments," says Mr. Johnson, under whose editorship the two first volumes of the correspondence are issued,* "had been cut into slips for shoemakers' measures; and a fragment of one, a grant of lands to Sir Anthony St. Leger, is now before me in the form of a child's drum-pelt. Some of the letters Mr. Hughes, who

purchased the whole collection from the shoemaker, recovered from the thread papers of the village mantuamakers; others had been taken by a gentleman's servant, and had found their way into the collections of Mr. Jadis, of the Board of Green Cloth, and of Mr. Upcott, the well-known collector of autographs. They were nearly all recovered, and the whole form that valuable and richly illustrated series of manuscripts from which this work has been prepared."

Sir Thomas returned from the siege of Rome. He was knighted by Elizabeth in 1576, and died in 1599. One of his children was Edward Fairfax of Newhall, the translator of Tasso. The correspondence, unfortunately, does not commence early enough to give us any notice of the poet of whom it seems strange that more has not been told us by the compilers of literary biography. We are not without hopes that of Fairfax's works something may yet be recovered. There still exists, or at least there did exist not very long since, a rhymed history of Edward the Black Prince. There are eclogues, of which a fair copy, made for a Duke of Richmond, perished in the fire of the banqueting house of Whitehall, but the originals are preserved, or were, when Mrs. Cooper was given by the family an opportunity of publishing one of them—a poem, conceived in the strange style of allegory of which we find many examples among the Italian poets of that age. A lamb, which seems to represent true religion, is misled from its proper pastures by a fox, which we suppose represents heresy of some kind or other:—

"The fox (whose fort Malpardus bordered nigh)
Spied from his keep the wandering innocent
That weary in the cooling shade did lie,
Lest the hot beams her tender limbs might shent;
And soon he judgèd by her harmless look,
It was a fish might easily take the hook.

"He busked him boon, and on his sanded coat
He buckled close a slain kid's hairy skin,
And wore the vizard of a smooth-faced goat;
All saint without, none spied the devil within.
With wanton skips he boards the harmless sheep,
And with sweet words thus into grace did creep:

" 'Dear sister lamb, queen of the fleecy kind,' " &c.

* "*The Fairfax Correspondence.*" Edited by G. W. Johnson, Esq. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1848.

His wiles are successful ; he wins her away from home ; but it would appear that she as little understands his purposes in this strange adventure as we those of the author—

“ In vain he sighed, he glanced, he shook his head—
Those hieroglyphics were too hard to read.”

Dryden’s “ Hind and Panther ” is an

amusing, though surely a most unmanageable allegory. There is no part of it in which anything like the violence is done to the imagination that seems to be Fairfax’s delight. Our fox, when he has got the spiritual lamb into his power, proceeds to dress her up in some such disguise as his own :—

“ Her silver rug from her soft hide he clipt,
And on her body knit a canvass thin,
With twenty party colours evenly stript,
And guarded like the rainbow’s zebra skin.”

What follows is fancifully conceived and expressed :—

“ There *mourned* the Black—the Purple *tyrannised* ;
The Russet *hopèd*—Green the wanton played ;
Yellow *spied* faults in such as love disguised ;
Carnation still *desired* ; White lived a maid :
Blue *kept his faith unstained* ; Red *bled to death* ;
And *forlorn* ‘Tawny wore a willow wreath.

“ All these, and twenty new-found colours more,
Were in the web of that rich garment wrought ;
And who that charmed vesture took and wore,
Like it were changeable in will and thought.
What wonder, then, if on so smooth a plate,
He stamp’d a fiend where once an angel sate ?”

The readers who feel any interest in unriddling these mysteries will find a good deal on the subject in Rossetti’s *Comment on Dante*. Indeed, Fairfax’s eclogue is so like one that he gives from Boccaccio, that we think it not impossible it may be a translation, though printed as original. Nothing would be more probable than that, among poems not published or arranged for publication by the author, such a mistake should occur. Among the manuscripts left by Edward Fairfax, is a *Treatise on Witchcraft*, said to record instances of its effect on members of his own family. This surely would be worth publishing by one of the many book societies which have done so much to illustrate ancient manners and habits of feeling. Such of the poems of Fairfax as now exist ought to be published, if it were only for their importance as specimens of that mastery over language and versification which has produced greater effects on our literature than in any other instance that we remember to have followed from the works of a man known exclusively by translation.

“ Spenser and Fairfax,” says Dryden,
“ both flourished in the reign of Queen

Elizabeth, great masters in our language, and who saw much farther into the beauties of our numbers than those who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Waller of Fairfax ; for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families. Spenser more than once intimates that the soul of Chaucer was transfused into his body, and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease. Milton has acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original, and many besides myself have heard our famous Waller own that he derived the harmony of his numbers from ‘ Godfrey of Boiloigne,’ which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax.”

The family records are ambiguous on the subject of the poet. While it is plain that he and Charles Fairfax were educated and provided for by their father, with as much anxiety as his other children, there is reason to believe that they were the offspring of some irregular marriage, or that their legitimacy was doubtful. Charles met his death strangely. At the siege of Ostend, of which he was governor, he was struck by a piece of the skull of a French marshal, whose head was shivered by a cannon-ball.

Sir Thomas of Denton, was suc-

ceeded by another Thomas, the first Lord Fairfax. He was a diplomatist and a soldier. He was sent often by Elizabeth into Scotland, to conduct negotiations with King James. He was knighted before Roven by Essex—a distinction won by his conduct in the field.

The "Correspondence" gives us one or two letters, which are of no great interest, occasioned by some misunderstanding between him and Lord Sheffield, Lord President of the North. The misunderstanding, whatever it was, seems to have soon cleared away; for we next find him at Lord Sheffield's, who undertakes to adjust some family differences between the Denton Fairfaxes, and the branch of the family that were settled at Steeton. Lord Sheffield's umpirage seems to have reconciled the feuds. Of the principle on which he proceeded, the memoir gives us no inkling; but when the award was finally made, each of the conflicting houses found that a daughter of the arbitrator was assigned to its heir. Sir Philip of Steeton obtained the Lady Frances, and Ferdinando of Denton found himself betrothed to the Lady Mary.

Sir Philip was not of age when he married. He fell into profligacy and habits of foolish expense. He was a prey to sharpers, and bargains being going, his granduncle of Denton wished to get the benefit of them for himself. He purchased from his improvident nephew; but the improvident nephew had provided against this, by having made secret conveyances of the land

thus sold, in the form of leases, which rendered the bargain a bad one for all but the lawyers who were called in to adjust the equities between persons, none of whom seem to have dealt quite fairly with each other. Lord Sheffield plainly tells Uncle Thomas, that if Philip has power to sell, he may as well get a bargain as another; but that he (Lord Sheffield) will do what he can to try and preserve the property for the children of Philip. While the old gentlemen were trying to cheat each other, observing all the approved forms of courtly etiquette, Philip dies in his twenty-eighth year, and Lady Frances did not long survive.

A letter of Thomas to his brother Henry, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, is worth quoting for a singular trait of superstition. That the devil should be seen in bodily shape was then as natural, as that a headland should be exhibited when a storm blew away the fogs. Jonathan may believe or disbelieve the sea-serpent; but that the devil moved about on the sea, in personal figure, and was constantly seen by mariners, was a matter that admitted of much less doubt than the existence of America itself. "Many of our merchant-ships," says True Thomas, "be cast away upon the seas this storm; and there is great talk that the devil should be seen upon the sea; and this morning I heard it credibly spoken that the devil was upon the Thames, in a sculler, and when he was in the midst of the water he vanished away, so that none could tell what way."

"He took the oar—the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro—
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see
The devil knows how to row.'"

Sir Thomas lived at Denton. If gentlemen will live on their estates, they must reckon upon such inconveniences as attend on landed property. Gipsies will squat on their demesnelands—poachers will snare or shoot their game. The Sir Something Lucies will never be able wholly to make such a world as they strive to fashion this into, and get rid of the Shakespeares out and out. Those who have nothing but the gifts of nature, cannot,

after all, be dispossessed of all things by squires, however respectable; but while Thomas might, perhaps, not know whether his uncle, who translated Tasso, was dead or alive, who could have imagined his peace trespassed on by one with whom, of all men in the world, we should have imagined him likely to live in good neighbourhood? Who could think of Tobias, Archbishop of York, committing a trespass on the grounds of his

respected neighbour? Yet such is what we learn from the next letter. How the squire, or knight, addressed the bishop, the Fairfax records give us no means of knowing with precision; but Tobias of York answers like a man who does not wish to be questioned; and we, on the whole, approve of this fulmination:—

“TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX, OF DENTON, KNIGHT.

“Bishophthorp, 21st of May, 1612.

“SIR,—Whereas by your letter this day to me directed, you said you are sorry that your great respect of me hath begotten in me so great a contempt of you, that you appealing to me for the wrongs done you in my own house, by my own servant, myself would not vouchsafe the hearing, much less the reformation of so great an injury; and that this, my suffering, hath given encouragement to other my servants and followers riotously to hunt your grounds, under pretence of a warrant from me, affirming that they will do the like again; and some others of my servants not contented with the killing of deer there, do threaten your servants to beat and wound them. You thought to acquaint me herewith to see if I be more feeling of the second than of the first, and desirous to know my mind therein. My answer to your said letter is, first, that you never had greater respect of me than I have had regard of you, all due circumstance considered; secondly, that the supposed wrongs done you here, if any such were, proceeded not from any servant, but an officer of mine, who alleged himself to be much provoked by you; which, to examine, I had then no leisure, being otherwise employed, and feared withal lest multiplying of words between you might rather incense than qualify choler; thirdly, if any of my servants or followers have riotously hunted your grounds, as you allege, I pray you be persuaded they had no warrant from me, nor any of mine that I can learn, to hunt at all in any your grounds, much less to threaten any of your servants, which faults, if they have committed, either within doors or a-field, the laws of God and man are open to give you self-sufficient satisfaction at their hands, but not at mine, who never offended you, as the searcher of hearts best knoweth, to whose heavenly direction I commend you and your proceedings, as well herein as in all other your lawful and laudable actions.

“Your ancient loving friend,

“TOBIAS EBORCEN.”

Sir Thomas had a large family; and we have letters to young officers, who find it hard to live on their pay, and to young clergymen, who are compelled to ask more from their parent than he finds it convenient to give. Ferdinando Fairfax, Knight, the hope of the family, is addressed in a letter directed to him, at his brother's chambers in Lincoln's Inn. The old gentleman—not so old neither—writes to each in the language that he thinks most suitable to their position in life, and its conventional proprieties. Henry Fairfax, the young clergyman, is told—“That the service of the church is the happiest profession that can be: all other services be bondage, but this is perfect freedom. If it be honour to serve a king, it is more to serve the King of kings, and after his rewards there is no wants.” Ferdinando is told of some money, that there is some fear an agent has applied to his own purposes—“I pray God, he make not a semblance of sanctity the cloak of evil dealing.” The young officers, who were in the Low Countries, were startled by a visit from their father, who came to share in the dangers and the glories of their way of life. Frederick, the elector palatine, the son-in-law of James, had, without consulting his father-in-law, accepted the crown of Bohemia, and Austria and Spain were in arms against him. The war was, or was represented to be, a war of Catholics against Protestantism; and England—the nation, not the king, for he regarded the conduct of the Bohemians as that of revolted subjects—rushed into the quarrel with the ardour natural to men who thought great principles involved in the contest. “Scarcely,” says Hume, “was the ardour greater with which all the states of Europe, in former ages, flew to rescue the Holy Land from the dominion of infidels.” In a letter from William Fairfax, written from Rotterdam, he tells one of his brothers that—

“The report of Spinola's intention to prevent our passage, has brought my white-headed father into the Low Countries, who, since his coming amongst us, is grown forty years younger than he was before. He resolves to make one, and to that end has provided himself with horse, and arms, and all other necessities. He is received

here with very great respect: the memory of his former actions, as well in these parts as in France, being the chiefest cause thereof. If it please God that he return no more alive, my request shall be to Mr. Selden, to grace him with an epitaph: a better quill than his can never be set on work; and to employ a meaner were but to detract from him that doth deserve so well."

A postscript to this letter says:—

"Since this time we are come to Wessell, on our journey towards the Palatinate. My father was never in better disposition—he takes his lodgings with me in my straw mansion, in the field before Wessell. We lie within sight, and almost shot of the tower: we ex-

pect to come no nearer it, although a bridge is made to pass the Rhine. How long we shall stay here is yet uncertain, as we are to frame our course according to those of our enemies, Spinola being (as far as we yet can understand) on both sides of the river with his troops."

The father did not die. Selden was not called on for an epitaph; but William's fancy was directed to the subject, and he tried his own hand, as in Ireland men of this generation build monuments to each other, that gentlemen may themselves be gratified by learning what good can be said of them. Sir Thomas had the pleasure of reading his son's lines, which are but so-so.

ON THE VALIANT AND VIRTUOUS KNIGHT PRUDHOME.

"Is Prudhome dead? Yet heavens defend
His virtues with his breath should end.
Religion, virtue, wit, and spirit,
This corpse of his did late inherit;
Whilst, therefore, these on earth reside,
It can't be said that Prudhome died;
There's only then enclosed here
The casket where these jewels were."

The old gentleman does not appear to have remained long abroad. In about a year after the date of his son's letter and verses we find a letter from Lord Sheffield to the father, mentioning some short-lived successes of the English, and saying that the good conduct of his son William, in the Palatinate, had been highly spoken of at court. By a comparison of dates it appears that at the very time Lord Sheffield was writing this gratifying letter to the father, both sons had already perished. Lord Sheffield's letter is dated 2nd of November, 1621. Both received their death wounds in the defence of Frankenthale on the 5th of the previous October. A mo-

nument erected to them in the church of Frankenthale was spared by Spinola, when he took possession of the place three years afterwards, when every other memorial of the English was treated with insult. A picture of William, which was in one of the rooms at Denton, when seen by Prince Rupert, inspired him with a similar feeling of military courtesy, as we are told by Brian Fairfax that "at the sight of this picture the generous Prince Rupert, who lay at Denton, on his march to York, 1644, commanded the house should not be injured for his sake." Such incidents brings back to us Milton's noble sonnet, entitled—

"WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

"Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deeds of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them and him within, protect from harms.

"He can requite thee, for he knows the charms,
That calls fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er land and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

“Lift not thy spear against the Muses’ bower :
 The great Emathian conqueror bade spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground ; and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra’s poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.”

In the year 1621, when Sir Thomas lost two sons at Frankenthale, he was also tried by the death of two others, one killed in Turkey, the other at Montaban.

We are next introduced to another son, whose unambitious life was probably happier than that of his more aspiring brothers. Henry Fairfax entered the church, and was nominated by his father to a small living at Newton Kyme. He married Mary Cholmeley—one or two of whose letters are preserved, and are among the most interesting in the “Correspondence.” “All the time of the civil wars, from 1642 to 1646, their little parsonage-house was a refuge and sanctuary to all their friends and relations on both sides.” He afterwards removed to Bolton Perry, the parish where his father lived. When in college—Trinity College, Cambridge—he and George Herbert were “familiarily acquainted. Their dispositions were much alike, and both very exemplary for learning and piety. He survived his wife many years, and spent the latter years of his life in a pious solitude. His notes upon the Bible, and other papers, at Denton, do show his learning and diligence in reading that sacred book and the ancient fathers. His recreation was antiquities and heraldry.”

“Charles Fairfax embraced the profession of the law, was a barrister of Lincoln’s Inn, to which Society he bequeathed some valuable MSS., and distinguished himself by the acuteness of his intellect, and the probity of his character. It was this gentleman who, from various sources, collected the ‘*Analecta Fairfaxiana*,’ so much prized by his successors ; and it may be remarked, that the care with which the family records of the Fairfaxes are preserved is almost without a parallel. In no other collection are there to be discovered such a mass of letters and documents, public and private ; pedigrees, not only of the different branches of their own family, but of all the families with whom they were connected by intermarriage ; seals, mottoes, arms, and the varied paraphernalia of heraldic honours. All the Fairfaxes contributed

something to this curious depository, which covers a period little short of two centuries ; but Charles Fairfax, who was an accomplished antiquary as well as lawyer, laid the foundations in his own Collections, and in the indefatigable zeal with which he prosecuted his inquiries. This gentleman had a large family, and was enabled, by the success with which he followed his profession, to make a sufficient provision for them. During the early years of his life, he devoted himself to his profession, but in the civil war he was tempted to accept a commission of colonel of foot, which command he executed with great reputation, acquiring the intimate friendship of General Monk, to whom he stood firm with his regiment, in Scotland, when the rest of the army wavered. He marched into England with Monk, and was made Governor of Hull in 1659, which he resigned to Lord Bellasis, and had a pension of £100 a-year out of the port of Hull settled upon him and his heirs by a patent from Charles II. He died at Menston in 1673, at the advanced age of seventy-eight.”

The “Correspondence” next introduces no less a person than Wentworth—afterwards Earl of Strafford. An election contest, in which Wentworth sought Sir Thomas’s interest in Yorkshire, was the occasion of the first letter between them. Like every thing from Strafford, it is a manly and gentlemanly letter. At an after period, Sir Thomas himself was a candidate for the representation. There are five or six letters of Wentworth’s written some years after, which the editor of these volumes gives, not from the “Fairfax Correspondence,” but from a private collection of Mr Bentley’s, which are of yet more interest than those on public affairs. They are letters to the mother of his brother’s intended wife, and to the young lady herself, and are written in a temper of the highest and most perfect courtesy, and with the kind consideration for the interests and feelings of all the parties concerned that, whatever be the opinion the reader may form of Strafford’s pol-

ties, cannot, even at this day, be read without kindness towards this generous-minded and much injured man.

Who comes next? Who but Hobson, the university carrier, immortalised by Milton. Hobson had made a fortune by his trade, and "perpetuated his memory by building a stone conduit at Cambridge, which he supplied by an aqueduct, setting 'seven lays' of pasture-ground towards its permanent maintenance." Readers, have you heard the phrase of Hobson's choice? Well, Hobson's choice was the choice Hobson gave his customers. The mode of travel in his day was chiefly by saddle-horses, and in Hobson's stables were forty horses always ready for customers. Hobson saved his own time and temper, and avoided interminable discussion by allowing no discretion whatever on the subject. Whoever came to hire a horse was compelled to take that next the stable-door. The petition of the University of Cambridge in his favour is worth transcribing:—

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF HOLLAND, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

"Petition of the University of Cambridge to Henry Earl of Holland, Chancellor of the University, that their Carrier, Thomas Hobson, may be allowed to travel with his Waggon, as usual, notwithstanding the King's Proclamation.

"RIGHT HON. AND OUR SINGULAR GOOD LORD,—We are earnestly requested by our trusty and ancient carrier, Thomas Hobson, to be humble petitioners that your lordship will be pleased to procure him a toleration to travel between Cambridge and London with his waggons with four wheels, without incurring the danger of the penalty mentioned in his Majesty's late proclamation. Upon his information we have well considered of those inconveniences which will happen to his Majesty and the University carriages, without those waggons be suffered to go as they have done; for, first, it is impossible for him to carry from us to London, those great vessels of fish for provision for his Majesty's household; secondly, the passengers, whereof most are scholars, women, or children, that travel to or from in them; thirdly, books, trunks, or other necessities for our scholars, without danger of overthrowing, and great loss and spoil of such things as are committed to his charge in them: all which have heretofore been safely conveyed at reasonable rates from the city of London hither, and so from us to that place,

covered, and by him secured from harms and damage to the persons and owners; which cannot possibly be undertaken in carts, without greater charge and inevitable danger; the ways being deep in winter, and the carts more subject to overthrowing, and so spoiling of the owners' goods, and endangering the lives of those that pass in them. This our request for him, and that petition concerning this matter, which we are informed he hath lately delivered to your lordship, we refer wholly to your wisdom, and that honourable care and favour which you have always had, and showed to us and those which anywise do good, or wish well to this University, or any the members of the same. So with our most bounden thanks for all your lordship's most noble and honourable favours to us, we beseech you still to continue as ever heretofore, our most worthy patron and protector; and with our hearty prayers to the Almighty for your long life and happiness, we rest,

"Your Lordship's most humble servants, &c."

Hobson's name is not unlikely to obtain a place in general history, when history is written from original documents, instead of being, as it for the most now is, but compilations from compilations. In return for the information which the editor of these volumes gives us about the university carrier, we are able to refer him to a curious document, well worth examining by those who are engaged in the study of the early part of the reign of Charles the First. In the library of the Royal Irish Academy is a manuscript volume, presented by the late Sir John Newport, containing copies of the orders of the lords of the council, and letters addressed to the lords lieutenants of counties, directing the assessment of what was called a voluntary loan, to be repaid in eighteen months, from the landholders, merchants, and merchant strangers of England, and the citizens of the cities and towns therein, including the judges and law-officers, but specially excluding "all members of the peerage, with whom it was not purposed to deal for the present." The original documents, of which Sir John Newport's volume is a transcript, were found during the period in which he held the office of controller-general of the exchequer, amongst a large collection of papers deposited in the rolls' office; and as Sir John very justly considered them

to afford interesting materials to elucidate the history of the civil wars, he had two copies made, one of which he presented to the British Museum, and the other to the Royal Irish Academy.

The sum at which each person in the different counties was assessed is given in these lists. The first letters to lords lieutenants, &c., demand "the payment of what may be collected into the exchequer in such reasonable time as you shall set down," but urge strongly "the necessity of our occasions."

The second set of letters are written in yet more peremptory language. They are dated in September, 1625, after Charles had dissolved the parliament in anger at their not supplying his wants, and when the exigencies of the moment compelled the crown to resort to every means that could be devised to obtain money.

A third set of letters was issued in December, 1625, to lieutenants of counties that had delayed certifying. Payment was required by this third set of letters to be made within twenty days from the delivery of the former letters.

In Sir John Newport's letter to the Academy, accompanying his valuable present, he observes—

"The great inequality of the extent of the demand on the several parties thus assessed varying in a great degree with their capacity of resistance to its enforcement, will be quite apparent on examining the tests, as well as also the urgency of the measure from the repetition of the letters from the Lords of the Council at short intervals of time deprecating further delay, and censuring that which had occurred."

In the last charging the town of Cambridge, the first name that occurs is Hobson the carrier. The entry is as follows:—

"Thomas Hobson, the carrier, £40."

Hobson died in the year of the plague. His death was the subject of many an elegy and epigram at Cambridge. He died in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He had outlived so many generations of students that it

seemed a thing out of the course of nature that he should die at all. This is plainly the feeling in which Milton's two poems on his death are written, as plainly appears, not alone from the poems, but from the very titles given them—

"ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER, who sickened in *the Time of his Vacancy*, being forbid to go to London on account of the Plague."

The critics wonder that Milton should have allowed such things to appear in the collected editions of his minor poems. The critics! Why, Milton could never have written his greater poems, if his mind did not act with that freedom which exercised the play of all its powers. What did these solemn gentlemen mean?—what do the persons at this day mean, who reprint the bedlamite abuse of Milton for these things and such as these? Do they imagine Milton a man altogether made as themselves? Do they fancy that there ought to have been nothing of playfulness in his fancy when a young man in college, and nothing of sympathy in his after years with the state of mind in which his college years were passed? Do these men know what Imagination is? Have they any conception whatever of it? Do they know that when the mind survives in healthy action, no one faculty is ever destroyed or dead; that it disappears from view only because lost, as it were, in fuller light; that of the highest genius the glorious prerogative is the almost unconscious command of all its powers at all moments—

"Imagination, honourable aims,
Free commune with the choir that cannot die,
Science and song, *delight in little things*—
The buoyant child surviving in the man."

To the last hour of his life, in spite of trials such as visit man rarely in our peaceful times, joyousness of spirit seems to have accompanied our great poet; and though the humour of an university be a scholastic thing, and though fun about a senior fellow of this kind was at Cambridge a sort of topic likely to elicit jokes of no great estimation beyond the circle of their combination-rooms and clubs, we yet think Milton's verses are well worth preservation:—

“ Here lies old Hobson : Death has broke his girt,
And here, alas, has laid him in the dirt.

.

Death was half glad when he had got him down ;
For he had any time this ten years full
Dodged with him between Cambridge and *the Bull*.

“ And sure Death could never have prevailed,
Had not his weekly course of carriage failed ;
But lately, finding him so long at home,
And thinking, now, his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn
In the kind office of a chamberlain,
Showed him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said :
' Hobson has supt, and newly gone to bed.' ”

The picture of the chamberlain attending the old carrier, is, we think, by no means an unamusing one, and is a trait borrowed from a state of manners that had already passed away, or was passing away. It remained longer in the old inns in the city than else-

where. The second poem on the same subject deals with higher topics. The same principle of motion that keeps the ancient heavens fresh and strong was necessary for the university-carrier. Let him cease to revolve, he must cease to be:—

“ Like an engine moved with time and weight,
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath.
Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
Too long vacation hastened on his term.

“ *Ease* was his chief *disease*, and to judge right,
He died of heaviness that his cart went light.
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And *lack of load* made his life *burthensome*.”

Of Goethe they tell us, that when dying, he cried : “ Light ! more light ! ” Over the grave of Herder is a monument, on which is inscribed, with what is described as the characteristic aspi-

ration of his mind, “ *Light—Love—Life !* ” Milton tells you of his carrier with a solemnity worthy of a German biographer in his happiest hour of invention :—

“ That even to his last breath, there be that say't,
As he were pressed to death he cryed ‘ More weight,’
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.”

Wordsworth himself, inspired by his recollections of his ancient waggoner, has scarce equalled the lines that follow :—

“ Obedient to the moon, he spent his date,
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Linked to the mutual flowing of the seas—
Yet, strange to think, his *wain* was his increase.
His letters are delivered all, and gone,
Only remains this superscription.”

* “ Hobson's inn at London was the ‘ Bull,’ in Bishopsgate-street, where his figure in fresco, with an inscription, was lately to be seen.”—*Warton*, 1791.

We have a good many letters of Yorkshire election politics, for which we must refer our readers to the "Correspondence." Fairfax failed in his efforts for the country; but Charles wanted money—wanted money so badly, that one of his ways and means was to summon, for the sake of the fees, a class of persons heretofore omitted, to receive the honour of knighthood; and Sir Thomas thought it a good moment to buy a peerage. In the list of the persons assessed in Sir John Newport's manuscript volume, we have him assessed for York city £10; for Yorkshire, the West Riding £15; and for the North Riding £30. It was easier to ask for these sums than to get them, as may be inferred from what we have already told our readers. Sir John Newport's inferences—that sums were assessed, bearing in the direct proportion of the inability of the persons assessed to give effectual resistance, is maintained not only by the fact of extravagant taxes being imposed on foreign merchants, but by the fact that lieutenants of the counties had the power, both of remitting the demand altogether from some, and encreasing it on others. The Fairfaxes had no taste for paying money in this way, and we find one of the letters from his son Ferdinando, of a kind well calculated to give his father pleasure. He says:—

"My Lord Scroope is pleased to follow the course of other lieutenants of counties, which is to get all deputy lieutenants, with their government, relieved of their privy seal; and, therefore, sir, you need not pay, or, if you have paid, the collector may re-deliver it, who, I doubt, not by this time, hath special directions to forbear such."

Of the collector's re-delivering the money, there was but a poor chance. However we have pretty good reason to believe that Sir Thomas was slow to part with it. He had no objection to give his money to Charles, but Charles must give good value for it; and so he addressed the court at some length stating the services which, in his estimate, entitled him to a peerage. The services seem to have been acts of such friendliness to James, before his accession to the

throne of England, as led Queen Elizabeth to entertain very serious doubts of his loyalty. This feeling of Elizabeth was, he says, exhibited when he asked for some place that fell vacant at Berwick. Elizabeth's answer was, "That she would put no Scots there while she lived." The services which he mentions, seem to have been but of small moment, and the evidence by which he endeavoured to support the statement, such as it was, is such as to impress us with the notion that all that was meant to meet the public eye, would scarcely sustain a claim for the humblest favour of the crown. The memorial, however, does not state that he had bargained to pay for the Scottish barony of Cameron, the sum of £1,500. Sir Thomas drove a hard bargain, and expressly stipulated that he should pay no fees of any kind. Nothing could be more civil than the bearing of Sir Thomas and Charles's agents to each other during that stage of the transaction in which the money was reckoned and paid. He gave them bags to pack the moneys in, and sent them off to the post town with horses and servants. They were profuse of courtly promises of remembrance, and in token of undying friendship were to send him "pistols and other things." Sir Thomas bought his peerage, and paid for it; and began to assume the style. Never was man under a greater mistake. He had no more right to the title than John of Tuam—at least so thought they of the offices through which the patent was to pass. The heralds, too, had their claims; and it was a Scottish peerage. The new peer had to be naturalized in Scotland—nay, the commissioners contrived to mix up "Nova Scotia" in the matter. Poor Sir Thomas, who thought it too bad to be made a subject of one Scotland, fretted himself to fiddle-strings at the thought of having to contribute to the plantation of another. For a moment he appeared to have conceived Queen Elizabeth's own horror at Scottish kings and Scottish peerages; and at that ominous hour, the devil might have bought his soul cheap. Sir Thomas seems to have written letters of complaint, and the official people issued writs against him. Mr. Johnson's inference is, that he did not pay the

money. Whether he was obliged to endure this additional fleecing or not, scarcely adds to the shabbiness of the whole transaction.

The first Lord Fairfax lived to 1641; passed his life in retirement; seems to have had a diligent eye to the main chance; and was on the whole a respectable country gentleman. He was fond of breeding horses; nay, wrote a book on the subject. But steed and book have long since vanished from their stalls. The country gentleman could scarcely at that period have been better employed than in assisting to introduce better breeds of cattle into the country, and the book is one which, even at this day, we should give something to see. Its title is, "Conjectures on Horsemanship; what Lessons the Breed of each Kingdom or Country is fitted for." Works of his on military subjects are still preserved in manuscript; he also left manuscript volumes of prayers and verses.

Of Ferdinando, the second lord, these volumes contain several letters. He had become a member of the House of Commons early in life, and was a good man of business. A thoughtful observer of all that was passing, he preserved a character for talent, by the practical good sense of avoiding any prominent part in the debates. His father estimated him lowly. He thought he would make a good justice of the peace; nay, he saw that he did, but that he should conduct military affairs, was a thing which was not to be looked for. We suspect that doing the business immediately in hand well, is the best augury of similar success in any other; and that in an age when every gentleman in England was exercised in the use of arms, and when the tenure by which he held his lands implied an education for military service, there was nothing wonderful in the wide element of good sense rendering a man, already distinguished in the peaceful business of life, a distinguished man in the scenes of war that life was

not unlikely to present, and which in point of fact it had, in some shape or other, presented to every generation of Englishmen, till the regular existence of standing armies separated the duties of the soldier and the civilian.

The military reputation of the second Lord Fairfax is lost in that of his son, the great parliamentary general. His successes in many of the well-fought fields of the early years of the civil wars were such as to prove that his father had judged rashly, when he thought his son unequal to the conduct of military affairs. As Lord Ferdinando commanded a body of foot at "Marston Moor" we hope in some future portions of the "Correspondence" to have his account of that memorable field. The editor of these volumes says that he "commanded at the great battle of Marston Moor." This is inaccurate in any meaning that can be given to the words. The inaccuracy probably arose from the fact that the right wing of the parliamentary forces was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, for our author is not the only writer who has confused father and son in their account of the fortunes of this eventful day.

Lord Ferdinando died in 1648; like his father, and like all the Fairfaxes, he "relished versing." Among the unread poetry of these times are the Psalms, put by him "into exact verse." He also gave much time to mathematics.

The Fairfaxes not only manufactured poetry at home, but they also kept a poet. A Mr. John Favour seems to have celebrated earnestly the weddings of the family, and the births, which followed with praiseworthy punctuality. Deaths of wives would occur at times, and John Favour came with his weeping elegies. John's was the language of comfort and consolation. When a daughter of Lord Ferdinando's died, to her husband he says emphatically:—

"'Twere not unseemly to congratulate
Your lot,
Nor need you, sir, her want so much condole,
As joy that once you had so sweet a soul.
.
. . . Israel's consort, racked with torturing throes
Expired,
Yet her survived a little Benjamin;
More than ten children yet you do embrace."

of the family given by the editor, adds little to what we already know of him from a hundred sources of information. His only daughter was married to the Duke of Buckingham; and in the marriage, the Fairfax estates were settled anew, to the great discomposure of male heirs who had rights under the old entails. An extraordinary effort was made by them to work on the imagination of the general. The first Lord Fairfax had lived to 1641; long enough for him to have formed a judgment of the character of his grandson—a judgment which appears to have been as erroneous as that which our readers will remember him to have formed of Lord Ferdinando's. The male heir of the Fairfaxes did not, like De Foe, conjure up an apparition, to forbid the levying the fines, and suffering the recoveries, necessary on the occasion; but Charles, the uncle of the general, records two solemn conversations on the subject. The first was with his father, the first lord.

Not many months before his death, walking in his great parlour, at Denton, his son Charles only being present, he seemed much perplexed in mind, and addressed his son:—

“Charles, I am thinking what will become of my family when I am gone; I have added a title to the heir male of our house, and shall leave a competent estate to support it. Ferdinando will keep it, and leave it to his son; but such is *Tom's* pride, led much by his wife, that he, not contented to live in his own rank, will *destroy his house*.”

Charles proceeds to tell us that the old man adjured him passionately, to mention this anticipation of his whenever he saw the calamity likely to come to pass. His son would have thrust from him the execution of so unwelcome, and, we will add, so unmeaning, a commission; but he charged him not to fail, as he would answer at a dreadful day of judgment, and this he twice repeated. When Charles heard of the entail being cut off, and the probability of the estates descending in a different line, he, in the very same room at Denton, where he received the charge, faithfully acquainted the then Lord Fairfax of what his grandfather had said.

The Fairfaxes seem to have had

more fear of the general's robbing the family than they ought. In a life of the Duke of Buckingham we have met a statement that by his marriage with Fairfax's daughter he got the manor of Helmesly, which had been his brother's, and which became Fairfax's by some grant in the Commonwealth time, for arrears of pay. Buckingham, also, in the same way, got York House in the Strand; but an extract from Lord Fairfax's will shows that he took care that the family estate of Denton should accompany the title. Other lands are given to his daughter and her male issue, which seems not unreasonable; but the male issue of the Fairfaxes are preferred to his daughter's female children.

Whatever we may think of the general's arrangements with respect to property, nothing could be more miserable than the rank eventually proved which he had purchased for his daughter. Her husband's profligacies left her, at his death, in the most abject distress, and she died in the deepest pecuniary embarrassment.

The next inheritor of the title was Henry, son of the Rev. Henry Fairfax. A brother of his was the Brian Fairfax to whom posterity is indebted for much of the information which it possesses about the family. Brian edited the third Lord Fairfax's “Short Memorial,” a dull account of the animating events in which he had been engaged. Brian, like all the Fairfaxes, indulged an unambitious taste for poetry, which has, fortunately for their fame, been hitherto allowed to remain in manuscript. The specimens given here are by no means worse than much that is called poetry, as Southey would say, “by the courtesy of England.” The verse is the easy, fluent verse of Marvel, but it has not Marvel's delicacy of conception; still it is not displeasing; and provided he does not print too much of it, we shall not fall out with the editor, if future volumes make us better acquainted with Brian. His tastes manifestly were for country life. We have petitions from oaks, which are well enough; and in one case a vocal oak relates as much as it can remember of the third Lord Fairfax. The third lord unfortunately had “a grand talent” for silence, and even when he

did speak in his woodland rambles, his
stutter was such, that the vocal oak

did not always understand what he
said—

“ ‘He was silent,’ says the oak, ‘and would only say
He wished his victories fewer every day.
Thus did he take his last farewell of me :
To him obeisance made each neighbour tree,
And at his funeral pile desired to burn.’ ”

The fifth lord died after some ten years' enjoyment of the title. His marriage with the only child of Thomas Lord Culpepper, of Thoresway, in the county of Lincoln, gave to his family Leeds Castle, in Kent, and lands of great extent in America. While he was yet at Oxford, some family arrangements made his guardians think it necessary to part with the estate at Denton, with which all his feelings were bound up. A lady, too, to whom he had been engaged, slighted him for a love of higher rank and larger fortune, and he determined to fly from Europe. He found a home on the western side of the Blue Ridge or Apalachian mountains. His modes of life appear to have been those of a very sociable and very generous man, considerate for himself and for others. The glimpses here given us of his relations both with the settlers and with Indian society are such as to make us hope that he may re-appear in some future volume of this varied history.

We must now lay down these volumes. It appears to us that the publication is conceived on too extensive a scale. The circumstance that passages of English history are casually illustrated by some of the letters is not a sufficient reason for narrating even the incidents thus illustrated at a length which, reminds us more of the old chronicles than of

Hume. The importance of Strafford's trial, for instance, may warrant its being treated at the length of some fifty or sixty pages, in an historical work on the reign of Charles I. ; or even in this work if such extended narrative explained any of the letters given here; or if any information in the letters, for the first time published, varied any of the features of that well-known trial. But when no such reason can be assigned, we think it most unreasonable to repeat in a work such as this “Correspondence”—a narrative to be found in every library.

We think that in the future volumes compression should be studied—that references to familiar books should be given, and not extracts; and that in the selection of letters, no one should be admitted from the mere fact of its being found in these Fairfax papers. There is scarcely an object in printing any that do not, in some way or other, illustrate either some passage of history, or some trait of manners. In the volumes already printed, for instance, we think Mr. Stockdale's letters might, with great advantage to the book, have been altogether omitted.

On the whole, however, the book forms an important accession to the original sources of history; and we look with expectation, which can scarcely be disappointed, to its future volumes. .

A.

MY BIRTH-DAY GUESTS.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

I.

Why cloud with gloom
 The day that sees me one stage nearer home!
 What shall forbid me taste
 Joy on this day, of these, perhaps the last.
 Go, get me garlands—flowers that soonest fall—
 Let us have mirth and melody, and all
 The dainty things that appetite may whet;
 Let us have more—much more
 Wine than you did before,
 More we shall need—more have we to forget.

II.

Come now, my friends, come all,
 Come uninvited, come without a call—
 Ye have dwelt in my heart
 Many a long night—nor with the dawn to part.
 Companions good and true! You would not soon away,
 Nor in the sleepless night, nor long-desponding day,
 Nor in the lonely wild, or lonelier crowd would fail—
 Nor once deny
 Your choice good company—
 Unwelcome and unbidden guests—all hail!

III.

My old friend, Time!
 Still hearty—wearing bravely—in the prime
 Of thy four thousandth summer dost appear,
 Thy hand, my friend, draw near.
 Look well into my face. Seest on this brow
 The deepening traces of thy furrowing plough—
 Say, to thine own handwriting canst thou swear?—
 Long since didst thou begin
 My once luxuriant curls to thin—
 There!—take thy last year's gift—this handful of gray hair!

IV.

I would not grieve
 Thee for this night to spare, with thy good leave,
 My old familiar CARE!
 He comes in mockery—Mirth, be of my side,
 High crown the bowl, and in its rosy tide
 Drown the soul-sickening monster—down—down—down!
 Alas! tis all in vain,
 He struggles up again,
 Triumphant rides the bowl. Demon! thou wilt not drown!

V.

As coffin lead,
 FRIENDSHIP ! thy once warm hand is cold and dead ;
 Thy sickly grin
 Seems as if smiled the confined dead within.
 Envy and gold, malignity and pride,
 Have torn thee, unreluctant, from my side.
 Thou com'st as the ghost
 Of my old friendships lost,
 And hid'st the unworthy thought my foes would blush to hide.

VI.

Love !—art thou there ?
 Lingering at distance, treacherous boy and fair.
 When earlier thou didst come,
 Alas for me that I did take thee home
 So soon to be undone.
 I tell thee 'tis too late for tears and sighs—
 Woman's exacting humours, lover's lies—
 Thou seest it comes to pass,
 I am not as I was :
 "I go," he cries, "be wretched and be wise."

VII.

I asked not *one* !
 What *all* my vanished hopes of birthdays gone !
 Silent ye stand.
 A mournful band, by Memory led on ;
 Beckoning my soul to tempt the future day,
 Dark as my hope, and desolate as my way.
 What ?—not gone yet !
 Suffer me to *forget*—
 You ask a tear, no more—'tis your's—away ! *away* !

VIII.

Who comes so late,
 With knock portentous, thundering at my gate—
 Why burn our lights so dim ?
 Chill runs the sluggish blood—shakes every limb—
 Care looks aghast, and Friendship hies him home—
 Time only blanches not, but bids him come.
 Let's rise and welcome him.
 Welcome, my friend unknown ! Come, kindly come.
 What means that hollow moan !
 DEATH comes not yet. He will be here anon !

IX.

HE WILL BE HERE ANON !
 I doubt him not—I never knew him fail.
 Time ! part we fair and friendly. I but go
 To pay a debt I would no longer owe.
 My best beloved, and lost, whose ashes burn
 Bright in this broken heart's funereal urn.
 I come !—I come !—welcome me home !
 Why stays my only friend,
 When I his steps attend—
 HE COMES NOT YET—HE WILL BE HERE ANON !

THEODORE HOOK.

LITERATURE, pursued exclusively as a profession, has for rather more than a quarter of a century proved to be a path to office on the Continent, and an impediment to any official employment in Great Britain. At the time of the Reform Bill, when the mind of England was roused to make a struggle against merely material influences, Earl Grey, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Lord (then Mr.) Stanley, united in resolving that the then administration should rally round it the literary and scientific strength of the age: their purpose was made known; and the public press—not merely the newspapers and political prints, but the literary periodicals, the pamphlets, and even the histories of the period—gave them an amount of support, without which, discredited as the Whigs for many years had been, they would not have made a stand in England. There was in that ministry one who claimed to be a “literary man”—one who professed that he valued his professional success at the bar as mere dust in the balance, when compared with his achievements in literature and science; and whose legal position was, in fact, owing to the general belief that “if he knew a little about law, he would have known everything.” To this man Lords Grey and Lansdowne, in an evil hour, deferred; they cared little for the exercise of mere patronage themselves, and they suffered him to make it a qualification for all new appointments, that the candidates should be “barristers of five years’ standing,” not perceiving that such a rule, once adopted, would give the appointments to almost all offices into the hands of the only minister brought into close contact with barristers—the Chancellor.

In the year 1835, on or about the 15th of June, there was a large and influential meeting of the leaders of the Whig party, at which some men of influence very freely assailed what Sidney Smith has rather imperfectly described as Lord Brougham’s system of “Barristration.” The quarrel between his eccentric lordship and Lord Melbourne, which began on that day, was never healed. Brougham insisted on retaining a professional qualifica-

tion for office, and on being, from his position, sole judge of professional merits; so that when the premier had a selection proposed to him for a commissionership, he found it often to be a Hobson’s choice—“This, or none.” Every one knows now that the condition of admission into the list of Lord Brougham’s protégées was the profession of a Chinese worship of the Chancellor’s superhuman powers, and that until such prostitution of mental power was complied with, every applicant for favour was received like a virgin seeking admission to the Magdalene, with “Go, and do thou likewise.”

Unfortunately, there were two eminent literary men, Theodore Hook and Thomas Moore, whose official career had been most unfortunate; and though it is demonstrable in both cases, that literature had nothing to say to their errors or misfortunes, they both furnished an excuse for that almost ostentatious neglect of literary merit, which signalled the second ministry of Lord Melbourne, and the last administration of Sir Robert Peel. Let us not be misunderstood: there was one section of literature to which Lord Brougham paid servile devotion—the newspaper press: he bent before it, like the savage before Robinson Crusoe’s gun, beseeching that “it would not go off, and kill poor Man Friday.” He exploded it himself one fine morning, with “The queen has done it all.” He was blown to a distance beyond the limits of his recuperative energies; but the evil he has done lives after him, and “the good” is not “interred with his bones,” in the first place, because “the good” has no existence; and in the second, because the bones are still above the earth’s surface.

The evil lives: literature is at this hour deemed a disqualification for political office in high quarters. Theodore Hook is quoted as a decisive instance of the unfitness of literary men for political life, and by none more frequently than by those who are deeply indebted to poor Hook for their position in political life, and their standing in general society.

Those who have not seen Theodore

Hook in his moments of *improvisation*—the nearest approach to poetic inspiration which the present century, at least, has witnessed—cannot understand all that was abnormal and all that was exceptional (not *exceptionable*) in his character as a literary man. He was the very incarnation of the genius of farce, but of farce carried to a height which approached sublimity. His writings convey a very imperfect and erroneous impression of the man. All that was impulsive and all that was natural in his extraordinary powers, he rendered subservient to personation. In speaking or writing he never was less serious than when he was strongest and loudest in his assertions of perfect sincerity.

Our view of his life differs from that of his biographer,* because we deny him the title of “a literary man,” which indeed he always repudiated; and from his reviewer in the *Quarterly*, because his career is set down as incident to literary life, instead of being one of the most erratic and exceptional that a literary biographer ever recorded. Hook, from the beginning to the end of his career, prided himself infinitely more on his conversational powers than on his literary talents; and all those who have ever known him will confess that he made no false estimate in the preference.

The real man of letters and the brilliant conversationalist of the saloon and the boudoir, are characters very rarely united, and when united, are still more rarely blended in harmony. We have before us a note from Hook, saying, “I do not thank you for your complimenting me on speaking *well* and *much* last night, for I wrote badly and little to-day: more water in the *well*, and less of *such* in the *much*, would have been an improvement.” We contend, in fact, that Hook’s errors arose not from his having adopted literature as a profession, but from his having misused every opportunity of this profession when he had shut himself out from all others. One evening, at a literary dinner, when his health was proposed *rather late* by the poet Campbell, he called himself “a literary scamp, and the most erratic of all comets in a copper-nicking system.” The *hooked-*

in pun, to use his own phrase, referred to an assertion made some short time before by a bookseller at table, that the profits made by literary men were so enormous, as to threaten the swamping of publishers. A brief survey of Hook’s career will show that the “scampishness” was the cause of all his errors and all his misfortunes, and that his literature alone saved him from absolute and premature ruin. We speak thus in no hostile spirit: it was impossible to be acquainted with Hook, and not to feel that he was greater and better in his inherent nature than he had ever shown himself to be, either in action or intention. As he said himself of one who still lives, “He was a great *perversion*!”

Hook’s father was an eminent musical composer. His brother, who was eighteen years senior to him, entered the church before Theodore was of an age to go to school, and his mother died when he was about fourteen years of age. Born in the same year as Sir Robert Peel and Lord Byron, he was their schoolfellow at Harrow, but was not personally acquainted with either. On his mother’s death, he easily persuaded his father to allow him to remain at home. Surrounded by a musical atmosphere from childhood—gifted with a rich, sweet, and powerful voice, he soon became distinguished as an excellent player on the piano-forte, and a singer both of pathetic and comic songs. He had long possessed his wondrous talent of *improvisation* before he became conscious of its value.

“While yet a child, and still unknown to fame,
He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.”

One evening, when he was about sixteen, intending to hoax his father, he sung, to his own accompaniment, two ballads, one grave and one gay, which he pretended to have received from a rival composer. The father pointed out some grave errors in the score, but expressed great admiration of the verses; they had, probably, little point or meaning, but they were smooth, easy, and flowing, as, indeed, were all Hook’s *improvisations*, under whatever circumstances produced. Hook told his secret; he was taken into a kind of partnership with his father, to whose music he wrote songs;

* “The Life and Remains of Theodore Edward Hook.” By the Rev. R. H. Dalton Barham, author of “The Life of Thomas Ingoldsby.” 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley, London. 1849.

and thus in boyhood he at once jumped into a kind of precocious independence. He had free admission to all the theatres, both before and behind the curtain. His puns and repartees became celebrated in the dramatic circles, and the actresses vied with each other in seeking the attentions of the lively Theodore.

The Rev. Mr. Hook saw the danger of such a life; he remonstrated successfully with the father, and took Theodore to Oxford, intending to have him educated for the bar. No one is admitted to the University of Oxford who does not sign the thirty-nine articles. It is said that a country squire, when asked by the vice-chancellor, "Will you subscribe to the thirty-nine articles?" replied, "With all my heart, sir—how much?" Hook had heard this story, which greatly tickled his fancy, and suggested to him that this part of the ceremony of matriculation might furnish material for frolic. When asked, "Are you ready to sign the thirty-nine articles?" he irreverently replied, "Quite ready, sir, or forty if you please!" The offended functionary closed the book, and was with difficulty induced to pass over the irreverent jest by the earnest entreaties of the elder brother. But Hook had seen enough of Oxford: he quitted it with a secret determination never to return, and, hastening back to London, resolved to become a writer for the stage.

His first drama, "The Soldier's Return," had a great run. The incidents were taken from the French, and much of the dialogue was borrowed from the same source; still there were quips and points which bore the impress of the Theodorian mint, such as when a landlord, being asked by a traveller, "Are you the master of this house?" replies, "Yes, sir, my wife has been dead these three weeks."

Much of the success of Hook's farces and comic operas was owing to the incomparable acting of Liston and Matthews, with both of whom he formed habits of the closest intimacy. They were older than he was; but they had a luxuriance of animal spirits almost as wild as his own. "Catch him who can," a farce written with special reference to the peculiarities of these great men, was one of the most successful pieces of the day. Many long years after, we have heard Hook,

who was a capital mimic, take off the grave, irresistible drollery of Liston, in some of the most telling points. Several other minor pieces rapidly followed, of which "Tekeli" was the most successful. This play is now only remembered by its casual mention in Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers"—

"Gods! o'er these boards shall folly rear her head,
Which Garrick trod, and Kemble lives to tread!
On these shall farce display Buffoonery's mask,
And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask?"

Theodore was more hurt by this unkindness from his old schoolfellow than he chose to confess. He took revenge by several severe reviews of Byron's works in the *John Bull*, some years after; and he was one of the few critics who steadfastly maintained that the reputation of Lord Byron's poetry was far beyond its merits, and that his name would be almost unknown in a future generation.

"Gilbert Gurney" is almost an autobiography. It records the adventures of Hook in his "first burst of manhood" (his own felicitous expression); but we who have heard him tell those adventures with many variations, so as to make every fresh recital absolutely a new story, feel that the narratives in the book fall far short in spirit and raciness of the unrivalled style in which they were told by himself. Print cannot contain or represent the mellow voice, the sparkling eye, and the pantomimic gesture, all the more humorous because it was quiet and subdued—to say nothing of multitudinous allusions to some peculiarities of his auditors, who found themselves happily hit at a turn the most unexpected.

The hoax of getting himself and friend invited to dinner, by the retired merchant on the banks of the Thames, whose conservatory, as pretended surveyors, they threatened to remove, in order to cut an imaginary canal, was one which Hook loved to tell, but which he varied so often that it was difficult to discover the facts on which it was really founded. Mr. Barham's version of this piece of consummate impudence, is that which we believe most nearly approximates to truth. Hook did go to a stranger's house, where he accidentally discovered that a large dinner-party was given; exerted his wondrous conversational

power to do so, then the whole company, before it was over, were to be in a state of confusion. It was a very clever thing, and I am sure that it was a very clever thing. The last verse, which, by the way, is not a line, but a line, was—

"I am very much pleased with your face,
You are a very much more of a man,
My friend, Mr. Thomas Hill,
And I am Mr. Thomas Hill."

Theodore's great ally, at this time, was Mr. Thomas Hill—the Tommy Hill of all literary reminiscences—the *Hill* of "Gilbert Gurney"—the *Paul Pry* of Poole's clever comedy—and the contributor of all manner of absurdities in "Natural History to the *Black Days of the Morning Chronicle*." Hill was to Hook what the whetstone is to the razor; he was as proud of being the butt as others are of being the jester. He died some six or seven years ago, at the age of eighty-three; but twenty years before that, it had been the fashion to treat him as a Methuselah. James Smith asserted that the register of his birth had been burned in the great fire of London; Hook averred that he was one of the Little Hills mentioned as skipping in the Psalms; and George Colman gravely inquired whether he had been at all sea-sick when a companion of Noah in the ark! "Paul Pry" was not an exaggerated picture of Mr. Hill's inquisitiveness, and of his jumping to the strangest conclusions on the most conjectural evidence. He felt very bitterly the exposure of his harmless peculiarities on the stage, and spoke of Poole with not unnatural bitterness; but, strange to say, he was delighted with his delineation in "Gilbert Gurney;" and, on more than one occasion after the publication of the novel, asseverated the truth of many of the wildest adventures in which he had borne a part.

Towards the close of his life, Hook frequently declared that the adventures in his mad career of youth, the strange stories which he had heard, and the eccentric characters which he encountered, would have furnished materials for an entire library of "Sayings and Doings." We know

that he had formed plans and plots for a vast number of stories; and, judging merely from the volume which he intended, we should say that he intended more stories than he ever wrote. We well remember his sketch of "The Tenthredinist," in which he designed to portray what would have been his probable course of life had he pursued his studies in Oxford. Hook had actually owed his first introduction into the aristocratic circles to the *Sketch*. In his greatness, and, alas! in his weakness, he was too like the really gifted head of the family. We know whether this was the source of his introduction to the Marchioness of Hamilton; for he told a very different story, but with so many variations when questioned, that it would be useless to attempt to ascertain the facts. The marchioness, however, invited him to meet the regent, in Manchester-square, somewhere about the time that Perceval's ministry was continuing to the great discomfiture of the Whigs; and Hook's improvised song was a very clever caricature of the correspondence between the prince's friends and the unbending Earl Grey—containing furthermore a large admixture of scandal, which, however acceptable to royal and loyal ears in 1811, would not now bear repetition. We have never seen a perfect copy of the song, but snatches of it were long circulated in fashionable society. A lady, whose title "slided into verse and hitched in the rhyme," had a descendant who, thirty years after, hearing the obnoxious couplet, supposed that it was an attack upon his lady, and wrote to Hook for an explanation. He received in reply a significant extract from the Table of Affinity at the end of our Prayer Books, cut out, if we remember aright, and pasted on a sheet of letter-paper. It was—

"A man may not marry his grandmother,"

for against this lady, not against the noble lord's wife, had the satire been directed.

The royal patronage, to which Hook was thus recommended, proved to be the great misfortune of his life. The regent declared, "Something must be done for Hook;" and in those days, every inconvenient *something* was understood to mean a colonial appointment. It is something of a digression;

but an example of the mode in which the colonies were administered in those days, which we have heard from high authority, deserves to be narrated.

Shortly after his return from the East, Sir Stamford Raffles was invited to a ministerial dinner, where he dwelt very strongly on the commercial importance of Java, its command of the trade of the Indian archipelago, and the certainty that its continued occupation would have opened to British manufacturers the commerce of China and Japan. It was naturally asked why this had not been stated before so valuable a possession had been handed over to the Dutch, almost as a matter of compliment, at the Congress of Vienna. Raffles declared that he had represented the facts in the strongest terms to the Colonial Office; and on subsequent inquiry, all his dispatches to Earl Bathurst on the subject of Java were found carefully preserved, but *unopened*. When such negligence was displayed by the head of the colonial department, what was to be expected from distant and subordinate functionaries?

Late in 1812, Theodore Hook was appointed *acomptant-general* and treasurer to the colony of the Mauritius, with a salary and allowances amounting to about £2,000 per year. He was a man to whom the simplest arithmetical question would have been as difficult a problem as the bisection of an angle or the quadrature of the circle. He knew nothing of business; and to the latest hour of his life could never understand the regulation of an account: and he was placed at the head of an office in which differences of currency produced complications and perplexities which would have puzzled the first Cambist in the world.

During the five years that he remained on the island, Hook never visited his office, for the purposes of business, five times. He always asserted—and his biographers repeat the assertion—that his personal expenditure was below his official income; but the ratio between his expenditure and his income was an incomprehensible secret to Hook from the beginning of his life to his end—

“No matter where the money’s found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that was ne’er considered yet.”

A raw, wild youth, of twenty-five, to

whom all matters of finance were as inexplicable as the Eleusinian mysteries, whose previous life had been devoted to attaining “the sublimity of scampishness,” naturally shunned all contact with the calculations of the market-value of dollars, rupees, and all the variations of coinage in the four quarters of the globe. *Peculation* abounded in every direction; and Hook could not prevent it if he would, and would not if he could. It was one of his standing jests, that he never knew what were the duties of his office until he was made a prisoner for neglecting them. General Farquhar, the governor of the Mauritius, was a near relative of the lady to whom Theodore’s brother, the Rev. Doctor Hook, was married. This was a serious disadvantage to the young treasurer—it saved him from the reproofs which his official negligence ought to have provoked, and encouraged him to pursue a career of thoughtlessness, carelessness, and extravagance, which could not but end in ruin.

It deserves to be remarked, that while Hook’s novels contain abundant results of his keenness of observation at Madeira, the Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena, there can hardly be found a passage relating to the Mauritius. His reviewer in the *Quarterly* states that the *Quihis* in his “Sayings and Doings,” and other novels, were sketches from characters he met in the Mauritius; but we have good reason to believe that they might be much more easily identified with well-known frequenters of the Oriental Club-house, in Hanover-square.

Farquhar was compelled to return to Europe from ill-health; he was succeeded by General Hall, who deemed it necessary to order a general investigation, and audit of accounts. Those of the treasury were found to be in a most hopeless state of confusion. A clerk, who afterwards committed suicide, declared that 37,000 dollars had been paid into the treasury, for which no credit had been given. Even at this crisis of his fate Hook would not take the trouble of investigating the books of his office. The Commissioners of Enquiry found them such a mass of irregularities, discrepancies, and contradictions, that they believed them to be deliberately and designedly falsified. Deputy-Governor Hall took the same view, and ordered Hook to

be arrested on a charge of fraud and speculation.

Fraud and speculation there were without doubt, but in them Hook was no participator. He had left everything to the clerks and agents. They had taken advantage of his negligence, and for this delinquency he was morally and legally responsible. This was a view of the case which Theodore could never be brought to recognise. He denied that acceptance of office involved responsibility, and there was some plausibility in his argument. "If," said he, "they wanted the *balance* regular, they should have looked for a man of more *weight*."

Hook was sent home a prisoner; he had a protracted and unfortunate voyage of nine months, during which he and his companions suffered some severe privations. At Saint Helena he encountered, on his way to the Cape, Lord Charles Somerset, with whom he had been slightly acquainted in London. Lord Charles, knowing nothing of the arrest, said to him, "I hope, Mr. Hook, that you are not going home for your health." "My lord," replied Theodore, "I am sorry to say they think there's something wrong in the *chest*."

On landing in England he learned that the criminal process against him had been abandoned, but that he was to be sued as a debtor to the crown. The debt was never paid, and was never cancelled. Mr. Barham endeavours to show that Hook was treated harshly by the government; but assuredly it would be a strange principle to apply to officials, that when they are not guilty of crimes they should be allowed to escape the consequences of negligence. Taking the mildest possible view of the case, it must be confessed, that Hook's negligence was the most flagrant, gross, and culpable to be found in the whole of our colonial administration.

Soon after his return to England, Hook renewed an old acquaintance with Mr. John Wilson Croker, then Secretary to the Admiralty, and the most dreaded Aristarchus of the *Quarterly Review*. Benjamin D'Israeli thus describes the nature of their intercourse in his "Coningsby," representing Croker as Rigby, and Hook as Lucian Gay:—

"The other gentleman was of a different class and character. Nature had

intended Lucian Gay for a scholar and a wit; necessity had made him a scribbler and a buffoon. He had distinguished himself at the University; but he had no patrimony, nor those powers of perseverance which success in any learned profession requires. He was good-looking, had great animal spirits, and a keen sense of enjoyment, and could not drudge. Moreover he had a fine voice, and sang his own songs with considerable taste; accomplishments which made his fortune in society, and completed his ruin. In due time he extricated himself from the Bench, and merged into journalism, by means of which he chanced to become acquainted with Mr. Rigby. That worthy individual was not slow in detecting the treasure he had lighted on—a wit, a ready and happy writer, a joyous and tractable being, with the education, and still the feelings and manners, of a gentleman. Frequent the Sunday dinners which found Gay a guest at Mr. Rigby's villa; numerous the airy pasquinades he left behind, and which made the fortune of his patron. Flattered by the familiar acquaintance of a man of station, and sanguine that he had found the link which would sooner or later restore him to the polished world that he had forfeited, Gay laboured in his vocation with enthusiasm and success. Willingly would Rigby have kept his treasure to himself; and truly he hoarded it for a long time, but it oozed out."

We have reason to know that there is much truth in this rather ill-natured description. Hook certainly believed that Croker designedly kept him back in order to use him as a convenient tool, and he more than once took the characteristic revenge described by D'Israeli, in a passage which does no more than justice to Hook's unrivalled powers of mimicry:—

"His powers of mimicry, indeed, were great and versatile; but in nothing was he so happy as in a parliamentary debate. And it was remarkable that, though himself a man who on ordinary occasions was quite incapable, without infinite perplexity, of publicly expressing his sense of the merest courtesy of society, he was not only a master of the style of every speaker of distinction in either house, but he seemed, in his imitative play, to appropriate their intellectual, as well as their physical peculiarities, and presented you with their mind, as well as their manner. There were several attempts to-night to induce Lucian to indulge his guests

with a debate, but he seemed to avoid the exertion, which was great. As the night grew old, however, and every hour he grew more lively, he suddenly broke, without further pressure, into the promised diversion; and Coningsby listened really with admiration to a discussion, of which the only fault was, that it was more parliamentary than the original; '*plus Arabe que l'Arabie.*'

"The Duke was never more curt, nor Sir Robert more specious; he was as fiery as a Stanley, and as acrid as a Graham. Nor did he do their opponents less justice. Lord Palmerston himself never treated a profound subject with a more pleasant volatility; and when Lucian rose at an early hour of morn, in a full house alike exhausted and excited, and after having endured for hours, in sarcastic silence, the menacing finger of Sir Robert shaking over the green table, and appealing to his misdeeds in the irrevocable records of Hansard, Lord John himself could not have afforded a more perfect representative of pluck.

"But loud as was the laughter, and vehement the cheering with which Lucian's performances were received, all these ebullitions sank into insignificance compared with the reception which greeted what he himself announced was to be the speech of the night. Having quaffed full many a quaigh of toddy, he insisted on delivering it on the table, a proposition with which his auditors immediately closed.

"The orator appeared, the great man of the night, who was to answer everybody on both sides. Ah! that harsh voice, that arrogant style, that saucy superficiality which decided on everything, that insolent ignorance that contradicted everybody; it was impossible to mistake them! And Coningsby had the pleasure of seeing reproduced before him the guardian of his youth, the patron of the mimic—the Right Honourable Nicholas Rigby!"

We come now to the great event of Hook's life, the establishment of the *John Bull* newspaper. It is said to have been suggested by Sir Walter Scott, by Terry, by Croker, by Mr. Manners Sutton, afterwards Lord Canterbury, and by Canning. The simple truth is, that all these, and many more, could establish fair claims to a share in its organization. Hook had been from infancy a partisan of "Church and king," as this phrase was understood at Oxford in the most palmy days of divine right. He was

personally attached to George IV., whom he always believed to have been anxious to provide for him, but whose kind intentions he believed to have been baffled by some mysterious political intrigue. The queen's trial had dragged royalty through the mire, and had not allowed the Church to pass unscathed. Hook was resolved to rescue his friends, and to crush the Brandenburgh-House party; a periodical of some kind was necessary for the purpose, and he long hesitated between a magazine and a newspaper. Mr. William Shackell, then an eminent printer, and as vehement a "Church and king" man as Theodore himself, turned the scale in favour of the newspaper, and the first number appeared on the evening of December 16th, 1820.

It was a ferocious and unscrupulous attack on all who had ever shewn a tendency to favour the cause of the queen. "It was," says Mr. Barham, "one of Hook's favourite maxims, that there exists some weak point, some secret cancer, in every family, the lightest touch on which is torture. *Upon that hint he spake.*" A more abominable principle was never adopted; Hook lived to see it carried to an extent from which he would have shrunk: *black mail* was demanded from every family which happened to have a blot on its escutcheon, until the weekly press of London became a nuisance that required to be abated.

Bull's favourite weapon was song, and Hook's powers of *improvisation* gave him unrivalled facilities in the production of satiric rhymes. On looking over these effusions, which Mr. Barham has published in his second volume, we find few superior, and many very far inferior, to songs which we have heard Hook *improvise* in the social circle. Their success was owing to their perfect applicability to the time; they embodied the current scandal and gossip of the day, just as his social effusions retailed the topics of conversation in the evening. One of the earliest and best is "The Hunting of the Hare," written to the old tune of that name, and designed to ridicule the visitors at Brandenburgh House, and the number of addresses (some of them ridiculous enough) presented to the queen. Two or three stanzas will be sufficient:—

" Would you hear of the triumph of purity ?
 Would you share in the joy of the queen ?
 List to my song, and in perfect security,
 Witness a row where you durst not have been ;
 All kinds of addresses
 From collars of SS.
 To venders of cresses,
 Came up like a fair ;
 And all through September,
 October, November,
 And down to December,
 They hunted this Hare.

" Bold, yet half-blushing, the gay Lady Jersey
 Drove up to the entrance, but halted outside,
 While Lefton's fair tribe, from the banks of the Mersey,
 Who promised to keep her in countenance, shyed.
 But this never hinders
 The sham Lady L——.
 Who stoutly goes indoors—
 Old Rush does the same ;
 Great scorn of all such is,
 But Bedford's brave duchess,
 To get on her crutches,
 Delighted the dame.

" And now ere I send off my song to the town-sellers,
 ('Twill fetch rather more than the speeches of Hume)
 We'll give one huzza to her pure privy-councillors,
 Lushington, Williams, Wilde, Denman, and Brougham,
 And Vizard, and Cobbett,
 And Hunt, who would mob it,
 And Cam, who would job it,
 As Dad did before ;
 And Worthman, the prate-man,
 And Pearson, the *plate*-man,
 And Matthew, the great man,
 Who found us this Hare."

Though Hook's share in the *John Bull* brought him in more than £2,000 a-year, independent of a liberal salary as editor, yet when the first excitement of novelty was over, and the death of the queen changed the aspect of political warfare, instead of directing his energies to the sustaining a property which might have yielded him a handsome provision for life, he neglected the paper, which soon sunk in circulation, almost as rapidly as it rose. Aristocratic and dissipated society was eagerly courted, and easily attained. Wit and humour graced the dinner-table and the drawing-room ; but when the serious had retired, *the fun* began. Then, in some remote chamber, the young men gathered round Hook, broiled bones and devilled biscuits inspired an artificial thirst, to be drowned in hot and strong potations, while every fresh draught seemed to develop new and unsuspected powers of entertainment in Hook, until mind and body sunk into col-

lapse, from pure excess of excitement.

At one of these *symposia* a dispute arose about marine painting. An amateur, who was present, maintained, in opposition to Hook, that a boat might be a beautiful object in a picture. Hook, at last wearied of the subject, exclaimed, " We have had enough of the boat, let go the *painter*."

No constitution could stand the frequent repetition of these scenes, but once engaged in them Theodore was unable to recede. The wholesome restraint which marriage would have imposed was not only wanting but unattainable. He had formed an illicit connexion with an amiable and faithful woman, whom he had never the courage to marry, nor the cruelty to discard. He was fondly attached to his children. One of his daughters, who had attained her twenty-first year during his last illness, came, accompanied by her sister, Louisa, to salute him on the morning of her birth-day.

Turning to a friend, who sat by the bedside, he said, "People say that I am fond of gaming, and I must own that I dearly love *Vingt-un and Loo*."

Hook's novels were almost as much improvisations as his songs, and like them they had immense success at their first appearance, but did not long retain their popularity. He received £2,000 for the second series of "*Sayings and Doings*," which was not, however, so successful as the first. But this source of emolument was soon abused. He received payment for works which only existed in their title, and the manuscript thus paid for was not always forthcoming. Publishers soon began to exercise a caution which Hook resented; and thus the more painfully his pecuniary difficulties accumulated around him, the more perilously did he seem bent on destroying the only means by which he might be extricated.

It is not our purpose to criticise any of his novels. "*Maxwell*" is unquestionably the best, and the character of "*Godfrey Moss*," designed to represent his boon companion, the Rev. Mr. Cannon, is not exaggerated. But we must mention that Hook introduced acquaintances into his novels, and betrayed family secrets for the purpose of wounding feeling on very slight provocation, and often in sheer wantonness. Two characters, drawn with unmistakable accuracy in "*Jack Brag*," were caricatures of persons to whom he had been under the deepest obligations.

As Hook became more and more habituated to aristocratic circles, he drew off from the companions and associates of his early life, or treated them with a haughty capriciousness very painful to endure. It was symptomatic of this feeling that he lost no opportunity in the *John Bull* of assailing the dramatic profession, and that he speaks of everything connected with the theatres, casually mentioned in his novels, in a tone of contemptuous abhorrence.

His excessive "love of approbation" made Hook a great frequenter of the

clubs, where he was always the centre of an admiring circle. He strained his powers to win applause, and was forced to have recourse to artificial means to restore his exhausted spirits. This was repeated three, four, or five times at the different clubs to which he belonged, and of which he regularly went the round; and the "just one tumbler of brandy and water" at luncheon was not unfrequently doubled, and did not always stop there. Then probably came an aristocratic banquet, where there was no stint of lordly wines, an improvisation in the drawing-room, which taxed his mental powers to the utmost; "a half-hour at Crockford's," that is to say, two hours of gambling and dissipation, ending with a return home by daylight, because he had been advised *not to expose himself to the night air*.

The consequences of such a desperate course soon became manifest—increasing pecuniary embarrassments, decreasing health, ingenuity overtaxed to find means of raising ordinary supplies, the bottle. Over these last scenes we drop the curtain, and could wish that Mr. Barham had done the same. We wish only to remember the unrivalled conversationalist, whose writings, with all their brilliancy and all their wit, can never enable a reader to form an estimate of his wondrous powers. But we protest against his being regarded as a type of literary men: he belonged to the class reluctantly and by accident; he shrunk from any identification with literature, as if it were a pollution; he was a spendthrift, a tuft-hunter, and an adventurer, who made his intellectual powers subservient to his extravagance or his ambition, but never valued them as the means of obtaining fame. If ever intellectual scampishness could be predicated of anybody, he was the man, and he was not the first, nor will he be the last of scamps who was justly stigmatised, but not the less justly admired and lamented.

THE DEATH-BED OF JACOB BOEHMEN.

BY THE REV. R. A. BROOKE.

"And thus I shadow out the enthusiast mystic of the first sort—viz., the harmless species: at the head of which stands the illuminated Teutonic Theosopher Jacob Boehmen."—SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

The circumstances attending the death of this great philosophic mystic of the sixteenth century are faithfully detailed in the following lines.

When within the walls of Gorlitz, the Teutonic mystic lay,
Circled by his weeping dear ones, watching till he passed away:
When, with coming Death contending, the reluctant flame of life,
Leaping in its silver socket, scarce maintained the dubious strife:

It was daybreak; and the crimson of the purple skies had come,
Like a spirit, through the lattice, flushing all the sick man's room—
Lighting up his fixing features, calm as marble sculpture-wrought,
With something like their former tone of life and lofty thought.

Broader, brighter broke the morning, and the crimson hues are gone;
And, blazing all with gems and gold, upheaves God's glorious sun:
Was it this that stayed the life-tides, as they slowly ebb'd away?
Was it this that checked the spirit ere it soared to endless Day?

And the dying man upspoke and said—"Ope the door that I may hear
That soft music which is ringing wild and sweet within my ear:
Heard you not that strain excelling? Blessed sound! it sinks and falls—
Oh, Lord of Hosts, 'tis thy still voice* that to my spirit calls."

"Oh, strength of Love!—oh, Life of death!—My God, above this hour
Lift me. Oh, Saviour, strong the waves, but stronger is thy power."
Then to the wall he turned his face. "Now I go hence," he cried,
"To paradise, to meet my Lord." And simply thus he died.

And was it not a marvel in such an hour to see
How God did loose the fetters of his mind's long phantasy?—
How one like him so over-wrought, who had leaped beyond all rules,
To plunge in depths untrod alike by sages and by fools—

"Rapt† in the holy Sabbath"—"trod the centre and the ground
Of man's hidden nature"—shadowed over with a mystery profound—
"Heard the tones, and felt the touch of God"—"in seven days' vision dim
Saw the Spirit throned in thousand Lights"—"held his peace, and worshipped
Him."

To think that such a mind and man, on this his dying day,
Like a river issuing bright and swift from weeds which clogged its way,
Heard but the Heavenly Shepherd's voice, as the shadowy vale he trod,
Then laid him down like some dear child, and slept, to wake with God.

NOTE.—For a picture of Boehmen's extraordinary and interesting mind, the reader is referred to Coleridge's exquisite "Parable" in the "Aids to Reflection," and under the head of "Mystics and Mysticism."

* "After the fire, a still small voice."—1 Kings, xix. 12.

† Some of Boehmen's extravagant doctrines.

LAYS OF MANY LANDS.—NO. VI.

The Time ere the Roses were Blowing.

(FROM THE PERSIAN OF KAZEM ZERBAYEH,* IN REPLY TO MESECHI'S "TIME OF THE ROSES.")

I.

Brilliantly sparkle, Mesechi, thy flowing
Numbers, like streams amid lilies upgrowing,
Yet, wouldst thou mingle the sad and sublime,
Sing, too, the Time,
Sing the young Time *ere* the Roses were blowing !

II.

Then was the Season when Hope was yet glowing,
Then the blithe year of the Spring and the Sowing ;
Then the Soul dwelt in her own fairy clime ;
Then was the Time,
Then the gay Time *ere* the Roses were blowing !

III.

Soon, ah ! too soon, came the Summer, bestowing
Glory and Light, but a Light ever shewing
In the chill nearness the Autumn's grey rime.
Gone was the Time,
Gone the fresh Time *ere* the Roses were blowing !

IV.

Life is at best but a Coming and Going,
Now flitting past us on swift, now on slow wing ;
Here fair with Goodness, there gloomy with Crime.
O, for the Time,
O, for the Time *ere* the Roses were blowing !

V.

Coldly, oh, coldly, goes Truth overthrowing
Fancy's bright palaces, coldly goes mowing
Down the sweet blossoms of Boyhood's young prime.
Give us the Time,
Give us the Time *ere* the Roses were blowing !

VI.

I am ZERBA'YEH, the Least of the Knowing ;
Thou art Mesechi, the Golden and Glowing !
O, when again thou wouldst dazzle in rhyme
Sing of the Time,
Sing of the Time *ere* the Roses were blowing !

* Who died at Isfahan, in 1541.

The Everlasting Jew.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH V. SCHLEGEL.)

I.

There came a lone, worn Wanderer to
A village inn by night.
He sate him down apart, as who
Would shun both Men and Light ;
Then, laying his knapsack on the seat, he
Begged the host, with meek entreaty,
To fetch him some cool draught.

II.

Hard by caroused a group of stout
Young roysterers, wine-mad
And oath-full ; until one cried out—
“ Ho, Boniface, my lad !
Come ! bowl us in a fresh half-dozen,
Though,—God’s death !—one’s blood feels frozen
By thy vile vinegar stuff !”

III.

“ Ay !” roared another, “ six flasks more
Of thine infernal swash !
Quick, thou old sneaking screw ! and score
A long chalk for the trash !”—
“ Quick !” shout all at that wild revel ;
“ Quick ! or we’ll kick thee to the Devil,
Thou blue-beaked hell’s-ghost hound !”

IV.

“ Even as we kicked the Crucifix
This morn at Moldendett !”
One youth exclaimed ; whereat the Six
Laughed loud and louder yet.
“ By Gog ! that *was* a feat worth money,
By Gog and Magog ! it *was* funny
To hear how yelled the crowd !”

V.

Meanwhile the Unknown still sate apart ;
He neither stirred nor spake ;
Yet seemed there somewhat on his heart
Which made it fain to break.
Anon he sighed ; his sigh resembled
A ghost’s groan ; and the listeners trembled
And paused, scarce weeting why.

VI.

“ Ho ! codger there !” at length cried one,
“ What devil makes thee mope
In that dark corner all alone ?
Art Satan—or the Pope ?
Art bones or broth ? Old, smoky fellow,
Or young ? Come forth, and shew that yellow
And frosty phiz of thine !”

VII.

The Lone One rose, and, drawing near
 The group, who shuddered all,
 Corpse-like, he spake them so,—“ Give ear !
 I am God’s Markéd Man and Thrall.
 I walk as one who is,—yet is not,
 The All-wise ravelleth well ; and *His* knot
 What mortal shall unloose ?

VIII.

“ I am not young ; I am not old ;
 I live, yet have no life.
 Ask him who hath suffered woes untold
 From some volcanic strife
 Of passionate years, if he remember,
 Tombed in the grave of Life’s December,
 Its cancelled golden June !

IX.

“ I saw Him whom, amid vile men,
 That Cross you outraged bore”—
 —“ Ha !” cried all, starting,—“ Thou art, then”—
 —“ The same for evermore !—
 The same I have said, and not another ;
 One without a friend or brother—
 A Form whom even Death flees !

X.

“ I saw The Man, and He saw me—
 He fell down at my gate !
 Under the weight of that Great Tree ?
 No ! under a World’s weight !
 “ One minute’s rest, here,” he said, turning
 His anguished eyes on me, but, burning
 With hate, I struck the Man !

XI.

“ No, Jesus !” cried I. “ Hence with thee !
 Go, and be crucified !”
 The Saviour sadly looked at me,
 And sadly he replied,—
 “ Yes ! I, indeed, am going homeward,
 But thou shalt tarry till I come, warred
 Against by Fate and Time !”

XII.

“ And from that hour, through toils and tears,
 My Life has been a Death,
 Through toils and tears, for twice the years
 Given unto Cain and Seth.
 Behold my brow ! If not so *o’er*-wan,
 A mark—as that First Wanderer bore one—
 Still stamps me as alone !

XIII.

He speaks, and bares his brow—and lo!
 A cross of burning red,
 From whose dead luridness no glow
 Of rayéd sheen is shed!
 All shriek! : . . : . .

Through long, long nights of fever
 That spectral Sign will haunt them ever
 In dreams of ghastliest guise!

XIV.

Was it a dream? No! though they tried
 To deem it such even there.
 They wasted thenceforth till they died
 In horror and despair;
 And where the wailful night-wind whistles
 Through Kühl's churchyard grass and thistles
 Their unblest bones now bleach.

The Irish Language.

(FROM THE *Dan Mholadh na Gaoidheilge* OF PHILIP FITZGIBBON, A KILKENNY POET.)

I.

The language of Erin is brilliant as gold;
 It shines with a lustre unrivalled of old.
 Even glanced at by strangers to whom 'tis unknown,
 It dazzles their eyes with a light all its own!

II.

It is music, the sweetest of music, to hear;
 No lyre ever like it enchanted your ear.
 Not the lute, or the flute, or the quaint clarionet,
 For deep richness of tone could compete with it yet!

III.

It is fire to the mind—it is wine to the heart—
 It is melting and bold—it is Nature and Art!
 Name one other language, renowned though it be,
 That so wakes up the soul, as the storm the deep sea!

IV.

For its bards,—there are none in the cell, cottage, or hall,
 In the climes of the haughty Iberian and Gaul,
 Who despair not to match them—their marvellous tones
 Might have won down the gods of old Greece from their thrones!

V.

Then it bears back your spirit on History's wings
 To the glories of Erin's high heroes and kings,
 When the proud name of Gael swelled from ocean to shore,
 Ere the days of the Saxon and Northman of yore.

VI.

Is the heart of the land of this tongue undecayed ?
 Shall the Sceptre and Sword sway again as they swayed ?
 Shall our Kings ride in triumph o'er war-fields again,
 Till the sun veils his face from the hosts of the slain ?

VII.

O, then shall our halls with the Gaelic resound,
 In the notes of the harp and the *claoirseach** half-drowned,
 And the banquet be spread, and the chess-board all night
 Test the skill of our Chiefs, and their power for the fight.

VIII.

Then our silken-robed minstrels, a silver-haired band,
 Shall awake the young slumbering blood of the land,
 And our bards no more plaintive on Banba's dark wrongs,
 Shall then fill *two* worlds† with the fame of their songs.

IX.

And the gates of our *Brughaidhs*‡ again shall stand wide,
 And their *cead mile failte* woo all withinside,
 And the travel-tired wayfarer find by the hearth
 Cheery Plenty where now, alas ! all is black Dearth.

X.

The down-trodden Poor shall meet kindness and care,
 And the Rich be so happy to spare and to share !
 And the Mighty shall rule unassailed in their might,
 And all voices be blent in one choir of delight !

XI.

The bright Golden Era that poets have sung
 Shall revive, and be chaunted anew in our tongue ;
 The skies shall rain Love on the land's breadth and length,
 And the grain rise like armies battalioned in strength.

XII.

The priest and the noble, the serf and his lord,
 Shall sustain one another with word and with sword—
 The Learned shall gain more than gold by their lore,
 And all Fate took away she shall trebly restore.

XIII.

Like rays round a centre, like stars round the moon,
 Like Ocean round Earth, when it heaves in the noon,
 Shall our chiefs, a resplendent and panoplied ring,
 In invincible valour encircle their King.

XIV.

And thou, O, Grand Language, please Heaven, shalt win
 Proud release from the tomb thou art sepulchred in.
 In palace, in shieling, on highway, on hill,
 Shalt thou roll as a river, or glide as a rill !

* Bagpipes.

† Viz., America and Europe.

‡ Public Victuallers.

XV.

The history of Eiré shall shine forth in thee ;
 Thou shalt sound as a horn from the lips of the Free ;
 And our priests in their forefathers' temples once more
 Shall through Thee call on men to rejoice and adore !

The Disinterred Kings.

(1790.)

(FROM THE SWEDISH OF LARS GULDA LEDBREKKER.)

I.

And there they lie, the Royal Ones ! There lie
 The pampered clay-gods of their time,
 The comet Kingdom-lights, erst blazing high,
 Now quenched in dust and slime !

II.

The bared sarcophagi how they shimmer in
 The unflattering Noon, as rottenest wood !
 How shew the pale escutcheons dimmed and thin,
 Last vanities of high blood.

III.

Doth horror crisp the hair upon the flesh
 Of him who passeth bier by bier ?
 Perchance !—yet Pride and Tyranny might refresh
 Their memories of Truth here.

IV.

How fearful is the sermon those dry bones
 Preach to each Mask in human form !
 God's thunders could not peal in louder tones
 ' O, Man, thou less than worm ! '

V.

Even so !—for here lies the Sent-forth of God,
 Who scattered blessings in his path,
 Near him whom He made govern as a rod
 Of iron in His wrath !

VI.

No tears for them !—save those their angels weep,
 The as dead stone angels o'er their tombs—
 The sculptor's mockery of the Great who sleep
 ' Mid monumental glooms !

VII.

How grim yon skull that erewhile proudly wore
 So many a blood-flecked laurel wreath,
 Upon whose lightest, slightest nod of yore
 So oft hung Life or Death !

VIII.

How shrunken lies the hand whose iron pen,
 By one cold stroke, from Power's high chair,
 So oft gave o'er the lealest, noblest men
 To dungeons and Despair !

IX.

How has the skeleton breast been doubly robbed !
 Robbed of the flesh that hid those bars—
 That hid the heart which all so vainly throbbed !
 Robbed of its gold and stars !

X.

O, Vanity ! Vanity ! This is all we learn
 From even the million-voiced Dead !
 This is the sole, whole guerdon our toils earn,
 This—and our daily bread !

XI.

O, Vanity ! Vanity ! We hear life but preach
 This lesson to our overfond
 Enthusiasm ; and Death itself can teach
 The Wisest nought beyond !

XII.

Rebury those dead carcasses, O, Men !
 Leave them to Darkness and Decay !
 God will one day retrieve us :—until then
 Let Mind forbear from clay !

Denmark after the Battle of Copenhagen.

(FROM THE DANISH OF ERNEST ADAMSEN.)

I.

Denmark rent the Wreath from her brow, and strewed
 Ashes amid her hair. Her face was wan,
 Wan, and altered from tears. The talisman
 Of her power was broken. Denmark lay subdued !

II.

Hark to those thunderous volleys that stun high heaven
 Hark to those terribler groans as closes the fray
 Empress of nations once,—a widow to-day,—
 Strike thy bosom and weep ! Thou bidest bereaven !

III.

O, why exist we longer ? We, the Disgraced !
 We, the O'ercome and Mocked of an upstart host
 We, who could still redeem, redouble the Lost,
 Yet are forefended, though the land lies a waste !

IV.

Smitten without and within ! Glory, Power, Worth,
 Perished ! Perished the world's, our self-Esteem !
 God ! it seems all a dream, a horrible dream !
 Some dark nightmare that rides the soul of the North !

V.

Where are the times when our fathers, disdaining rest,
 Carried their conquering arms o'er land and wave—
 Trampled in dust the thrones of ages, and gave
 Laws to the barbarous tribes of the North and West ?

VI.

Strike thy bosom, and weep, thou Fallen One, thou!
 Better thou never hadst borne a Victress's name!
 Then could not now thy fame o'erwhelm thee with shame!
 Then might the Wreath still bloom, though rent from thy brow!

The Widowed Yew.

(FROM THE NORWEGIAN OF ERIK BAROLF.)

I.

Nigh the churchyard of Neild
 Abode Wilberic Troll,
 The lonest lone soul!
 His own hands had buried his wife and only child.

II.

Oft under the stars
 Would he rest by their graves,
 And up from their caves
 His thoughts would arise and pierce him like scymitars!

III.

"Time I, too, were dead!"
 He would sigh to the Night.
 "Dim grows mine eyes light;
 The snows of seventy Winters lie on my head!"

IV.

In the churchyard grew
 A sad, strange tree,
 Death-sable to see!
 The villagers called it always The Widowed Yew!

V.

It mourned atween
 The infant and spouse;
 And under its boughs
 Old Wilberic hoped to repose from this weary scene.

VI.

Ten long, long years
 He lingered still,
 Awaiting God's will
 With nightly vigils, and prayers, and pious tears.

VII.

When hark! one morn,
 In the dawn so hoar,
 A voice at his door!
 "Up, up, old man, who liest there so forlorn!

VIII.

"Up! Thou, ere the sun
 Be born of the wave,
 Shalt delve me a grave
 For an old, old man, a lone, oh! so lone a one!"—

IX.

—“ And where shall it be ?
 Where wouldst thou it, friend ?”
 —“ Where the black boughs bend
 Of the Widowed Yew, in the shade of that woeful tree !”

X.

Old Wilberic Troll
 Arises with tears,
 And, arisen, hears
 Through the stilly air of the dawn the death-bell knoll.

XI.

With a light and a spade
 He hies to the ground,
 Soon to shew a new mound
 For, alas ! a stranger, under the Widowed Yew's shade.

XII.

“ O, woe !” doth he sigh,
 “ That my bones may not rest
 In the spot I love best,
 Atween the graves where my Minna and Dietric lie !”

XIII.

And he delves and he delves,
 And his task is done
 Ere the round red sun
 Has chased from their fairy-rings Titania's elves.

XIV.

But the stranger ? Is gone.
 Gone whither ? None know !
 He returneth no mo,
 But Wilberic's heart feels faint, and his lips wax wan.

XV.

And the Widowed Yew,
 Ere three days had rolled,
 O'ershadowed his mould !
 This tale the villagers tell ; and their tale is true.

Paul and the Hospodar.

(FROM THE SERVIAN OF IWAN TLEFFLIK.)

I.

Hark, Jeliska ! heardst thou not a knock ?
 Go, good maiden, go and ope the gate
 Though the moon shines bright the hour is late.
 And the stormy wind, how loud it blows,
 Blows as though 'twould shake the ocean rock !
 Go ! Some wandering pilgrim, well I guess,
 Claims from us what every Christian owes
 Unto every Christian in distress !”

II.

So spake Bathski-Dór, the Hospodár,
 And while yet the words were on his tongue
 One of a swart and bearded countenance
 Like a soldier-traveller from afar,
 Stood before him. Stout he seemed and young,
 And with fire and lightning in his glance.
 Word he spake not till the Hospodár
 Pointed towards the bench beside the hearth,
 Saying, "Cousin, these are days of dearth;
 Little cheer save bread and fruit and oil
 All we have saved from Autumn's golden spoil,
 Can we tempt thee with—but these are thine.
 Seat thee on the bench beside the hearth.
 Would that we could give thee meats and wine!"

III.

—"Thy false hospitality I share not!
 For thy bread and fruits and oil I care not!
 By thy smooth words will I not be entreated!
 By thy hearth-flag will I not be seated!
 Bathski-Dór! I am here to slay and spare not!
 Bathski-Dór! I had a cherished brother.
 Him thy sabre wounded unto death.
 In my arms he breathed his dying breath.
 Oft I have tried, and tried in vain to smother
 The fierce wrath I felt against his slayer—
 Felt and feel—it haunts me even in prayer.
 Bathski-Dór! we twain must measure swords—
 Nay, man, sleep not! Mine are no child's words!"

IV.

Bathski-Dór upraised his hanging head,
 Opened his shut eyes, and calmly said—
 "Kinsman Paul! thou hadst a cherished brother,
 And my sabre wounded him to death—
 Knowest thou not that I, too, had another,
 Whom thy father slew at Vlókonyón,
 On the hill he sleeps this night beneath?
 Well! what therefore? Both men fairly fell,
 Both men fell, my brother and thine own,
 Not by treacherous guile or magic spell,
 But in open field, with naked blades.
 Still if thou seek vengeance upon me,
 Take it, cousin! Only bide till dawn.
 'Twere ill combating 'mid Night's dusky shades.
 Meanwhile, watch or slumber. Thou art free.
 I rest, I, though thousand swords were drawn!"

V.

But, list! hark!—the deep roll of a drum,
 And the summoning sound of many horns,
 And the tramp of steeds that go and come!
 And a cry—"Ho! Bathski-Dór! there waits
 Zervi-ván* one of her bloodiest morns!
 Bathski-Dór! the foe besets our gates!
 Up and arm, thou noble Hospodár!
 Up and arm for battle, thou and thine!"

* Servia.

VI.

Bathski-Dór hath donned his warrior-garb.
This is Servia's, this his country's call ;
 Yet before he mounts his coal black barb,
 With drawn sword he speaks his kinsman Paul—
 " Paul ! thou shouldst have been a Servian, thou,
 Though thy father fled to far Croätia.
 Wilt thou clasp my hand, Paul ? Wilt thou now
 Turn, with me, thy sabre against Asia ?
 Or shall thou and I, like madmen, struggle
 Here unto the death with one another ?
 Shall we shed each other's blood because
 Thou hadst once, as I had once, a brother ?
 Perish such a pride-born, hell-born juggle !
 Kinsman ! thou shalt live to win applause
 From thyself, thy country, and thy God !
 Clasp my hand ! Thy gallant fathers trod
 That green soil I have not loved in vain—
 And thou wilt not shame them, though thou drain
 Thy last life-drop in fair Freedom's cause !"—

VII.

—" Kinsman ! cousin ! thou hast spoken well !"
 So in answer spake the warrior Paul—
 " Be all feuds forgot at Servia's call !
 Side by side we fight, knee-deep in gore !
 Side by side we fight, and if we fall,
 Servia's minstrels yet and oft shall tell
 How Paul stood till death by Bathski-Dór,
 And how *he* till death, too, stood by Paul !"

Sixteen hundred fifty, tenth of March—
 Such the night and time these words were spoken—
 And to-day a tomb, defaced and broken,
 Yet still standing, and a broken arch,
 Both with one half-worn engraven date,
 ' Sixteen hundred fifty, *twelfth* of March,'
 Rise besides the slope of Dvilna-vár
 In White Servia. Two, so near to hate,
 Mutual hate a few brief hours before,
 Sleep in friendship there for evermore,
 Paul and Bathski-Dór, the Hospodár.

J. C. M.

A PROVISION FOR THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY CONSIDERED, IN A LETTER
TO THE EDITOR OF "THE QUARTERLY REVIEW."

SIR,—Your high station in the literary world is the cause why I thus address you. You are the conductor of a publication which commands an extensive circulation, and exercises a powerful influence over the national mind. The moral character of your publication is deservedly high; and its judgment upon important and critical subjects often such as to influence the decisions of the legislature in matters seriously affecting the public weal. Of this kind is the much-canvassed question of the payment of the Roman Catholic priests in Ireland. You have not hesitated, again and again, to express a decided opinion that such would be a wise measure; that it would go far towards solving "the Irish difficulty" in a safe and satisfactory way; that it is unobjectionable in point of principle; and must *interest* those who are at present the fomenters of public disturbance to take the side of the cause of order, and use their influence in tranquillizing and reclaiming a turbulent and excitable population.

If such effects would follow from the course of policy which you recommend, it is not surprising that it should have received your sanction. But there are others who view it with grave alarm, and to whom it appears only certain to produce the very opposite effects. And you cannot be surprised, neither, I hope, will you be displeased, if they entreat, on your part, a reconsideration of the whole case; and, on their own, enter their solemn protest against a measure, which they believe, upon no doubtful grounds, to be fraught with ruin to the British Empire.

You refer, in the commencement of the very able paper, to a pamphlet published nearly forty years ago, and entitled "A Sketch of Ireland, past and present." I well remember that brilliant *brochure*: characterised by the vigour and the condensation of Tacitus, and not deficient in the penetrating sagacity which distinguished that sage historian. Its etchings of charac-

ter are graphic in the extreme. A few strokes of the masterly pencil completes the picture. Its outline of Irish misrule, and the bungling of British legislation, is strikingly just and vivid; and, couched in sarcastic asperity, much instruction is conveyed, which the legislator would do well to ponder. Do I err in supposing your reviewer the author of this well-known production; and that he regards, with a fond, parental partiality, this first promise of his literary renown? Assuredly, he may look back upon it with a just pride; as there are very few opinions which it contains which might not, even at the present day, be adopted and acted upon with advantage. He is but consistent in maintaining now, the judgment to which he gave expression then, respecting the expediency of paying the Roman Catholic priests. And it is not unlikely that, had not this early conviction been thus decisively formed, and maintained its hold, by a sort of prescriptive right, upon that ingenious writer's mind, he would, with increasing years, have seen increasing reasons to doubt the soundness of his first impression, and the cause of truth and of sound policy would now enjoy the benefit of an advocacy which would render it as irresistible as it is important.

It is from no abstract love of Popery that your reviewer advocates the payment of the Roman Catholic priests; neither does he entertain any factious or fanatical hatred of the Established Church, by which but too many who have taken up the same opinion are distinguished. He regards Romanism, if not with just abhorrence, at least with grave disapproval, and recognises, in the Irish members of its priesthood, a race of fanatical incendiaries, who have aggravated, if they have not produced, the worst evils of Ireland. And great injustice would be done him, if he did not get credit for a sincere attachment to the Established Church. But he

regards Popery in Ireland as an established fact, which, like the soil or the climate, whilst we may rail against, we must endure. And he conceives that its evils would be qualified, and not aggravated, by taking its priesthood into the pay of the state, and thus lessening their dependence upon the people.

For this notion, many plausible reasons might be given at the time when, by this writer, it was first entertained. The Romish priesthood, in this country, might be described as a race of quiet, inoffensive ecclesiastics, who had recently witnessed a formidable rebellion put down by a strong hand, and felt but little inclination to countenance a second uprising of the masses, which might be equally bloody, and equally abortive. Maynooth was, at that time, young in its operations, and had not wrought the mighty changes which have since been produced in the Roman Catholic mind. And few, if any, were possessed of the moral and political divining-rod, by which, from indications upon a tranquil surface, any sure conjectures might be formed respecting the elements of trouble or disorder which were concealed beneath. No wonder that an opinion became very prevalent amongst the enlightened and the educated, that the flocks were to be secured by securing the pastors; and that the pastors would be, full surely, gained over, if they were once, by the golden link of a state endowment, connected with the crown.

Such was, then, the wisdom of the wise; and such is still the conviction of many in whom an abstract and speculative idealism predominates over the plain and practical realities of our every-day existence. Nor is it surprising that the strongest minds, when thus impressed by some plausible delusion, retain their hold of it by a sort of spasmodic energy against which, reason, and conscience and experience, and common sense, utter in vain their admonitory reclamations. The conviction has passed into a habit; and age, instead of impairing its power, has only rendered its pertinacity incorrigible.

It is true that Popery was an established fact: that is, it was the creed professed by a vast majority of the people; but not in any sense in which its gradual removal might not

be looked forward to from the progress of spiritual illumination. It was an established fact, just as the saturation of the ground by superfluous moisture was an established fact; but one which did not forbid the remedial processes of artificial subsoiling and draining, by which superior systems of husbandry might be instituted, and much of the noxious element removed. And it would not have been more absurd to regard the first condition of the soil as its normal condition, which forbade all hopes of improvement, and set at nought the schemes of the practical agriculturist to make two blades of grass, or of corn, grow where but one grew before, than to regard the dark and semi-barbarous condition in which Popery held in thrall the native Irish, as one connatural with the race, and which equally defied the aids and the appliances of letters, and the power of the Gospel.

The proposition thus enunciated was never, perhaps, deliberately thus formalised by many, by whom, nevertheless, it was practically entertained. It was the suppressed premiss in the enthymeme by which they reasoned. Its admission was necessary, its denial would be fatal, to the validity of their conclusion. And it will, invariably, be found to have prevailed most amongst those whose first object was how Irish disaffection was to be best conciliated, and Irish turbulence most effectually subdued; and least amongst those whose first object was how they might best speed the progress of moral and religious improvement.

There have not, indeed, been wanting legislators, and these, too, who called themselves enlightened, who did not scruple to maintain that Popery was a religion *good enough for the Irish*. The late Lord Grenville was said to have thus expressed himself. But few, if any, could now be found to give *open* utterance to such a sentiment; while yet it is implied in their acts, which would tend to maintain an unscriptural creed, and to strengthen a decaying superstition, in the hope of thereby producing some temporary respite from the evils, both social and political, which superstition and ignorance never fail to engender.

What is the characteristic difference between the north and the south and west of Ireland? The one is predominantly Protestant, and is filled by

an industrious, a peaceable, and a thriving population. The other is predominantly Romanist, and its peasantry are the very types of ignorance, wretchedness, turbulence, and demoralisation. Why is this? The soil is richer, the climate more temperate, than that of Ulster. The farms are larger, the tenant-right quite as secure; the landlords, generally speaking, as humane and indulgent. The essential difference is alone to be found in the religion. The one are a church-going, a Bible-reading, a gospel-hearing people; they live in the light of the Divine Word. The other are the thralls of a system of error and of fraud, which makes the Word of God of none effect by their traditions. Hence the murders, the commotions, the disaffection, and the treason, by which they are characterised.

Let the inhabitants of these different parts of the island change places. Let the northern, with his scriptural Christianity, emigrate to the south, and let the southern, with his papal Christianity, take up his abode in the north, and the effects will be soon apparent. In the one case, a squalid wretchedness will supervene upon a progressive civilisation. In the other, the labours of industry will encroach upon the domain of idleness. Turbulence and disorder will disappear. In the sweat of their brow men will earn their bread; and sources of productive employment will be opened to the artisan and husbandman, which will cause pauperism to exhibit a diminishing proportion to the numbers of those who are enabled to procure for themselves a decent subsistence.

Can we be indifferent, then, to any measures by which Popery, the fruitful parent of error and of crime, may be corroborated and aggrandised, while true religion is suffered to languish; and funds are allocated for the sustentation of a system which "darkens counsel by words without knowledge," while the clergy of the Established Church are regarded with severe discountenance, as the mere provisional occupants of a position to be ceded, by-and-by, to their and England's inveterate enemies?

But, it is time to consider the special grounds assumed by your reviewer for the purpose of justifying a state endowment of the Romish clergy.

The first is what he calls a ground "of justice"—

"The ministers of that church, forbidden, like our own, to earn a livelihood by manual labour or secular business, are, if tolerated at all, *entitled to be supported by the state*, which, upon our principle, is bound to provide spiritual instruction for the people. The state may regret that the instruction is not of a better kind; but there is no other possible, and you must give either *it or none*. And if all these higher reasons should fail, may we not ask, whether the Roman Catholic clergy have not as much right to *out-of-door relief* as the Roman Catholic or Protestant pauper? and we are confident that they often need it as much."

Now, it may be asked, upon what principle are ministers dissenting from the Established Church *entitled* to a state provision? Is it *because* of that dissent? That would be to promote, by a bounty, an opposition to the religion as by law established. Is it *notwithstanding* that dissent, and because of the peculiar merits of their teaching? These peculiar merits should be set forward, that we may judge of the tree by its fruits. Are they to be found in the system of which the same writer declares, "as an historical fact, that all the civil and political, and even social evils of Ireland, may be traced to the condition and influence of the Roman Catholic religion in that country;" and that—

"The most cursory observer cannot travel through Ireland without being everywhere struck by the difference between the Protestant and the Romanist districts—nay, between the manner and apparel of the individual Protestants and Romanists. In the former there is everywhere visible an approach to the British prototype, in industry, neatness, and loyalty: in the latter, everywhere the reverse. In those terrible annals of blood, which form so large a portion of the domestic history of Ireland, we hardly ever read of a Protestant culprit, or of a Romanist victim. . . . The difference is, we are informed, beyond all merely statistical proportion. It really does seem as if the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland was unfavourable to the development of the industry, the independence, and the respectability of the individual man."

And again:—

"In short, we have arrived, by accumulated experience, to the painful conclusion, that the Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland are turbulent and disloyal; and the first and chief cause of all the crimes, disorders, and miseries of their unhappy flocks, of which they are the discontented pastors."

And again :—

"We do not believe the priests to be loyal; and we will not submit to the common cant of repeating fulsome encomiums, of which they that offer them, and they that receive them, are alike aware that they are mere conventional flattery, without truth, and without value."

Is it of a system of which such are the fruits that merits can be alleged, which should entitle the professors of it to be an exception to the general rule; and would claim, in their favour, a distinction above dissenters of any other denomination, in virtue of which they should be considered entitled to a state endowment? This will not be pretended. It is not, therefore, for what they *have done*, the reviewer advocates their payment, but for what they may be expected to do, if they should be so paid.

"But the state is bound to provide spiritual instruction for the people, and although it may regret that the instruction given by the Romish clergy is not of a better kind, there is none other possible, and it must either give it or none." Either spiritual instruction is a thing indifferent, or a thing important. If the former, the state is not bound to furnish it. If the latter, it is bound to furnish it of the best and purest kind: and if the state be a Christian and Protestant state, it is bound to look for it in the Holy Scriptures, and to eschew, with a religious fidelity, the sanctioning, by a state endowment, of anything directly contrary thereto. It cannot be bound to uphold two contradictory systems: to pay the Protestant teacher for maintaining the supremacy and the sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures; and the Romanist teacher for maintaining the supremacy of the Church of Rome. This would be to proclaim an indifference to all creeds, which would negative an obligation to provide for any. I could understand an infidel, who, like Gallio, "cared for none of

these things" regarding "modes of faith" with contempt or scorn, and dealing by them with reference, solely, to some present or political emergency or convenience. But by the Christian government, or the Christian statesman, they cannot be viewed in that light. They are not to be permitted to play fast and loose with sacred things. If there be any moral or religious instruction which they "regret" that the people should desire to receive, they should be no parties to the communication of it. And if this instruction should be of a nature to counteract and discredit that for which they are bound to make a due provision, that would only render it the more incumbent upon them to avoid all encouragement of it by a state endowment.

But it is added, "if all these higher reasons should fail, may we not ask, whether the Roman Catholic clergy have not as much right to *out-of-door relief* as the Roman Catholic or Protestant pauper? and we are confident that they often need it as much." We have lived to hear and to read strange things; but this is the strangest of all! What! a poor-law as a provision for the sustentation of the teachers of spiritual darkness! A poor-law, properly understood, contemplates, not the perpetuation, but the extinction of pauperism. Its end is, not merely to relieve distress, but to diminish want by promoting industry; and it is either ill-constructed, or badly administered, when such an end is not attained. Does your reviewer mean that it should thus operate upon the pauper priests, whom he thus contemplates as objects of public charity? If he do, he would defeat his own object, which is to organise in the pay of government, a body of stipendiary ecclesiastics. If he do not, there is no force in his argument. If, however, that body, or any portion of them, be reduced to the deplorable condition which he describes, there can be no doubt that their application to any of the poor-law unions would be attended to by the guardians, in preference to those of any other paupers who might present themselves as candidates for relief.

Secondly, the writer contends for a state provision on the ground "of equity." The property at present in the hands of the Established was originally in the hands of the

Romish Church; and as in the case of the forfeiture of Lord Derwentwater's estates, "an annuity of some thousands was charitably bestowed on his disinherited representative," so should the present race of the Romish clergy be charitably provided for out of the confiscations which were the result of their heresies and their treasons. Did the proposed measure rest upon such grounds, it could not, for a moment, be entertained. There is no natural right of inheritance in ecclesiastics. Each succeeding generation of them must be considered as identified with the system to which they belong; and as it was against the system the first blow was struck, all by whom the system is perpetuated should be considered as tainted by the original offence, and as liable to bear the burden of the penalties which it provoked equally with those against whom they were at first directed. The descendant of an attainted traitor may prove a loyal subject, and in such a case there may be not only equity but wisdom in reversing the attainder. The representative of the papal religion must be, if he be honest, a strenuous opponent of scriptural Christianity; and if there were good reasons for depriving his church of its ascendancy or its possessions, there can be no reason why, either in whole or in part, these should be restored.

But there is more to be said on this part of the subject, which is well worthy your attentive consideration, although the reviewer has not deemed it worthy of any attention at all. Was the Church of Rome, at the period of the Reformation, really entitled to retain the property and the privileges of which she had become possessed? This property and these privileges dated from a period long antecedent to the abuses and the corruptions by which Christianity had become almost extinguished. They had been conferred, by sovereigns and subjects, for the purpose of upholding true religion. The faith of early Christendom is best collected from its creeds; and the creeds in use when this property was conveyed are the very creeds at present in use in the Church of England. How, then, stands the case? The Church of England derives its succession from, and asserts its identity with the ancient Catholic Church, whose symbols were the Apos-

ties', the Nicene, and the Athanasian creeds. By the Church of Rome these have been superseded, or overlaid by the creed of Pope Pius the Fourth, which agglomerates around them human fictions and human traditions, by which pure Scriptural Christianity is extinguished. Were the hands thus corrupting the faith entitled to retain possession of the endowments and emoluments conferred for the purpose of preserving it pure?—and were the very means bestowed in order to ensure its perpetuity and promote its diffusion, to be perverted to purposes by which ends the very opposite could alone be attained?

The question is not, should grants originally given for superstitious uses, be continued in the hands of the ecclesiastical body upon whom they were at first bestowed, when increasing light admonished men of their superstitions. I do not think there is any great difficulty in answering this question; but it is not the one at present before us. That question is, have a body of ecclesiastics, who have perverted the faith, a right to retain emoluments conferred long before the faith was thus perverted, and to the prejudice of those by whom in its purity it was preserved or restored? Whether of the two should be considered the representatives of the original grantors?—those by whom these grantors would be excommunicated as heretics; or those by whom they would be recognized as fellow-Christians?—those by whom they would be regarded as without the pale of salvation, unless they received the creed of Pius the Fourth; or those by whom they would be recognized as within the pale of salvation, because they were satisfied with the creeds of all the early Christians? Such is precisely the question at issue between the Churches of England and Rome, respecting the transfer of ecclesiastical property which took place when the Papal supremacy was overthrown. That property was asserted to belong to that body which claimed an identity in faith and doctrine with those ages of the Church during which it had been accumulated. It was wrested from those who set up what was essentially a new religion—a religion the profession of which implied a renunciation of holy Scripture, and which rendered void, by vain conceits and human fictions and traditions, the

faith once delivered to the saints, which the Church of England holds in such especial reverence, and commends to all classes and descriptions of men, as containing all that is necessary to salvation.

The case is, therefore, not that of a lawful heir, dispossessed, for his father's offences, of a property to which he would otherwise have had a legal right; but of an usurper, continuing to overhold possessions, disregarding the conditions on which they were obtained, to the prejudice of the lawful claimant by whom such conditions had been duly observed.

Had the Papal heresiarchs adopted a system resembling that of Mormonism, and annexed it to the three early creeds, as one the admission of which was indispensable in all professing the Catholic faith, could they be considered, by the rest of the Christian world, the rightful inheritors of the patrimony of the Church? This is, no doubt, an extreme case; but on that very account better calculated to test the principle. And if the creed of Pope Pius the Fourth be one which not only overrides the letter, but contradicts the spirit of all the early creeds which have received the sanction of repeated general councils, *which it never did*, the difference is one of degree merely, and not of kind; and the lapse from *the faith* is as complete and absolute as though heathenism, or any other form of superstition, had been made to take the place of the Christian verities. This creed, the symbol of the modern Church of Rome, unknown to all the early fathers, and unauthenticated except by a Papal rescript, every Romish ecclesiastic, previously to his induction into a benefice, must swear that he will observe.

I come now to the third ground—the ground of “policy”—upon which you advocate the proposed endowment of the Romish clergy. “Assuredly,” observes the reviewer, “if this grievance—whether it is real, as we think, or only plausible, as others say—be not redressed, and, as it were, drawn off, it will, in the present temper of the world, accumulate to such a height as will overthrow the Established Church, and even before she has possessed herself of the conquered property, the Roman Catholic Church also; and probably extinguish all re-

ligion—at least, forfeit all funds for the maintenance of any religion in Ireland.” Such are the terrors under which you would have the legislature deliberate upon this momentous question. But no man, and no state ever acted wisely, when they only took counsel from their fears. It would have been well if you had given your readers some notion of the *modus operandi* by which a state provision for Roman Catholic priests could contribute to the security of the Church of Ireland.

It would have been well also if you had told us why the withholding such a provision should be regarded as a grievance. I have often heard the conferring of it represented in a very odious light by laymen and ecclesiastics of the Romish persuasion; *but never that it was withheld*. And although, no doubt, there are many who would be but too well pleased if government were to use a little gentle compulsion in pressing it upon them, yet such is the unpopularity of the measure, they dare not seem to desire it, lest their influence with their own people should be entirely overthrown. I am, therefore, wholly at a loss to know why its denial should be regarded as a grievance.

If it be a grievance that the Roman Catholic clergy are not paid by the state, it must be equally a grievance that the spiritual teachers of every other sect or denomination are not paid by the state also. For surely it will not be pretended that they are entitled to a preference, because they reject, whilst the others maintain, the sufficiency of the holy Scriptures.

If, indeed, it were the duty of a Christian state to make provision for the spiritual teachers of the professors of an unscriptural creed, because they constitute a majority of the people, the allegation of this writer might be sustained; but in no other sense has it even a colour of justification: and this is one upon which, if government acted at all, they should act to its full extent, and make provision for the worshipper of Bramah, in India.

And here it may just be remarked, that there has not appeared, at any time, either in the *Quarterly Review*, or in any other publication advocating the proposed measure, any detailed statement of the extent to which it should be carried, or any probable con-
 jec-

tures respecting the manner in which it would work, which would prove an acquaintance with the present condition of Popery in Ireland.

The Earl of Ellesmere's proposed endowment, which is that to which your reviewer refers, would be miserably insufficient for the purposes intended. It would amount to no more than the recognition of a principle—and it would require far more extensive drafts upon the treasury than that respected nobleman seemed to think at all necessary. The secular Romish priesthood of Ireland, not to talk of the regulars, at present greatly outnumber three thousand; and the late Dr. Curtis, the Roman Catholic primate, in his evidence before the parliamentary committee in 1825, declared that they were not half enough. Adopting the calculation made in France of the proportion which should be observed between the flock and the clergy, which was laid down as one priest to every thousand of the population, this would give, supposing the Irish Roman Catholics seven millions, seven thousand secular priests. And if your reviewer does not know that, in the late negotiations carried on between the government and some members of the Romish prelacy, it was stated, on the part of the latter, that five hundred a-year would be required for each parish priest, he is one of the few who is ignorant of that fact; so that, if any serious attempt is to be made to redress the grievance of which he complains, a sum nothing short of three millions and a-half would be annually required from the public treasury; while the expensive Romish ritual, as Dr. Curtis calls it in his evidence, and the magnificent places of worship which Romanism everywhere affects, would require large additional sums, which must either be furnished by parliamentary grants, or raised by voluntary contribution. All this, independently of the drain which would be made by the regulars, who would derive additional popularity from the fact that their old adversaries had become pensioners of the state, and thus be enabled to ply their vocation with increased energy and success, until, for every guinea which was received by the one from the treasury, at least a corresponding one would be contributed to the other by the people.

Now, are you prepared to recommend a penal enactment for the suppression of the regulars? And can you devise any penal enactment which would prevent voluntary contributions? If such be your determination, I could not bid you God speed. I should regard any such attempt, or such infliction, *a real grievance*. We have no right to say—respecting, as we pretend to do, the principle of toleration—that the Roman Catholics may not do what they like with their own. Our coming forward with a vote in aid of those who may be unwilling to contribute from one class, gives us no right whatever to impose any restriction upon those who are willing to contribute from another. We may, if we are unwise enough to do so, pay the priests; but we may not proscribe the friars. We may keep up a supply of ecclesiastics for those who, though well able, are not willing to keep it up for themselves: but it would violate all sound principles, to say that the only popery for which there is an effective demand, is that for which its votaries shall be prohibited, by a penal enactment, from making a voluntary provision. And he must, indeed, be blind to the signs of the times, who could calculate upon securing the public tranquillity by such an enactment.

Your reviewer is indignant that any one should object to a state provision for the Roman Catholic clergy, as though it were “a sinful encouragement to an idolatrous worship.” This, he says, would be to confound “justice, or charity, to a person, with assent to, or participation in, his doctrine.” Not so. The support he advocates is not for the relief of an individual, but for the maintenance of a functionary. The individual would cease to be an object of it, as soon as he ceased to belong to the system, although by so ceasing his personal destitution must be greatly increased. It is not, therefore, the poor priest, *but poor popery*, that is considered, when a state endowment is recommended. The poor priest, who should become a Protestant, is freely left to perish, or to derive what voluntary aid he may from the compassion of a benevolent public. There is no public provision proposed *for him*; that is reserved for the sustentation of popery, lest the great evil should be incurred of its yield-

ing to the progress of spiritual light, and becoming extinct in Ireland!

And now I beg leave to ask you, whether you will any longer maintain that a state endowment is to be confounded with individual alms; and whether a government by whom it is provided is not thereby contributing to "the maintenance of an idolatrous worship?"

But "we recognise and protect Pagan and Mahometan worship in the East, and downright Roman Catholic establishments in Malta and in Canada." As to recognition and protection, that is the duty of a tolerant state towards all denominations of believers; and no complaint has, or can be made, that it is not to its full extent enjoyed by the Roman Catholics in Ireland. "Establishment" is a different thing. However those to which your reviewer alludes may have arisen, I boldly maintain that no Christian state should establish a deadly anti-Christian error, and that by so doing it becomes amenable to a higher than any merely human tribunal. By so doing there is a clear departure from "the righteousness that exalteth a nation," and, consequently, the rule, if any, which is derivable from such a practice, is one "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

A little incident which occurred within my own knowledge, may serve to illustrate the distinction between the latitudinarianism of your reviewer and genuine charity. There lives near to the spot in which I write, a Dublin wholesale trader, who deals extensively in the cotton and woollen business, and whose principal customers are Roman Catholic country shopkeepers. He is entirely dependent on that class for profits to the amount of about five thousand a-year. This gentleman was waited on by a deputation, at the head of which was a Roman Catholic bishop, all furnished with letters of introduction from his country customers, earnestly soliciting a subscription for the building of a Roman Catholic place of worship. He answered them thus:—"Gentlemen, I am very sorry I cannot comply with your request. My conscience does not suffer me to do so. When your people are hungry, I feed them; when they are naked, I clothe them. But I would

be false to my own convictions if I did not candidly tell you that I believe you are in great error, and that I would be wrong in doing anything which could contribute to the spread of that error. Suppose it were a case of sickness, and that I were asked for what I knew would only aggravate that sickness, would it be benevolent, or charitable in me to comply with such a request? I put it to your bishop, would *he* aid *me* in propagating what he believed to be religious delusion?" Such was his answer; and it was well received. The bishop, to his credit, said that he acted like a consistent man; and *he did not lose one of his customers*. The same deputation waited upon the lord lieutenant, the chief secretary, and other noblemen and gentlemen in the neighbourhood, from all of whom they received large contributions; but for no one of whom could they have entertained the same respect as for the man from whom they got nothing but a sound and sufficient reason, that he could not make a sacrifice of his faith to a spurious charity, or win popularity by offending conscience.

"We pay Roman Catholic chaplains to our hospitals, jails, and garrisons. We did not prevent a Roman Catholic priest accompanying the Irish regiments to India," &c. &c. The practice alluded to is much to be condemned. It is a clear departure from principle; and originated in times when the serious religious responsibilities of government were but little cared for by the Gallios of the day. The appointment of chaplains to our jails and hospitals, &c., originated in a desire to compensate, in some measure, for the severity of the then existing penal enactments, and was proposed and carried by those by whom these enactments were very rigidly maintained. It never entered into their heads that it could be made a ground for a wholesale establishment of popery; seeing that it was intended as a sort of offset by which the continuance of the anti-popery laws might be reconciled with a wise toleration. It was, indeed, most unwise. The utmost that should have been done would be to suffer Roman Catholics to provide such functionaries for themselves, and if they were not willing to do so, the blame, if any, would rest upon them alone. What would

the enlightened public think of a state provision for fairy, homœopathic, or water-cure doctors, for such patients in our hospitals, or inmates in our jails, as might refuse the services of the regular practitioners? And yet such would not be one whit less preposterous than what has been actually done in the case of the spiritual requirements of these places. I would be glad to see a minister of the crown moving an act in parliament to the above effect! But our statesmen are wiser in their generation than thus to affront the understandings of the public; who may be bamboozled upon subjects which they do not understand, or respecting which they do not take any particular interest; who are, indeed, sharp-sighted enough in all that concerns men's *temporal* interests, while they dismiss spiritual considerations as *unrealities* in which they are wholly devoid of faith, and which, if adverted to at all by the great regulators of the national councils, it should be only as to how they might be best made to subserve party interests, or political convenience.

As to the appointment of Roman Catholic chaplains to Irish regiments serving in India, recent events have afforded a very emphatical commentary, which, if it be disregarded, but little attention would be paid to anything which I could say. It was clearly a concession to faction in the House of Commons, not required by the Roman Catholic soldiers serving in the British army, and which, if required, should have been sternly refused. And what has been already the consequence? In one regiment, and that previously one of the best conducted regiments in the service, the men have been stirred up to mutiny. The orders of the officer commanding have been superseded by those of the Romish bishop of the district, and the Romish chaplain; and the governor and council of the presidency have been compelled to interfere, and to remove the offending ecclesiastics from the sphere of their jurisdiction in India!

And here it were well briefly but seriously to advert to what should be the principle of a wise and righteous government in dealing with such questions as these. If any religion be established, it should be that which is most agreeable to the dictates of revelation. Other forms of worship may

be tolerated, and full security may be given for their maintenance, to those by whom they are preferred; but *no aid* beyond that which they themselves afford, and which may be regarded as a test of their sincerity.

Thus, conscientious dissent is made compatible with legalised establishment. The one is left free to the adoption or the rejection of the community; and to rise or fall with the preference for, or indifference respecting it, which may happen to prevail. The other is placed upon a basis by which its permanent existence is guaranteed, as that by which, in the judgment of the state, the mind of God is most fully expressed, and the growth in virtue and godliness of the whole community may be most effectually promoted.

In short, the state, which acts wisely in the matter of religion, will do by it what it does by science, literature, medicine, surgery, or any other of the liberal arts. Where it makes provision for them at all, it will make provision for the best modes of instruction, in the most approved systems. It will not make a provision for the Ptolemaic system of astronomy for the benefit or encouragement of those by whom the Copernican is rejected. It will not establish schools of medicine for the benefit of those who teach the rejection of Hervey's theory of the circulation of the blood. It will leave these "*opinionum commenta*" to the natural fate that is sure to attend them, that of becoming gradually extinguished by the progress of sound knowledge, and all its care will be that the "*naturæ judicia*" may be so established that error shall not prevail against them, and that their influence may be co-extensive with their importance.

If the popish religion be a living reality amongst the millions by whom it is professed in Ireland, it will not require a state endowment. If it be not, is it for a Protestant state to make it so? Is it for a state which protests against its system of error, to furnish the means of infusing into that system an increased vitality, and rescue it from the financial difficulties, arising not from the poverty, but the decreasing faith of its nominal adherents, and which threaten its extinction? Such is the real practical question at issue between the advocates

and the adversaries of a state endowment for the Roman Catholic priests.

The question is no longer one of toleration or no toleration. Toleration, in the largest sense of the word, they have. The Roman Catholics are as free to worship God after their fashion as any other denomination of believers, the members of the Church of England itself not excepted. What is required for them is something more than this—the privilege of worshipping God at other men's expense, and that they should be, in that particular, raised above the condition of all other dissenters; and this exactly in proportion as their own laity are disinclined to be any longer at the expense of keeping up their cumbrous and costly ceremonial. Now, in other words, this is only saying: Popery in Ireland is going out; it is dying a natural death; it is expiring of sheer inanition, and must, if left to itself, moulder away in a few generations; let us pray the state to keep it alive; let it be starched and buckramed, by a government provision, into a new existence; let its priests become functionaries whom our Protestant rulers delight to honour; let them be caressed as long as they persevere in their old errors; let them only be discountenanced when they cast them off, and embrace a more enlightened mode of faith;—let all this be done, and there is no telling what miracles government may not perform in resuscitating the dead body of the Romish faith, and giving form and substance, and something like vital power, to what was rapidly passing into the land of shadows, and taking its place amongst the things that have been. All this a government grant may do. It may arrest the progress of the Reformation. It may say to the tide of scriptural knowledge, "Thus far shalt thou go—thou shalt go no farther." But change the *animus* of the body of Romish ecclesiastics, it never will. What they are now, without an endowment, they will continue should an endowment be conferred. Their condition and character, their temper and manners, will remain the same. Their rancorous hatred of scriptural Christianity will remain the same; their fierce anti-Anglican predilections will continue then what they are now; there is no reason why they should lose their popularity because they pocket the money of the government. They

will consider, like the Scotchman, that "baith are best;" and the sturdiest antagonists British authority ever encountered will be the paid spiritual auxiliaries on whom dependence may be placed for its maintenance in Ireland.

We have all read, with mingled feelings of laughter and contempt, of the attempt of the French admiral to civilize all of a sudden the natives of Tahiti, by clothing them in the most fashionable dresses, procured from the first tailors and milliners in Paris. Having turned out some upon whom he thus experimented, in the pink of the Parisian mode, he said complacently to the beholders, "There's civilization!" and ridiculed the tardy process of addressing himself to their mental culture as one beneath the dignity of their enlightened age, and which could only be completed through successive generations. But he soon found that, although the outward man might be thus transformed, the savage instincts still remained; and that the creatures whom he thus metamorphosed into the likeness of civilized beings were still as ready to eat him as when they wore their former habiliments in their native wilds.

Let me not be mistaken. I do not say that Roman Catholic priests are savages or barbarians. Far from it. There are many amongst them in a very high degree gentle and civilized. But I do say that the mode of propitiating their hostility to Protestantism by a state endowment, is not one whit more profound than that of the wise-acre above-mentioned, who fancied that, by a mere change of costume, he could extemporize civilization. Instincts and principles do not change like the fashions. Modes of faith are not as variable as modes of dress; and to take up popery in its crippled state, and set it upon its legs by a state provision, will only enable it to manifest with more effect its deadly antipathy to scriptural religion. As well might we propose to weaken the power of an enemy by building for them fortresses and barracks, and paying teachers by whom their youth might be trained to the use of arms, as to diminish the hostility of the Romanists to our Reformed Church by providing them with spiritual instructors.

What we give they will not thank us for. Instead of receiving it as a boon, they will consider that they are confer-

ring a favour upon us when they take it. And never, NEVER will they consent to be false to the system in which they have been brought up, or tolerant of persons in an abhorrence of whom they have been trained, by any gratitude for a provision which they will only consent to accept from an assured conviction that it will aid rather than embarrass them in the propagation of their principles, and the accomplishment of their objects.

Can your reviewer be ignorant of the system of persecution which rages in this country against converts from the Romish persuasion? It is to be feared he is; for it is not to be thought that, knowing it, he would countenance it, or speak of it in any other terms than those of indignation and abhorrence. Is this to be excused or palliated because popery is "an accomplished fact?" Is it to be endured that British subjects, in this land of liberty, shall be denied the privilege of following their religious convictions, when these would lead them to depart from communion with the Church of Rome, because it has pleased certain sciolists to set up as an indisputable moral and political verity, that we never shall enjoy quiet until popery has been stereotyped upon Ireland? I grant that the drafts which are annually made from it are such as to disturb in some measure the complacential conclusion that it is an "accomplished fact." But not the less do I protest against the monstrous conclusion that the British Constitution is to be trampled under foot for the purpose of maintaining their convenient hypothesis; and that converts are to be abandoned to "the tender mercies" of remorseless persecutors, because shallow and unprincipled politicians have a theory to support, or a timid and time-serving government find it convenient, for party purposes, to connive at the misdeeds of a faction, who hold in their hand the balance of power.

Let me note a few particulars, which have been authenticated by evidence delivered, in 1837, before a committee of the House of Lords.

Mr. Nangle is the well-known missionary in the island of Achill, where his labours have been exceedingly blessed. His zeal and his success provoked the ire of Dr. MacHale, better known as "John of Tuam," by whom he was denounced, and his converts

excommunicated. The consequence was that a system of exclusive dealing was set on foot, by which the little colony were almost reduced to the verge of starvation.

The Rev. Martin Connolly was the priest who most signalized himself in carrying into effect the archiepiscopal edict. Mr. Nangle's sworn and uncontradicted deposition is to this effect:—

"I can prove that he has ordered the people to shout after me and the members of my congregation whenever they see me; that he has endeavoured to establish, to our injury, a system of exclusive dealing; and that he commanded the members of his congregation to assault any person connected with this settlement who should attempt to speak to them, with the first weapon which came to hand; *either to knock them down with a spade, or to stab them with a pitchfork*; and that he particularly marked, as an object of popular vengeance, a man of most unblemished character employed by me as a schoolmaster; saying from the altar of his chapel, 'There is that devil, Murray, going through the island—a man who would not be suffered to live in any place but Achill.'"

I would be glad to hear the comment of your reviewer upon a statement like this. I do not suppose that he would seek to discredit the good man by whom it is made, for it is, in truth, placed beyond contradiction. But I should be glad to hear his comment upon it. Is the system from which such atrocities proceed to be encouraged by a state endowment? Is Mr. Nangle and his like to be discountenanced and impoverished, that Father Connolly and his like may be enriched and encouraged? Or does he suppose that a state endowment would change the nature of the man, so as to render him as tolerant as he was persecuting and inhuman? It must first change the faith of the man; for his conduct was but an exponent of his principles. And then, should he himself avow this change and become a convert, he would become disentitled to the state provision, which would be withdrawn by our liberal Protestant government, just when it would be most wanted and best deserved.

In Dingle similar scenes were enacted. There the godly zeal of Protestant ministers was blessed to the evangelizing of whole districts; and a furious sys-

tem of persecution was stirred up against them, to which, but for the special providence of God, they would have all fallen victims. Undoubtedly they are not indebted to any interference on the part of government for escape from the perils by which they were surrounded.

In various other places in Ireland the readiness of the people to hear the gospel has been evinced; and it has been clearly proved that nothing but protection to Protestant missionaries and Protestant converts is now required, to spread the light of the Divine Word, and banish the darknesses of papal superstition. And is it in defiance of all this that popery is to be called "an established fact;" and not only all lawful means for its removal discountenanced, but the resources of the state diverted from their legitimate objects, for the purpose of perpetuating its influence in Ireland?

It has been often asked, why has not the Established Church in Ireland made more way in the conversion of the Irish Roman Catholics? The answer is very plain and obvious. Every imaginable obstruction has been thrown in its way. The efforts of its zealous ministers have been discountenanced. They have been exposed to a system of unrelenting persecution. Government might be said at least to connive at the atrocities which left them without security for their properties or their lives. How many of them have been inhumanly murdered? In how few cases have the murderers been brought to justice? Meanwhile, the Romish clergy

have been petted and flattered. "Heavy blows and great discouragement" have been the measures dealt out to the one—patronage endowment, the special favour of the governing authorities, have been the boons conferred upon the other. And all this since the clergy of the Established Church have become awakened to a sense of their duties; and when the clergy of the Church of Rome have manifested themselves as fierce political partisans, and been parties to, if not the chief fomenters of, the pestilent agitation which has been the bane of Ireland!

Was it to be expected that in such a state of things, when recruiting parties for Romanism might actually be said to have been in the pay of the state, that a plundered and persecuted Protestant church could have made much way against papal superstitions?

Before the establishment of Maynooth, the chief supply of the Romish priesthood was derived from the continental seminaries. They consisted chiefly of well-born individuals, who were either provided for by burses established by their families, or possessed the means themselves of paying for their maintenance and education. All who remember the old continental priests make a kindly and reverential mention of them. They had, generally, but a single motive in embracing the profession they had chosen, and were distinguished by a modesty and a courtesy which won for them not only the respect of their flocks, but, from the generality of Protestants, a very favourable consideration.

As might be expected, in proportion

* While this page is passing through the press, the following appears in *Sawyer's News-Letter*, December 15th:—

"PROGRESS OF THE REFORMATION IN DINGLE WORKHOUSE.—Twelve additional converts from the Church of Rome were registered as Protestants, after a lengthened investigation before the Board this day (Tuesday). They all declared that they had no expectation that their temporal condition would be improved by their change of religion; and they assured the Board that they were influenced alone by a sincere desire to join the true Church of Christ. *It is impossible to say where this movement will stop.* When the board adjourned, numbers of the inmates were on the stairs leading to the Board-room, waiting for admission to have their names enrolled amongst the converts, and expressed great disappointment, when they were informed that they must wait for another Board, before their applications can be investigated. The Romish priests have in vain endeavoured to check the movement; their influence is nearly gone, and the peasantry disregard their blessings and curses alike; indeed it is every day more evident that a spirit is abroad that no threatenings can repress, and that masses of our long-enslaved population are resolved to assert their right to liberty of conscience."—*Dublin Evening Herald*.

P.S.—Even while this note is passing through the printer's hands, accounts have reached me that the Government have come to the rescue of the priests, and stayed the progress of the reformation!

to the progress of light and knowledge, the number of these sincere and gentle-hearted ecclesiastics rapidly declined. Faith in the peculiar dogmas of their superstition was waxing faint in the class to which they belonged. The other professions had been thrown open to them. There were instances amongst them every day of conformity to the Established Church; and, had matters been left in that state, popery would have become extinct for the want of a supply of ecclesiastics; and nothing but a deplorable want of energy in the ministers, or gross mal-administration in the authorities of the church, could have prevented the gradual enlargement of its borders, until it had embraced the whole of the population.

But our rulers did not so much consider how the Established Church was to be best strengthened, as how popery was to be prevented falling into decay. And, instead of increasing the numbers and the efficiency of the Protestant clergy, the fatal step was taken of endowing, at the public expense, a college for the maintenance and the education of candidates for the Romish priesthood.

The supply of that body has since been drawn from the lowest of the people. By the lure of such an endowment, vast numbers are now attracted to the ministry, who, if their religion had been left to itself, would have sought for some other avocation. The aid of government has raised it to the dignity of a profession, which is now resorted to as a means of comfortable livelihood, or even a passport to rank and station. And hundreds—I might say thousands—pass through Maynooth with these hopes and prospects, who would be in counting-houses, or at the plough, or following some useful trade, had no such establishment existed. Nay, it is exceedingly probable, that had the funds bestowed upon Maynooth been applied for the purpose of strengthening and invigorating the Established Church, many of them would be amongst the Protestant converts.

And mark the effect which this must have upon such of the Romanist gentry as might incline to a conformity with the Established Church, in discouraging an avowal of their religious convictions. They are, let it be supposed, convinced of the absurd, as well

as unscriptural, character of a service in an unknown tongue. They begin to distrust the mystery of transubstantiation. The confessional has lost with them its imposing character; and they begin to look with interest at the doctrine and the liturgy of our venerable Establishment, and to see in them all that should satisfy the requirements of faith, and nothing that could offend the most exalted reason. Would not one say, that such were upon the straight road to the adoption of “a more excellent way?” And what is it that prevents many of them from becoming not only almost, but altogether Church of England believers? *The terrors of the demagogue priest, by whom they would be denounced as apostates!* Whenever, in obedience to incipient convictions, they begin to move towards our Establishment, these spiritual task-masters are at hand to scourge their back with a whip of scorpions. And can those who create and sustain this body of termagant ecclesiastics, who, but for a government endowment, would not have had any potential position in Ireland, and *who would feel themselves dependent upon the very classes they are now enabled to coerce*, stand wholly exonerated from the blame of the evils, both moral, and social, and political, which are the results of the tyranny they are permitted to exercise over the terrors or the interests of their recusant disciples?

Is this to give fair play to Protestant truth? Is it not rather to erect a star-chamber tyranny, by which the profession of it may be denounced and punished as a high crime and misdemeanor?

That the Romish community were becoming indifferent to Romanism when Maynooth was established, there needs no stronger proof than that they made no effort to maintain it, and that even when set up by government, they made no effort, by voluntary contribution, to enlarge the grant, so as to take it out of the beggarly condition in which Sir Robert Peel describes it to have been, when in 1845, he pressed upon parliament the expediency of having that grant augmented three-fold.

Why, then, has the Establishment Church not succeeded to a great extent in converting the Roman C

tholics? *Because government has been more active and more successful in making papists by profession, than it has, or could have been, in winning them by conversion.*

And now it is proposed gravely to crown this most pernicious mispolicy, by pensioning the priests by a permanent endowment!

Will you, sir, only consider for a moment the vast amount of influence conferred upon the Romish bishops by the patronage of Majesty. Through them alone can students be admitted. These students are the children of small farmers, or shepherds in country towns. Every family in which a child is set apart for the church, or in which there is a hope of such a prize as church preferment, looks to the diocesan with humble and reverential supplication. Through him alone can they hope that their children may be "put into the priest's offices, that they may" not only "eat a piece of bread," but achieve a position in society from which they may dictate to the rulers of the land. When this is considered, can we be surprised that Dr. MacHale should have made it his boast that he could recruit *two cow-boys* to serve in parliament for his county?

When popery is thus politically aggrandised, how feeble, comparatively, must be the efficacy of any spiritual considerations that are brought to bear against it!

The missionary says, "Come, I will teach you a more excellent way." The Government says, "Do not mind him; you shall have a profitable profession, and be relieved from the necessity of manual labour, if you only continue a devoted member of the Church of Rome?" Is it, indeed, very surprising that the latter exhortation should prevail over the former? And is there not mockery in the taunt which reproaches the church for the non-conversion of the Irish papists?

Let only fair play be given to the church; let it be maintained in its proper position; and let no favour be heaped upon the profession of Roman Catholicism more than upon any other form of dissent; and then, indeed, a spiritual harvest may be expected. And it is not in the priest's offices alone that the professor of Romanism finds his reward. He finds it in the law. How many in that profession have

been indebted to it for their elevation? He finds it in the extensive miscellaneous patronage of the government. How many high and lucrative offices are this moment held by those whose strongest recommendations were an attachment, real or pretended, to the doctrines and discipline of the Church of Rome? And when, by the pernicious mispolicy of government, a spring-tide of temporal prosperity has been thus made to set in the favour of the Romish creed, we are to be taunted, forsooth, because it is not extinct in Ireland!

Sooner or later the honest people of England will begin to understand this. They will ask why Irish Popery should be entitled to this marked distinction above all other dissent? They will ask why government should think more of it, and value it higher than Romanists themselves? Is it because of the improved habits and high morality of those parts of the country in which it prevails? Is it because of the exemplary and conspicuous loyalty of its professors? Let Tipperary, let the late insurrectionary movements, answer these questions.

It is, in truth, a tottering mass of exploded errors, which would have already well nigh mouldered away, but for the artificial buttresses by which, through the extreme liberality of a provident government, it has been propped and surrounded.

When wise and good men entreat that Popery should not be subsidised, they are misrepresented, as though they cried out for persecution. Nothing can be further from their thoughts or wishes. They have no desire whatever to invoke any angry passions against it. All they ask is, that it should not be furnished with extraordinary aids; that an *elixir vitæ*, in the shape of a government provision, should not be provided, by which it may be kept together, from motives of temporal interest, long after it shall have ceased to command veneration from religious principle. This is all that is sought. The opponents of a state endowment deprecate any recourse to measures of severity; and they would be amongst the very first to denounce the Protestants, whether laymen or ecclesiastics, by whom outrages were perpetrated upon converts to Popery, similar to those which have been practised with impunity in the case of those who were led by their convictions to

depart from the communion of the Church of Rome. All they desire is, that liberty of opinion upon religious subjects should be guaranteed to all classes of believers; and that the state should not create temporal inducements, or interfere, by enormous bribes, to render an adherence to Popery as profitable in a temporal point of view, as it is scripturally false and spiritually injurious.

No one more readily admits than your reviewer the contrast which Ulster presents to the south and west of Ireland. Why not try the reclaiming process by which the former has become civilized, whilst the savagery of the latter is proverbial? The present dean of Ardagh was once located in the south-west, and he and his good lady did much to civilize, by evangelizing, the district around them. He was one day conversing with a Romish priest, who complained that he could make no way in the moral improvement of his people.

"I have tried everything," he said, "and all in vain. I have advised them, I have encouraged them, I have scolded them, I have taken the horse-whip to them——"

"Have you ever," asked the dean, "tried the Bible? If not, what would you think of trying it now?"

"The Bible!" said the astonished ecclesiastic—"cock them up with the Bible!"

And does not such virtually express the sentiment of the government, who seem willing to do everything for the real improvement of the people but "the one thing needful"—who, by their collegiate and educational projects, put new wine into old bottles, and new cloth upon an old garment, and then seem surprised that the bottles should burst, and that the rent should be made greater than it was before?

When Popery was a living reality in this country, it *did* possess a certain amount of moral power, by which conscience was, as it were, guided in the dark, and which exercised a certain restraint over conduct. I am old enough to remember the time when the peasantry of Tipperary shuddered at a murder. Often have I seen the people look appalled as they passed a particular heap of stones, where the only murder within the memory of

man had been perpetrated, of which the perpetrator had not been brought to justice. This was during the regime of the old continental priests, who had embraced their religion, not as a means of livelihood, but because they had full faith in its truth, and that out of its pale there was no salvation. What is the case now that Maynooth has furnished their successors, and that the country is studded with National Schools, over which they exercise complete control? Let the *Hue and Cry*, the criminal calendar, the jails and the gibbets tell the tale. And yet more than half the truth must still remain untold: so multitudinous have been the crimes, and so numerous the miscreants who have baffled detection or eluded justice!

You may depend upon it that this state of things will not be mended by his project for paying the Roman Catholic priests.

Are you afraid of them? Is the concealed motive for your recommendation a hope that they may be bribed by an endowment to assist the government in tranquillizing the country? Vain and delusive expectation! and one which it would seem as if no experience could remove! For more than fifty years the British government have been endeavouring to satisfy the priestly appetite; and they have found that it has only "grown by what it fed on." Concession after concession has been made; and each concession was to be the harbinger of content and gratitude: but, on the contrary, it was found to be but the precursor of increased arrogance and turbulence; and they now laugh to scorn the credulity and the weakness which could have looked to any other result, or deemed that *they* should be forgetful of *their* principles because their too kind Protestant patrons were forgetful of their own.

There is but one mode of dealing with these gentlemen, if we are wise; and that is, not by setting them above the law, but by making them amenable to it. Let the same laws which govern all the rest of the community, also govern them. Let them be made to feel that sedition in a priest is at least as culpable as sedition in any other subject. Let them not remain under the delusion that it is from weakness they have been hitherto caressed; and let them be made duly sensible, that

should any tumults or disorders arise, clearly traceable to their teaching and incitation, neither the power nor the will shall be wanting to curb their insolence or punish their delinquency.

They are now pretty well known—recent events have developed their tendencies, and exhibited their character; so that none but the most grossly ignorant can be unacquainted with their real objects. And any government would now command a vast amount of public opinion in any measure for the repression of turbulence, whether lay or clerical, in Ireland.

No one now could confound with persecution the maintenance of just and necessary laws. No one, or scarcely any one but your reviewer believes it to be a *grievance* that they are not paid by the state. Very few can seriously believe that a system of faith which has no foundation in Holy Scripture, and which if left to itself must fall into desuetude, ought to be kept up by a state endowment. The numbers are many, and increasing every day, who feel the moral guilt of giving positive support and countenance to pernicious error, even though, by so doing, they could accomplish the temporary tranquillity of Ireland. It resembles the horrible expedient of the over-wrought factory women, who dose their infants with opium to keep them quiet. But in this last case the end is attained. The slumberous tranquillity is produced, which is so frequently the precursor of death. In the case of the Irish priests, the price is given, but the value is not received; and the spirit whom our state magicians raise for *their purposes* will very soon compel them to act in conformity with its own.

It is truly surprising that one so sagacious as you are should entertain the notion that two mutually opposing establishments could exist in Ireland without producing very pernicious effects; or that the empire would very long endure an anomaly, which would seem less a result of sound policy than a freak of fantastic legislation. Sooner or later one must give way. The church, in all probability, would be sacrificed to its Romish rival; and then the destiny of the country would be absolutely in the hands of the Romish priests. Woe betide the unhappy Protestants in those days! Then, indeed, it might be said, "Let

them which be in Judea flee into the mountains!"

Those tracts of the country where Protestantism flourishes differ as much from those where the Papal superstition prevails, as lands which have undergone the processes of clearance and draining, from lands overshadowed by impenetrable woods. These latter may possess a certain picturesqueness, as compared with the former. The broken lights, by which they are dimly and partially irradiated, may often present them, to the distant spectator, under an aspect which takes captive the imagination. But a nearer approach will exhibit the stagnant exhalations which are inimical to life, and the noxious reptiles which render their vicinage dangerous:—and the incumbrance of the primeval forest must be removed before the light and the heat of the glorious luminary can exert with effect its vivifying influence, and render them safe and habitable for civilized man. What should be thought of the projector who could oppose the inroads of reclaiming industry, and even propose that the ancient timbers, which obstructed all productive cultivation, should *be propped up and supported*, lest they should fall of themselves?

Such is the project for the payment of the Roman Catholic priests. Its only effect would be the perpetuation of a superstition which is the nightmare of Ireland. My advice to the government is, to let that superstition alone: to the people of England, to watch, with jealousy, the movements of the party, who, for factious purposes, enter into an alliance with that superstition. And when you recommend a state provision for the priesthood, with a view, as you declare, to *the preservation* of the Established Church, do you not seek to inflict upon that church the punishment of Mezentius, when—

"Mortua quinetiam jungebat corpora vivis?"

And would not your project bring certain death to the one, while it could impart no principle of real or healthful life to the other, or raise it to any other condition than that of a species of vampire existence, which continued the slumberous torpidity, whilst it fattened upon *the life-blood* of Ireland? —I am, sir, your obedient servant,

Oudus.

IRELAND'S INDUSTRY AND IRELAND'S BENEFACTORS.

WE propose, in these pages, to discharge an imperative, but a most grateful duty—one which we have, perhaps, allowed to remain over too long, but which we are convinced will be most acceptable to our readers at any time. It has frequently been our duty to denounce that insolent assumption of patriotism which modern demagogues have arrogated, which, in its best phase, has been affected but to gratify the cravings of a selfish, unscrupulous ambition, and in its most ordinary aspect, has been but a mere speculation, based upon the most sordid calculations of pecuniary recompense—witness Cobden with his £100,000, and O'Connell with his £220,000, and their host of underlings with their proportionate remunerations. But we rejoice to know that the character of Irish patriotism can be redeemed; and that it would be as false to infer that no such virtue exists in Ireland because of the many noisy hypocritical pretenders to it, as to extend the character for lawlessness and outrage, which has disgraced some half-dozen of our counties, to the rest of our people, who are the most afflicted, and the most enduring, on the whole face of the earth. Yes; there are many, very many persons in Ireland, both men and women, who are rightly entitled to the admiration which is due to benefactors of their country—who have not rested merely in deeds of charity and benevolence, such as the warm impulses of kind and generous natures would impel them to, and for which the scenes of famine and pestilence, in which we have lived, has furnished such fearful scope, but who have devoted every faculty of their mind, every moment of their time, to the improvement and regeneration of their countrymen; and who, by the untiring energy of their benevolence, have, in many instances, converted the direst calamity that ever nation sustained, into an occasion of blessing and of good. Whole families, in many parts of Ireland, themselves labouring under the greatest priva-

tions, have devoted themselves to this noble purpose; sustained by no stimulus but the ardour of their truly patriotic efforts, and never dreaming of reward but in witnessing their success. We surely may be allowed to co-operate, in our humble degree, with these genuine benefactors of their country. It may not be for us, directly, to raise even as much as a single family from indigence to comfort, still less to elevate, as they have done, the social character of a whole district; to introduce industry, activity, and punctuality, into the habits of a people, who were degraded by ignorance and sloth; but we believe that we may render some service by recording a few instances (and our space necessarily limits us to a very few) of the surprising results which have been obtained by the labours of a few individuals, single families, or small local associations. They teach a lesson which is pregnant with instruction. When we contrast these comparatively unaided efforts, and what has been accomplished by them, with the gigantic resources at the command of government—resources which were so profusely applied to our relief, and with so little permanent benefit—we must be convinced that the improvement of the country rests but in a slight degree, indeed, with the state; that it is not to be suspended until the cumbrous machinery of some monster undertakings can be brought into action; but that it is to be effected readily, promptly, and effectively, by each person exerting himself in his own proper sphere, and applying all the energy he possesses, to advance the condition of those who are within the reach of his influence.

The unhappy peculiarity, indeed, of Ireland is this, that the proprietors of the soil—those who, above all others, are placed in a position which should render them efficient, as it makes them responsible for the condition of their dependants—are, from circumstances to which we adverted at length in two recent numbers, rendered wholly powerless for good. It is the inability on their part to develop

the great agricultural resources of the kingdom, that is the chief obstruction to its advancement. Until this barrier be removed, it is hopeless to expect that Ireland will take the position she ought to occupy in the British empire. We are entirely satisfied that the measures which we advocated in the papers to which we have referred,* are imperatively required by the circumstances of the country. We mean not to re-enter on the subject now; but we find ourselves corroborated in the conviction that some such measures are urgently required, by the following passage in the report of the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends—men who, if any amount of service can establish a claim to the respect and grateful homage of their country, deserve it all:—"Employment for the multitudes," says this report, "whose sole means of subsistence is the culture of the soil, can only be found in an enlarged application of capital to this branch of national industry; in order to which there are impediments to be removed, which, we apprehend, will be found to require legislative measures of a bold and comprehensive character." As we have said, we will not resume the considerations of such measures now; neither do we propose to devote any portion of our space to the benefits which have been derived from well-directed exertion applied to agriculture; its advantages must be too obvious to need illustration. As, however, we have in our hand the report from which we have just quoted, we cannot refrain from noticing some agricultural works to which it refers, which have been undertaken by the Society of Friends. It is probable that these undertakings may have escaped observation in the vastness of their charitable enterprises. They form a very small portion, indeed, of their splendid generosity; but they were yet in themselves of incalculable service. The following is an extract from their report:—

"We have lately entered upon the cultivation of about 550 Irish, equal to 50 English, acres of land in the county

of Mayo—an engagement requiring the outlay of a considerable sum of money, which being chiefly expended in spade labour in one of the most impoverished counties in Ireland, cannot fail, whatever may be its ultimate issue, to afford a large amount of present relief. We entertain a hope, however, not only that the funds employed will be returned, but that the exhibition of an improved mode of culture, and the growth of useful crops hitherto but little known in that part of the country, will have a tendency to withdraw the peasantry from their exclusive dependence on the potato, and in other respects be productive of permanent benefit. The lands are of good quality, and in fair condition; and are placed at our disposal for one season by the proprietors, free of rent and poor-rate. We provide the labour, manure, and seed, and receive the produce, giving up the land when the crops shall be disposed of. The allotment of crops is agreed to be as follows:—

Turnips	.	.	272 acres.
Mangold Wurtzel	.	.	46 "
Parsnips	:	.	46 "
Carrots	.	.	55 "
Peas	.	.	22 "
Beans	.	.	22 "
Barley (dibbled)	.	.	9 "
Oats	do.	.	9 "
Cabbages	.	.	21 "
Flax	.	.	50 "

A considerable portion of the land is now sown, and the prospects so far are favourable. This operation is superintended by an intelligent local committee, consisting of a few highly respectable persons residing at Ballina and its vicinity, assisted by the county surveyor, and one of the practical instructors at present so usefully employed, by the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society, in diffusing sound information respecting the management of land amongst the small farmers in various parts of Ireland. A similar operation, on a smaller scale, has been undertaken on our behalf, in the county of Galway, by Lord Wallscourt. In this instance, we have simply given the seed, and advanced the sum of £200, to be repaid in twelve months, on condition of the money being expended in the culture, by spade labour, of fifty acres in crops approved by us. The whole of this land is now under crop, and the reports made to us of the execution and pros-

* See "The Condition of Ireland," and "Irish Proprietorship," in our numbers for August and September, 1848.

pects of the work are exceedingly satisfactory.

"The situation of small landholders, who have struggled under the great difficulties of the last two years to maintain their independent position, has repeatedly claimed our sympathy and assistance. We were enabled last year, by a liberal donation from the government, by the hands of the Commissary-General, Sir Randolph Routh, of about 40,000 pounds weight of turnip seeds, to make a very seasonable distribution in small portions in various parts of Ireland. The results were truly valuable and encouraging. By the returns made from our correspondents entrusted with the local distribution, it appeared that 9,652 acres were sown, a large proportion of which, through the extreme poverty of the occupiers, would probably have otherwise lain waste; and the produce having been generally abundant, it is estimated that upwards of 190,000 tons of turnips were thus raised by a class consisting generally of small farmers and cottiers, whose resources were almost exhausted. There is, probably, at the present time, no portion of the community labouring under greater difficulties and privations, than those whose occupation of land, exceeding one quarter of an acre, has excluded them from poor-law relief, and who cling to their little holdings as the only means of future subsistence. We have had undoubted evidence that several instances have occurred, in which persons thus circumstanced have suffered individuals of their family to die of want rather than surrender their land. Encouraged by the experience of last season, and as a means of the most useful assistance to this suffering class, we have this year allotted the sum of £5,000 for the purchase of turnip and other green-crop seeds, of which the early kinds have been extensively distributed, and the allotment of others is still in progress. The seeds are given gratuitously, our correspondents in the several districts being merely expected to satisfy themselves of the real need of the parties, and that in every case the requisite quantity of ground has been properly prepared."

But the great lesson which has been taught us by those persons who have so nobly devoted themselves to the advancement of their countrymen, is the vast capacity for improvement which exists in the Irish people. Beneath the sloth and ignorance in which they now are sunk, there exists a latent capacity for industrious exertion, which needs

but to be encouraged and rewarded, ever so slightly, to spring forth into healthy and vigorous activity. This capability of receiving instruction, and profiting by it, exists in the Irish to an extent which not only far exceeds anything that their habitual calumniators and revilers will admit, but which must astonish even their warmest advocates, who may not have had an opportunity of witnessing and appreciating it. The following extract, from a most valuable communication with which we have been favoured by the Rev. John Edgar, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the Royal College of Belfast, forcibly illustrates this truth:—

"I am doing a little work in wild Connaught; will you help me with a little publicity, to induce some of the generous and strong to come to my aid? During the famine I was the means of getting collected some fifteen thousand pounds. Excellent ladies, of different denominations, assisted me in getting and spending part of it; and when the cry of hunger was hushed, they resolved to devote themselves to the same object which engages your pen and heart now—industry, and general reformation. With this intent, we selected thirty young women, distinguished for their attainments and active benevolence, and sent them to open schools in Connaught, under the superintendence of ladies of high rank and influence there, whose worth we had proved by their activity in behalf of the poor. In these schools we adopted two spheres of industry—plain knitting, and the sewing of muslins; by which tens of thousands of pounds are annually earned by females in Ulster.

"We commenced with pupils *utterly ignorant of the use of the needle*, and we encountered difficulties in many forms; yet though most of our schools has not been a year established, such has been the rapid improvement of these twelve hundred pupils, that I some time since sold in Glasgow between four and five thousand pairs of socks and stockings, knitted by them; and our finer species of hosiery commands the highest prices in the Scotch and English markets.

"So completely, too, have we succeeded in the sewed muslin department, that two of the largest houses in Glasgow have sent an agent to Connaught, to

take into their own hands the whole of our manufacture. Thus have we successfully employed funds committed to our trust in charity, for enabling the females of Ireland's poorest province to earn an independent support. Charity has opened the way for mercantile enterprise; and those whom we have trained will not only be no longer a burden on the public, but they are already contributing to the support of their parents.

"This system of reformation, so cheap and practical, we desire to extend as far as public liberality will enable us. We have been aided by many with much generosity, and by none more liberally than members of the Society of Friends. [In answer to our last application to their central committee in Dublin, they agreed to give us five hundred pounds, on condition of our raising five hundred more. To raise this is our present aim; for the possession of such a sum would, with the foundation already laid, enable us to do immensely greater good.

"Would you kindly tax your gallantry so far, Mr. Editor, on behalf of your Belfast and Connaught female friends, as to let their humble voice be heard, through me, their poor advocate, and perhaps some generous heart may be moved to furnish pleasing proof that the voice lifted up on behalf of the forlorn Connaught girl will not be heard in vain."

We rejoice exceedingly that the reputation of our gallantry has reached so far north, and could only have wished that it had been appealed to by some of our esteemed correspondent's fair associates, instead of by our reverend friend himself. But although he has thought proper thus slyly to touch us on the point on which he knows that we are most sensitive, we assure him that it needed no such incentive to enlist our warmest sympathies in support of the admirable institution whose cause he so ably and so eloquently advocates. We know of no institution which is likely to effect such an amount of good—its success now justifies us in saying this affirmatively; but although the progress that has been made by the pupils has far surpassed anything we could have anticipated, yet the object which the society proposes, the principle on which it is based, and the

manner in which it is organised, carries with it everything which deserves success, and which should command it. It proposes to find profitable occupation for our female population—for that portion of our people who, in an agricultural country such as Ireland ought to be, must be to a great extent unemployed, and it gives them all the benefit of manufacturing industry, without any of the debasement with which, in the sister kingdoms, it is accompanied. It does not alienate them from their homes, and from the education of the feelings and affections which the woman acquires in her own family, the want of which no amount of education can atone for, and which no other mode of instruction can supply; the occupation is one that is gentle, and such as becomes a woman; her life is not a constant striving, in companionship with untiring iron and steam, amid the clanking, and toil, and heat of a crowded factory; and she is under the guidance and superintendence of amiable gentlewomen, who are the patronesses of the several schools, instead of being subjected to the control of some rough overseer. The nature of the undertaking, too, admits of its being readily contracted without any loss, if the demand for its products should fail; for there is comparatively no amount of capital sunk in it; it can be contracted or expanded to suit the fluctuations of the market; but in point of fact, as regards knitting, the demand must ever be an extensive one; and Dr. Edgar informs us that the demand for embroidery or sewed muslin has been gradually increasing, "And though wages," he says, "have fallen more than one-half, it yet affords an humble livelihood to many thousands in Ulster. One Scotch manufacturer pays annually, in the two small villages of Donaghadee and Newtownards, to young females for sewing, thirteen thousand pounds." And why should not similar advantages be extended to benighted Connaught? The obstacles to be surmounted are indeed formidable; but we have seen how readily they have been overcome, wherever this society has hitherto been enabled to extend the sphere of its exertions, and every step that it advances, the difficulties will be diminishing. On this subject Dr. Edgar thus writes to

us, in a subsequent communication to that which we have already placed before our readers:—

“ We have to encounter many difficulties—utter ignorance of order, punctuality, manufacture, or manufacturing implements—want driving our pupils, before well-instructed, to the poor-house—lying, thievish habits, dark houses unfit for work, irregularity of means of conveyance, ignorance of the English language—but, over and above all, the opposition, with a few exceptions, of the Romish priests, of which I could tell strange tales.”

This latter difficulty, we presume, is occasioned by the rule of the schools, which makes the reading of the Bible a part of the daily business, coupled, as we understand Dr. Edgar, with some religious teaching or devotional exercise. He says—

“ We embrace the opportunity of their being under the charge of our mistresses, of affording them all the advantages of the precept and example of Christian schoolmistresses, associated with the enlightened devotional reading daily of a portion of the Bible.”

“ Notwithstanding all these difficulties, however,” Dr. Edgar goes on, “ our success has been very remarkable. I should like *The Illustrated London News* to give a fac-simile of some of our first socks. Cowper had a prophetic view of them when he wrote, ‘ a cap by night, a stocking all the day.’ Whether intended for night-cap or stocking, you could not opine; but the same girls are knitting socks now which are sold in Edinburgh at two shillings a pair. I showed some of them in Glasgow and Manchester, in the largest wholesale houses, but the answer to me was, ‘ they are quite too good for us; they are only fit for an Edinburgh or London city trade. Of a coarser kind I sold in a few hours, in Glasgow, between four and five thousand pairs; and last Monday (Dr. Edgar’s letter is dated the 10th Nov.) I received an order from a Scotch house for two thousand pairs.”

Thus, by the exertions of one individual, Dr. Edgar, which led to the formation, in Belfast, of the “ Ladies’ Relief Association for Connaught,” and by the subsequent labours of the benevolent persons connected with that institution, has an important

branch of manufacture been established in an incredibly short space of time, and the morals and social condition of a great number of our people been raised from the lowest depths of misery and degradation to a very high standard of excellence. Who now will say that the Irish people are not eminently susceptible of improvement—it needs but the benevolent purpose, and well-directed, sustained exertion, to ensure it. Surely an association that can effect such objects is, above all things, deserving of support; and may we not entertain the hope that when these pages meet the eye of our generous English readers—men, who are only anxious to discover deserving objects of their bounty, and we rejoice to know that there are very many such—“ The voice which has been thus lifted up on behalf of the forlorn Connaught girl will not be heard in vain.”

It has been the habit of self-styled political economists to depreciate the support of Irish manufacture, and with all the noisy flippancy which characterizes a shallow mind, to reiterate their cant about every man buying in the cheapest market, and to apply this maxim, as they term it, to the circumstances of Ireland. Whenever occasion offered, we exposed the fallacy of this reasoning, when it was sought to be extended to this country. It can only hold good in the case of a country wherein all the inhabitants are fully employed; but if there be a country, consisting of eight millions of people, of whom three millions are without any occupation, or any mode of subsistence, and the other five millions agree to take such articles of manufacture as the three millions could produce, instead of supplying themselves at a cheaper rate from a neighbouring country, there is a loss, indeed, sustained by the five millions equal to the difference of price of the manufactured articles in the two countries; but if there is this loss to one portion of the community, there is on the other side the gain which is derived by the three millions who now procure the means of livelihood by the produce of their labour, instead of being left to famish from want. And as infinitely more happiness is produced, by supplying even a smaller number of persons with the

necessaries of life, than there can be inconvenience sustained, by restricting a greater number in some of its comforts or luxuries—the well-being of the whole community must be greatly advanced by adopting such a course. This was once a paradox, but it will hardly be thought so now. The poor-law has declared the right of the unemployed to subsistence, and few rate-payers will now be found hardy enough to maintain that it is not better for them that the poor should be employed at some industrial occupation, even though we should be obliged to wear the products of their industry, than that they should be maintained in idleness, while the poor-rate, for their support, has well nigh absorbed our power of purchasing the products of other countries. Thus, even although the produce of our people's industry were unable, at present, to find a market abroad, we conceive it to be clear to demonstration that it were more for our interest to encourage them to produce, and to consume the products of their industry, than to lock them up in work-houses, or make them the indolent, demoralized, recipients of extorted bounty. But it is not necessary to rest the case on this footing. We are abundantly well able to produce many articles of manufacture which will rival those of any country, if only ordinary pains be taken to encourage it, and the shameful prejudice which prevails against everything that is Irish be shaken off. Why, for example, should not our troops, thirty thousand of whom have been quartered in Ireland, wear, at least, the stockings which can be produced in the country. Our attention has been called to this subject by a letter with which we have been favoured from Mr. J. C. Deane from Clifden, in the county Galway:—

“In Connemara,” he says, “the stocking trade could be made a great deal of. Every one can knit stockings; and with care in the selection of the materials, and some instruction in the shape” (having, we presume, the same tendency to run into a night-cap, from which Dr. Edgar has rescued the stockings of his district), “it can

easily find its way to a successful competition with the English article. I am at present interesting myself in an endeavour to get some regiments supplied with socks from the West. Already the military pattern has been made in Connemara; *and a more durable and better article can be given to the soldier for seven pence, than that which he now pays thirteen pence for.* I am endeavouring to introduce the Irish sock into companies of regiments, commanded by friends of my own; and I trust that time may show what prejudice and self-interest will not admit.”

Thus prosperity could be introduced into an extensive district, the wants of its poor relieved, the pressure on its rates brought down almost to nothing, and all the incalculable blessings of active industry diffused, simply by issuing a single order that the troops which are stationed in Ireland should wear the stockings which are produced in the country. And this, too, without shocking the propriety of any pseudo-political economist, for there would be a clear saving to the soldier of nearly fifty per cent.

The Rev. George Robert Gildea, rector of Newport, in the County Mayo, furnishes us with another instance of the amount of good which can be accomplished by the strenuous and benevolent exertions of one energetic man, who is influenced by a genuine zeal to promote the interests of his country. Mr. Gildea has kindly forwarded to us the proof-sheets of a pamphlet which is just about to issue from the press,* in the form of a letter, addressed to the Lord Lieutenant, containing a short statement of the plan of reproductive relief labor, which he has had in operation. The publication will be a most valuable one, and should be carefully read by everyone who questions the capability of improvement of the Irish people, or who hesitates to admit the hollowness and wickedness of those bad men whose long course of selfish agitation, under the guise of patriotism, has brought Ireland to ruin. Mr. Gildea was forcibly struck with the demoralising influence upon young females of labor on the public roads, and saw that, by promiscuously working

* London: Bagster and Sons. 1849.

along with men at this unsuitable occupation, the characteristic modesty of the Irish female peasant would soon be deteriorated; he accordingly conceived the practicability of reviving the manufacture of hand-spun household linens. We select some of the leading features from the pamphlet itself:—

“ My substitute for the demoralising almsgiving was, that to each party sending me any sum of money I undertook to return its produce in the linen to be manufactured, and for the money which I received my personal guarantee for the fulfilment of this engagement was sent.

“ The plan was made known to my valued friend, the rector of Dodford, in Northamptonshire, to the invaluable superintendent of the government supplies of food in this district in 1846, the lady of a distinguished English prelate, and two benevolent ladies, members of the Kilmorey family, who, with a kindness of purpose and zeal, worthy of the best cause, gave their assistance in making the project known. Many persons, on hearing of it, without my knowledge, had small papers printed, and circulated them in their daily correspondence, and so immediate was the effect, that in less than six weeks I received much over £3,000, and money continued daily pouring in upon us, until we had received about £5,000, of which over £1,500 was immediately returned, as being beyond our powers of manufacturing in any reasonable time.

“ Flax was purchased, and on the 7th of January, 1847, the work commenced by its being given out in two pounds to each woman who could produce a certificate that not more than one male of her family was at work at the roads. We very soon had five hundred women at work in their own cottages; and so anxious were they for the employment, that we had many instances of the spinning-wheels being used by the owners of them by day, and lent to some wretched neighbour who was without one, for the night, that by the light of a piece of bog-deal she might earn the means of supplying food to her starving family.

“ We soon found that, although

spinning was the only employment suited to the habits or skill of our poor women, they had been so long out of practice, and their spinning-wheels so much out of repair, that the yarns produced were very bad; and this, coupled with the want of any real knowledge of the art of weaving, on the part of the men, and also the imperfect state of their looms, caused the first linens made to be very inferior to what we desired to see. To remedy this state of things, a practical foreman weaver was engaged in Manchester—patterns of the Russian and Saxon goods, most sought for, procured from St. Petersburg and Chemnitz—well-instructed hands in each branch of the manufactory from Belfast, and nine model-looms were put up, that the local weaver, when instructed upon them, might safely be sent back to his own loom, put in a proper state of repair for him, improved in skill and knowledge of his craft. *The Society of Friends, with their usual benevolent interest* in every industrial effort, gave me £30 toward these looms, and a screw-press.

“ From five to seven hundred persons were kept steadily employed throughout the whole of 1847, and early months of 1848. To the families of these people it was in a great measure their sole support, and calculating the number deriving assistance from each person employed as four (in many cases it was six), it gives over two thousand individuals benefited.

“ The linens, as compared with shop goods, are much dearer, but this is more than compensated for by their superior lasting qualities (a fact well known to all housekeepers, who can afford to pay for Russian or German hand-spun household linens); besides, when it is recollected that the whole machinery was set to work under the many disadvantages *attending its being undertaken by a private individual, ignorant of trade,** standing alone in the locality, and seeking to break the neck of the wretched state of dependence in which the people were encouraged to rest upon the hard earnings or self-denial of others; falling back, year after year, upon the proved

* The italics are our own.

inexhaustibility of English benevolence, or resting idly in expectation of government providing for a people who were unwilling, though able, to help themselves, and in addition to all this, the high price of food requiring higher wages than ordinary in every department. When old wheels, and old looms, and old habits, and old suspicion and mistrust, and all old Irish ways, are considered, it will not be wondered at that the rough and uphill work, through all this, was attended by much unavoidable expense, anxiety, and risk, which would not be called for under ordinary circumstances; but take from it these disadvantages, by once getting over them, and there is no doubt that, carried on by a person of business habits and knowledge of the linen trade, it would supply remunerative employment for hundreds of our idle females at their own fireside, and most amply repay for the investment of the capital engaged. For paying even above the ordinary wages of the country for spinning, and having flax on every side, and that of the best kind (some of my own growth and manufacture was valued last year by Mr. Pim, of Dublin, at £80 per ton), these linens could be brought into the market at most remunerative prices; and there is no proper reason now that the difficulties and expense of its first organisation have been got over, why they should not occupy the place of foreign goods of similar make. Much over 60,000 yards of these linens have been made and distributed—about 2,000 parcels among all classes in England, from the ducal coronet to the humble workman—some to Australia, the East and West Indies, to Jerusalem; and every individual of 1,400 persons who advanced to me their money, have received its value, except two parties to whom we had no clue. But most desirable as was the continuance of this undertaking, its demands upon the time and thoughts of myself, and those of my family who gave their assistance, rendered it impossible to go on. Seven thousand letters were received and answered from the 6th December, 1846, to the 1st October, 1848; and with the view of finding some persons with capital and knowledge of the trade, whose more proper calling it was to take it up as a mer-

cantile speculation, it was made known to one or two persons in the linen trade in London, with this additional inducement, the offer from the Marquis of Sligo of an extensive square of buildings, enclosing an area of some three hundred feet, consisting of convenient stores of various kinds, a good residence for superintendent, flax-mill, all in good repair, together with any quantity of land to thirty acres for a bleach-green, ALL RENT FREE FOR TEN YEARS, beautifully situated in the centre of his lordship's demesne, within a few hundred yards of the quay of Westport.

“The proposition was most favourably received by one of the most wealthy dealers in linen in London, who told me that, finding an increasing demand for handspun linens, and seeing them imported so extensively, he had sent over several times to the North of Ireland to ascertain if they could be again had there, but without effect; and that he was convinced that there was an admirable open for the reviving of the manufacture: but, with the wise caution of an Englishman, he sent over at his own expense an experienced manufacturer, to examine into the merits of the project on the spot. This gentleman, after seeing our people at work, examining every stage of the manufacture, the flax, yarn, and the finished linens, expressed his thorough conviction that it was a most favourable opening for the establishment of a flourishing trade, which would afford a good return for the capital invested, and give employment to thousands. He left us, grateful in the anticipation of so much good, and, on his return to town, measures were being taken to accept Lord Sligo's offer, and at once to commence the work. Unfortunately, just then, that sad exhibition of the political fever in which this stricken country has been kept by the heartless agitation of years, occurred in Dublin and the South; it was at once a death-stroke to the whole—the London merchant declined risking his life or his capital in such a country; nay, he doubted if, under the circumstances, he would accept of the gift of Lord Sligo's estate.

“Thus the work is at an end, and the people without employment. A large number who were employed at spinning, are now either in the work-

house, or receiving out-door relief, from which, could the employment have been continued, they were able to keep themselves. It is to be hoped that it will not continue so, but that, as confidence is restored, through the wise administration of your Excellency, some one may be ready to embrace so good an opportunity of such extensive good, and their own profit.

"It is a most remarkable fact, and most encouraging to well-directed cottage labour, one that it gives me great satisfaction to state, that of over sixty thousand yards of linen, we have not lost a single piece; and it is perfectly amazing how little disposition or attempt to act dishonestly we had to complain of among the many hundreds employed, taking to their own miserable cottages, and at a time when they were overwhelmed with want, a material for which there was always a ready market at hand. Very few, indeed, were the instances of dishonesty, not amounting to a loss of twenty pounds weight of flax in very many thousands. On earth there is not a people so capable of venerating the straight course; and only let them see that such is your object—carry it out kindly, but *firmly*—and anything can be done with them."

We conclude our quotations from Mr. Gildea's admirable pamphlet with the testimony which he has thus borne to the character of our people. If there be a man in Ireland whose opportunities and judgment have given him the means of forming a correct estimate of the people among whom he lives, it is Mr. Gildea; and take up any we will of the numerous communications which our friends have been good enough to forward us, and we find the same testimony pervading almost them all. The Rev. Jas. Alcock, vicar of Ring, in the county Waterford, in a report on the fisheries in his district, addressed to the relief-committee of the Society of Friends, thus sensibly, and with much truth, explains what seems to be an opposite feature in the Irish character:—

"The Irish peasant is said to be heartless and ungrateful, and why?—because he seldom meets with that indulgence and kind treatment which he might reasonably expect from his natural protectors, and which are calculated to elicit the kindlier feelings of a

generous nature. I would rather say, he is *suspicious*. He conceives that we have a selfish or interested motive even though it may appear to be for his advantage, and until you convince him to the contrary, you will have much difficulty to overcome before you can prevail upon him to adopt any measure of improvement for his own substantial benefit."

It is most gratifying to find the same testimony thus borne to the character of our peasantry by two such competent authorities, writing at the same time, but from the extreme opposite points of the kingdom. The virtues of our people are their own—they are the spontaneous impulses of their own generous natures: their faults—and they are many—are the result of much neglect on the part of those who ought to have been their directors—the proprietors of the soil—and of much base deception on the part of those who profess to be their friends. Contrast such disinterested services as it is the purpose of this article to record, with all that has been effected by political agitators, and see on which side is genuine love of country to be found: the one engaged in practically and speedily raising the character of the people, supplying their temporal wants and raising their moral character, imbuing them with a sense of independence, and placing them in a condition to secure it; the others maddening the passions of their hearers in the political arena, where the loudest plaudits greet the most truculent orator—where the imagination is strained to devise *professions* of devotion—where language is exhausted in denunciation of political antagonists—and where the very implement of murder, the pike, is hoisted by the popular demagogue, that he may wring the last scream of admiration from his infuriated hearers. The men who have followed in these practices, call themselves patriots; and one sample of their patriotism has been presented to us in Mr. Gildea's statement. It has been to deprive thousands of wretched women and children in the most impoverished province of Ireland of the means of livelihood, which the introduction of a successful manufacture would have afforded them; and to postpone indefinitely all chance of improvement in their abject condition.

Turn we now from the north and east to the remote district of Ballynash, in the county Cork. This district comprises a population of about 2,500, two-thirds of whom, in the latter end of last February, were in a state of the utmost destitution; and it contained but two individuals who were at all able to exert themselves for their relief, namely, the Protestant curate, and the commander of the post-guard—the Rev. George C. Harrington, and Mr. R. Edwards. The resources of these gentlemen for carrying out their benevolent purposes differed in some important respects from those in the cases which we have already noted. They had not a rich mercantile city to support them, as had Dr. Edgar, in which alone he procured, by his active exertions, no less a sum than £8,000; and still less had they the means of securing such efficient co-operation as Dr. Edgar speedily raised for himself, in the “Ladies’ Relief Association.” Neither do they appear to have had that command of wealth which Mr. Gildea had at his disposal, and which he so nobly applied. They stood alone, surrounded by hundreds who were famishing with hunger, in a district where all were in the extremest wretchedness; yet they, too, like Dr. Edgar and Mr. Gildea, had the resource not to ask for alms, but for the means of setting the people on remunerative and reproductive employment. They knew full well the labour and anxiety which the administration and superintendence of this employment would occasion them; but they felt it to be their duty in the situation in which they were placed, and, as in the other instances which we have mentioned, they, too, acknowledged the claim which their countrymen had on their services in the hour of their distress. The following is a short sketch of their proceedings, taken from a little printed report, and from a communication with which we have been favoured by Mr. Hingston:—

vation; these we employed in spinning and knitting, and paid them in meal, at the rate of threepence for a day’s labour. We found the poor creatures most greedy for work at this wretched remuneration, and were quickly beset with scores of applicants for employment on the same terms. It now (April, 1848) contains ninety-five widows and female heads of families out of a population of 2,500. We keep seven weavers at work, and have produced some very creditable linen, flannel, and stockings, as the result of two months’ operations. A portion of the money (£15) that was subsequently procured was expended in the purchase of hemp, which has been spun by some, and made into nets by others, of the destitute females, all paid in meal, at about the same remuneration as for the other work; while the remainder has been laid out in the purchase of sail-cloths, lines, and hooks, for the hookers and whale-boats of the place.

“Thus have we been striving to combine with the object at which alone we were originally compelled to aim—the feeding of the famishing through their own industry—the permanent improvement of the natural resources of the place; and in the midst of our many difficulties we have now the gratification of looking round, and beholding not only a manifest improvement in appearance and habit among the people so employed, but also that many boats hitherto almost useless and unproductive, are now a very credit to our bay, and a substantial source of profit to their owners. The materials—viz., nets, sails, and lines—are let out to the parties, on solvent security, and their cost is repaid by weekly instalments of one shilling in the pound; and we rejoice to add, hitherto with regularity.

“The whole amount we have yet received from every source is about £70.”

Such are a few extracts from the first report of these two gentlemen, in the month of April; their second report is on the 1st September, 1848. We should say, that both these reports are addressed to those universal benefactors of their country, the relief-committee of the Society of Friends, whose generosity they warmly acknowledge. We take the following from the second report:—

"Of linen we have now produced about 150 yards; of towelling, 120; canvas for rubbers, 180; flannel, 600 yards; linsey-woolsey, 120; blankets, 100 pair (the two latter are in course of manufacture for the workhouse of the Middleton union); frieze, 60 yards; cloth for gentlemen's trowsers, 30 yards, in course of manufacture; nets, 30; socks, 200 pair.

"The next branch, the flannel, we deem most interesting. Of this we have sold 550 yards—150 to parties not connected with the place, for cash; the remaining 400 to the poor of the district, on loan, on good security, repayable at one shilling in the pound per week, for which they are charged ten pence per yard. We cannot describe how great is the demand for the article on these terms. As fast as we can manufacture, it is taken by the poor, on these loans; and most happy we are to testify to *their regularity and promptitude in repayment*. As a remarkable proof of this, we may mention, that our flannel loans began in July, and that one-fourth has been already (1st September) repaid."

Again, Mr. Hingston thus writes, on the 17th November, 1848:—

"We ordered half a ton of hemp, and set the females we employed to work thereon, in making nets; according as they were made, they were given out on our usual plan by way of loan. The result of this experiment of our confidence in the resources of our bay, and in the integrity of our people, exceeded all anticipation. The demand for trammels, in particular, has since then been so great, that we cannot keep pace with it. Providentially, too, the fishing season improved most opportunely, and during the last six weeks immense shoals of hake have filled the bay. Still only for the well-timed provision we made, in the way of nets, this wealth would have been thrown away, the fishermen having no means of procuring hemp, although the families of every one of them are well able to make them.

"We would also mention that, besides a large quantity of linen and other articles manufactured for the upper classes (among whom we have found many kind friends), we have made *for the people of the place* about fourteen hundred yards of flannel, which, like the nets, is given out on

loan, at the same rate of repayment. As fast as we can produce we sell the flannel on this plan, and we cannot describe the comfort it is administering around."

There were other valuable institutions—a loan-fund and a clothing-fund, established by these gentlemen. Mr. Hingston has, moreover, favoured us with a strong and sensible remonstrance against the proceedings of the fishery commissioners, a subject which would be much too extensive for us to enter upon in this number, but of which we may say, that Mr. Hingston's censure of these commissioners is one in which we believe he is supported by every individual connected with the fisheries in Ireland. But the sketch which we have given of these industrial proceedings at Ballycotton goes to confirm the results of the other cases which we have noticed, and makes the conviction irresistible, that there is nothing either in the habits, the conduct, or the natural capacity of the Irish peasant, to unfit him for any industrial employment to which his energies may be directed.

Yet another instance in support of this truth we would lay before our readers. The following communication is from the Rev. Dr. Martin, of Killeshandra:—

"In the year preceding the famine, Mrs. Martin began to teach the method of ornamental knitting to one destitute girl in Killeshandra, and in a short time her success in the manufacture of a scarf of Pyrenean wool was so great, that an order was sent for three dozen of the same description, upon which Mrs. Martin taught three or four girls additional, supplying them with a variety of patterns which she obtained from books, from her own invention, and which she was able, upon trial, to execute. The girls so instructed were required to communicate their experience and acquirements to others, and a remarkable degree of proficiency had been acquired, and a tolerably good market secured, when, in 1846, the famine raged. An immense demand, chiefly from motives of charity, and particularly in England, then arose for goods manufactured by the poorer classes of the Irish, of which demand Mrs. Martin took advantage, and accordingly, during the nine most severe months of

distress, or from October, 1846. to July, 1847, she was able to give an average daily employment to one hundred and fifty poor females, which number, for several weeks, rose to over 200, and to support an average weekly expenditure of £25, whilst, sum, for many weeks, exceeded £30, expended upon knitted scarfs, and shawls of Shetland, or Pyrenean wool, and gloves of silk, all of which at length obtained a high degree of celebrity and perfection, as well as on woollen socks, polkas, and other articles of coarser manufacture. The experiment clearly proved that there is no want of skill or industry amongst Irish females, and that all they want to make them comfortable and happy, in things temporal, is employment, or a market for their work. In this experiment above £2,000 has been expended, with but little loss to the employer.

And yet the better classes of Irish society will recklessly, cruelly, and improvidently, deprive the poor Irish girl of this market for her labour, by supplying themselves from abroad, and pretenders to the science of political economy will tell them they do wisely. There is one branch of manufacture in which the Irish have shown a decided superiority to anything that can be produced in Great Britain, namely, the net and line manufacture. For these articles there is an immense demand from the fisheries, and yet it is a branch of industry which is comparatively neglected. We have seen some line produced at Glandore, in the county Cork, in a manufactory which originated in a grant of hemp from the ever-generous Society of Friends. We have compared it with the very best manufacture of Bridport, at the same price—one shilling per pound—and nothing could be more decided than the superiority of the Irish line. And Mr. Deane, from whom we have already quoted, mentions that he employed the boys in the schools in making fishing-nets, and adds—"It was remarkable to observe the quickness with which they received instruction in the occupation, and the progress they made;" and any one who has seen the nets which are made at Miss Pim's school at Kingstown, will admit that nothing has been

produced which can surpass them anywhere.

Of the many valuable communications which we have to acknowledge, we have received but one which is at all of a desponding character, or which contains a record of unsuccessful exertion. But even this is valuable, as it shews that, so far from the failure being attributable to any want of ability or of disposition for industrious exertion on the part of the Irish peasant, when he is rightly directed, that it arose in point of fact, from a directly opposite cause. The letter which we speak of is from the ill-fated district of Skibbereen, from the Rev. Richard Boyle Townsend, Vicar of Abbey Stewry:—

"The result of my effort to promote industrial employment," writes Mr. Townsend, "is, that I am nearly beggared by my endeavour. I went on, like many others, certainly in the most economical way I could, but most energetically; and the work-house at the time, in order to promote home-manufacture, having called for a supply of flannels and friezes, no one thought, with such a poor population, in the most deplorable state for want of employment, that we could ever produce enough for its consumption. The consequence you may anticipate—heaps were left on our hands, and the price or cost would not be given where there was such a glut. There being no market, all our industrial works have of course resulted in disappointment proportionate to the vigour with which all hands had been set to work."

Every one must regret this result, both on account of the loss sustained by Mr. Townsend himself, as well as for the cause of industry in that part of Ireland where, perhaps, remunerative employment was most needed. We rejoice to find that Mr. Townsend writes in high spirits of an admirably-arranged industrial school for females which he has established. But it is of the utmost importance to the cause which we are advocating—that of the capability of the Irish peasant for industrious pursuits—to observe the occasion of Mr. Townsend's failure; that he does not refer it to any unwillingness or unfitness of the peasantry to engage in any occupation to which they may be directed; that, on the contrary, he tells us that the children crowd

with the utmost eagerness to the industrial school which was established ; but that he failed, simply because the people produced too much—"Heaps were left on our hands, and the price would not be given where there was so great a glut." Dr. Edgar found a market in Scotland, Mrs. Martin very much in England, Mr. Gildea in various parts of the world, and Messrs. Hingston and Edwards, in the resources which their fishery supplied to one portion of their population, found a market for the other ; but Mr. Townsend was not equally fortunate, and it is important that the cause of his ill-success should be observed, that men of equal energy and benevolence may not be deterred from imitating him in his attempts, but may be guarded against what led to their failure.

If we could suppose that any were so sceptical as to be still unconvinced by this cumulative evidence, derived from every quarter, of the character and capabilities of our people, we would adduce yet one authority more in their behalf—that of Sir John Macneil. It will prevent the possibility of its being said that all the testimony which we have brought forward is that merely of charitable, benevolent men, who are unversed in the practical details of business, and that such evidence is not sufficient to establish the fitness of the Irish peasant for remunerative employment. Sir John Macneil was examined before Lord Devon's Commission, and this was his evidence :—

"39. Do you find that there is an improvement in their habits, corresponding with the improvement in their condition ? —Yes, decidedly so, as far as I am able to judge ; and they improve in their moral habits. As soon as an Irishman gets a little better in his circumstances, and gets out of the state of misery they are generally in, they commence to get clothes a little better than they have been accustomed to ; and when they get tolerably well dressed, they become totally different characters, and they are men you can trust and depend upon. There are, when this takes place, few quarrels among them. I do not know of a single instance, in which there has been any serious dispute among the workmen upon the Dublin and Drogheda Railway.

"40. Is it your opinion that the power of bettering themselves by these

public works has a tendency to create the strongest desire for improvement ? —Yes, the strongest desire ; it is visible in their cottages ; they have attempted, and have succeeded, in making them better and more comfortable. They are better clothed themselves, and their children are better clothed.

"41. Among those who learned to work better, do you detect anything like listlessness or carelessness ?—No, nothing of the kind. *An Irishman is the most active fellow possible, if remunerated for his work ; there is no idleness among them if they can turn their work to a fair remuneration.*

"42. Do you attribute that improvement to the stimulus of increased wages ? —Yes, that is one cause ; but it also the effect of a man feeling a little independence ; he is anxious to continue to improve his condition, and that of his children. No man will do more, or undergo more hardship, for the sake of his children, than an Irishman.

"43. Have you found much difficulty in settling the price of work ?—Not at all ; and they seldom strike for an increase of wages."

With such universal testimony on the part of every trust-worthy witness to the capabilities of the Irish peasant—with such signal instances of success thus staring us in the face, it were cruel mockery to say that he has not every capacity for industrious exertion, if it be but encouraged and developed, if he be but taught to know what industry is, and suffered but once to experience its advantages. His present position is, indeed, one of deep degradation. We say nothing of the causes which have conduced to it ; but heavy, indeed, is the responsibility of every one who contributes to its continuance, and still more grievous is his offence who seeks to justify the dereliction of his own duty by heaping inconsiderate calumny on those to whom that duty is owing. Some men are, unquestionably, placed in circumstances much more intimately connected with the peasantry of the country than others. A practising barrister, for example, could never be placed in the same scale with a landed proprietor, in independent circumstances, or a country clergyman, as regards their influence on the condition of the Irish people. But in one respect every member of the community can readily effect a great deal, namely, by provid-

ing a market for the products of Ireland's industry, each man to the extent of his own expenditure. It is not the will that is deficient in most men, but simply the resolution. This purpose must be formed by each one for himself: it is not to be carried out by aggregate meetings or public associations. Nothing of this kind can be attempted in Ireland, as it is sure to be perverted from its legitimate purposes, and to sink into a mere engine of party politics. Besides, we confess we never felt much sympathy with this habit of doing everything by associations; it leads every man to rush on with the herd, and goes far to destroy the independence and vigour of individual action.

But in addition to this mode, in which all can contribute to advance the

social condition of the country, each of us has his peculiar sphere of action, in which he is bound to exert himself as opportunities may offer. We trust that, in devoting these pages to this subject, we may be considered, to some extent, to have discharged what may be more peculiarly deemed to be our duty. But we would be sorry to rest here. On the contrary, it is our earnest desire that all who are engaged in such noble and truly patriotic efforts, as it is the object of this notice to record, will at all times supply us with such information and suggestions as they may conceive will be conducive to the ends they have in view; and they may always rely on having the fullest support that we can render by our earnest and most strenuous advocacy.

SONNET,

TO THE REV. ROBERT PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Yes, I receive, with gratulation due,
 The tidings of your Ranke's first-born boy:
 Long may he live to be his mother's joy,
 And for his father's name win honours new!
 In him the future student pleased I view,
 Of human history, or of nature's laws:
 But most of all do I rejoice, because,
 Robert, and Helen, 'tis a joy to you.

O beautifully paired! nothing too high,
 Nothing too low for you; your love can climb
 The highest pinnacle of recorded time,
 And thence descend to even such as I:
 Advising nought, nought thwarting, only showing
 That which is God in man, from forth you flowing.

W. R. H.

L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY READING SOME MANUSCRIPT VERSES OF THE LATE PROFESSOR BUTLER.

As when at night he treads the lonely deck,
 In the first hour of moonlight on the wave,
 Far, far away, the watcher marks some streak
 Which dying day hath pencill'd o'er his grave.

So more than living lights, beyond all fair,
 In living genius is departed worth ;
 Man's spirit makes love-tokens of whate'er
 Hath come from genius, now no more on earth.

As in a gold-clasp'd volume, closely hid,
 The pale, pale leaves of some remember'd rose,
 Dating the heart's deep chronicles, unbid
 Suggest more thought than all that greenly grows ;

As in the winter, from some marble jar,
 Whose sides are honied with a rosy breath,
 You catch faint footfalls of the Spring afar,
 And find a memory in the scent of death ;

So these the characters of Butler's pen,
 Are more to us, than all that day by day,
 Are traced by mightiest hands of living men,
 'Tis death that makes them more esteemed than they !

'Tis not because the affluent fancy flung
 Such pearls of price ungrudging at thy feet—
 'Tis not because that blessed poet sung
 His heavenly Master's truth in words so sweet.

No ; 'tis because the heavy churchyard mould
 Lies on the dear one in that lonely dell—
 Lies on the hand that held the pen of gold,
 The brain that thought so wisely and so well.

Nay, say not so ; write epitaphs like these
 For sons of song, who fling light words abroad,
 Whose art is cancer'd with a sore disease,
 Who feed a flame that tends not up to God.

But *he*, the empurpled cross, with healing shadow,
 Was the great measure of the much he knew ;
 'Twas this he saw on mountain and on meadow,
 The only beautiful, the sternly true.

Not vague to him the great Laudate, still
 Stirring the strong ones of the water-flood,
 And the deep heart of many an ancient hill,
 And light-hung chords of every vocal wood.

Not dark the language written on the wide
 Marmoreal ocean—written on the sky,
 On the scarr'd volume of the mountain side,
 On many pagèd flowers that lowly lie.

Nor dark, nor vague—not nature, but her God—
Nor only nature's God, but Three in One—
Father, Redeemer, Comforter—bestow'd
On hearts made temples by the Incarnate Son !

All sweetest strains rang hollow to his ear
Wanting this key-note—earthy, of the earth,
Seeming like beauty to the eye of fear,
Like the wild anguish of a harlot's mirth.

True Poet, true Philosopher, to whom
Beauty was one with Truth, and Truth with Beauty ;
True Priest, no flow'rs so sweet upon his tomb
As those pure blossoms won from rugged Duty.

He might have sung as precious songs as e'er
Made our tongue golden since its earlier burst ;
But those poetic wreaths him seem'd less fair,
Than moral Truth o'er Science wide dispers'd.

He might have read man's nature deeper far
Than any since his broad-brow'd namesake died ;
But like those ancient sages, so the star
He follow'd till he found the Cradle side.

And now, ye mountains and ye voiceful streams,
For your interpreter ye need not weep ;
On the eternal hills fall brighter gleams,
Down Eden more delightful rivers sweep !

Friends, kinsmen, fellow-churchmen, fellow-men—
Yes, ye may weep, but be it not for him :
Life might have brought him larger lore—what then ?
It would have kept him from the cherubim.

Dear hand, dear lines, in these still undeparted,
I hear the voice of one before the Throne,
Butler, the childlike and the gentle-hearted,
Taken so young by Him who takes His own.

M.

FRANCE.

A RETROSPECT OF THE YEAR 1848.

BY KAPPA.

THE year of our Lord 1848, which has just come to a close, will be regarded as a memorable epoch in the history of Europe. It has, indeed, been an eventful period. Thrones have been overturned, principalities shaken, and powers humbled. From its centre to its extremities, Europe has been convulsed. Nor has it been, as in other times, a war of nation against nation. The convulsions of states have been internal, citizen has raised his arm against citizen, and the domestic hearth has been stained with parricidal blood. Propagated from Paris as the centre, the movement shot with electric rapidity to the extremities of Europe; the thunder of February found successive echoes at Milan, Berlin, Vienna, Turin, Venice, Florence, Naples, Palermo. In fine, the Eternal city itself felt the shock. The sovereign pontiff was outraged. The windows of his palace were riddled with balls, his liberty was violated, his guards disarmed, and the head of the church saw himself at last compelled to fly in disguise, and throw himself on the hospitality of a neighbouring sovereign.

As these conflicts have not been international, so neither have they been exclusively political; the various revolutions which have been developed have partaken much more of a social character. Class has risen against class, the employed against the employer, the *proletaire* against the proprietor, labour against capital. Bold projectors have dared to promulgate theories which would make dead philosophers start in their coffins. "Property is robbery!" cries one. "Family is a jest!" exclaims another. Dispassionate bystanders raise their hands in horror, and demand whether society has gone mad.

As France has been the great centre and origin of the social and political phenomena which have been developed, it may not be uninteresting, and certainly not unprofitable, to avail ourselves of this period, to take a retro-

spect of the movement of the past year in that country. It may be the more especially necessary to do so, inasmuch as the state of parties and the spirit of opinion which have prevailed there is much misunderstood, and has been greatly misrepresented.

The circumstance which strikes us most forcibly on the first retrospective glance at the events of the past year is the important part played in them by the "*imprevu*."

Every thing was unexpected; nothing was foreseen, nay, the circumstances, as developed by time, were, in most instances, the very reverse of those which would have resulted from any rational calculation. The proclamation of the republic itself was the most unexpected and unforeseen event of all; so unlooked for, indeed, that when the intelligence of it arrived in London it was discredited in every quarter. It was first announced in a late edition of one of the morning journals which was shown on 'Change, and the intelligence was there rejected as impossible, and was by some regarded as a Stock-Exchange hoax. Later in the day it appeared in another paper, the earliest copies of which were handed round in the House of Commons. The repetition of the same intelligence from two quarters procured some faith at least in its possibility. The Leviathan of the Press, the Thunderer of Printing-House-square was silent, while its contemporaries thus spoke. The well known enterprise of this journal, and its unparalleled power of securing early and speedy intelligence, have since rendered it a puzzle among journalists how it was beaten in this instance by juniors, and the matter has been explained, with what truth we will not vouch, by affirming that the news of the proclamation of the republic had arrived at the *Times* office, but that so impossible was such an event regarded that the editor of the paper did not venture to publish it.

The situation of Paris at that mo-

ment threw great difficulties in the way of expediting news to London. The northern railway was broken up in the neighbourhood of Paris, and the communication by it was suspended; of course the diligences and ordinary modes of correspondence were likewise stopped. The correspondents of the London journals, established in Paris, found it an extremely difficult matter to get despatches taken by riding couriers. One of these couriers, bearing the despatches for a London journal, was stopped at the Barrière de Clichy, and sent back; he afterwards got out in the disguise of a peasant, and walked to St. Denis, where he obtained a horse. He was again obstructed at Abbeville, whither the intelligence of the events of Paris had not yet arrived. The mayor of Abbeville refused to let him prosecute his journey. As a bribe to induce the official to relax his rigor, the courier offered to allow him to open and read the despatch which he bore. This was successful, and the mayor thus learned for the first time the proclamation of the republic. On arriving at Bou'ogne the courier found no means of crossing the channel except by a pilot boat, no steamer being in the harbour, and the weather being tempestuous. In a pilot boat he accordingly crossed, but being unable to make either Folkestone or Dover, he got into Deal, from which the intelligence was telegraphed to London.

The news which thus arrived in London was not a whit less unexpected throughout all the provinces of France. It fell like a thunderbolt upon the public. In many provincial towns, as in London, it was at first discredited; but when the names of the provisional government were announced, and the telegraph had actually sent official messages from the new authorities, all doubt ceased, although the astonishment remained unabated.

Ten months have rolled away since this event, and it is still a matter of astonishment how it could have been brought about. A minority contemptible in numbers, and still more contemptible in character and influence, accomplished this revolution in a few hours, and with little or no bloodshed. It established a form of government which it is notorious that the majority of the French people held in abhorrence.

Let us see what the authorities were, and who were the leaders of public opinion, which superseded names like Guizot, Duchatel, Soult, Thiers, Molé, &c.

After the mob had broken into the chamber, and the affrighted deputies had made their escape from the back doors and windows, as best they could, a crowd of demagogues headed the populace, and proceeded to the Hotel de Ville, the traditional theatre of revolution. There a government was improvised—a number of individuals named themselves sovereigns of France, and soon after proceeded to replace all the high officers of state, who had disappeared in the tempest which had just blown over the capital. This new government, assuming unlimited power, having dissolved the chambers, and being, in fact, the collective despots of France:—MM. de Lamartine, Dupont (de l'Eure), Arago, Marie, Ledru Rollin, Garnier Pagès, Cremieux, Armand Marrast, Louis Blanc, Pagnerre, Flocon, and Albert. Of these, Lamartine and Arago were indisputably the names the most distinguished.

Lamartine had passed successively to and from almost every shade of political party. He owed the position assigned to him in the revolutionary government to the popularity of his work entitled "The History of the Girondists," which had then recently appeared; but it is doubtful whether the popularity of the book itself, such as it was, would have accomplished this for him, were it not that certain passages in it had been lately dramatised by Alexandre Dumas, and produced, with great success, at the Theatre Historique, on the Boulevards, accompanied by all the adventitious appendages of theatrical art. In the eyes of the populace of the Faubourgs, Lamartine thus became identified, somehow or other, with the old revolution. All the former phases of his personal history were forgotten by, or rather, unknown to the sovereign people, to whose voice he owed his elevation. They only knew in him the historian of the reign of terror, and the apologist of Robespierre.

Arago, eminently popular by his science, but much more so by his consistent opposition to monarchical governments in the old chamber, owed his place in the Provisional Government to more legitimate grounds. He

was, perhaps, the soundest and most defensible choice made by the *emeutiers* of February.

Garnier Pagès, also a consistent republican, shone by the reflected lustre of his deceased brother. Thousands of those who saluted his nomination with acclamations, were so grossly ignorant as not to know one Garnier Pagès from another Garnier Pagès; and to accumulate on the surviving member of the family, the credit due to him who was gone.

Dupont (de l'Eure) owed his elevation partly to his age. Also a consistent and moderate republican, he had universally thwarted royalty in the old chamber; at the epoch of February he was an octogenarian. Time had extinguished his activity. He became the patriarch of the revolution.

A lawyer was esteemed indispensable as a member of the new government; and M. Marie, a respectable man of some forensic reputation, a constant advocate of the most liberal principles, and a member of the extreme left in the old chamber, was assigned a place in the Provisional Government by a sort of political necessity.

We happen to know that the private and personal opinion of M. Marie was adverse to the immediate proclamation of a republic. He considered that the tide of events in Europe was setting in that direction, and that to that form the constitution of France must ultimately come, but he thought the country was not yet ripe for its definitive proclamation; that the population of France was not prepared for it, and that it was not likely to meet, in public opinion, with that support which was indispensable to its stability. Nevertheless M. Marie, a man of facile and amiable temperament, readily suffered himself to be led by the majority of his colleagues; and he joined them in an act, upon the prudence and policy of which he unquestionably differed from them. Events have since established, by the most ample and convincing evidence, the soundness of M. Marie's judgment. No well-informed person now disputes the fact, that the people of France were unprepared for a republic. Tacitly submitting to it at first from alarm, they are now most thoroughly disgusted with it. They viewed it at first only with suspicion and

distrust. Smarting under the consequences of violent popular convulsions, and expecting to see commerce languish, and the finances become disordered, they were willing to submit to a republic as a "fait accompli," provided thereby order could be re-established, and prosperity maintained; but a few months' experience gave abundant practical demonstration of the impossibility of this, and everybody now is convinced of that which was the correct judgment of the mind of M. Marie in February last.

The other lawyer of the Provisional Government was M. Cremieux, also a member of the ex-chamber. The opinions of M. Cremieux were nearly the same as those of M. Marie; and it was with great difficulty that he was prevailed on to take an active part in affairs.

M. Armand Marrast was the editor of the *National*, and a practical man of business, though gifted neither with the talents of an orator nor a statesman, he of all the members of the Provisional Government exhibited at once the greatest aptitude for business and the greatest tenacity for place.

His claim to a place among the self-constituted sovereigns of Paris in February was unquestionable. If Le-grange, who, by his audacity in discharging the pistol on the Boulevard des Capucines, was the primary cause of the fusillade delivered by the Municipal Guards under M. Guizot's wall, which deluged the (asphalte of the) Boulevard with the blood of men, women, and children, it was to the promptitude and intelligence of M. Armand Marrast that this incident owed its vast consequences. The dead and the dying were taken in carts from the fossés of the Rue Basse des Ramparts between twelve and one in the morning to the bureaux of the *National*, in the Rue Lepelletier. There were assembled M. Armand Marrast and his coadjutors, awaiting what might happen. They promptly seized the occasion, and the bodies were carried processionally along the Boulevards, and proclaimed as the murdered victims of Guizot and Louis Philippe. The Faubourgs rose, and by the morning the attitude of a certain number of the malcontents, excited by the habitual conspirators of the *Reforme* and the *National*, overturned the government.

It was M. Armand Marrast who had the skill to take the initiative in this movement, and he was rewarded first with a place in the Provisional Government, and then at his own demand became Mayor of Paris.

Without talents, and characterised by no capacity higher than an aptitude for the routine of official business, having those qualities only which could have rendered him an efficient *chef de bureau* in a respectable banking concern, this individual, after maintaining himself at the head of the municipality of Paris for several months, was elected to the presidency of the Assembly, which he has adroitly managed to retain, until his name has assumed a place in the history of France, as having proclaimed the constitution of 1848, and first President of the Republic.

M. Flocon was the chief editor of *La Reforme*, an ultra-democratic journal, established by M. Ledru Rollin. This individual, without gifts or endowments to qualify him to fill the most humble situation in which intellectual attainments are considered to be requisite, was admitted into the councils of the state, on no other grounds than his having been an habitual conspirator against royalty for years, in the secret societies with which Paris was infested; ignorant, vulgar, and presumptuous, he was forced by his friends, the mob, into juxtaposition and fellowship with men like Lamartine and Arago.

Ledru Rollin, a briefless lawyer, possessing some demagogical talent, a bold, reckless, and unscrupulous republican, was a fit representative of that portion of the public of whom he has since become the impersonation.

Louis Blanc, possessing some literary celebrity, as the author of a pamphlet, in five volumes, called, by courtesy, a history, owed his elevation, not to claims even so respectable as those which such a work would supply, but to an extravagant composition called the "Organization of Labor." The proposed object of this work was, to constitute the laborer as the partner of the capitalist—to establish a right on the part of the laborer to a participation of profits—to give the laborer a right to dictate to the capitalist as to the use and application of his property, and, to establish

that principle which has since been designated by the well-known title of the "Droit au travail," in other words, the proclamation of an abstract right on the part of all persons, to demand of the state employment and wages, thus making the state not only a capitalist, but a capitalist under the dictation of the operative.

Pagnerre was a publisher in considerable, but not leading, business. He was well known in the clubs and secret societies as a republican propagandist.

Albert, when announced in the *Moniteur* as a member of the Provisional Government, was described as *Ouvrier* (operative). In fact, however, Albert held a position which would have been more correctly designated as foreman of a manufactory, or, rather, that of a small manufacturer on his own account.

The nomination of this government took place on the 24th of February, and the parties who conferred authority upon it were the editors, printers, and clerks in the bureaux of the *National* and *La Reforme*. They appeared to have shared this high patronage among them, each having, by common consent, a certain number of nominations, although it would seem that the *Reforme* took the lion's share. Chener, a shoemaker, or rather shoe-mender, and one who has again and again been convicted of various crimes, was a leader on this occasion, and supplied, at a later period, when under examination, some interesting testimony to the National Assembly.

According to him, the employés of *La Reforme* not considering themselves sufficiently numerous to render their nominations valid, he (Chener) went into the street, and collected some of the populace, whom he brought into the bureaux. Thus augmented, they appointed Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, Flocon, and Albert, to be members of the Provisional Government. They also named Etienne Arago to be chief of the post-office, and Sobrier and Caussidiere to be prefects of police. Chener having at hand a band of armed ruffians, immediately after these appointments, sallied forth and marched to the post-office, where he duly installed M. Etienne Arago as the chief of that department. This individual, who

was previously the manager of one of the minor theatres, and known as the author of *Vaudevilles*, continued to hold the post-office, thus obtained, under all the governments from February until the installation of Prince Louis as President of the Republic. No doubt he owed his continuance in office in some degree to the influence of his brother, François Arago, the well-known astronomer.

When Chener and his companions had accomplished this, they escorted Sobrier and Caussidiere to the prefecture of police, where they in like manner installed them. These two, however, soon disagreed, and Sobrier set up a police-office for himself in the Rue de Rivoli.

The character of the individuals into whose hands this important part of the public administration had thus fallen, and in whom it remained until after the affair of the 15th of May, forced Caussidiere to resign, and sent Sobrier to Vincennes, may be in part collected from some curious details given in the evidence taken by the committee of the Assembly, appointed to inquire into the events of the insurrection of June, and the affair of the 15th of May. As an example of this we select the following:—

About eight days after the revolution of February, Caussidiere invited a party to dine with him at the Prefecture. This party consisted of Sobrier, Blanqui, Chener, Barbès, Mounier, and Tiphane. There were discussed projects for the expulsion of all the respectable members of the Provisional Government, and for the seizure of power by this band of ruffians. Connected with them was an individual named De la Hodde, who was in possession of secrets which would cover some of them, and particularly Caussidiere, with obloquy. They feared the fidelity of this De la Hodde, and consulted together how to get rid of him. It was agreed, that to avoid suspicion at the Prefecture, their meetings should take place at the chambers of Albert, their friend and associate, the member of the Provisional Government at the Luxembourg.

De la Hodde was invited to attend one of those meetings.

When Chener, who related the affair to the committee, presented

himself, he found De la Hodde sitting in a corner of the room. Caussidiere, Mercier, Tiphane, Sobrier, Mounier, Albert, and Pille, were sitting round the table. Grandmesnil was presiding.

Caussidiere, taking from his pocket a voluminous mass of papers and documents, proceeded to accuse De la Hodde of having denounced the republicans to Louis Philippe's government. He then summoned him to commit suicide on the spot, placing before him a four-barrelled pistol and a potion of poison. De la Hodde, however, declined the invitation to suicide, and it was then proposed to dispatch him. Albert, however, could not have a murder committed in his room; Mounier and Chener interposed to save De la Hodde, and at length it was agreed to send the latter away in a hackney-coach, in which it was understood the deed was to be perpetrated. Finally, however, he was conducted to the prefecture of police by Caussidiere, and by him locked up in one of the dungeons, since which time De la Hodde has never been heard of.

But to resume.

Such, then, were the new rulers of France. The *Moniteur* passing into their hands, teemed, from day to day, with decrees, having all the virtue of laws promulgated and carried into effect by this body without formality or deliberation. Expenses were incurred, contributions levied—missions were appointed, and commissaries sent in all directions; in fine, a regular ministry was brought into activity. The most important of the ministries were confided to MM. de Lamartine and Ledru Rollin—the former taking the foreign affairs, and the latter the interior.

The discretion and tact with which M. de Lamartine managed to dissipate the fears of foreign powers, as regards the maintenance of peace, will not be forgotten. This gave his more radical colleague an opportunity for constructing, and bringing into play, a system of machinery for republican propagandism through France. Commissaries and agents were appointed, paid, and expedited into the departments, invested with unlimited powers, and bearing a fearful resemblance to the pro-consuls of the old republic, during the reign

of terror. The characters of many of these agents has been curiously illustrated since, by the publication of some of their despatches found in the archives of the ministry.

They appear to have been selected, in most instances, from the very dregs of society; they were incapable of writing their own language intelligibly. The despatches of some of them have been lately published *verbatim et litteratim*, in the journals. They consist of a jargon which would be altogether unintelligible, if there were not a key supplied for them. They have accordingly been published after the fashion of interlinear translations, with the correct French words, intended to be used by the writer, printed under those which he has written.

Such were the agents chosen by M. Ledru Rollin, and his coadjutor the Countess Dudevant, better known as Madame Georges Sand; for, during the reign of M. Ledru Rollin in the hotel of the ministry of the interior, this individual (who, although said to be a female, has the external appearance and character of the other sex, of which she usually adopts the costume) exercised equal sway with the minister.

It was not until the establishment of the dictatorship, after the insurrection of June, that this public pest was banished from Paris. She has since, it is said, taken refuge in one of the southern towns. We remember, on one occasion, since the opening of the Assembly, attending the debates, when happening to look out of one of the windows of the "Salle des Pas-Perdus," we saw extended on the sword four individuals, engaged in the refined occupation of smoking tobacco; three were apparently of the male sex, and the fourth a female; the former were Ledru Rollin, Georges Sand (in male costume), and Flocon; the fourth was Madame ———.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable political phenomena of this most extraordinary year was the rise, and subsequent decline and fall, of the popularity and influence of M. de Lamartine. Indeed, it is difficult to make those who have not witnessed this remarkable change credit any true description of it. Every such description will necessarily appear overcharged and exaggerated. The truth is, the events

themselves were overcharged and exaggerated. Exaggeration was the order of the day. The republic was carried by exaggeration. The alarm of the majority who yielded to it was exaggeration.

After the events of February, the whole population of France was filled with alarm, lest the reign of terror of 1793 was about to be re-enacted. The fright was universal; it was shared equally by the proprietor and the industrious and honest labourer; it was diffused to the very limits of the French territory. Lamartine was put forward as a leading member of the provisional government, and one of the first acts was his memorable rebuke of the red flag upon the place of the Hotel de Ville. This reproof of terrorism was given *verbatim* in all the Paris journals, and echoed by the press throughout the provinces. The words of the orator-poet were repeated like the verses of a national song, until the very children lisped them. From this moment Lamartine was looked upon as the sheet-anchor of order.

That part of the population which has since been designated as the moderate party, and which consists of at least four-fifths, clung to him as their last hope and their whole reliance, and the popularity of Lamartine attained a height almost unexampled in history. His manifestoes addressed to foreign powers, and generally his official acts as Provisional Minister of Foreign Affairs, materially aided this popularity. Foreign nations intimated their satisfaction either explicitly, like England, or implicitly, like the northern and eastern powers. Lamartine became thus, as it were, the barrier against that invasion from abroad, which was at first so much dreaded, and a guarantee for the maintenance of peace. He was, moreover, peculiarly fitted for the position he assumed. By family, habits, and associations, he was eminently the gentleman, and as such, acceptable to foreign powers as the agent of the diplomacy of the Provisional Government. His occasional "mots" and short fits of eloquence being circulated, also contributed to sustain and augment his popularity. In an *emeute* in front of the Hotel de Ville, he displayed that firmness and personal courage which has so often sustained him in public estimation. He went

among the populace to pacify them, when a group of ruffians near him shouted for the head of Lamartine.

"My head!" exclaimed he; "would to God, my friends, it were on your shoulders."

The election for the Constituent Assembly approached. The management of this throughout the departments rested with M. Ledru Rollin, who was Provisional Minister of the Interior. The means used by this tribune to secure the return of democratic members are well known. Incendiary bulletins were printed by millions in the Ministry of the Interior, and circulated throughout the country by the agents of the government. These proclamations were written by the fiery democrats and demagogues of both sexes, who surrounded M. Ledru Rollin. Some of them have been since avowed to have been from the pen of Georges Sand. The alarm and the terror which they spread throughout France among the moderate portion of the population are well known.

The commissaries of the government, the mayors, and prefects, received instructions to have no scruples in adopting all means to secure the return of democratic members. They were reminded that they were invested with the plenitude of dictatorial power; that their will was law; that their duty was not merely to give free play to the democratic principle, and to awaken and stimulate it by every promise which authority could make, and every hope which power could inspire; but to repress and, if need, to punish, with an unsparing severity and rigour, the expression of every other sentiment and opinion. In short, the reign of moral terror was to be established, with the prospect of physical terror in the distance.

Notwithstanding all this formidable machinery of excitement and intimidation, an Assembly was returned having a large moderate and conservative majority. The chief work of this Assembly for months has been the revocation and the annulling of the decrees issued by the Provisional Government from February to May.

But to return to M. de Lamartine. His popularity was at its meridian in April, at the epoch of the elections, and he accordingly exhibited the ex-

traordinary spectacle of an individual nominated by nearly four millions of unsolicited votes, and returned at once for twelve or thirteen departments including, of course, the capital. At this moment no individual entertained a doubt as to who would be eventually the president of the republic. If the great question which the people of France are pronouncing upon, while we write these lines, had been put to them in April, they would have responded by one consentient acclamation, with the name of Lamartine. For another to have offered himself would at that moment have been so hopelessly absurd that even the opponents of Lamartine, if he had had any, would have abstained from very shame; in fine Lamartine would, then, have been declared the first president of the French republic by acclamation.

In proportion, as the popularity of Lamartine had risen, that of Ledru Rollin had, from precisely the same causes, fallen. The moderate party, who approved and supported the one, detested and abhorred the other; while the rebuke of the reflag, and the pacific foreign manifestations of Lamartine, conciliated the favor of all, the incendiary bulletins and the fiery democracy of Ledru Rollin excited aversion and horror.

Such was the temper of the public mind when the National Assembly was convoked, on the 4th of May; and here we arrive at the epoch and the cause of the remarkable and rapid decline of the popularity of Lamartine which has since been witnessed.

The Provisional Government necessarily surrendered its powers before the supremacy of the constituent Assembly, representing, as it did, the universal will of the people. The constitution of another government was called for, but, as no permanent and definitive power could be conferred or created until the constitution should be proclaimed, such government must still have a provisional and interim character. A disposition prevailed to maintain the *status quo* until the proclamation of the constitution, but the odium which had been excited against several members of the Provisional Government, especially against M.M. Ledru Rollin, Flocon, Lou Blanc, and Albert, was so great that the Assembly could not be brought to

acquiesce passively in their continuation in power.

It was therefore decided to nominate a commission, to be invested with the executive power, provisionally, under the sovereignty of the Assembly, and removable by a vote of the Assembly. The prevailing wish of the moderate party was to place M. de Lamartine at the head of such a commission, with two or three of the most moderate of his colleagues in the Provisional Government beside him, such as M. Marie and M. Arago. M. Dupont (de l'Eure) attracting respect, were it only for his age, would naturally have been regarded as a member, if not the chief of the commission. He, however, announced his intention of retiring, saying, as he considered, fulfilled his mission by presiding over the affairs of the country, up to the epoch of the convocation of the Assembly. But whatever might be the number of the proposed executive commission, it was the earnest wish of the Assembly to exclude from it M. Ledru Rollin, while a still stronger conviction prevailed, of the absolute necessity of retaining M. de Lamartine in it.

It was in this state of opinion that M. de Lamartine, to the astonishment of his friends and the public, made known to the leading parties in the Assembly his determination to decline accepting a place in the proposed government, unless M. Ledru Rollin were included.

This resolution was fatal to Lamartine. It cost him the presidency. The Assembly felt the pressure of his arbitrary will; they felt, and he knew it, the necessity of yielding for the moment; but in yielding they saw, or thought they saw, that M. de Lamartine was not to be trusted as the chief of the state. He tied himself to Ledru Rollin, relying with too much confidence on his own popularity, and that he could, with himself, raise Ledru Rollin to a high office in the state, of which he never entertained a doubt of being the ultimate chief. The aversion, however, of the public, as the result proved, was stronger against Ledru Rollin than was its predilection for Lamartine. It determined to abandon the latter, rather than adhere to the former, and Lamartine's hopes of the Presidency were suddenly blighted, and his popularity gone.

The Executive Commission was, however, for the moment appointed, and the Assembly, yielding to the exigency of M. de Lamartine, consented, with an ill grace, to the admission of M. Ledru Rollin as one of its members.

The spirit of dissension from this day prevailed in it. Of its five members, four, MM. Lamartine, Arago, Marie, and Garnier Pagès, were all more or less of the complexion of the moderate party. Ledru Rollin was of the opposite side, and division weakened the authority of the government.

This fatal, and as it proved, suicidal act of Lamartine, has been variously explained. The scandal of the salons at the time ascribed it to private and personal influence, in which the sex, as usual, played a prominent part. We are bound, however, to accept the explanation for his conduct afforded by Lamartine himself. Right or wrong, he considered that the ultra-democratic party, of whom Ledru Rollin was ready to become a formidable leader, was stronger than was generally supposed. If its numerical amount were comparatively small, its vigour and its audacity were proportionably great. It might, therefore, become an instrument for overturning the moderate Republic, and substituting for it that of terror. By retaining Ledru Rollin in the government, his teeth were, as it were, drawn. His character and position were too respectable to allow of the supposition that he would conspire against his own colleagues, and a majority of four against one would always prevent any open acts on his part in the ultra-democratic direction. But if he were not included in the government, and left as an independent member of the Assembly, he would, according to M. de Lamartine, have become a most formidable demagogue, by probably placing himself at the head of the party of the Mountain, and the Assembly might have sunk under the movement of the 15th of May. Instead of doing so, it came out of that crisis victorious. M. Ledru Rollin, as a member of the Executive Commission, found himself obliged to mount in the saddle beside Lamartine, and go to the Hotel de Ville on that memorable day, and there cause his own partisans, Barbes, Albert, and the others, to be arrested.

Such is, in brief, the substance of the apology of Lamartine for this act, which has produced his political downfall. The answer to such reasoning is the result—Lamartine has fallen from a summit of power to which few have ever attained in so short a time, and from which no one has ever been precipitated with such unexampled rapidity. He has defended himself with all the eloquence of which he is master, both in the press and in the tribune. The assembly hung upon his accents with the pleasure which his eloquence never fails to impart; but he failed to bring conviction to their understandings. They listened and admired, but they did not assent. He has in his addresses, in his manifestoes, and in his brochure entitled "*Trois mois au pouvoir*," the same defence, under various forms, and variously detailed; but the public in France have never been convinced.

On the occasion of the insurrection of June, he and the colleague with whom he had so fully allied himself were driven almost ignominiously from power; and a subordinate military officer, who owed his recent elevation to them, was substituted in their place, with dictatorial power. In the committee of the Assembly, which was appointed to investigate the circumstances and origin of the insurrection, Lamartine, in common with all the other members of the executive commission, delivered their evidence exculpating themselves, by inculcating him to whose hands the National Assembly had transferred the government. They threw the blame of the events of June expressly on General Cavaignac. These charges were unanimously made, though in different terms, by MM. Lamartine, Arago, Marie, and Ledru Rollin. They related, with all the earnestness and simplicity of truth, the part they had severally acted on the days preceding the 24th of June; and no candid reader can doubt, after the perusal of this evidence, that the insurrection was allowed to make head, from the measures adopted or neglected by General Cavaignac.

Still even this did not, in public opinion, exculpate M. de Lamartine, nor restore his popularity—the blow which it had received by his fatal association with Ledru Rollin, was mortal. To judge of its effects, we have only to

compare Lamartine the candidate for the presidency in December, with the same Lamartine, the idol of the French people in April. In April, had the election taken place, he would have had six millions of votes; in December his name was not even mentioned seriously in discussing the chances of the candidates the week before the election.

In the ultimate contest for the presidency the name of Napoleon has gone for much. It was in itself a host. After his election into the Assembly, and his arrival in Paris, Prince Louis had the good fortune to fall among prudent counsellors. His friends, well acquainted with the sentiments of the majority of the nation, speedily put him in communication with the leaders of the moderate party. There were, however, many hesitations entertained, and much prejudice to surmount. It was soon ascertained by the ramifications of the moderate party throughout the provinces, that so large a portion of the population of the departments were, especially in the rural districts, already disposed to vote "*coute qui coute*" for the name of Napoleon; that no candidate, whatever might be his pretensions, could hope to obtain a majority over him; nay, it seemed doubtful whether the majority might not prove to be so overwhelming that it would be impossible to put him aside without altogether belying the principle of universal suffrage. Seeing this, and finding in the prince himself apparently good dispositions, and a willingness to accept all reasonable engagements, it was at length resolved by the leaders of the moderates to give him the support of that party.

Several of the notabilities, however, held off even after the majority had expressed its sense. These, however, became ultimately convinced of the expediency of the course which had been adopted, and one by one signified, or caused to be signified, their intention to support the candidateship of citizen Louis Napoleon Buonaparte.

It must not be concealed that this choice was determined more by negative, or rather comparative, than by positive motives. Practically the question lay between Cavaignac and Prince Louis. Thiers had been invited to stand, Bugeaud had been invited to stand, Changarnier had been invited to stand.

even the Prince de Joinville had been spoken of, but all these personages, convinced of the inexpediency and utter hopelessness of their cause, had prudently declined. For the moderate party there was, therefore, no course to be adopted, but either to abstain, or to support Prince Louis. The grounds of their decision were fully enough set forth on the eve of the election by the various leaders of the party, and by their organs of the press. They frankly acknowledged the constitution as a "*fait accompli*."

The constitution had declared France to be a republic. Many successive governments, they said, had been destroyed through the faults they had committed. The duration of the republic must, therefore, depend upon the way in which it might be administered. It was clear enough that the French republic would be democratic—it could be nothing else. The meaning of this, in the sense of the moderate party was, that it was not an aristocratic republic, like that of Venice. This was impossible, because even under the monarchy which has just fallen, the government was not aristocratic. But the moderate party repudiated strongly the admission of a demagogic, or, socialist republic. "What we want," said they, "is, a republic with order, that is to say, without the clubs, which agitate and deprave the population daily, leaving it neither peace nor truce, from the morning to the night. We want the republic without the absurd law, which would abolish military substitutes, and without that system which, under the pretext of democratizing the army, would disorganize our military force, and spread alarm through all classes and families; we want the republic with an irremovable magistracy, the only guarantee to the due administration of justice; a republic with a system of taxation which does not ruin the wealthy to the great prejudice of the poor, by rendering it impossible for the one to supply employment to the other—a republic which will not banish from our country, with riches, the industry produced by luxury, the whole aliment of our foreign commerce. Whether such a republic as this be possible, is the secret of heaven. It is, however, the only one we can acknowledge, accept, or even try."

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But (asked they) who are these men that are now in power? They are those who belong to a minority, imperceptible by numbers, profoundly incapable, completely inexperienced, and who wish, nevertheless, to monopolize all the offices without having one competent person to discharge their duties; who have created ministers by some legerdemain, and we see of what materials; who have not found one diplomatic agent in their ranks, presentable to foreign courts; they who have peopled the administration with what prefects and sous-prefects; and who have not allowed M. Dufaure to make the least change in such an administration, although an almost entire remodelling appeared to be almost the condition of his taking office; they, in short, who have taken one of the subordinates of Marshal Bugeaud, certainly not the most conspicuous in rank, or in services, to represent them.

Such are the men (say they), and we wish to be just in our appreciation of them. Now what do these men want?

They want the anarchical liberty of the clubs; they want the democratical organization of the army, in other words, the suppression of substitution; they want a removable magistracy, or at all events, a new organization of it, which they could make a means of creating vacancies and bestowing places; they want a progressive taxation; they want public instruction, after the system of M. Carnot, that is compulsory on heads of families, and administered to children by 36,000 instructors, who would be compelled to profess all the socialist doctrines.

This is what they want, and they cannot but demand it without exposing themselves to be treated as odious apostates by the mountain, and without exposing themselves to ridicule in the eyes of thinking people.

To progressive taxation, to the system of Lamoriciere for the army, to the system of instruction of Carnot—is General Cavaignac, then, irretrievably pledged. To vote (said this party, before the election) for General Cavaignac is to vote for these men, and for these things; and it is for this reason the moderate party cannot give their votes to General Cavaignac, according to him, nevertheless, all the merit to which he is entitled for his conduct in the insurrection of June.

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If in the face of the candidate of this party, the moderates had taken a candidate from among their own ranks, they thought that he would have had an immense majority. The popular name of Napoleon prevented them doing so. Napoleon Bonaparte became, therefore, identified with their cause, not only because he was the means of excluding the man and measures they did not approve, but because he admitted into his manifest the sentiments they had adopted.

The moderate party frankly admitted that Prince Louis Napoleon is not a man of genius; but asked whether it could be pretended that his opponent was so? "Prince Louis," they said, "did not, it is true, gain the battles of Rivoli and Marengo, or make the 'Code Civil:' but did M. Cavaignac, in his command at Tlemçen, gain such battles, or make such a code? Louis Bonaparte," they continued, "is an upright, sensible, educated, and modest man. These qualities are worth many others. M. Louis Bonaparte, in short, belongs to none but the moderate party. With him it is the republic of reason opposed to the republic demagogic; it is the army preserving that organization which makes its force; it is a system of military substitution indispensable to the rural population; it is equitable and not progressive taxation; it is the liberty and not the tyranny of education; it is the irremovability of the magistracy; it is, in fine, a wise administration, selected from the experience and talent of the country, substituted for the commissaries and sub-commissaries of the Provisional Government, disguised under the names of prefects and sub-prefects."

Among the numerous anecdotes of the "parvenus," raised into power after the revolution of February, which have circulated in political "*salons*," the following are illustrative of the vulgarity and presumption of the party. —, who occupied one of the highest official positions in the state, resolved to give a grand dinner at his palatial residence, to a large number of his colleagues and friends, who were but recently "*locataires*" of "*petites chambres à coucher garnies*," in the *mansardes* of the Banlieue, which, like the cobbler's lodging in the song, served indifferently

"For parlour, for bed-room, for kitchen, and hall."

This personage, resolving to treat his guests with becoming splendour, and not satisfied with the apparatus attached to his residence, went down to the royal manufactory of porcelain at Sevres to select from the well known splendid stock of that museum porcelain for the occasion of the dinner.

Among other objects a most gorgeous dessert service caught his eye, each plate of which was preserved under a glass-case. On inquiry it was found that this precious collection of objects of art was fabricated for king Louis Philippe, but that sovereign thought its beauty too exquisite, and its value too great to risk it by use on any public occasion which had yet occurred, and left it in the museum as an object for public admiration. This was indicated to — by the director of the manufactory, and it was at the same time mentioned that when the visit of Queen Victoria to Paris was expected, prior to the explosion which took place on the occasion of the Spanish marriages, it was a matter of doubt whether even on that royal occasion this precious collection should be used. This was, however, precisely the thing for the royal occasion of — and his guests, and the dessert service was accordingly ordered to be sent to the official hotel of the —. There it accordingly arrived, and from those magnificent plates the scribes of the *National* and the *Reforme*, and the feuilletonists of the rue Lepelletier ate their fruit. After the orgies were concluded, some half dozen of the magnificent plates were found smashed under the table, the broken set being returned two days later to the museum of Sevres.

Another anecdote is to the following effect:—Madame —, the lady of a high public functionary, having occasion for a cot or cradle for one of her children, sent to one of the royal palaces, and obtained that of the Comte de Paris, which accordingly became the object of admiration among the friends of the journalist.

One of the personages thrown up to the surface by the tempest of February, was Armand Marrast, editor of the journal called the *National*. A certain aptitude for the arrangement of the details of official business, acquired, no doubt, in his long career of journalism, recommended him, as we have already stated, to one of the pro-

minent posts under the Provisional Government. After a few days' tenure of the Prefecture of the Seine, the title of which had been changed to the more revolutionary one of the "Mayor of Paris," M. Garnier Pagès was displaced by M. Armand Marrast, who held this office uninterruptedly until he was elected President of the Assembly, on the appointment of M. Senard to the Ministry of the Interior. Installed in the magnificent hotel recently completed, and luxuriously furnished, M. Marrast immediately gave himself the airs of royalty. He had receptions, parties, and balls, in which the forms of sovereignty were unsparingly aped. No effort was spared to supplicate the more respectable classes of Paris to attend these entertainments; but those instances were unavailing—the ladies especially obstinately refused to sanction the scene by their presence. Parvenus alone were there, mingled with some foreign ladies, who went there, as they would have gone to the Porte St. Martin or the Variétés, as one of the sights of Paris.

General Cavaignac attempted similar receptions; but was even less fortunate than his friend and patron, the president. Ladies, such as they were, were found, in some considerable numbers, in the salons of M. Marrast; but no inducements could attract the women of Paris, of any class, to go to the hotel of the son of the conventional and terrorist.

Among the curious anecdotes which have been circulated respecting the origin and history of individuals who have been brought into elevated positions by this political convulsion, the following is entertaining. The lady of one of the government functionaries was once the subject of the following incident.

Charles X., before he left Paris in 1830, was on one occasion driven out for an airing, with the usual cortege. His carriage passed along the Allée des Veuves, in the Champs Elysées. A little girl, of the lower class, was playing in the road, and was thrown down by the horses, under whose feet she fell; they passed over her, but happily with but little injury. The child escaped, in fact, with some slight bruises. The king, hearing the exclamations which proceeded from the bystanders, and learning what had happened, or-

dered his carriage to stop, and sent one of his aides-de-camp to inquire after the little sufferer, and to obtain her address.

The following day a messenger from the Tuileries called with like inquiries, and also with a command on the part of the king to the parents of the child, to inform him in what manner he could best be of service to her. The mother of the child who, it appeared, was illegitimate, said she would be well contented if the king could give her 40,000 francs. Although this demand appeared somewhat exorbitant, it was acceded to but on the express condition, that the sum thus granted, should be invested for the sole benefit of the child; the interest to be applied to her maintenance and education; and the principal to be given to her on her marriage, as a "dot." This child, at a later period, became the wife of —; and by the revolution of February, was thrown into the elevated position to which we have just referred.

Many months were necessary to allow the country to recover from the shock produced on all minds by the revolution of February. Freedom of action had been suspended throughout France by the terror created by the events of February, the manifestations of the 17th of April, and the 15th of May; and this alarm had not time to subside, when the tremendous outbreak of June, in Paris, occurred. To those who are placed at a distance from the theatre of these extraordinary events, it will appear a paradox in politics, that a minority, destitute alike of numbers, talent, and respectability, and scarcely even supported by the scum of the faubourgs of the great towns, should, nevertheless, be able to occupy the government, and hold the reins of power, for nearly a year, in defiance, not only of the wealth, intelligence, and respectability of the country—in defiance of capital and commerce; but actually in defiance of the people, properly so called. Yet such is the fact. The pure republicans in France constitute a small party. They are confined exclusively to a few of the large class of towns; and the capital is their head quarters, and their stronghold. They are led by a few adventurers and journalists, possessing some demagogical talent,

unrestrained by any public principle. They have an end before them, which they will attempt to attain, by any means, no matter what—if by justifiable means, all the better; but whatever be the means, the end will be attempted.

“Rem, quocumque modo, rem!”

The republicans gained the seat of government in Paris, in February, by surprise. Through a deplorable negligence or ungrounded confidence on the part of the government, Paris, was, on that occasion, left with not more than 15,000 troops. Reinforcements, it is true, were quartered within a radius of a certain length around the capital; but they could not be available on the instant. When the storm, raised by the affair of the reform banquet, hurled the Guizot cabinet from power, and M.M. Thiers and Barrot came to the Tuileries, called by the king in an agony of despair, Marshal Bugeaud was sent for, and asked whether he could undertake to protect the capital from the *emeute*.

M. Thiers and he walked together through the garden and the Rue Castiglione to the *etat-major*, in the Place Vendome. By reference to the registries and reports there they first discovered the deplorable state in which the capital was left exposed, and on their way to and from this place, short as the distance was, they witnessed enough to convince them of the formidable task which they had before them. Marshal Bugeaud at once pronounced that the force was insufficient. The military was accordingly withdrawn from the Boulevards and other places, with their arms reversed, in sign of measures of conciliation that were to be taken.

The bureaux of the *National* had the tact to perceive the occasion—

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,”

And M. Armand Marrast and his associates, the sub-editors, printers, and compositors of the *National* seeing how to avail themselves of this, issued from the Rue Lepelletier on the Boulevards, and in six hours hurled the king of the barricades from the throne, on which the people had placed him in 1830.

In six or eight hours that throne was seen carried on the shoulders of the mob along the Boulevards, surrounded by ruffians, exposing on the points of bayonets the caps, bonnets, shawls, and other habiliments of the queen and princesses, which had been at the same time rifled from the Tuileries. They marched along the Boulevards to the Bastille, where amidst infernal shouts they burned those trophies.

The flight of the King of the French was, however, a step not advised or countenanced by M.M. Thiers and Barrot, who were his actual ministers at the moment it took place. These statesmen remained in the Tuileries, in the apartments of the king, during the entire night preceding his flight. The advice of M. Thiers was that he should withdraw to St. Cloud, and there surround himself with a sufficient military force; that in the meanwhile the ministers should, in the chamber of deputies, announce liberal measures of reform, such as would satisfy all parties in the chamber, even the extreme left. It was possible, but not probable, that the abdication of the king and the regency, under the Duchess of Orleans, during the minority of the Comte de Paris, might be necessary, and for that event all was prepared. Things were in this state, when, in the evening, the king withdrew to a private cabinet, and where it is said that he took the advice of other parties, and if report can be relied on, that he had a private conference with M. Guizot. This, however, has always appeared unlikely. M. Guizot too well understood his position as a statesman to compromise himself, by assuming the position of an irresponsible adviser. Be this as it may, however, M. Thiers, having left the Tuileries for a short time, found, to his surprise, that Louis Philippe, the queen, and some of the other members of the family, had left. It was not, however, till late in the day, that he learned, that, instead of going to St. Cloud, they had fled towards the coast, with the evident intention of leaving France.

The scenes which took place in the chamber of deputies the same day are well known. An armed mob invaded it, and reckless ruffians, mingled with fierce women, took their places among

the deputies. In the midst of this confusion, the president being driven from the chair, it was proposed to march to the Hotel de Ville, which was accordingly adopted, and the Provisional Government, as I have before stated, was appointed.

The first public indication of the real sense of the majority of the country was made in the election of the National Assembly; but at that epoch the country had not yet recovered from the panic which had been excited by the events of February, and a certain timidity prevented it from returning a decided reactionary majority. The composition of the Assembly well explains the state of the public mind. As, however, time rolled on, the respectability and property of the country gained new confidence, and as the epoch of the presidential election approached, public opinion began more openly to develop itself. General Cavaignac soon discovered that, if he had any hopes of obtaining the honour of being elected First President of the French Republic, those hopes must be based upon the support of the moderate party; but how a stanch and sincere republican, without "*arriere pensée*," who was devoted to the real establishment of a permanent republic in France, could obtain this support, was not easy to be seen.

The real purpose of the moderate party, as it was called, was and is the return to monarchy. They desire, however, if possible, to return to it without disorder. They entertain a confident hope that when the present assembly shall be dissolved, the next chamber to be elected, will correspond with the sentiments, and fairly represent the opinions of the vast majority of the French citizens. If this be the case, then they think that there can be no doubt that such a chamber will, itself, adopt measures for the return to the form of a constitutional monarchy. They all declare the republic proclaimed in May to be a political lie. They all proclaim the holders of power, during the year 1848, to be guilty of usurpation; but in the case of some of them, such usurpation will be justified by the exigency of the moment, inasmuch as without it the capital must have been the theatre of all the worst horrors of anarchy. Through the chamber then

the moderate party hopes to accomplish a pacific reaction, by assenting to all, and executing the decree of the great majority of the French people. If an attempt at violent resistance, which is not improbable, should be made in Paris, or in any of the other large class of towns, they think that the army, the great majority of which is known to be anti-republicans, and the National Guard, which is actuated by a like spirit, will be sufficient to repress it. Such is the system which govern the moderate party at the moment we write.

It may not be unprofitable to explain here, briefly, the parties as they at present exist in France.

The *moderate party* includes all the old dynasties of every shade and name. It includes the legitimists, who supported Henry V. in 1830, and opposed Louis Philippe; it includes, also, the Orleanists, consisting of those who would restore Louis Philippe, as well as those who would have superseded him by a regency; it includes a third party of great magnitude, who propose to conciliate the claims of both branches of the Bourbons, by establishing Henry V., the succession being settled on the Comte de Paris. These proceed on the assumption, that Henry V. will not have issue, a point which, somehow or other, seems to be generally conceded. It is understood, moreover, that the Duchess of Orleans, and the friends of the Comte de Paris, could acquiesce in such an arrangement, and that the Henry Cinquists likewise acceded to it. Louis Philippe, it is said, opposes it; but his age and position deprive his personal opposition of all force. Such an arrangement could, it is understood, receive the assent generally of the princes of the Orleans family.

Such is the moderate party.

We have next the party called the *republicans of the Veille*; or, more intelligibly, the *republicans of the National*. This very small party is that which has occupied, and still occupies power. It fills all the offices of the state—its editors, sub-editors, contributors, clerks, collectors, servants, compositors, printers, and printers' devils, literally swarm in all the bureaux of the state. They have been fattening upon the public purse now for ten months; they have

collected around their small nucleus a large proportion of those waiters upon fortune, that never fail to collect around the holders of public patronage. General Cavaignac is their impersonation. They support his candidateship, and promote it by every means, including the most unscrupulous. The whole machinery of government is at their disposal, and they work it with unsparing activity. It is this which gives to a party, so insignificant in number and ability, the importance and power which they now possess. They profess to advocate a respectable republic; and knowing the aversion of the great majority of the French people to a low democracy, and the necessity of consulting this majority to give the least hopes of permanence to the government, they oppose themselves to the ultra-democratic party. It cannot be denied, that if a republic be established at all, it ought to be such a republic as they could advocate.

Next comes *the democratic party*, represented by the journal "*La Reforme*." At the head of this party is the popular tribune, Ledru Rollin. He goes further in democracy than the party of the *National*, but stops short of socialism, still more of communism. He is an advocate for paper money, glories in the name of the mountain, and delivers speeches at public meetings, and democratic banquets, eulogistic of Robespierre, and the old mountain of '93.

Lastly, comes *the low democracy of socialism and communism*, the type and idol of which is Raspail. Even M. Prudhon, extreme as are his views, is regarded coldly by this party, "*faute de mieux*." They show him some favor, but they think he is behind the age, and yet M. Prudhon declares christianity to be a fable, and family a joke. He says that the progress of events must inevitably dispel the illusion of religious fanaticism; he denies the existence of a God, and of every moral law than that of which the public will is the origin, yet that individual is a sort of *reactionnaire* in the eyes of the supporters of M. Raspail.

These four parties, represented among the candidates for the Presidency, by Prince Louis Napoleon, General Cavaignac, Ledru Rollin, and

Raspail, constitute the entire body of French citizens. The first consists of the great majority of the French people. In the second is included a large body of persons who would attach themselves to the first, and will do so if Louis Napoleon is elected. Exclusive of these waverers, this second party is comparably the smallest. The third, represented by Ledru Rollin, is more numerous, and the fourth, or extreme democratic party, still more so.

The political phenomena developed by the presidential election, are not the least memorable events of this most memorable year. General Cavaignac, after the suppression of the bloody insurrection of June, and after having thereby preserved Paris from pillage, and from a reign of terror, attained the summit of power.

Soon afterwards, Prince Louis Napoleon, the eldest son of the ex-King of Holland, Louis Bonaparte, the eldest brother of the Emperor Napoleon, and Hortense Beauharnois, the daughter, by her first marriage, of the ex-Empress Josephine, was elected a member of the Assembly. Popular disturbances being feared, and the possibility of an imperial movement apprehended, Prince Louis, under the advice of his friends, addressed a letter to the president of the Assembly, resigning the seat to which he had been elected, assigning as his reason, that the peace of France was dearer to him than his own personal ambition. Another election took place, by which he was again returned, and for a still greater number of departments. This time he was advised to accept. Some technical objections to his qualifications were noised abroad as being intended to be offered by the party of the government. The formidable amount of the suffrages, however, which he had obtained, prevented this project, and it was abandoned. He accordingly took his seat as one of the representatives of the department of the Seine.

While these events were in progress, the candidateship of General Cavaignac for the presidency was put forward; but it was evidently hopeless, unless the moderate party, which constituted the great majority of the country, could be propitiated. To General Cavaignac, personally, there

was neither objection nor aversion. A moderate man, endowed with much firmness of character, and free from any ambition injurious to freedom, he was more or less acceptable to all parties; but his "entourage" was odious to the moderates. He was selected by the republicans of the *veille*, not on account of his own personal qualities, but as a tribute to the memory of his brother, Godefroy Cavaignac, and his father, the notorious member of the convention, and the agent of the terror. As a first homage to this relation, Cavaignac, after February, was appointed Governor-General of Algeria; but as the situation of the capital became more and more precarious, and as the outbreak which took place in June became more imminent, the executive government felt the necessity of having beside them a soldier, on whose democratic principles they could place full reliance. To General Changarnier they owed the defeat of the conspiracy of the 15th of May; but General Changarnier was known as a legitimist. General Cavaignac was therefore recalled from Africa, and appointed Minister of War previous to the insurrection of June. He was thus, in the eyes of the moderate party, and, indeed, in reality, personally identified with the party of the *National*, and more especially with M. Armand Marrast, afterwards President of the Assembly. It was from this individual General Cavaignac was understood to derive all his inspirations; he was his *alter ego*, and perhaps public opinion even exaggerated the influence thus exercised over the chief of the state. Be this as it may, General Cavaignac, in the eyes of the moderate party, was looked upon as the creature of the *National*, and, as such, was peculiarly obnoxious. To have faced the electoral body as a candidate for the presidency, covered with such odium, would have been most imprudent. It was, therefore, arranged, by the advice of the party of the *National*, that a "*rapprochement*" should be effected, if possible, with the moderate party. Negotiations were accordingly opened with them, the result of which was, the appointment of M. Dufaure to the Ministry of the Interior, in place of M. Senard, and M. Vivien to the Ministry of Public Works, in place of M. Recurt. M. Senard was a repub-

lican of the *veille*, and M. Recurt was the friend and associate of Pepin, and was more than suspected of being privy to the Fieschi plot. This measure was, therefore, in a double sense, a concession to the moderate party—a concession, by the appointment of two of its leading members to the Ministries of the Interior and Public Works, and a further concession, by the removal from the ministry of two republicans of the *veille*, one of whom was particularly obnoxious. But this step had hardly been taken, when the party of the *National*, as it were, shrunk with timidity from the advance they had made, and seemed alarmed at having gone so far in what the more exalted democrats denominated reaction. Two appointments were accordingly made, to counteract these which have been just mentioned. M. Recurt was placed in the Prefecture of the Seine, at the head of the municipality of Paris; and M. Trouvé-Chauvel, another democrat of the *veille*, was advanced to the Ministry of Finances. It was, moreover, ascertained that these appointments were arbitrarily made by General Cavaignac, without previously consulting the two ministers of the moderate party whom he had just appointed. This step naturally created much indignation, and exasperated the moderate party even more than would have been the case if MM. Dufaure and Vivien had not been appointed. Indeed, these two personages were much lowered in the estimation of their own party, because they did not throw up their offices upon the appearance of the appointments of MM. Trouvé-Chauvel and Recurt in the *Moniteur*. General Cavaignac thus threw down with one hand what he had erected with the other, and he ultimately presented himself to the electors as a candidate for the presidency, subject to the hostility of the entire moderate party.

While these things were in progress, the name of Prince Louis Napoleon was put forward by his friends as a candidate for the presidency, and that name instantly produced an electric effect throughout the country. It became manifest that a large proportion of suffrages would rally round it in all the departments. The moderate party were, during this time,

holding counsel as to the candidate whom they should put forward. They had, however, come to no decision until the candidanship of Prince Louis had made such progress, that the effect of their putting forward any candidate would, inevitably, as they imagined, so divide the suffrages, that none of the candidates would have an absolute majority, and that consequently the election would fall into the hands of the Assembly, who, it was well known, would elect General Cavaignac by a large majority.

The question, therefore, which the moderate party had to decide was, whether by putting forward a candidate of their own, they would ensure the election of General Cavaignac, or by abstaining altogether from voting, they would give a chance to Cavaignac to have so great a minority as still to throw the election into the Assembly, or finally, by giving their support to Prince Louis, to ensure for him an absolute majority, and thereby throw out Cavaignac.

They adopted the last-mentioned course; but the result of the election, as now known, renders it very doubtful whether, even though the leaders of the moderate party had abstained, or even if they had set up a candidate of their own, whether still the "entrainment" of the populace would not have carried the election of Prince Louis.

The result of the election has placed the chief of the executive and the assembly in a false position. Prince Louis has been elected by eighty per cent. of the electoral body. Had the election taken place in the Assembly, General Cavaignac would have been elected by exactly the same proportion of the representatives.

It is, therefore, demonstratively certain, that four-fifths of the representatives themselves, elected by universal suffrage, are directly opposed to four-fifths of their constituents; on this point Prince Louis is the nominee of four-fifths of the electors; and yet

four-fifths of the representatives are his inveterate opponents.

How, it will be asked, can so singular an anomaly be explained? The solution is not difficult to an attentive observer of the events of the year. The assembly was elected in April—the country was in a state of alarm—fears were entertained of a civil war—to have returned a large reactionary majority would, it was supposed, have inevitably produced this result. In the election, therefore, a certain amount of concessions were made by the majority to the democratic party, and the result was, that the assembly was more democratic in its constitution than was the electoral body by whom it was returned. If the election took place now, after the successive repressions of the attempts of the 15th of May and the 24th of June, an assembly, representing more faithfully the opinions of the country, would be returned.

But whatever solution be accepted, the political dilemma is apparent: the Assembly are on one side, and the president and the electoral body on the other—they are opposed to each other—and, while they are so, it is impossible to conceive that the machinery of government can move smoothly.

The necessity, therefore, of a speedy dissolution of the Assembly is generally felt. It is certain that another Assembly now elected would be composed of a majority in harmony with that of the electoral body, but it is precisely for that reason that the proposed dissolution of the Assembly is objected to by all the organs of the republicans of the *veille* and the ultra-democrats. The organs of the red republicans do not dissemble their intentions, and openly declare that, if any attempt to dissolve the Assembly by direct or indirect means were used, they are ready to go down into the streets and fight for it. What the practical result of this situation may be, time alone will show. Perhaps before these pages are in the hands of the reader, those results may be foreshadowed.

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THE Editor of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, finding it quite impossible to read and answer the innumerable communications sent to him, gives notice that he will not undertake to read or return MSS. unless he has intimated to the writer his wish to have them forwarded for perusal.

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ART AND ARCHITECTURE.*

SUCH of our readers as take an interest in the topography of ancient Jerusalem, will be well pleased to recognise the name of Mr. Fergusson, whose speculations on the site of our Lord's sepulchre were lately noticed in our pages. In those speculations, Mr. Fergusson displayed considerable scholastic learning, and a very extended knowledge in architecture, joined to great boldness and originality of thought. But boldness in arguments of that kind, is not a merit; and Mr. Fergusson's book on the topography of the Temple, will be more valued for its architectural details than its historical inferences and suppositions. He has now assumed a more congenial task, and with better prospect of success in the work before us—a work, too, in which, if he succeed, even to a small extent, he will gain enduring fame and honour. And although, in our judgment, he has set about his undertaking in a way much too ambitious, and betrays in his collateral disquisitions an excessive vanity, we are indebted to him, so far as he has gone, for some new and highly valuable views on the connexions and affiliations of the different schools of architecture; and we have no doubt that when he shall have completed his exposition of the Eastern styles, in his promised second volume, not only the architect, but the philosophic historian and ethnologist will have to own themselves obliged by his labours.

The collateral matter which we have referred to, is as irrelevant as

any subject of human knowledge can be to another; being nothing less than a new digest and classification of the entire cyclopædia of the arts and sciences, beginning with theology and the pure mathematics, and coming round, through (*inter alia*) music and gastronomy, to religion and theology, where the circle began. In this department we have abundant new divisions and terms of philosophy, not heretofore in use—technics, æsthetics (an unhappy word, the cloak of so much naked pretension, new-turned and lined by our author), phonetics, eu-phonetics, chromatics, eu-chromatics, anthropics, and what not. Mr. Fergusson conceives himself under a necessity of re-arranging all these, before he can properly approach his subject; and in the new distribution and classification which he makes of them, exhibits an exorbitant and obtrusive self-esteem, by no means calculated to conciliate the favour, or secure the confidence, of his readers.

He dwells with singular complacency on the obstacles which, it seems, he has had to surmount in the early pursuit of learning:—

“In early life my mercantile pursuits kept me too close at the desk to have time for society, and having no taste for the ordinary amusements of my fellow-labourers, I sought my only distraction in reading—and, as was to be expected, soon read my head into a chaos. I struggled long and hard to classify the ill-digested mass of incoherent facts with which my brain was filled, but for a long time in vain; till this division into

* “An Historical Inquiry into the True Principles of Beauty in Art, more especially with reference to Architecture.” By James Fergusson, Esq., Architect. Part I. London: Longmans. 1849.

sciences and arts [viz., meaning by the former, a *knowledge of all that nature does without man's intervention*; by the latter, a *knowledge of all those modifications that man works on nature's productions*] broke upon me, and all became clear. It came upon me like a flash of lightning. From that hour I never had any difficulty, however various my readings might be. Every new fact found at once its appropriate pigeon-hole in my brain—nothing came amiss to me; and I am convinced that if I have two ideas more original, or more worth reading than those of my neighbour, I owe it to the happy inspiration of that hour."

Yet any one disposed to quarrel with our author's definitions would not, we apprehend, have much difficulty in showing them to be by no means absolute, although accurate enough for the rough rudiments of self-education. It must not be supposed, however, whatever conventional protestations custom demands on such occasions, that Mr. Fergusson alleges his early disadvantages with any apologetic view: on the contrary, it rather seems by way of enhancing the merits of a success, admirable in any case, but in this, wonderful beyond precedent.

"Few men have, either from education, or the professional pursuits of their life, been less prepared for such a work as this. From boyhood I was destined to the desk. From school I passed to the counting-house; from that to an indigo factory—of all places in the world, perhaps, the one least suited for any knowledge of the fine arts; from this to become an acting and active partner in a large mercantile establishment, from the trammels of which, in spite of every endeavour, I have never been able to free myself; and during the time this work has been in hand, I have written, and, perhaps, also thought, more about the state of the money-market, indigo, sugar, silk, and such-like articles, than I have regarding architecture, painting, or sculpture."

All this, and more in the same taste, had better been omitted; and in future editions of the work, which its proper merits justify us in expecting, we may possibly be spared both what is personal to the author, and what is impertinent to his subject.

His subject is architecture—his object, the elevation of his art, by every practicable method of proportion,

form, colouring, and expression, consistent with fitness. The aim is sufficiently lofty for the highest exercise of any one man's energies. In taking a survey of what has been already achieved by different nations, at various times, in their several modes of building and decoration, the whole field of history, chronology, and ethnography is open to the investigator. He is at liberty to range through a space of five thousand years in time, and over a surface co-extensive with the habitable globe. But he will perform his task best, who makes fewest excursions into collateral topics; who indicates the origins and affiliations of architectural styles, by architectural, rather than philological remains, and who gives most new materials to the historian, with the least amount of aid from history. Supposing, however, that the survey of all that has been done were completed, and all the collateral aids of learning exhausted in classifying and analogising existing structures, it would remain to apply whatever general principles had been evolved in the investigation, to the further advancement of the art, and perhaps to the production of new forms of architecture, as proper to our own times and circumstances, as the Egyptian, the Greek, or the Gothic, were to their respective localities and epochs. In the ultimate prosecution of an undertaking of this nature, there would doubtless be room for speculations of a widely discursive kind; but, for the present, Mr. Fergusson professes to be engaged only in the preliminary survey, and of that survey, a half only is completed; and the generalisations as yet suggested are consequently imperfect, and give no ground for any suggestion of further advancement in the art. We protest, therefore, as we have already protested, against these ambitious beginnings which, even were they in commensurable elements, are so little likely to have corresponding conclusions in the end.

It is satisfactory, after having discharged a duty of censure, to find room for an equivalent of commendation; and the agreeable task now remains to us of doing justice to a mind of undoubted vigour and originality. We beg our reader will forget that we have had to expostulate against ex-

extragances, and to reprove the foibles of an over-confident genius. If our author have succeeded, as we think he has, in setting some things, of great moment in his art, in a new and true light, he deserves, if not toleration, at least an amnesty for faults which, after all, are but the indiscreet expression of one element of intellectual vigour.

Among the novel views which Mr. Fergusson has opened to us, we assign the most important place to his exposition of the means of lighting interiors, and his reconciliation of the modes by which this was accomplished in Egyptian halls, in Greek temples, in Roman basilicas, and in Gothic churches. If he be right—and we have strong and independent reasons for believing that he is right—in his views on this subject, a great and perplexing discrepancy has been removed; the Greek genius is relieved of what has been always considered, save by those bound by architectural superstitions, as a reproach; and a new step has been taken towards the generalisation of architectural interiors.

We shall best, perhaps, make the necessary preliminary explanations, by describing the form and arrangement of the Roman basilica, as a species of middle type, from which the earlier and later designs may be deduced. Let the reader imagine a barn-shaped building, of lofty and narrow proportions, having a row of windows immediately under the eaves in the upper part, and a series of open arches on the level of the floor, in the lower part of each side wall. Add, at each side of this central structure, a wing of the same length, but of half the height, and cover in these lateral sheds by pent-house roofs, sloping upward to the under eaves of the windows of the central building. The interior, so constructed, will thus be divided into a central apartment, or nave, communicating through open arches, with an aisle at each side, and lighted by windows opening above the roofs of these lateral apartments. These windows, so pierced in the upper story of the central building, are called the clerestory, and, in the basilica, are so proportioned as to leave intervals in the wall of sufficient solidity to support the roof, which in buildings of that kind re-

quires no great strength in its supports, being framed of timber, and so bearing directly downward. In Gothic buildings, however, where the roof is arched and constructed of stone, the whole strength of the side wall, even undiminished by any apertures, would not suffice to resist the lateral thrust of the vault; and to give the necessary strength, external buttresses have to be added. These buttresses, however, if composed of solid masonry, would cross and intersect the aisles, cutting them up into separate divisions, which would destroy the effect of the interior. They are, therefore, carried across and over the aisles by light arches, springing from the external walls, and so assume the graceful and picturesque form of flying buttresses. By these, in fact, the pressure of the vault is resisted, so that the architect, in designing the clerestory, finds himself at liberty to cut away as much of the side-wall as he pleases; and instead of the limited opes of the clerestory of the basilica, may, if he will, and as in fact in many instances he has done, convert the whole upper part of the walls of the nave into a lantern of windows. And hence arises not only one great beauty of the Gothic interior, but a great part also of its awe-inspiring effect. For, the flying buttresses which really prop the roof, being concealed from the spectator by the intervention of the lantern of stained glass, he seems to walk beneath a vault of stone, suspended by invisible means, at a height of a hundred feet above his head; the only apparent supports of which, the light pillars and slender piers between the windows of the clerestory, are plainly insufficient to bear so great a pressure. Whether the sense of insecurity, which undoubtedly enters to a considerable extent into the complex feeling of awe inspired by such an interior, be a legitimate emotion to bring in aid of religious sentiment, is a question not calling for discussion here; but the philosophic critic would probably give the preference to an interior which should excite emotions of religious awe to an equal degree, without the aid of any trick or artifice of construction. The basilican interior can hardly be said to do this; for, though all appears complete, secure, self-evident, and self-sustained, the sense of

awe is there subordinated to the perception of beauty and fitness. But the perfection we have spoken of unquestionably belongs to the great Egyptian interiors, where the emotion of sublimity is excited more powerfully than even in the noblest Gothic structure, and that quite independently of any concealed or unapparent arrangement of the parts, but resulting wholly, as, in the minor degree it does in the basilican interior, from the grandeur of the masses and the harmony of the proportions.

Here possibly the reader may object, that in instituting this comparison between a basilican and Egyptian interior, and in comparing both with a Gothic one, we are no longer dealing *in pari materiâ*. But, in truth, the three styles of interiors are alike in all their principal features; for, the Egyptian hall consists, like the Gothic or basilican hall, of a central apartment or nave, with lateral apartments or aisles, rising to a lower elevation, to which access is given through openings between rows of columns, while the light is admitted through apertures in the upper walls of the central buildings—in fact through a series of clerestory windows, looking out over the lower level of the lateral roofs. Mr. Fergusson's description of the great hypostyle hall at Karnac conveys a sufficiently distinct idea of such a structure, and of its effect on the beholder:—

“In plan it is a perfectly regular rectangle of two squares, being about 170 east and west, and 340 north and south; it is again divided into four equal parts—one of which, in the centre, is higher than the side-aisles, its height being equal to its width; and its roof is raised above them one-third, so as to admit light to the hall through a range of clerestory windows, precisely as is done in Gothic cathedrals.

“On looking at the plan it will be observed that the central ranges of columns, which are sixty-four feet in height by thirty in circumference, do not stand in the same lines, north and south, as the side ranges, which, according to our modern rules of art, would, of course, be put down as a defect; but I cannot consider it as such, nor even suppose that it arose from the usual symmetriphobia so observable in all the buildings of Thebes, but that it really was done to heighten the effect;

for it will be observed that the whole light was admitted to the central compartment, either through the two great doors at either end of it, or by the clerestory; so that any one standing there was in the blaze of the light, but looking to the right or left, could not penetrate the apparently illimitable gloom of the wings; but would see column after column, each less distinct than the other, till at last they faded altogether from his sight. In like manner, any one standing in the shade of the sides, and looking towards the centre, would see these great columns standing in the full light, and half closing the vista; so that, except in one of the ten compartments into which it was divided, his eye could not look across the centre, or guess to what length the hall extended in that direction. But with all this artistic concealment of the limits of the hall, there must have been sufficient light, in that climate, to see to read in every part of it. I do not know any other building in the world in which this effect has been attempted, but I cannot conceive anything so well calculated to give apparent size to even small dimensions, or to add so much to those that were already considerable. . . .

“Perhaps the best mode of arriving at a just estimate of this building would be, by comparing it with some other similar well-known edifice, if such can be found. . . .

“If we take, for instance, one of the best-known of the cathedrals of that age—Cologne: its dimensions internally are 437 feet by 340 feet by 170 feet; the one covering 145 feet, while those of the hall are 58,300 feet, the other 57,800 feet. To the former, however, we must add the transepts, which cover nearly 10,000 feet more; so that the whole internal dimensions of the cathedral are larger than those of the hall; if, however, we add to the latter the propyla and side walls, we find that it covers 88,800 feet, while Cologne occupies only 74,500 feet, so that on the whole the ground plans may be considered as tolerably equal.

“In point of constructive skill, Cologne has infinitely the advantage over the other. At Karnac, for instance, in the central compartment, the proportion of the open space compared with the points of support is as one to five and a-half, and in the sides only as one to four nearly; while at Cologne the proportions are as one to sixty and one to forty. . . . I am not prepared to say that the hall at Karnac does not run into the opposite extreme, and fail from excess of strength; but it was plain that power was the expression they aimed at, and durability their motive. They could easily, had they

chosen it, have made their pillars of less diameters, and even with the same architraves have got a wider intercolumniation, had they placed them on the wide-spreading capitals. But on the contrary, in the centre compartment, the abacus is a square within the diameter of the column, and in the side aisles it does not project one inch beyond the least dimensions of the pillar. By these means, it is true, the whole weight is thrown on the centre, and stability gained; but they were too good builders not to have effected this with greater space, had such been their wish. It was a work of fine art, not of use, they aimed at producing, and as such only we must judge it."—pp. 215-218.

We regret that we cannot transfer, along with Mr. Fergusson's text, his engraved section of the building, a glance at which shows the positive identity of arrangements between these, the oldest structural interiors, and the Roman and Gothic halls of comparatively modern times.

But we are now to trace this similarity a step farther; and, therefore, postponing some observations on other Egyptian matters, which we shall revert to by-and-by, we proceed to show how Mr. Fergusson carries this idea of the clerestory, and with it all the picturesqueness and sublimity of an aisled and naved interior, into the temples of the Greeks—a great feat in historic architectural science, if he have been successful, and whether he have not succeeded let the candid reader now judge.

It may be necessary to premise, that the form which the Greek temple usually assumes, that, namely, of an oblong building, surrounded by a detached colonnade, was very early in use among the Egyptians, as, for example, the Mammeisi at Elephantine, ascribed to Amenophis III., and of which Mr. Fergusson gives a plan and elevation (p. 226) from the great French work on Egypt. But this colonnade, with the porticos at the ends, has hitherto been regarded as the principal part of the Greek temple; for the interior building, or *cella*, we have usually considered as being either wholly covered in by the roof, and so quite dark, unless artificially lighted, or else quite open to the sky, the roof, in this latter case, being confined to the porticos at the ends, and the colonnades at the sides. And this

second arrangement is what our classic antiquarians call *hypæthral*, or the open-air style of temple. Now, every one who has reflected on the alleged construction of these hypæthral cellas must have perceived the extraordinary ugliness of such a want in the middle of the roof of a building of that kind, disconnecting, as it does, the line of the ridge, and leaving the pediments standing up as separate pent-houses at either end, instead of presenting the appearance of terminations to a continuous roof, as all their members show they were designed to do. It appears scarcely credible that a people so jealous of beauty in architecture should have suffered their finest works to be dis-outlined, if we may invent the word to convey our meaning, by an expedient so destructive of every appearance of completeness and repose. We cannot help, therefore, rejecting the popular notion of the hypæthral cella, as applied to any Greek temple, of which we have the remains still existing. Assuming, then, that such of them as we are acquainted with were roofed, and roofed with an unbroken ridge-line, had they, on the other supposition, their cellas uniformly covered in and excluded from the light of day? Mr. Fergusson says not; and alleges that they had their cellas lighted, just as other great architectural interiors have been lighted for three thousand years, by a clerestory.

Here we must again regret our inability to transfer, with our author's argument, his engraved illustrations. With the aid of an engraved plan open before him, the most correct writer is liable to fall into inaccuracies of expression, and to rest content with vague and insufficient descriptions; for the text in such a case is too often regarded as merely ancillary to the drawing, and the writer, certain of being understood through the one method of expression, is little careful of completeness in the other. But a good writer, however he may avail himself of the collateral aid of drawings, will always take care that his text shall be sufficient by itself to convey its own meaning. Mr. Fergusson, although he has read much and thought more, and is in no way deficient in reliance on himself, is not a good writer. His text, unaccompanied by his plans, sections, and elevations, would not be

fully intelligible, even to a reader well skilled in these subjects. We may take this occasion to observe, that the same remark, in a still greater degree, applies to Colonel Vyse's "*Pyramids of Gizeh*," a work frequently cited by our author, where the most accurate plans, and pictorial illustrations of great excellence are united with written descriptions of the most incondite and least intelligible character. Since, therefore, we cannot say with Mr. Fergusson

"The annexed ground-plan, with the plan, tranverse, and longitudinal sections of a portion of the roof of the temple, will explain, better than words can do, what I believe to be the mode in which the roof was arranged and the temple lighted—"

we must endeavour to supply a verbal explanation of his theory. It appears that the *cella* of the temple of Apollo Epicurus at Phigalia is still standing; and running round the interior of the *cella*, at the height of the external entablature, is a sculptured frieze of elaborate beauty, and such as must plainly have been lighted by some method very different from any possible arrangement of lamps. To suppose it hypæthral, in the sense we have explained, involves a more than usual difficulty; for in that case the frieze would have had the cornice proper to a complete entablature, and would probably have risen to such a height as to screen the reverse view of the lateral roofs. Independently, therefore, of the difficulty of supposing such a discontinuance in the temple roof, as the hypæthral adaptation would require, there are these additional reasons for concluding that the light to this frieze must have been admitted by other arrangements. But here, as everywhere else, in the case of the Greek temple, the roof, having been of wood, has disappeared, and we are left to speculate on its arrangements from the walls and columns which alone remain. The columns of the *cella* of this temple at Phigalia, however, are placed exactly opposite the intervals of the columns of the peristyle, indicating, that whatever opes may have existed in the roof for the admission of light to the interior, occupied spaces in line with the external columns; as, otherwise the continuous portions of the roof, yielding the principal amount of drainage, would

not be in line with the gargoyles, or spout-mouths of the external cornice, which are always found in the intervals between the columns of the peristyle. Internal apertures, corresponding to such opes in the roof, must, consequently, have fallen in the intervals between the imposts, or whatever other members in line with the columns of the *cella* may have risen above the internal frieze, for the support of the central part of the roof. But such a row of openings between pilasters, or other similar continuations of the columns of the *cella*, admitting the light above the frieze, would, in fact, constitute a perfect clerestory, in no respect differing from that of the Egyptian, Gothic, or Basilican interior, and only distinguishable externally by being covered with a continuous roof, extending from the ridge-line of the central compartment in one plane down to the eaves of the lateral colonnades.

Sections of the temple at Phigalia of the temple of Jupiter at Agrigentum, of the Parthenon, and of the Eleusinian temple of Ceres, illustrate the applicability of the principle to every species of interior. The last exhibits a striking resemblance to the Egyptian model on which Mr. Fergusson, with great appearance of probability, contends that the Greek interior was formed; for the nave of the temple of Eleusis was flanked by a triple series of columns, just as the nave of the hall of Karnac had at each side a seven-fold aisle, if we may use the expression, meaning a lateral hall divided by a series of seven rows of pillars into so many compartments. The three-fold aisle is a feature of frequent occurrence in the greatest Gothic cathedrals, as at Milan, where in walking up the nave one seems to move amid a forest of clustered columns, disclosing at each step new vistas of ever-varying beauty and mystery. What the effect of a seven-fold arrangement of that kind must have been to the spectator who, having approached through the avenue of sphynxes, and passed the gigantic propyla of Luxor, advanced into the great hypostyle hall, with these apparently interminable vistas of hundreds of pillars losing themselves in shadow on his right hand and left, we may judge of from the emotions of solemnity

and wonder which crowd on us from the aisles of Milan or Cologne, though but a third part as various in their combinations, and not of half the linear extent, of those vast lateral ambulatories of the Theban palace. Even now, half choked with sand, unroofed, disjointed, and defaced by the vicissitudes of three thousand years, these mighty pillars, with their architraves and girders of squared stone stretching over spaces equal to the span of most of the vaulted roofs of modern buildings, fill the mind with a sense of the presence of power beyond any other covered structure ever erected by the hands of man. The spectator, recalling the multitudinous contrivances and collateral aids required for the production of a Gothic interior, stands astonished at the majestic simplicity which so overawes him in the combination of horizontal stone blocks and upright columns around and above him. Yet, doubtless, a combination of even greater lintels imposed on still mightier pillars might be made, which would produce no feeling of grandeur or beauty, and might possibly even fail to convey the sense of power; for, although its law be, and probably will for ever remain, inscrutable to us, there is a definite proportion of dimensions, and of masses to spaces, which conveys at once the greatest notion of height and breadth, of solidity and extension, that the materials employed are capable of producing; and the same, or even greater materials, put together in other proportions, while exaggerated in their effect of height, would, probably, be unduly diminished in that of breadth; or while increased in seeming bulk and solidity, would want the appearance of room and expansion. Mr. Ferguson's observations on this law of proportion suggest a curious analogy between artistic and mechanical power:

"I have before alluded to the law in mechanics that, by multiplying power by time, or the contrary, it is possible, by the sacrifice of whichever element is of least value, to obtain a corresponding quantity of the other. A similar law exists in architecture, where it is always possible to obtain immense apparent size when we can afford to sacrifice real space; and on the contrary, when space must be obtained, it must always be at the expense of apparent size. Thus, if

every alternate column were removed from the design of the hall at Karnac, it is true the accommodation it would afford to multitudes would be greatly increased, but its apparent size diminished at least one-third or one-half; and its roof would then be awkwardly low, and its whole proportion disagreeable and bad. On the other hand, were the number of pillars in Cologne cathedral doubled, all its dimensions, both of height, width, and length, would be very much increased; but at the same time its proportions would be bad, the height, at least, painfully so; and it would be utterly unfit for a Christian church, or the display of any of the ceremonies of which it forms a part. One of the most striking examples of this rule is St. Peter's at Rome, where, with unparalleled linear dimensions, the architects, from their ignorance of the true principles of design, have thrown away the means at their command, and produced only a comparatively small-looking building. Cologne errs also on this side; but in no building that I know of, has the same effect been produced by the same linear dimensions as in the hall at Karnac; a little more space in the floor, or a few feet more in the height of the roof, would not only have thrown it out of proportion, but have diminished its apparent size to a very perceptible extent."—pp. 218, 219.

We are quite sensible that St. Peter's at Rome produces at first an effect far less imposing than is due to its real dimensions. But it is hardly becoming in any one of our generation, even though he were a great scholar and mighty architect, which Mr. Ferguson is not, to speak irreverently of Bramante, Raffael d'Urbino, and Michael Angelo, who are thus arrogantly censured for ignorance of the true principles of design. It is true, they might easily have made a more imposing show at first sight with the materials they have employed; but the spectator would have lost the pleasure he now enjoys in the gradual growth and dawning on his mind of the true dimensions. Nowhere else has this delightful consciousness of enlarging senses been so fully secured to the beholder of any architectural interior; and when the spectator considers the simple modesty which at first encouraged him to enter undismayed, and finds that those unambitious forms are growing every instant more superb—more expanded—

more majestic around him—he experiences an emotion in some degree analogous to that of one admitted to the conversation of a great man of unaffected manners and of mighty mind, who first wins, then delights, and finally commands us. That the nave is too lofty for its breadth will, probably, be felt by most educated eyes; but there are reasons for this which justify a departure from the best proportion in an inferior feature, for the attainment of greater grandeur in the principal one. We have here, however, strayed from an Egyptian into a modern Roman interior, where the adoption of the dome, both in the intersection of the transepts and over the several compartments of the aisles, and lateral chapels, renders the clerestory a subordinate feature; and we are as yet unwilling finally to take leave of this theory of clerestory-lighted interiors.

The under surface of the flat stone roof of the Egyptian hall—flat, because rain never fell in that climate, and it was only necessary to exclude the sun—constituted the internal ceiling. The rainy climates of Greece and Italy required a sloping roof, and in the earlier basilican interiors the under surface of the covering tiles, bare or boarded, was always left visible through the timber frame-work. But the Greeks never appear to have suffered the ceilings of their temples to present any other than the flat surface, which they had, probably, learned to admire in the country of Danaus, for such we constantly find to be the form of ceiling remaining in their porticos and peristyles. Of the four varieties, then, of clerestory-lighted interiors (assuming our author to have established his theory), the two earlier are flat-ceiled, and the two more recent, pointed or vaulted. Our modern flat-ceiled structures, by a curious inversion, would thus appear to be more antique in their interiors than even the mediæval and later Roman buildings. Neither are our windowed exteriors the modern invention we are in the habit of supposing. There is at Medinet Habou a pavilion, or country palace of Rhamses the Fourth, an Egyptian monarch of the eighteenth dynasty (a period not far removed from the Exode), which is as amply windowed as any suburban villa of modern Italy. It was not, therefore,

from any inattention to the means at their disposal for admitting the light through apertures in the side-walls of the hall of Karnac, that so much pains were taken by its builders to elevate the clerestory over the roof of the aisles. The motive both here and in the Greek temples, and in such early basilicas as were wholly lighted from the clerestory, was probably security, the same motive which induced the builders of the Bank of England, and the adapters to the purposes of a bank of our old Irish parliament house, to leave the external wall unbroken, and admit the light for their chief apartments through lantern roofs, the same in principle as those of which we have been writing, however unlike in material and durability.

The Egyptian taste in sloping outlines for their vertical features, has been referred to a supposed theory of theirs, that such forms increased the apparent perspective, and by exaggerating the distance, increased the seeming magnitude of their edifices. We apprehend that mode of construction was adopted simply on account of its strength; for forms of that kind do not prevail in the façades of their rock-cut tombs or temples, where the solidity of the rock dispenses with precautions for securing strength, although the artist would, in works of this kind, have as much of the motive for producing an imposing effect as in any structural erection. Mr. Fergusson, however, is in error when, speaking of the sloping jambs of the Pelasgic doorways, he says—“Modern architects, with their usual felicity, have always assumed these sloping jambs to be an Egyptian feature: because, forsooth [this style of writing is by no means commendable] the Egyptians sloped the outside of their walls, to give them strength—to make them half-pyramids, in short—the architects assume that they adopted this weak form for their jambs. Had an Egyptian sloped them at all, it would have been the reverse way; but in every instance I know of they are perpendicular: I do not believe a sloping jamb exists in the whole valley of the Nile.” Except, perhaps, Mr. Fergusson admits, in the pavilion of Medinet Habou; though for the accuracy of the drawing of that pretty pavilion, if we may use such words in reference to

an Egyptian villa, he will not vouch. There can be no mistake, however, in the doorway of the temple of Saboos (Vise, vol. i. p. 38), where the ope of the doorway is a truncated triangle—the jambs sloping inward at the top, in lines parallel to the external profile of the propylon. It is quite true, however, that the Egyptian doorways are generally square-jambed; and it may be that the internal jambs, both of the windows of the villa of Medinet Abou and of the doorway of the temple of Saboos, do not correspond with the sloping external outline—for a door or shutter hung on a sloping jamb is a very inconvenient kind of closure, and any Egyptian doors which remain appear to have been hung perfectly square and true, on bronze pivots attached to the panel by clasp-hinges. The slope-jambed entrances to the Pelagic and Cyclopean structures may possibly have been furnished with some other kind of portcullis or shutter. Self-closing doorways, however, as those hung on such jambs necessarily are, may have been deemed the more eligible kind in early and insecure states of society; but, in whatever way a peculiar arrangement such as this, in any of the arts of life, may originate, it soon becomes a matter of taste and fashion; and most probably at the time these buildings were erected, all considerations of whether the sloping jamb and self-shutting door, or the straight jamb and door of equilibrium, were the preferable arrangement, had been long forgotten, and the jambs were erected inclined or vertical as the case might be, according to the impression of the builders as to what was regular and correct. It is very customary for our meaner sort of architects in this country to introduce splay-jamb openings in buildings where features of that kind cannot exist with any degree of propriety, from the idea merely of such forms being in good taste, because they occur in some architectural models. Similar mistakes are made even by architects who have had the advantage of a professional education; and Mr. Fergusson has to censure the restorer of the Doric temple of Jupiter, at Agrigentum, for the suggestion of openings of this form. And here we may notice a striking distinction taken by Mr. Fergusson between the architecture of

the Doric and Ionian races. The Doric taste, he thinks, looks evidently to Egyptian models; and we have seen how strenuously, although in some measure erroneously, he insists on the perpendicular form of the Egyptian door. But the Ionic method, which certainly has no prototype in the valley of the Nile—whatever may be thought of the resemblance between its horizontal volute and the upright volutes of the Persepolitan capitals—is found associated with inclined vertical members in the country of the Cyclopean remains, of which the sloping doorway is the distinguishing characteristic; and hence Mr. Fergusson suggests the inference—so, at least, we read the hints of opinion which he throws out—that we ought to look for the very early Greek and Italian associations rather in the Ionian and Lydian, than in the Egyptian or Syrian direction.

And there are some facts which tend to confirm this view. The first of these which we shall mention, depends, however, on a somewhat speculative, though likely enough, suggestion. Over the splay-jamb Cyclopean gateway of Mycenæ, between the lions, is a *stèle*, or column, surmounted by a singular entablature, of which the most remarkable features are four balls, or circular discs, concerning which there have been many and conflicting speculations; but what Mr. Fergusson remarks, and what appears very likely, is, that these disc-shaped members of the entablature have their models in the rock-cut tombs of Lycia, where all the carpentry-work of a wooden structure is imitated in stone, even to the circular ends of the round poles laid as rafters, which support the cornice. Looking at any of these tombs in Sir Charles Fellows's, or Messrs. Spratt and Forbes's illustrations, it is very hard to avoid admitting the identity of the modes of decoration, and the strong probability of Mr. Fergusson's suggestion, that the builders of Mycenæ had derived their ideas of decorative design from the same source that suggested these carpentry models to the excavators of the rock-cut tombs of Lycia. Another fact bearing on the same argument is of a less problematical character. The most frequent form of the Etruscan sepulchral tombs is a low cone imposed on a cylindrical substruction,

with string-courses of cut stone round the base. The Lydian tomb of Tantalus, at the mouth of the Hermus, on the bay of Smyrna, is exactly such another. Mr. Fergusson truly says it would be as appropriate in the Necropolis of Tarquinii as where it stands, under Mount Syphilus. It contains, besides, a vaulted stone chamber, constructed precisely as that of the treasury of Atreus, indicating the direction in which we may look for another link in this chain of affiliations. Connected with this last-mentioned chamber, is the fragment of a column, adorned with zig-zag and spiral ornaments, which Mr. Fergusson conceives contain the germ not only of the Ionic order, but of the principal forms both of Roman and Persepolitan decoration. How far he may be justified in views so extensive will, probably, be questioned; but no one can look at these early Pelasgic remains, and doubt the European—or, to use the phrase more in acceptance, the Indo-Germanic—type of the builders. The spirals and zig-zags of our Celtic stone monuments and pottery, and the splay-jambled doorways of our Cyclopean-built churches of the sixth and seventh centuries, look in the same direction, through Greece, towards Asia, and past Egypt. Another feature worthy of remark in this view of early Latin and Eastern analogies, is the employment, by the Etruscans, of the *petasus*, or parasol-shaped covering over their tumuli. Thus the tomb of Porsenna, however it may have been constructed—and we can hardly believe that it resembled any of the restorations we have seen of it—was certainly surmounted by an ornament of this kind; probably of thin metal, from the margin of which bells were suspended. Mr. Fergusson alleges that to this day such structural umbrellas, with their bells appendant, are to be commonly found covering the topes, or sepulchral moles of the Buddhist countries of the East. On this point we shall be glad to have the evidences of the fact in detail, when Mr. Fergusson comes to give us his survey of the oriental schools of architecture; for as yet he has not carried us eastward of the Euphrates. We believe there is no department of architectural study more likely to reward the investigator with new illustrations of European origins, than this walk, in which Mr. Fergusson appears

to be personally conversant, but which we regret to find is postponed for his second part. Had he been content to pretermitt the ambitious and irrelevant excursions which fill half of the present volume, and to have given us, instead, authentic illustrations of the Hindoo, Burman, and Javanese schools, we might now have the satisfaction of thanking him for new lights on the history of the world, instead of limiting our approval to the comparatively narrow speculations in which alone he has so far given any practical or praiseworthy assistance.

The assignment of the Dorian tastes to an Egyptian original, is also to some extent supported by the remains of the Grottos at Beni Hassan, where pillars of a very nearly Doric design are found supporting the architraves of excavated fronts of tombs. Still the absence of the pyramid, the peculiar characteristic of early Egypt, from every other part of the Levant, interposes a difficulty by no means easy to surmount, in speculating on a Doric progress from the valley of the Nile. Could it be that these forms of tombs were peculiar to, and reserved for, the royal cemeteries of Egypt, and that the subject or weaker nations were prohibited their use? The spherical tumulus, the cone, and the mole, or truncated tower, are the forms of structural tombs employed in Italy, Greece, and, it would seem, in Asia Minor. We are aware of no pyramid on the European side of the Mediterranean waters, save one mentioned by Pausanias, between Argos and Epidaurus (the same, probably, which is noticed as still existing by Mure), and the comparatively recent one of Caius Cestius at Rome. If, then, the use of that form of tomb were not prohibited, it seems hard to suppose that colonists of those countries proceeded direct from Egypt at any period subsequent to the epoch of the earlier pyramids; and that epoch is far anterior to the supposed era of Cecrops. But it is remarkable that, while the external form of the Egyptian monuments is nowhere preserved in the countries occupied by these supposed colonies of Egypt, the internal construction of their sepulchres often presents singular resemblances, especially in the labyrinthine arrangements of false passages surrounding the principal chamber, and designed to mislead the sacrilegious

explorer. Such a labyrinth exists under the great pyramid of Saccara. The principal chamber here is in the form of a shaft or well, excavated below the level of the foundation, and descending to a depth of nearly eighty feet, having at the bottom a sarcophagus inclosed in a separate sanctuary. Round this central shaft are disposed a multitude of galleries on various levels and inclinations, passing under and over one another, in some instances leading to *cul-de-sacs*, in others returning on themselves, but none of them communicating with the main chamber. A labyrinth of somewhat similar design is represented by Mr. Ferguson, from a drawing by M. Gruner, of an excavation beneath an Etruscan tumulus at Chiusi, the ancient Clusium. Part of the arrangement of the passages resembles the plan so familiar to schoolboys as the walls of Troy. The explorer might traverse two or three galleries, and find himself returned to his first point of departure. In this case, as well as in that of the great Saccara pyramid, the labyrinthine arrangement is below the body of the structure. Indeed a numerous class of the Egyptian pyramids have their chambers far below the level of the base; and the body of the pyramid, as at Saccara, seems rather an enormous immovable covering imposed on the excavated spot, than part of the actual sepulchral arrangements.

Thus, Campbell's tomb, a square well-like excavation, sunk in the rock to about sixty feet in depth, westward of the great sphynx, between it and the second pyramid of Gizeh, appears to have been the commencement of just such another structure as that at Saccara, and when completed would probably have been covered over with a lid no less solid and immovable. In this shaft, also, the sarcophagus is contained in an independent inner chamber, rising at the bottom of the well-like excavation, constructed also of stone, and affording one of the rare and curious instances lately brought to light of a perfect arch of early Egyptian masonry. It is, indeed, doubly arched, the inner arch being of that singular form, composed of three digits, and this again roofed over by a regular-keyed cylindrical vault of three concentric courses of

cut and bevelled stone. There is this further matter of curiosity connected with Campbell's tomb, that the inner chamber, which we have been describing, does not appear to have been built where it stands, but to have been lowered to its present level by a method which appears, indeed, almost incredibly singular; for it would appear that the well was first excavated, then filled with the fine sand of the desert; that the little double-arched edifice, with its sarcophagus, was then built on the surface of the sand, which, confined by the walls of the shaft, would afford a sufficiently secure foundation; that the sand was then removed, and, as it was withdrawn, that the edifice settled down in the shaft just as a barge descends with the descent of the water in the chamber of a canal-lock; and that finally, before the operation was complete, and while several feet of sand still remained to be removed, something occurred to interrupt the completion of the work; for, in point of fact, as Colonel Vyse represents it, the chamber is still two or three feet from the bottom of the shaft, and rests, or we might almost say, floats, on a stratum of sand of that thickness. Nothing appears more singular in these works than the care taken to provide air for the sepulchral chambers. Here, in Campbell's tomb, both arches are provided with apertures opening into the shaft, and the same arrangement is observable in the sanctuary at the bottom of the well-chamber under the pyramid of Saccara, though in the latter instance the aperture was closed by a block of granite, sloped like the stopper of a bottle, of about four tons in weight. The king's chamber, in the great pyramid, also, is provided with two apertures, wrought through the whole thickness of the pyramid, for the apparent purpose of serving as air-channels. Hence, it has been surmised, that either living companions were shut up with the dead (for the last-mentioned channels are of such a size that food could be easily conveyed through them), or else that lights were kept burning, and visits were made to the tomb for the performance of religious rites; and in reference to the latter suggestion, it may be observed, that to the principal chamber of a pyramid there are generally two approaches, one of which

appears to have been blocked up by masonry after the interment, while the other, leading ostensibly to a lower apartment, has remained open. Thus, in the great pyramid, the upper passage, as far as the great gallery, may have been blocked up impassably, while the lower passage, leading apparently to a chamber under the level of the base, would have given access, through the narrow funnel-passage opening from its roof, to the gallery behind the obstruction, and so to the king's and queen's chambers. In connexion with the suggestion as to light, the reader will at once recall the strange tales of lighted lamps found in ancient sepulchres. Not to speculate on what may or may not have been accomplished by archaic chemistry, we avail ourselves of a curious piece of information, on this head, from a source little resorted to by antiquarian inquirers. Modestinus, the jurist, in his treatise on the law of manumission, states that a certain Roman gave freedom to his slaves at his death, on condition of their keeping a light burning in his sepulchre, giving their attendance on alternate months. "*Sacchus servus meus et Eutychia et Hiene ancillæ meæ omnes sub hac conditione liberi sunt ut monumento meo alternis mensibus lucernam accendant, et solemnia mortis peragant.*"—*Modest. leg. 44, Mævia D. de manumiss. test.* If these arrangements were not, however, designed for the purposes of visitation by the living, what shall we infer from the care so studiously taken for the admission of the vital atmosphere to the chamber of death? If it was not for lamps or religious ceremonies, was it in connexion with a belief in the future vitalisation and resurrection of the body? We will not be censured for indecision in suggesting these views by way of question on a subject where better scholars have to avoid committing themselves by couching their maturest speculations in the same form:—

"We are left to infer," says Frederick Schlegel, "the ideas of the Egyptians on the metempsychosés from their singular treatment of the dead, and of the bodies of the deceased; from that sepulchral art (if I may use the expression) which with them acquired a dignity and importance, and was carried to a pitch of refinement, such as we find among no other people; from that care-

ful and costly consecration of the corpse, which we still regard with wonder and astonishment in their mummies and other monuments. That all these solemn preparations, and the religious rites which accompanied them, that the inscriptions on the tombs and mummies had all a religious meaning and object, and were intimately connected with the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, can admit of no doubt; though it is a matter of greater difficulty to ascertain with precision the peculiar ideas they were meant to express. Did the Egyptians believe that the soul did not separate immediately from the body which it had ceased to animate, but only on the entire decay and putrefaction of the corpse, or did they wish, by their art of embalment to preserve the body from decay, in order to deliver the soul from the dreaded transmigration."

The current of modern opinion seems, however, rather to favor the idea of a view to the immortality of the soul, and to its reunion with the body, than to its transmigration; though the tenor of ancient authority, which Schlegel has followed, was the other way. The short substance of all that antiquity has told us on this head is summed up with scholar-like succinctness and accuracy by the writer in the "*Universal History*":—

"The Egyptians are said to have been the first who asserted the immortality of the soul, which, according to their doctrine, when the body was corrupted, entered into some other animal, and passing by a kind of metempsychosis through different kinds of animals, belonging to air, earth, and water, returned again into a human body, after the revolution of 3,000 years (Herodotus). For this reason they endeavoured by art to preserve the body as long as possible, that the soul might be obliged to continue with it, and not pass into another (Servius); and, as the dead bodies by the means they used were of long duration, they spared no labor nor cost in building their sepulchres, which they termed their eternal mansions; at the same time being little curious in the structure of their houses, calling them inns, where they staid but a short time, whereas they remained in the other for a long course of years (Augustine)."

The cautious reader will, nevertheless, recollect that Herodotus knew many things he did not care to tell,

and that if the metempsychosis had been an Egyptian doctrine, leading to such practices in Egypt, we might look to find mummied remains in Pythagoras's country of Magna Græcia, where nothing of that kind has ever been discovered; for—

“Peter Gower journeyedde for Kunnyng yn Egypte, and yn Syria, and yn everyche lande, whereas the Venetians (Merchians) had planted Maçonrye, and vynnyng entrance yn at all Lodges of Maçonnes, he lerned much, and returnedde, and arrived yn Grecia Magna, vyinge and becommynge a myghty Wyseacre, and gratelyche renowned, and here he framed a grate Lodge at Gerton.”

After these hints, we may conclude what we have to say respecting the pyramids, with the summing up of modern speculation on their use by Colonel Vyse, from whose great miscellany of large and small matters it is satisfactory to be able to extract a passage of consecutive applicability:—

“It appears that the pyramids were tombs; that the inclined passages were for the purpose of assisting the conveyance of the sarcophagi, and for the better arrangement of the solid blocks, with which part at least, if not the whole, of the long entrances were closed up; and also to increase the difficulty of disinterment and of violation. Having been closed with solid masonry they (the passages) could not have been used for astronomical purposes (alluding to a notion that the entrance galleries were designed as telescopic tubes for observing the pole star), nor yet for initiation or mysterious purposes, as some have fancifully supposed. It would indeed seem, from the great care and precaution taken to secure the preservation of the body at an expense so vast, and by means so indestructible, that in these early ages there was a settled conviction not only of an after-existence of lengthened duration, but also of the resurrection of the body. It is to be (further) observed that the discovery of the casing-stones at the base of the great pyramid, proves that these buildings had originally one smooth and polished exterior, which appears likewise to have actually existed in the time of Pliny. It is impossible, therefore, to imagine that these summits could have been easily attained or conveniently occupied for astronomical observation; neither would their height, however great, when (as) compared with

other buildings, have tended much to the advancement of scientific purposes.”

It may reasonably be asked, seeing the great existing number of Egyptian inscriptions, and the extent to which the study of them has been cultivated, how it comes that matters of such great consequence in Egyptian antiquity as those we have been discussing, have hitherto received so little elucidation. The answer, we apprehend, must compromise the pretensions of many of our supposed translations, which present little more than a series of encomiastic titles, without statement or allegation of any kind, and which, if they truly represent their originals, are but little creditable to the character of their authors for ability in putting anything worth preservation on record. But their Greek inscriptions, which can be read with certainty, are just what might be expected from a people skilled in arts and letters, and of a practical genius. Take, for example, the Greek inscription on one of the paws of the sphynx:—

“The ever-living gods built thy form,
Sparing [a guardian of] the ground producing
corn;
Having raised thee in the midst of the level arable
land—
Having driven back the sand from the rocky
island,
A neighbour of the Pyramids they placed thee.
Not the slayer of *Œdipus*, as at Thebes,
But the goddess *Lucina*, a most pure attendant,
Protecting the regretted good *Osiris*, the renowned
governor of Egypt.”

And compare it with any of the supposed translated hieroglyphs—with the inscription, for example, on the smaller tablet between the forelegs of the same monument, as Mr. Birch professes to render it by English equivalents—“Har, the sun, the ruler of the upper and the lower world, the victorious bull, the beloved of truth, the lord of the upper and of the lower worlds, the regulator of Egypt, the chastiser of nations, the hawk.”—It reminds one of “the moon, water, by night, sailing,” of some supposed Irish inscriptions, not much more unintelligible.

Sir Gardiner Wilkinson is another testifier to Doric analogies in early Egyptian architecture; but a distinct indication of the Ionic origins from the Asiatic side of the Levant, is but of recent suggestion; and, indeed, for aught we know to the contrary, Mr.

Fergusson, in his present volume, is the first who broaches that theory in a definite form. He professes himself, however, except so far as the analogies already adverted to have influenced his opinions, mainly indebted to Messrs. Layard and Botta, for the evidences on which he has come to that conclusion, but which he is unable to communicate, pending the preparation of their forthcoming illustrations of the ruins of Nineveh. It is not a very legitimate method of proof, but we shall be prepared to give Mr. Fergusson all the credit for sagacity he may deserve, when Layard's drawings shall have established his proposition:—

“The upper part of the walls of all the apartments discovered by Mr. Layard,” he tells us, “is carved with painted architectural details of great beauty and elegance, and, when published, will show that it was from this country that the Greeks got the Ionic form of their art, though it was from Egypt that they borrowed the Doric. I believe, however, that when they are published, it will be found that there is scarcely an idea or a detail in Grecian art that may not be traced to one of these sources. . . .

When the specimens on their way home are once accessible to the public [unfortunately, we believe, they have been greatly injured on their passage], and the complete drawings made by Mr. Flandin, of the Khorsabad monument, and those of Mr. Layard, are published, I feel convinced that they will throw a stronger and clearer light, not only on the ancient history of Greece and Italy but also on that of India, than any other discovery that has yet been made; and even if we should not be able to decipher the inscriptions, the details of the art will suffice to point out the affiliation of almost all the primitive nations of Asia and Europe.”—pp. 278, 279.

These are large expectations to encourage, and, so far as Mr. Botta's illustrations of Nineveh have yet gone (and a large portion of that superb work, including the illustrations of the Khorsabad monument, has now reached Dublin), we do not recognise the striking analogy between them and the remains of early Greek art which Mr. Fergusson insists on. In Botta's illustrations we are admitted among the portals and courts of a class of edifices different alike from the Greek and the Egyptian type. The leo-griff and the oriental chimera, or winged bull with the human face, which here take the

place of the sphynx, instead of presenting the smooth and contemplative character of the recumbent Egyptian monster, confront us, erect, gradient, and full of grim, intense activity. Energy and tension are the characteristics of every figure, animal and human, in these Babylonish sculptures, whether they be winged lions or taurine chimeras, constituting, while they seem also to guard, the entrances of rock-cut portals, or figures of Jemshid strangling the lion of some ante-Nemean myth, or ear-borne kings, “with bended bow and quiver full of arrows,” scattering their enemies, or hunting the lion. They alike differ from the rounded stiffness of the Egyptian, and from the graceful and elegant freedom of the later Greek forms; but between them and the earlier forms of Greek art, there is a striking similarity of style and execution. The high-strung and grotesque stiffness of these Babylonish sculptures is found repeated with a complete identity of feeling, in the metopes of Selinus. We also see something of the same taste in the early British and Gaulish coins, though separated from the period we refer to by so wide an interval of time. We incline to concur in all that Mr. Fergusson says, in reference to those resemblances, though we could wish his own style of writing more worthy of the elegance of his subject:—

“It is by no means clear whence the Greeks borrowed the rudiments of their art of sculpture; but I do not think it could have been from Egypt, for, in the oldest specimens of their art, I cannot trace a vestige of the formal, half-architectural mode of sculpture which that people practised, nor of the flat, conventional, profile form, which is the only one they almost ever attempted for groups. On the contrary, the Archaic forms, both of sculpture and painting, with the Greeks, are characterised by exaggerated activity, and bold, muscular development, which seem to have been their mode of expressing power, instead of the size combined with repose, which was the Egyptian manner of expressing the same thing.—On the contrary, their early sculptures are extremely similar to those of Persepolis, or rather to those recently discovered on the banks of the Tigris, near ancient Nineveh, which, both in the degree of artistic excellence and the mode of expression, are singularly like the old forms of Greek sculpture. Perhaps both these are

the developments of some old Pelasgic originals, now lost, or of which only fragments or traditions remain."—p. 410.

The word "activity" is not happily chosen to express the action of force in these Babylonish figures; it is an activity of muscles and sinews on an osteology of repose. Though Jemshid strains the lion till the claws and eyes of the beast protrude, and his own face is forced by the effort into a terrible grin, yet the poise of his figure is not disturbed, nor does he, in his exertion, turn his face to the right or left; but from the muscles contracted on his brow into a dreadful frown, to the contractor-sinews of his toes, every fibre of his frame seems engaged in the action of squeezing. The same may be said of the leo-griffa. Massiveness and stability are in all their outlines; tension, to the extent of rigidity, pervades their features in detail. Their fangs and talons are exposed; every limb appears strung with sinewy energy; the very feathers stand in their wings, with a metallic erectness; yet they seem what they are, unmoved and immovable guardians of the gates and propylæa of which they constitute portion. For these winged monsters of the Babylonish buildings are not, like the sphynxes of the Memnonium, or the lions of the Piræus, adjuncts or accessories to their edifices, but parts of the building, cut out into forms of life, and full of the ostentation of potential force, swiftness, and destructiveness. You thus entered the court of the Babylonish god or king, not between two piers of masonry or pillars, but between two awful forms of power and might, ready, as far as sculpture on a gigantic scale could represent, to start into life and action. Was Daniel familiar with the aspect of graven beasts like these? Did the "Three Youths" return the gaze of these stony, relentless eyes, with their glances of holy defiance? Possibly we shall know by the translation of the cuneiform inscriptions which cover the adjacent walls, and which are certainly phonetic characters, and almost certainly legible. In the meantime, we can but wish speed to the labours of Mr. Layard, and

acknowledge that, however discrepant the form and arrangement of parts and objects, in these Babylonish, and in the early Greek monuments, a similarity, too minute to be accidental, exists in the style and feeling of the sculptures with which both are adorned, and that that similarity of style is traceable not only into Greece, but also into Sicily, Etruria, and perhaps Gaul.

In connexion with this theory of Ionic and Etruscan associations, we might refer to the voluted capital of the column discovered in the painted tomb of Vulci, and of which Mr. Dennis has given a representation, in his "Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria." It has been usual, however, to refer Etruscan monuments, exhibiting the elegant style of decoration for which this tomb is remarkable, to the later Roman epoch; and to this opinion Mr. Dennis, following the conclusions of Canina, regarding the capital in question, inclines. If this be so, the pillar of Paris and Helen tells a tale a thousand years too modern to be used in evidence on this issue. But Mr. Dennis's opinion is not lightly to be controverted; and his book is a work of too much solidity and learning, as well as curiosity and elegance, to be made the subject of a subordinate notice.

Expecting, therefore, such further lights on these affinities of early European and Oriental civilisation, as Mr. Layard may be able to give us from the decorated halls of Khorsabad,* or Mr. Fergusson from his promised survey of the monuments of Cabul and India, we may inquire whether our author has, so far, indicated any path to new or better modes of building or construction than we have hitherto been accustomed to. As he is undoubtedly a very fearless and original thinker, and not in the least fastidious in his mode of declaring his opinions, we shall at least have abundant, though crude, material for discussion in anything he proposes. But his theory, so far, consists almost wholly in negation and displacement of authority. What sort of edifice he may design to erect on such a demolition of Greek and Roman examples, as he seems to think

* Mr. Layard's learned and beautiful volumes have reached us as we go to press.

necessary towards the preparation of his foundations, it is not easy to foresee, and he himself does not appear to know. But he has conceived the idea that England in the nineteenth century needs a new style of art, commensurate with her spiritual, temporal, and scientific advancement—that the old modes of learning are *effete*, both in letters and in building; and that new methods of construction and decoration ought to accompany a substantially new and improved order of worship. Against the Palladian school, which our forefathers regarded as peculiarly adapted to the wants of our social system, to our climate, and manners, and to the solid and rational character of our religion—removed as we have been accustomed, to consider it alike from gorgeousness and gloom on the one hand, and from unworthy baldness and sordid simplicity on the other—Mr. Fergusson revolts with a vehemence of repugnancy quite fanatical. And although he is more tolerant of the Gothic, which he regards as a legitimate exposition of its own period, he tolerates it only in and for that period, which he regards—and we think justly—as for ever past in England, and incapable of revival. What substitute he may propose remains to be seen. Possibly he postpones his suggestion, till, having familiarised his readers with Assyrian, Hindoo, and Chinese forms, he will have to deal with eyes less likely to be startled by novelties which at present they might regard as somewhat uncouth. We can imagine how the parasol roofs and tent-like outlines of Chinese architecture might lead, by an easy enough transition, considering the advancement of our English engineers in their art of suspensory constructions, to a style in which roofs of illimitable extent, and of any form the fancy of the builder might desire, would be hung from inverted cables between piers of masonry, like Menai, expanded laterally till the under surface of the flooring should become the ceiling of an apartment of an acre in extent, or Menai crossed by Hammer-smith, spreading their diagonals over an apartment of ten acres. We could imagine all the most recent aids of science employed in heating, lighting, and ventilating such a hall, and that when all was done it might express

very effectively the triumphs of modern physics; but we are at liberty to say of our own creation, that we apprehend it would be, in point of appearance, eminently ugly, and in point of durability by no means equal to an arched, or even timber-roofed stone building. Yet between a construction suspended in some such way, and one supported in something of the usual manner, by walls or pillars, we see no prospect of Mr. Fergusson discovering any alternative method, and will own that we would be satisfied to take Somerset House in lieu of all that he is likely to suggest of novelty in civil architecture, or St. Martin's in the Fields, in full discharge of his obligation to produce us something unexampled in church building.

On this latter subject, however, Mr. Fergusson suggests an experiment which we could very well wish to see put in trial:—

“Suppose (he says) some English church-building society were to determine to erect a modern English church, which should not be either Grecian or Gothic, or, indeed, of any other style, but simply the best possible edifice for the performance of the Anglo-Protestant form of worship, it would be no easy matter to procure in England a design for such an edifice; but a good premium would produce several attempts. Suppose the best chosen, and carried into effect, no sooner is it built, than it is easy to see its defects. But let the company, having carefully noted and judged its imperfections, employ the same architect, or another, to build a second church, in which they will be avoided as far as the case admits of, few can doubt that the second church would be an improvement on the first. A third might remedy many defects that still might be detected in the second; but if this mode of elimination of defects were steadily pursued through a series of say ten successive churches, without swerving to the right or to the left, but steadily striving to produce the best possible church, the tenth would certainly be a very perfect building.”

That is to say, perfect of the kind and in the particular taste of the first selected model. But till some one were selected which might be subsequently refined on, the process of improvement would still remain to be begun; and in fixing on that first

model consists the difficulty. We believe all that judgment and sagacity can suggest on the general form and arrangement of a modern Protestant church may be found in the letter written by that renowned mason, Sir Christopher Wren, on his appointment to the commission for building fifty new parish churches for London and Westminster, under the statute of Queen Anne, A.D. 1707. If we could have any hope that words of wisdom and knowledge would penetrate the dull ears of those who, unhappily for the cultivation of the liberal arts in this country, now direct the construction and repair of our churches of the Irish establishment, we would extract entire the lesson set before them by Wren. But the arrogance of stupidity despises admonition, and we shall satisfy ourselves with such portions of the Grand Master's instructions as we would wish, in connexion with Mr. Fergusson's proposal, to bring before those church-building societies of England who have begun to perceive the inconsistency and mischief of mediæval restorations. After speaking of sites and materials, and declaring—what is little known, but very well deserving of the attention of builders—that the clay of London can still be made into bricks, as good as those made there in ancient times by the Romans, and more durable than any stone produced in our islands—recommending Portland stone for quoins and ornamental work externally; and cautioning the builder to use oak in the roof, because it will best bear the negligence of churchwardens, “who usually whitewash the church, and set up their names, but neglect to preserve the roof over their heads,” he goes on to say:—

“If the churches could hold each two thousand, it would still be short of the necessary supply. The churches, therefore, should be large; but still, in our reformed religion, it should seem vain to make a parish church larger than that all who are present can both hear and see. The Romanists, indeed, may build larger churches: it is enough if they hear the murmur of the mass, and see the elevation of the host; but ours are to be fitted for auditories. I can hardly think it practicable to make a single room so capacious, with pews and galleries, as to hold above two thousand

persons, and all to hear the service; and both to hear distinctly and see the preacher. I endeavoured (he says) to effect this in building the parish church of St. James's, Westminster, which, I presume, is the most capacious, with these qualifications, that hath yet been built. In this church I mention, though very broad, and the middle nave arched up, yet, as there are no walls of a second order, nor lanterns, nor buttresses, but the whole roof rests upon the pillars, as do also the galleries, I think it may be found beautiful and convenient, and as such the cheapest of any form I could invent. Concerning the placing of the pulpit, I shall observe—a moderate voice may be heard fifty feet before the preacher, thirty feet on each side, and twenty behind the pulpit; and not this (here we pray the attention of the clergyman as well as the architect) unless the pronounciation be distinct and equal, without losing the voice at the last word of the sentence, which is commonly emphatical, and, if obscured, spoils the whole sense. A Frenchman is heard further than an English preacher, because he raises his voice, and not sinks his last words. I mention this as an insufferable fault in the pronounciation of some of our otherwise excellent preachers, which schoolmasters might correct in the young, as a vicious pronounciation, and not as the Roman orators spoke; for the principal verb in Latin is usually the last word; and if that be lost, what becomes of the sentence? By what I have said, it may be thought reasonable that the new churches should be, at least, sixty feet broad, and ninety feet long, besides a chancel at one end, and the belfry and portico at the other. And we are not to observe too nicely east or west in the position, unless it falls out purposely; and such parts as happen to lie most open in view should be adorned with porticos, both for beauty and convenience, which, together with handsome spires or lanthorns, rising above the neighbouring houses, may be of sufficient ornament to the town, without a great expense for enriching the outward walls.”

If we could select one passage more full of gall and wormwood for our author than another, it probably would be this commendation of the revived Augustan style for our English churches; for much as his indignation is excited against the Roman model, it burns with tenfold vehemence against the British copy. England, in his judgment, ought to be original, as she is great, in all things—ought to banish

Latin and Greek literature from her universities; and, as she has thrown off the thralldom of papal Rome, in her ritual of public worship, ought to reject the examples of pagan Rome in the construction of her temples. Old London Bridge, he argues, was as perfect a structure of its kind, and answered all the purposes for which it was intended, as completely as Westminster Abbey. We have had the courage to pull down the one, and replace it by a better; why not then pull down—but we will not participate in the sacrilege which the argument suggests. For it is sacrilege, and, in addition, folly, to speak of laying hands on monuments still beautiful, and still worthy of the magnificence and piety of their founders (however unsuited for the new erections of an age possessed with different ideas, and accustomed, hitherto, to express these ideas in other forms of construction), for the purpose, merely, of making room for something, we know not what, of our own devising. It is as if we should say, let us have a new religion; and as preparatory to devising what our new faith is to be, let us abrogate the old: let us have a new social system; and as preparatory to settling our future constitution, let us divorce our wives, and abjure our properties. “It may be asked,” says Mr. Fergusson—and so, indeed, it reasonably may—“if I propose to throw over all precedent, and to abandon at once all Grecian pillars and Gothic pinnacles, and all the classical and mediæval externals, which now make up the stock in trade of an architect, what would I propose to establish in their

place? The answer is a simple, though scarcely a satisfactory one, as it is merely—I do not know. But if any one reflects a moment, he will see that it is impossible I or any one else could know, without, at least, the gift of prophecy; for the very essence of progress is its procession towards something which we do not now see, and the essence of invention is, finding out what we do not know, and what could not be known before.” And the essence of vanity, it may not unjustly be added, is to deem one’s-self wiser than all who have gone before; to claim the privileges of prophecy without having had either dream or vision; and to pretend to the capacity for invention without knowing what it is we seek.

That a vanity so offensive should deform the writings of an able and original-minded man, is matter of regret rather than of surprise, considering how and where the rudiments of that intellectual cultivation, the extent of which he so much over-estimates, were acquired by our author. An education at one of the universities, whose learning he so arrogantly contemns, would have taught Mr. Fergusson how much the suggestions of genius are aided by, at least, the ostensible accompaniment of modesty. But no defects, however glaring, in point of taste or style, ought to diminish the merit of these substantially new views, which, in the midst of much that is eccentric, and a good deal that is mere folly, will reward the reader honestly desirous of instruction, who takes up this remarkable volume of a remarkable man.

THE CROSS ON THE SNOW MOUNTAINS.

A SCANDINAVIAN TALE.

CHAPTER I.

A ship, a rude, pine-built vessel, lay tossing, and heaving, and tempest-driven, on a southern sea. Brave, wild-looking Norsemen were on her deck, breasting the storm, and controlling the ship with a desperate strength and almost ferocious energy, which, in those early days, stood in the place of skill. For it was in the time of Europe's stormy, unfettered youth, when civilisation was just dawning in those of its climes which were nearest the sun. But the ship came from the North, the wild and savage North; her pine timbers had once rocked to the tempests in a Scandinavian forest, and afterwards, winter by winter, had struggled with the ice-bound waters of Scandinavian seas. It was the ship of a Viking.

The vessel seemed struggling between the sea and sky. The leaden, low clouds almost rested on her topmost masts, as if to press her down into the boiling deep; the storm-spirits howled above her—the waves answered the roar from beneath. And in the ship there was one faint, wailing cry, which made that wild chorus the birth-hymn of a human soul.

The mother, the young mother of an hour, lay unconscious of all the turmoil around her. With the Angel of Birth came the Angel of Death; already the shadow of his wings was upon her. The Viking sat at her feet, still, stern, immovable. Perhaps he now felt how it was that the fair southern flower, stolen and forcibly planted on a cold, northern rock, had withered so soon. He sat with his grey head resting on his rough, wrinkled hands, his cold, blue eyes, beneath their shaggy brows, looking with an iron-bound, tearless, terrible grief, upon the death-white face of his young spouse.

The nurse laid the babe on a silken cushion at his feet.

"Let my lord look upon his son, his heir. This is a joyful day for the

noble Jarl Hjalmar. Praise be to Odin; ah, it is a blessed day!"

The Viking's eye turned to the child, and then back again to the mother, and a slight quivering agitated the stern lips.

"A blessed day, Ulva, sayest thou, and she——"

A gesture and a glance, half of scorn and half of hatred, showed how the Norsewoman felt towards the desolate southern maid who had become the Viking's bride. Ulva expressed, in the metaphorical poetry of her country, what she dared not say in plain language.

"There was a poor, frail, southern flower, and under the shadow of its leaves sprang up a seedling pine. What mattered it that the flower withered, when the noble pine grew? Was it not glory enough to have sheltered the young seed, and then died? What was the weak southern plant compared to the stately tree—the glory of the North? Let it perish. Why should my lord mourn?"

At this moment a low wail burst from the new-born babe. The sound seemed to pierce like an arrow of light through the mist of death-slumber that was fast shrouding the young mother. Her marble fingers fluttered, her eyes opened, and turned with an imploring gaze towards the nurse, who had taken in her arms the moaning child.

"She asks for the babe—give it," muttered the father.

But the hard, rigid features of Ulva showed no pity.

"I guard my lord's child," she said; "his young life must not be perilled by the touch of death."

The mother's eyes wandered towards her husband with a mute, agonised entreaty, that went to his heart.

"Give me the child," his strong voice thundered, unmindful of the terror which convulsed every limb of

that frail, perishing form. He laid the babe on her breast, already cold, and guided the feeble, dying hands, until they wrapped it round in a close embrace.

"Now, Clotilde, what wouldst thou?—speak!" he said, and his voice grew strangely gentle.

Then the strength of a mother's heart conquered even death for a time. The Jarl's wife looked in her lord's face, and spoke faintly.

"Ulva said truly—I die. It was not for me to see again my sunny land. But my lord was kind to bear me thither once more, though it is too late. I had rather sleep under the soft billows that wash against the shores of my own land, than beneath the northern snows; they have frozen my heart. Not even thou canst warm it, my babe, my little babe!"

The Viking listened without reply. His face was turned away, but his strong, muscular hands were clenched, until the blue veins rose up like knots. At that moment he saw before him, in fancy, a young captive maiden, who knelt at his feet, and clasped his robe, praying that he would send her back to her own southern home. Then he beheld a pale woman, the wife of a noble Jarl, with the distinctive chain on her neck, a golden-fettered slave. And both wore the same face, though hardly so white and calm, as the one that drooped over the young babe, with the mournful lament—"They have frozen my heart; they have frozen my heart!"

And Hjalmar felt that he had bestowed the Jarl's coronet and the nuptial ring with a hand little less guilty than if it had been a murderer's.

"Clotilde," whispered he, "thou and I shall never meet more, in life or after. Thou goest to the Christian heaven—I shall drink mead in the Valhalla of my fathers. Before we part, forgive me if I did thee wrong, and say if there is any token by which I may prove that I repent."

The dying mother's eyes wandered from her child to its father, and there was in them less of fear and more of love than he had ever seen.

"Hjalmar," she murmured, "I forgive—forgive me, too. Perhaps I might have striven more to love thee; but the dove could not live in the sea-

eagle's nest. It is best to die. I have only one prayer—Take my babe with thee to my own land; let him stay there in his frail childhood, and betroth him there to some bride who will make his nature gentle, that he may not regard, with the pride and scorn of his northern blood, the mother to whom his birth was death."

"I promise," said the Viking; and he lifted his giant sword to swear by.

"Not that; not that!" cried the young mother, as, with a desperate energy, she half rose from her bed. "I see blood upon it—my father's, my brethren's. O, God! not that."

A superstitious fear seemed to strike like ice through the Jarl's iron frame. He laid down the sword, and took in his giant palm the tiny hand of the babe.

"This child shall be a token between us," he said, hoarsely. "I swear by thy son and mine to do all thou askest. Clotilde, die in peace."

But the blessing was wafted after an already parted soul.

Ulva started up from the corner where she had crouched, and took the child. As she did so, she felt on its neck a little silver cross, which the expiring mother had secretly contrived to place there—the only baptism Clotilde could give her babe. Ulva snatched it away, and trampled on it.

"He is all Norse now, true son of the Vikingir. Great Odin! dry up in his young veins every drop of the accursed stranger's blood, and make him wholly the child of Hjalmar!"

Another birth-scene. It was among the vine-covered plains of France, where, at the foot of a feudal castle, the limpid Garonne flowed. All was mirth, and sunshine, and song, within and without. Of Charlemagne's knights, there was none braver than Sir Loys of Aveyran. And he was rich, too; his vineyards lay far and wide, outspread to the glowing sun of southern France—so that the minstrels who came to celebrate the approaching birth, had good reason to hail the heir of Sir Loys of Aveyran. An heir it must be, all felt certain, for the knight had already a goodly train of four daughters, and orisons innumerable had been put up to the Virgin and all the saints, that the next might be a son.

It must be a son—for the old nurse of Sir Loys, a strange woman, who, almost dead to this world, was said to peer dimly into the world beyond, had seen a vision of a young, armed warrior, climbing snow-covered hills, leading by the hand a fair, spirit-like maiden, while the twain between them bore a golden cross, the device of Sir Loys; and the mother-expectant had dreamed of a beautiful boy's face, with clustering amber hair, and beside it appeared another less fair, but more feminine—until at last both faded, and fading, seemed to blend into one. Thereupon the nurse interpreted the two visions as signifying that at the same time would be born, in some distant land, a future bride for the heir.

At last, just after sunset, a light arose in the turret window—a signal to the assembled watchers that one more being was added to earth. The child was born.

Oh, strange and solemn birth-hour, when God breathes into flesh a new spark of his divinity, and makes unto himself another human soul! A soul, it may be, so great, so pure, so glorious, that the whole world acknowledges it to come from God; or, even now confessing, is swayed by it as by a portion of the divine essence. Oh, mysterious instant of a new creation—a creation greater than that of a material world.

The shouts rose up from the valleys, the joy-fires blazed on the hills, when the light in the turret was suddenly seen to disappear. It had been dashed down by the hand of Sir Loys, in rage that heaven had only granted him a daughter. Poor unwelcome little wailer! whose birth brought no glad pride to the father's eye, no smile even to the mother's pale lips. The attendants hardly dared to glance at the helpless innocent, who lay uncared-for and unregarded. All trembled at the stormy passions of the knight, and stealing away, left the babe alone. Then Ulrika, the old German nurse, came and stood before her foster-son, with his little daughter in her arms.

"Sir Loys," she said, "God has sent thee one more jewel to keep, give unto it the token of joyful acceptance, the father's kiss."

But Sir Loys turned away in bitter wrath.

"It is no treasure; it is a burthen—a curse! Woman, what were all thy dreams worth? Where is the noble boy which thou and the Lady of Aveyran saw? Fools that ye were! And I, too, to believe in such dreaming."

There came a wondrous dignity to the German woman's small, spare, age-bent form, and a wild enthusiasm kindled in her still lustrous eyes.

"Shamed be the lips of the Knight of Aveyran, when such words come from them. The dreams which Heaven sends, Heaven will fulfil. Dare not thou to cast contempt on mine age, and on this young bud, fresh from the hands of angels, which heaven can cause to open into a goodly flower. Doubt not, Sir Loys, the dream will yet come true."

The knight laughed derisively, and was about to leave the apartment; but Ulrika stood in his way. With one arm she held the little one close to her breast—the other she raised with imperious gesture, that formed a strange contrast to her shrunken, diminutive figure. The knight, strong and stalwart as he was, might have crushed her like a worm on his pathway, and yet he seemed to quail before the indomitable and almost supernatural resolve that shone in her eyes.

"Ulrika, I have spoken—take away the child, and let me go," he said; and his tones sounded more like entreaty than command.

But the woman still confronted him with her wild, imperious eyes, beneath which his own sank in confusion. She—that frail creature, who seemed to need but a breath from death's icy lips to plunge her into the already open tomb—she ruled him as mind rules matter, as the soul commands the body. Loys of Aveyran, the bravest of Charlemagne's knights, was like a child before her.

"What wouldst thou, Ulrika?" he said, at last.

She pointed to the babe, and, obeying her imperative gesture, the father stooped down, and signed its forehead with the sign of the cross. At the touch of the mailed fingers, the little one lifted up its voice in a half-subdued cry.

"Ave Mary!" said the knight, in disgust; "it is a puny, wailing imp. If Heaven has, indeed, sent it, Heaven may take it back again—for there are daughters enough in the house of

Aveyran. This one shall be a nun—'tis fit for nothing else."

"Shame on thee, sacrilegious man," cried Ulrika, indignantly.

But the knight left her more swiftly than ever he had fled from a foe. The aged nurse threw herself on her knees before a rude image of the Virgin, at whose feet she laid the child—

"Oh! holy Mother," she prayed, "let not the dreams and visions of the night be unfulfilled. I believe them—I only of all this house. For my faith's sake, give to this innocent that glorious destiny which, with prophetic eye, I saw. The world casteth her out—take her, O Mother, into thy sacred arms, and make her pure, and meek, and holy, like thyself. I go the way of all the earth; but thou, O Blessed One, into thy arms I give this maid."

When Ulrika rose up, she saw that her petition had not been offered in solitude. Another person had entered the turret chamber. It was a young man—the counterpart of herself in the small, spare form, yellow face, and wild, dark eyes. He wore a dress half lay, half clerical, and his whole appearance was that of one immersed in deep studies, and almost oblivious of the ordinary affairs of life.

"Mother, is that the child?" he said, abruptly.

"Well, son, and hast thou also come to cast shame on this poor unwelcome one, like the man who has just gone from hence?—I blush to say, thy foster-brother and thy lord," was the stern answer of Ulrika.

The student knelt on one knee, and took gently the baby-hand that peeped out of the purple mantle prepared for the heir. He examined it long and eagerly—

"One may see the flower's form in the bud, and I might, perhaps, trace the lines even now," he said. "Ah! there it is—even as I read in the stars—a noble nature—a life destined for some great end. Yet these crosses—oh! fate, strange and solemn, but not sad. And some aspects of her birth are the same as in mine own. It is marvellous!"

Ulrika drew away the child, and sighed.

"Ah! my son—my noble Ansgarius—wilt thou still go on with thy un-earthly lore. It is not meet for one to whom holy church has long opened

her bosom; and said, come, my child—my only one—I would fain see thee less learned, and more pious. What art thou now muttering over this babe—some of thy secrets about the stars? All—all are vanity!"

"Mother," said Ansgarius, sternly, "thou believest in thy dreams and revelations from heaven—I in my science. Let neither judge the other harshly, for the world outside thus judges both."

And he went on with his earnest examination of the child's palm, occasionally moving to the turret window to look out on the sky, now all glittering with stars, and then again consulting the tablets that he always carried in his girdle.

Ulrika watched him with a steady and mournful gaze, which softened into the light of mother-love her dark, gleaming, almost fierce eyes. She sat, or rather crouched, at the foot of the Virgin's niche, with the babe asleep on her knees. Her lean, yellow fingers ran over the beads of her rosary, and her lips moved silently.

"Mother," said Ansgarius, suddenly, "what art thou doing there!"

"Praying for thee, my son," she answered—"praying that these devices lead thee not astray, and that thou mayest find at last the true wisdom."

"I want it not—I believe but what I know, and have proved. It was thy will which clad me in this priest's garment. I opposed it not, but I will seek God in my own way. I will climb to His heaven by the might of knowledge—that alone will make me like unto Him."

Ulrika turned away from her son.

"And it was to this man—this proud, self-glorifier—that I would fain have confided the pure young soul this night sent upon the earth! No—son of my bosom—my life's care—may the Merciful One be long-suffering with thee until the change in thy spirit come. And this worse than orphan babe, O Mother of consolation, I lay at thy feet, with the last orison of a life spent in prayers. For this new human soul, accept the offering of that which now comes to thee."

Ulrika's latter words were faint and indistinct, and her head leaned heavily against the feet of the image. Her son, absorbed in his pursuits, neither

saw nor heard. Suddenly she arose, stood upright, and cried with a loud, clear, joyful voice—

“It will come, that glory—I see it now—the golden cross she bears upon the hills of snow. There are foot-steps before her—they are thine, son of my hopes—child of my long-enduring faith! Ansgarius—my Ansga-

rius—thou art the blessed—the chosen one!”

Her voice failed suddenly, and she sank, on bended knees, at the feet of the Virgin. Ansgarius, startled, almost terrified, lifted up his head, so that the lamplight illumined her face. The son looked on his dead mother.

CHAPTER II.

LET us pass over a few years, before we stand once more in the grey towers of Aveyran.

It was a feast, for Sir Loys was entertaining a strange guest—an old man, who came unattended and unaccompanied, save by a child and its nurse. He had claimed, rather than implored hospitality; and though he came in such humble guise, there was a nobility in his bearing which impressed the knight with perfect faith in his truth, when the wanderer declared his rank to be equal with that of Sir Loys himself.

“Who I am and what I seek, I will reveal ere I depart,” abruptly said the wanderer; and with the chivalrous courtesy of old the host sought to know no more, but bade him welcome to Aveyran.

The old man sat at the board, stern and grave, and immovable as a statue; but his little son ran hither and thither, and played with the knight's wife and her maidens, who praised his fair silken hair, his childish beauty, and his fearless confidence. But wherever he moved, there followed him continually the cold, piercing eyes of the nurse—a tall woman, whose dress was foreign, and who never uttered a word, save in a tongue which sounded strange and harsh in the musical ears of the Provençals.

The feast over, the guest arose, and addressed the knight of Aveyran—

“Sir Loys, for the welcome and good cheer thou hast given, receive the thanks of Hialmar Jarl, chief of all the Vikings of the north.”

At this name, once the terror of half of Europe, the knight made a gesture of surprise, and a thrill of apprehension ran through the hall. Hialmar saw it, and a proud smile bent his lips.

“Children of the south, ye need not fear, though the sea-eagle is in your very nest; he is old and grey—his talons are weak now,” said the Jarl, adopting the metaphorical name which had been given him in former times, and which was his boast still.

“Hialmar is welcome—we fear no enemy in a guest and stranger,” answered Sir Loys. “Let the noble Jarl say on.”

The Viking continued—

“I have vowed to take for my son a southern bride. Throughout Europe, I have found no nest in which the young eagle could mate. Sir Loys of Aveyran, thou art noble and courteous—thou hast many fair daughters—give me one, that I may betroth her unto my son.”

At this sudden proposition, Sir Loys looked aghast, and the Lady of Aveyran uttered a suppressed shriek; for the Vikings were universally regarded with terror, as barbarous heathens; and many were the legends of young maidens carried off by them with a short and rough wooing.

Hialmar glanced at the terror-stricken faces around, and his own grew dark with anger.

“Is there here any craven son of France who dares despise a union with the mighty line of Hialmar?” he cried, threateningly. “But the ship of the Viking rides on the near seas, and the sea-eagle will make his talons strong, and his pinions broad, yet.”

Sir Loys half-drew his sword, and then replaced it. He was too true a knight to show discourtesy to an aged and unarmed guest.

“Hialmar,” he answered, calmly, “thy words are somewhat free, but mine shall remember thy grey hairs. Thou seest my four daughters; but I cannot give one as thy son's bride,

seeing they are already betrothed in the fashion of our country; and a good knight's pledge is never broken."

"And are there no more of the line of Aveyran?" inquired Hjalmar.

Sir Loys was about to reply, when, from a side-table that had been spread with meagre, lenten fare, contrasting with the plenty-laden board, there rose up a man in a monk's dress. From under the close cowl two piercing eyes confronted the Lord of Aveyran. They seemed to force truth from his lips against his will.

"I have one child more," he said, "a poor worthless plant, but she will be made a nun. Why dost thou gaze at me so strangely, Father Ansgarius?" added the knight, uneasily "Ulrika—heaven rest her soul!"—and he crossed himself almost fearfully,— "thy mother Ulrika seems to look at me from thine eyes."

"Even so," said the monk, in a low tone. "Then, Loys of Aveyran, hear her voice from my lips. I see in the words of this strange guest the working of heaven's will. Do thou dispute it not. Send for the child Hermolin."

The knight's loud laugh rang out as scornfully as years before in the little turret-chamber.

"What!" said he, though he took courteous care the words should not reach Hjalmar's ears, "am I to be swayed hither and thither by old women's dreams and priestly prophecies? I thought it was by thy consent, good father, that she was to become a nun, and now thou sayest she shall wed this young whelp of a northern bear."

Ansgarius replied not to this contemptuous speech, but his commanding eyes met the knight's; and once again the bold Sir Loys grew humble; as if the dead Ulrika's soul had passed into that of her son, so as to sway her foster-child still.

"It is a strange thing for a servant of Holy Church to strive to break a vow, especially which devotes a child to the Virgin. I dare not do so great a sin!" faintly argued the Lord of Aveyran.

But it seemed as though the cloudy, false subterfuge with which the knight had veiled his meaning fell off, pierced through and through by the lightning of those truth-penetrating eyes. Sir Loys reddened to the very brow, with confusion as much as with anger.

"Isabelle," he muttered, "desire one of thy maidens to bring hither our youngest child."

The silent, meek lady of Aveyran had never a word of opposition to any of her lord's behests. She only lifted up her placid eyes in astonishment at this unusual command, and then obeyed it.

Hermolin was brought, trembling, weeping, too terrified even to struggle. Oh, sad and darkened image of childhood, when a gleam of unwonted kindness and love seemed to strike almost with fear the poor desolate little heart, accustomed only to a gloomy life of coldness and neglect. For the dislike, almost hatred, that fell like a shadow on her unwelcome birth, had gathered deeper and darker over the lonely child. No father's smile, no mother's caresses, were her portion. Shut out from the sunshine of love, the young plant grew up frail, wan, feeble, without beauty or brightness. No one ever heard from Hermolin's lips the glad laughter of infancy: among her sisters, she seemed like a shadow in the midst of their brightness. As she stood in the doorway, cowering under the robe of her conductor, her thin hands hiding her pale face, so unlike a child's in its sharp outline, and her large restless eyes glancing in terror on all before her, the Norsewoman's freezing gaze was the first turned towards her.

"By Odin! and it is such poor, worthless gifts as this that the Christians offer to their gods!" she muttered in her own language.

"What art thou saying, Ulva?" sharply asked the Viking.

"Nothing, my lord," she answered submissively, "but that the young Olof has at last found himself a bride. Look there."

The noble boy, whose fearless, frank and generous spirit even now shone out, had darted forward, and now, with his arms clasped round Hermolin's neck, was soothing her fears, and trying to encourage her with childish caresses. The little girl understood not a word of his strange Norwegian tongue, but the tones were gentle and loving. She looked up at the sweet young face that bent over her, half wondering at something which seemed new to her in the blue eyes and bright golden hair. Twining her fingers

one of Olof's abundant locks, she compared it with one of her own long dark curls, laughed a low musical laugh, and finally, reassured, put up her little mouth to kiss him, in perfect confidence. Olof, proud of his success, led the little maiden through the room, amidst many a covert smile and jest.

But when the two children came near Sir Loys, Hermolin shrank back, and clung, weeping, to Olof's breast. There was no love in the father's heart, but there was much of pride and bitterness. The child's unconscious terror proclaimed aloud all the secrets of her cheerless life: it angered him beyond endurance. He clenched his gauntleted hands, and though he strove to make his tone calm, as became a right courteous knight, yet there was in it somewhat of wrathful sarcasm, as he addressed his guest.

"Jarl Hjalmar, there stands my youngest child—though her looks would seem to belie the noble blood she owns. Heaven may take her, or thou—I care little which, so as I am no more burthened with a jewel I covet not."

The Norseman eyed with curiosity and doubt the frail, trembling child, who stood still enshielled by Olof's arms. It might be that the magic of that boyish love drew also the father's pity towards the little Hermolin; or perchance, the sorrowful, imploring look of those deep, lustrous brown eyes, brought back the memory of others, which long ago had drooped in darkness—the darkness of a life without love. The Jarl's face wore a new softness and tenderness when he beheld Hermolin; she felt it, and trembled not when Olof led her to his father's knees.

Hjalmar, still irresolute, turned to the nurse, who stood behind, watching every movement of her foster-son.

"Ulva," he said, in his Norse language, "thou hast been faithful, even as a mother, to thy lord's child. What sayest thou—shall we take this poor unloved babe as a bride for the last of the race of Hjalmar?"

Ulva's cold eyes regarded Hermolin; they wandered with jealous eagerness over the slight drooping form; the white, thin arms, that seemed waiting away like the last snow-wreaths

of winter; the quick-flitting roses, that deepened and faded momentarily on the marble cheek; and she said, in her heart—

"It is well; death will come before the bridal; and then, the vow fulfilled, Olof shall take a northern maiden to his bosom, and the footstep of the stranger shall not defile the halls of his fathers."

Then Ulva bent humbly before the Viking, saying aloud—

"My lips are not worthy to utter their desire; but has not the young Olof himself chosen. The great Odin sometimes speaks his will by the lips of babes, as well as by those of aged seers. It may be so now!"

"It shall be!" cried Hjalmar. "Sir Loys, I take thy daughter to be mine, according as thou saidst. Thy church must seek another votary; for Hermolin shall be Olof's bride."

So saying, he enclosed both the children in his embrace, at which young Olof laughed, and clapped his hands, while the little Hermolin, half afraid, half wondering, only looked in the boy's bright face, and her own was lit up with confidence and joy. So, during the whole ceremony of betrothal, the baby-bride still seemed to draw courage and gladness from the fearless smile of her boy-lover, never removing her gaze from that sweet countenance, which had thus dawned upon her, the first love sunshine her young life had ever known.

When Olof was parted from his childish spouse, she clung to him with a wild, despairing energy, almost terrible in one so young. He called her by the new name they had taught him to use towards her, and which he uttered, and she heard—both how unconscious of the solemn life-bond it implied. Yet still it appeared to have a soothing influence; her tears ceased, and her delicate frame was no longer convulsed with grief. She lay in his arms, still and composed. But at that moment there bent over them a tall dark shadow: it seemed to the child's vivid imagination one of those evil spectral forms of which she had heard, and Ulva interposed her strong grasp. The last sight that Hermolin saw was not the beaming face, already so fondly beloved, of her young bridegroom, but the countenance of the Norsewoman had turned round upon her, with

the gloomy, threatening brow, and the white teeth glittering in a yet more fearful smile. No wonder that, years after, it haunted the child, com-

ing between her and the sunny image which from that time ever visited her dreams, less like a reality than an angel from the unknown world.

CHAPTER III.

BENEATH the shadow of her convent walls the child Hermolin grew up. Her world was not that of her kindred: between her and them a line of separation was drawn that might not be crossed. She lived all alone. This was the destiny of her childhood and dawning youth. It was her father's will: she knew it, and murmured not. She lifted up to heaven those affections which she was forbidden to indulge on earth; and when she came to the Virgin's feet, her prayers and her love were less those of a devotee to a saint, than that of a child whose heart yearned towards a mother. She spent in vague reveries those sweet, tender fancies which might have brightened home; and for all brother and sister-love, her heart gathered its every tendril around the remembered image, which, star-like, had risen on her early childhood. It was her first memory: beyond it all seemed a shapeless dream of pain and darkness. The image was that of Olof. They had told her that she was his betrothed—that he alone of all the world laid claim to her; and though she understood not the tie, nor the fulfilment that might come one day, still she clung to it as to some strange blessedness and joy that had been once and would be again, of which the bright beautiful face, with its golden-shadowed hair, was a remembrance and an augury. Once, in a convent picture—rude, perhaps, yet most beautiful to her—the child fancied the limned head bore a likeness to this dream-image, and from that time it was impressed more firmly on her imagination. It mingled strangely with her vows, her prayers, and, above all, with her shadowy pictures of the future, over which, throughout her childhood, such mystery hung.

Hermolin knew that she had been devoted to the service of heaven. From her still convent she beheld the distant towers of Aveyran: she saw the festive train that carried away her eldest sister a bride; she heard from over the plains the dull lament which

told of her unseen mother's death; she joined the vespers for the departed soul. But all those tokens of the outside world were to her only phantasms of life. Far above them all, and looking down upon them, as a star looks down on the unquiet earth, dwelt Hermolin.

Yet she knew also that it would not be always so. The nuns regarded her as set apart, and not one of themselves. Round her neck she wore the betrothal ring, which as, day by day, her small childish hand grew to maiden roundness, she used to draw on, in a mood too earnest to be mere sport, wondering how soon the finger would fit the token, and with that, what strange change would come. And as her childhood passed by, Hermolin began to see a deeper meaning in the exhortations of one she loved dearest in the world—the monk who had been her confessor, friend, and counsellor all her life—Father Ansgarius.

There had come a change over the son of Ulrika. Who can tell how strong is a mother's prayer? The answering joy which her life could not attain to, was given to her death. A flower sprung up from the mother's dust, which brought peace, and holiness, and gladness into the bosom of the son. After her death, Ansgarius believed. He believed, not with the arid, lifeless faith of an assenting intellect, but the full, deep earnestness of a heart which takes into itself God's image, and is all-penetrated with the sunshine of His presence. The great and learned man saw that there was a higher knowledge still—that which made him even as a little child, cry "O thou All-wise, teach *me*!—O thou All-merciful, love *me*!"

Thus a spirit, strong as a man's and gentle as a woman's, guided the early years of Hermolin—the child of prayers. And so it is: God ever answers these heart-beseechings, not always in the manner we will it—even as the moisture which rises up to heaven in soft dew, sometimes falls down

in rain, but it surely does fall, and where earth most needs it. Gradually as her young soul was nurtured in peace and holiness, Ansgarius unfolded the future mission, in which he believed, with all the earnestness that singles out from the rest of mankind the true apostle—the *man sent*.

Hermolin listened humbly, reverently, then joyfully. On her young mind the story of Ulrika's dream impressed itself with a vivid power, from which her whole ideas took their coloring. And deeper, stronger, more ~~expressing~~ became her worship of that golden-haired angel-youth, who, with her, was to bear unto the snow-covered mountains the holy cross. She had no thought of human love: in her mind, Olof was only an earth-incarnation of the saint before whose likeness she daily prayed; and who would come one day, and lead her on her life's journey, to fulfil the destiny of which Ansgarius spoke. But when, a year passed, her beautiful womanhood expanded leaf by leaf, like the bud of a rose, to which every day there comes a deeper colour and a lovelier form, Hermolin was conscious of a new want in her soul. It was not enough that the beloved ideal should haunt her thoughts, and look to her in her slumbers—a glorious being to be regarded with a worship deep, wild, as only the heart of dreaming girlhood knows. Hermolin had need of a more human and answering love. In all that she saw of the world's beauty—in all the new, glad feelings which overflowed her heart—she longed for some dear eyes to look into—some dear hand to press—that her deep happiness might not waste itself unshared. Looking out from her bower in the convent garden, she sometimes saw, in the twilight, young lovers wandering along the green hillside, singing their Provençal lays, or sitting side by side in a happy silence, which is to the glad outburst of love what the night, with her pure, star-lit quiet, and her deep pulses—beating all the fuller for that mysterious stillness—is to the sunny, open, all-rejoicing day. And then Hermolin's bosom thrilled with an unwonted emotion; and she thought how strange and beautiful must be that double life, when each twin-heart says to the other, "I am not mine own but thine,—nay,

I am not thine, but thyself—a part of thee!"

But all these fancies Hermolin folded up closely in her maiden bosom, though she knew not why she did so. And even when the time came that the token-ring ever clasped her delicate finger with a loving embrace, she still lived her pure and peaceful life, awaiting the perfecting of that destiny which she believed was to come.

At last on a day when it was not his wont to visit the convent, Ansgarius appeared. He found the young maiden sitting at her embroidery beneath the picture which was her delight. Often and often the gaudy work fell from her hands, while she looked up at the beautiful and noble face that seemed to watch over her.

Ansgarius came and stood beside his young pupil. His motions were restless, and his eyes wandering; and there was an unquiet tremulousness in his voice, which spoke more of the jarring world without, than of the subdued peace which ever abided within the convent walls. Hermolin was seized with a like uneasiness.

"My father," she said—for she had long since learned to give that title to her only friend—"my father, what is it that troubles thee?"

"I might say the same to thee, dear child; for thy cheek is flushed, and thine eye bright," the monk answered, evasively.

"I know not why, but my heart is not at rest," Hermolin said. "I feel a vague expectation, as if there were a voice calling me that I must answer, and arise and go."

The face of Ansgarius was lighted up with a wild enthusiasm. "It is the power of the Virgin upon the child," he murmured. "The time, the time is at hand! My daughter, wait," he said more calmly; "if the call be heaven's, thou canst not but follow at heaven's good pleasure."

"I do—I will," said Hermolin, meekly; and she folded her hands upon her young bosom, while her confessor gave her the benediction.

"And now, my child, I have somewhat to say to thee; wilt thou listen?"

"Yes, here, my father," she answered, seating herself at his feet, while her fingers played with a coarse rosary of wooden beads, which she had worn

all her life. After a long silence, it caught the eye of the monk, and he burst forth—

“Child, child, dare not to make a toy of that holy relic; never look at it but with prayers. Remember whose dying fingers once closed over it—on whose cold breast it once lay—ay, along with thee!”

“I remember,” said Hermolin, softly. “Forgive me, O father, forgive me—blessed soul of Ulrika;” and, kissing the crucifix, she raised her pure eyes to heaven.

“Amen!” said Ansgarius, devoutly. “And, O mother! strengthen me to tell this child of the past and the future—mine and hers.”

He remained silent for a little, and then said, suddenly—*

“Hermolin, thou knowest what she was, and how she died. Listen while I speak, not of her, the blessed one! but of myself, and my sin. I lived in darkness, I scorned the light, until it burst upon me with the brightness of her soul, shed from its glorious wings when it rose to God. In that night I lay down, and dreamed I walked along a road all foul, and strewn with briars and thorns. Then came a vision; it was the last of earthly mothers, Mary. She showed me a bright pathway on which moved glorious angels, like women in countenance. One face was that which had bent over my childhood, youth, and manhood, with untiring love. Oh, mother! how I sprang forward with a yearning heart to thee; but the vision stood between us, and I heard a voice saying, ‘Son, thou canst never go to thy mother till thy feet are no longer defiled. Leave that thorny way, and ascend to the heavenly road.’ Then I awoke, and knew what my sin had been. O mother-saint, pray for me in heaven, that it may not be laid to my charge.”

The monk sighed heavily, and bent down his head, already thickly strewn with the snowy footsteps of age. Then Hermolin stood up, and her face was as that of a young saint, resplendent with the inward shining of her pure, heaven-kindled soul; and she said, in a tone like one inspired—

“God and thy mother have forgiven thee, since thou hast done the will of both towards me. If, as thou

hast said, I must go forth at heaven’s bidding, for a life to be spent in working that holy will, all men, and the angels that wait on men, shall behold that it is thy word I speak—it is thy spirit which dwells in me.”

Ansgarius looked amazed, for never before had the maiden given such utterance to the thoughts which pervaded her whole life. Again he murmured “The time is near.” But even while he regarded her, another change seemed to come over the fitful spirit of Hermolin. She sank at the monk’s feet, and bathed them with a shower of tears.

“Oh, father, guide me,” she wept, “I am not as I was; there is a change—I feel it in my heart, and I tremble.”

“It is the shadow of thy coming fate, my child,” said Ansgarius, solemnly; “know thy bridegroom is at hand.”

Hermolin sprang up with a wild gesture of joy.

“Olof!—Olof! Is Olof here?” she cried.

And then, with an instinctive impulse of maidenly shame-facedness, she drooped her head, and hid her burning cheeks under the novice’s veil she wore.

Ansgarius continued. “A ship lies at the river’s mouth, and from the towers of Aveyran I saw a train winding across the plain. It may be that of the son of Hjalmar. Nay, why art thou trembling, child? Dost thou shrink from thy destiny?—thou, the chosen of the Virgin, whom I have reared up to this end with daily and nightly prayers,” added Ansgarius, sternly.

But the ascetic monk, absorbed in the one purpose of his existence, knew not the wild flutterings of that young heart, nor how at the moment Hermolin was less the devotee, ready to work out her life’s aim, than the timid maiden about to welcome in her betrothed, the realisation of a whole girlhood’s dream of ideal love. Ansgarius took her by the hand, and led her to the Virgin’s shrine. There, at his bidding, Hermolin, half unconscious of what she did, renewed her vows of dedication; but while she knelt, the noise of rude, yet joyful music, was heard, and up the hill

* For this incident in the life of Ansgarius, see the “History of Sweden,” translated by Mary Howitt.

wound a goodly train. First of all there rode one, who, to the strong frame and almost giant proportions of manhood, added the clear, fair face of a youth. His long, sun-bright locks floated in the wind, and his eagle's plume danced above them; his eye, bold and frank, was that of one born to rule, and there was pride even in his smile. Yet, through all this change, Hermolin knew that face was the same which had been the sunshine of her childhood—the dream of her youth—and her heart leaped towards her bridegroom.

"Olof!—my Olof!" she cried, and would have flown to meet him, with the same child-like love which had poured itself forth in tears on his neck years before, in the castle of Aveyran, but Ansgarius stood before her.

"I am little versed in the world's ways," he said, "yet it seems to me that this is scarcely the guise in which a maiden should go to meet her bridegroom;" and he glanced at the coarse man's dress which always enfolded the true form of Hermolin. The words struck a new chord in the soul of the young betrothed.

Never until then had Hermolin thought whether she were beautiful or no. In her calm retirement, she heard no idle talk about maiden's charms. Day after day she attired herself in her simple dress, and felt no grief in pulling up her long silken tresses under her close veil, or enveloping her slender figure in the coarse robe and thick coils of cord. But now her heart beat with anxiety: she fled hastily away to her own chamber. There she found

the aged nun who attended her, while many rich garments, such as high-born damsels wore, lay scattered about. The glistening of them dazzled and confused Hermolin's senses. She stood motionless, while the nun silently exchanged her simple robe for the new attire; and then, while she beheld herself in this unwonted likeness, her courage failed, her whole frame trembled, and she wept passionately.

Hermolin felt that she was not beautiful. Another might, perhaps, have seen, in the small, almost child-like form, an airy grace that atoned for its want of dignity, and have traced admiringly the warm southern blood that gave richness to the clear brown skin. But Hermolin had known one only ideal of perfection; and all beauty, that bore no likeness to Olof, was as nothing in her eyes.

Soon, ringing through the still convent, she heard a bold, clear voice, and the girlish weakness passed away, while a boundless devotion sprang up in the woman's heart of Hermolin. Love, which united the clinging tenderness of the human, with the deep worship of the divine, took possession of her inmost soul. When she stood before her bridegroom, she thought of herself no more—she became absorbed in him. And when young Olof, in his somewhat rough but affectionate greeting, lifted his fairy-like bride up in his strong arms, he little knew how deep and wild was the devotion of that heart which then cast itself down at his feet, to be cherished, thrown aside, or trampled on, yet loving evermore.

CHAPTER IV.

On, gaily on, ploughing the same seas which had carried on their stormy breast the dead and the newly-born, went the ship of the young Norse chief-tain. And onward to the same northern home, from beneath whose blighting shadow the dying mother had been borne, was wafted another southern bride. But it was not with her as with the wife of Hjalmar. Love, mighty, all-enduring love, made Hermolin go forth, strong and fearless. She stood on the rocking deck, with the dark, surging, shoreless waves before her eyes, not the green, sheep-

besprinkled meads, and purple vineyards of Provence, with the rude voices and wild countenances of the Viking's crew ever haunting her, instead of the vesper chaunts, and the mild-faced nuns, with their noiseless, sweeping garments. But Hermolin trembled not; doubted not, for Olof was near her, and his presence lighted up her world with joy. The freezing north wind seemed to blow across her brow with the softness of a balm-scented breeze, when she met it, standing by her husband's side, or leaning against his breast. She looked not once back

to the sunny shore of Provence, but ever onward to the north, the strong and daring north, without fear, and in the fulness of hope, for it was Olof's land.

And he, the one, sole master of this golden mine of love, this true woman's heart, pure as rich, and rich as beautiful, how was it with him? He took it as a long-preserved possession, which came to him as a right, whose value he never troubled himself to estimate. The young heir of the Viking had heard, all his life, of the southern bride who awaited his pleasure to claim her. Now and then, during the few seasons of restless idleness which intervened by chance between his hunting and his war expeditions, the soft dark eyes and twining arms of a little child had crossed his memory, but Ulva, his nurse, said such ideas were weak and womanish in a chieftain's son, and bade him drive them away with bold thoughts and active deeds, more becoming in a man.

Jarl Hjalmar lived to behold his son the bravest of the young northern warriors, and then sank into the embrace of the Valkyriæ. He died in battle, one hand on his sword, and the other grasping a long lock of woman's hair. On this relic he made the son of the dead Clotilde swear, by the soul of his mother, to claim from the lord of France, either by fair words or force of arms, his plighted bride; and so Olof, longing for adventurous deeds in any cause, went forth with all the eagerness of youth on his quest. A little while he rejoiced in his prize, like a child toying with a precious jewel; a little while he softened his bold, fierce nature, into the semblance of gentleness and love; and then, looking in his face, whereon was set the seal of almost angelic beauty, Hermolin believed in the realisation of all her dreams. The golden-haloed saint of her peaceful youth lived again in the beloved Olof.

And so it was, that in the wild fulness of this new joy, this blessed, human love, Hermolin, the child vowed to the Virgin, the pious maiden of the convent, became merged in Hermolin, the wife of the young northern Jarl. It was less the pupil of Ansgarius, sent forth, heaven-guided, on her holy mission, than the devoted woman, who would fain cling through

life and death unto her heart's chosen. Gradually the shadow of an earthly love was gliding between that pure spirit and heaven's light, and when it is so, ever with that soul-eclipse darkness comes.

When the ship yet rode upon the seas, Olof's mien wore less of bridegroom tenderness, and he grew chafed and restless at times. He lingered not at Hermolin's side, to listen while she spoke of her childish past, or talk to her of the future—of their northern home. He never now, in lover-like playfulness, made her teach him then the almost-forgotten speech of his mother's land, or laughed when her sweet lips tried in vain to frame the harsh accents of the north. Many a time, Hermolin stood lonely by the vessel's side, trying to bring back to her soul those holy and pure thoughts which had once made a heaven of solitude. But still in the clouds, to which she lifted her eyes, in the waves which dashed almost against her feet, she only saw and heard Olof's face and Olof's voice. Then she would remember the parting words of Ansgarius, when he stood watching the ship, that, as he still fervently believed, bore, dove-like the olive branch of peace, and put faith to that northern land—

"My child," he said, "love thy husband—worship only God."

And conscious of its wild idolatry the heart of Hermolin trembled, so that it dared not even pray.

At last the vessel neared the land, the sublime land of the north, with its giant snow-mountains, its dark pine forests, its wild, desolate plains. To the eyes of the young Provençale seemed, in its winter-bound stillness like the dead earth lying, awfully beautiful, beneath her white-folded shroud. Hermolin felt as though she stood at the entrance of the land of shadow with its solemn gloom, its eternal silence; and yet, while she gazed, her soul was filled with a sublime rapture. She crept to the side of her young spouse, folded his hand in her bosom, and looked up timidly in his face—

"Oh, my Olof," she whispered, "this then is our home—this is the land—how beautiful it is—how grand!"

The young Jarl looked down on his fair wife, and smiled at her evident emotion, with the careless superior

with which he might have regarded the vagaries of a wayward child.

"Yes," he answered, "it is a good-land; these pine-forests are full of bears, and the sea-kings have had many a well-fought battle with the land-robbers in the defiles of the mountains. It was there that the sword of Olof was first reddened," the Jarl continued, proudly, while his lips curled and his eyes grew dilated.

A little did Hermolin shrink, even from that beloved hand she was folded to her heart; but immediately she drew closer to him, and wound his arm round her neck.

"Do not say this, my Olof," she murmured, caressingly; "let us talk rather of that glad time when there will be no more warfare, the time of which I have often told thee, my beloved, when the golden-cross shines on the white snow, and thou and I ——"

But Olof silenced her with a burst of half-derisive laughter. "Not I, my fair wife, not I. Thou mayest dream among thy pretty toys, thy crosses, and rosaries; such playthings are fit for women and children, but Hjalmar trusts to the faith of his fathers. Do as thou wilt, little one, only let me handle the hunting-spear, and guide the ship, and drain the mead-cups. Odin loves the bold arm of a warrior better than the puling lips of a saint, and the blood of an enemy is more precious in his sight than a thousand whining prayers. But see, there are my good soldiers awaiting us. Hark! their shouts of welcome. Verily, I am glad to see again my father's land!"

And the young Viking stood on his vessel's deck, magnificent in his proud and fearless beauty, acknowledging his followers' wild acclaims, as they rang through the still winter air. He saw not that his bride had shrunk away from his side, to where none could witness her agony. Her wild, tearless eyes wandered from the ghostlike mountains to the cold, clear, frosty sky, but the solemn beauty of the scene was gone—all was desolation now. It seemed to her a world on which the light of heaven and life-giving smile had never shone—a world where all was coldness, and silence, and death, and in it she stood alone—alone, with the ruins of a life's dream.

Hermolin neither wept nor struggled against her misery. There was no anger in her heart, only utter despair. She looked at Olof where he stood, the very ideal of proud and glorious manhood, in all things resembling the dream-image of so many years. Hermolin's soul clung to it, and to him, with a wild intensity, that made her love seem almost terrible in its strength. And thus, while she thought of her life to come, Hermolin shuddered less at the unveiling of his heart's change, than at the knowledge of the deep faithfulness that would make enduring sorrow the portion of her own.

"I love him," she moaned, "through all—in spite of all—I love him! Olof, my noble, my beautiful; the light of my life. Oh, God, have mercy—have mercy on me."

CHAPTER V.

Be still, oh, north wind; howl not at the iron-bound lattice; she hears not thee. Blinding snow, sweep not in such mad gusts over the mountains; thou canst not dim her eyes and freeze her heart more than an inward anguish has already effected. If Hermolin dwelt among the rose-bowers of Provence, instead of the chill, ghostly halls of the Viking, there would be the same icy burden on her soul—the same dark shadow over all things on which her eyes look. The heart makes its own sunshine—its own eternal gloom.

The Jarl's bride was alone. Even

that day he had left her on the threshold of the palace, and the envious eyes of the wondering Norse hand-maidens had been the only welcome in her husband's halls. Through those halls she glided like a wandering spirit, shrinking from their ghastly grandeur, that filled her young soul with fear. The white-tusked spoils of the bear-hunters seemed to grin like evil spirits from the walls; and as she passed by the empty armour of many a departed Viking, spectral shapes appeared to creep within it, until beneath the vacant helm glittered

fiery eyes, and shadowy hands formed themselves out of the air, wielding the ungrasped spear. Hermolin shivered with terror; her limbs moved heavily; her eyes dared not lift themselves from the ground.

One sun-gleam from that bright, beloved face, and the horrible phantoms would have fled like dreams. But it came not. Hermolin reached her chamber, and was alone. Ringing through the long corridor, she heard the laughter of her retreating maiden-train; she listened while they mocked at the terrors of the Jarl's young bride, and said how much fitter had been a fearless Norse maiden, than a poor shrinking child of the south, to tread the halls of the son of Hjalmar.

Hermolin's cheek flushed, and her terror changed to pride—not for herself, but for him.

"They shall never say the wife of Olof is afraid. I will be strong—I will teach my heart to beat as it were with the bold northern blood. My Olof, thou shalt not blush for me."

But still the young cheek blanched at the shrieks which seemed to mingle in the tempestuous blast, and still, when the blazing faggots cast fantastic shapes on the walls, Hermolin started and trembled. Hour after hour passed, and Olof came not. Her fears melted into sorrow, and she poured forth the tears of an aching and lonely heart.

Wild storm of the north, howl over that poor broken flower, but thou canst not wither the life-fluid which will yet make its leaves green, and its blossoms fair—the essence of its being—its hope—its strength—its enduring love.

Still, as ever, alone, Hermolin retraced the gloomy halls, as she glided, like a spirit of light come to reanimate the dead, past the mailed shadows, that kept memorial watch over the Viking's halls, with her faint gleaming lamp, and her floating hair, which every blast seemed to lift with a spirit hand.

Led by the distant sound of voices, Hermolin came to the festival hall. Her terror-stricken fancy had pictured Olof in the storm; his stalwart frame paralysed; his gold hair mingling with the snow-wreaths, and death—a terrible death—stealing over him. But

as she stood in the shadow-hung entrance, Hermolin saw her lord. He sat among his young warriors, the blithest of all, quaffing many a cup of sparkling mead, his laugh ringing loud, but still musical; and his beautiful face resplendent with mirth and festive gaiety.

But for the first time its sunshine fell on Hermolin all joylessly. There was a deadly coldness at her heart, which no power could take away. Her lips murmured a thanksgiving that Olof was safe; but no smile sealed the joyful amen of the orison. Silently as she came she glided away, and the sinner knew not how near him, yet all unregarded, had passed the angel's wing.

When Hermolin re-entered her chamber, there rose up from one corner a dark shadow. Soon it formed itself into the likeness of humanity and confronted the young bride—a woman, not yet aged, but with iron grey locks and deeply-furrowed brow. Suddenly as the thought of a terrible dream gone by, that wild face, those piercing eyes, rushed upon Hermolin's memory. It was the remembrance which had been the haunting terror of her childhood—the face of Ulva.

The nurse bent in a half-mocking courtesy to Olof's wife.

"Welcome, my lady from the south, whose vacant chamber I have dared to enter," said Ulva. "Perchance she likes it not; but it is too late now."

"My lord's home is ever pleasant in his wife's eyes," answered Hermolin, striving to impart strength and dignity to her trembling frame.

"It is well," said the nurse. "But the southern lady should know that it is not our custom for the wife of a noble Jarl to steal like a thief about the halls at night, and that the northern heroes admit no woman to the feasts. The young Olof's eyes have darted angry lightnings, had he known his bride intruded so near."

Hermolin shrunk from the loud and fierce tones of the Norsewoman. But while pressing her clasped hands on her breast, she felt Ulrika's courage. It gave her strength; for it carried her thoughts back from the desolate present to the pure and holy past, and from the remembered con- shrine lifted them up heavenward.

as prayers. Then she turned to Ulva, and said, in that sweet meekness which bears with it unutterable weight—

"I am a stranger, and I know thee not. But I love my lord, and all that are his; therefore I forgive these discourteous words to Olof's wife. Now I would rest, and be alone."

As a spirit of evil steals from the light, so Ulva crept from the presence of Hermolin, and the young wife was once more alone.

No, not alone, though she sank prostrate on the floor, and laid her young head on the cold stone, not even a slight lifting up of the eyes showing that the heart fled in its desolation. Yet that stone was a Bethel-pillow, and there the angel-winged prayers and angel-footed blessings ascended and descended between her and God. There for the first time arose up from these heathen halls the voice of thanksgiving. The wild blast came, and bore away amidst its thunder the sweet voices of the Virgin's vesper-hymn; they floated upwards towards the snow mountains, music-clouds of incense, that marked the consecration of that wild land. And far above the loud organ-voice of the south, with its thousand altars and myriad orisons, arose from the desolate north the clear, low tone of one woman's earnest, loving prayer.

Then it seemed as though the holy ones who minister unseen to man, came and kissed her eyes into a sleep as deep and peaceful as that of the babe Hermolin on the breast of Ulrika. A veil was drawn over her senses, and the mingled sounds of the storm without, and the noisy revel within, melted to the sweetest music, and became a wondrous dream.

Beside her couch, in the spot where Hermolin's fast-closing eyes had watched the first glimmer of the storm-hidden moon, the light gathered and grew, until it became a face. Pale it was, and sad; with damp, wave-bedewed hair, such as we picture the airy shades of those over whom the billows sweep: but the eyes looked out with a sweet, human yearning, and the fair lips smiled with a mournful tenderness. Hermolin beheld without fear, for over the spirit-beauty of that face was cast an earthly likeness she knew well, and in her dream all that she had by chance heard concerning

the mother of Olof grew clear to her. Not with human voice did the vision speak, but it seemed that the soul of the dead overshadowed the sleeping soul of the living, and taught it the wisdom of the spirit-land. Now Hermolin saw how it was that the flower had withered, because it had no root—that the spirit had drooped because there was no in-dwelling love to be its life; and she learned more of love's nature—that its strength is in itself—that it stretches not forth its arms, saying, "Bless me, as I would fain bless—I give, therefore let me receive;" but it draws its light from its own essence, and pours it out in a sunshine-flood, surrounding and interpenetrating the beloved with radiance, as the sun the earth, from which it asks no answering brightness, save the faint reflection of that which itself has given.

And while yet was present in her dream the pale shadow of the joyless wife, whom not even mother-bliss could keep from the land of peace, for which the broken spirit yearned, Hermolin looked towards her own future, and grew strong.

"I love, therefore I can endure all—can do all," was the resolution that shot like a sunbeam through the sleeper's soul; and at the moment a ministering angel looked into that soul, changing the proud, yet noble resolve, into the humblest of prayer—"I will; O God, help me!"

Then the pale spirit seemed to rejoice with exceeding gladness, while mingling with her divine joy, a human mother-love made it still more sublime and tender. And, behold! there stood beside her another soul, whose dark-glorious orbs were added to their earthlikeness, the beauty of eyes which have looked on God. And, the mortal semblance not utterly taken away, but exalted into that perfection which the smile of divinity creates out of very dust, Hermolin knew in her spirit it was Ulrika.

Then bending together over the sleeper, the mother-souls kissed her brow, and fled.

Lift up thy voice again, O north wind, whose wings have been the airy chariots of God's messengers—lift up thy voice once more, but let it be in a grand, solemn, God-like hymn, such as should arise from the land of snows;

and rifting through the sublime, harmonious cloud, let there be a sunburst of divine melody, 'sweet as an angel's smile, telling of love—eternal

love—its strength, its holiness, its long-suffering, its omnipotence—love which dwells in humanity, as its life, its essence, its soul—which is God.

CHAPTER VI.

BEYOND the sea-coast, the abode of the race of Hjalmar, arises a giant mountain; pine-forests, huge and dark, clothe its foot; above them tower the grey masses of bare rock, and higher still comes the region of eternal snows. There sits the spirit of white Death, sublime in beautiful desolation; and over it the stars creep, solemn and never wearied watchers throughout the perpetual night. It is a land of silence, without movement, without life. Beneath a vast plain, whereon no trees wave, above a dull-grey sky, over which not a cloud is seen to float, earth and heaven mock each other in terrible tranquillity, and the wind steals between them, viewless as themselves, for there is nought to interrupt its path.

Lo! there is one trace of life on this land of death—one bold footstep marks the snow—one proud head lifts itself fearlessly up towards the leaden sky. The spirit that guides them is a woman's—one of the most daring of the daughters of the north. Alone, Ulva ascends through forest and rock, to that desolate snow plain, to ask counsel of the only living soul who inhabits the mountain—the priestess of the Nornir.

Ulva reached the verge of the plain where Svenska had formed her dwelling. It was said that the priestess of the Nornir needed no human sustenance, and that she made her couch among the snows, and that from the time when two stray bear-hunters found the maiden-babe lying on the white plain, she had abode there, a daughter of the unknown world.

And in truth, when Ulva stood before her, the likeness of the priestess was not unbefitting her supposed descent. Even with the spiritual beauty of her form, the dweller among the snows was of a presence that harmonised with the pallid desolation around. Life seemed to flow all bloodlessly beneath the marble frame; the features still and colourless, were almost ghastly in their motionless and perfect beau-

ty. The pale yellow hair fell down in stirless masses, and the drapery moved as she moved, and gathering round her white spectral folds, and floating without a sound, as snowy clouds over the southern sky.

Ulva fell at her feet, and gazed at her with a strange mingling of religious adoration and human love. Then the pale lips unclosed, to answer and to exhort; and the whole snow statue became the inspired priestess. Long they talked—the woman of earth and the daughter of solitudes; and their speech was of the new strange worship that was creeping in upon Odin's land, after the footsteps of the southern maid, who had been brought into the halls of Hjalmar.

"I see it coming," cried Ulva, passionately. "The shapeless horror has its foot already on the threshold of the Viking. Already Olof wars no more, but sits idly by the hearth, and listens to southern tales from the whining lips of Hermolin. Even now the meadcup and the meats due to Odin are given to the throats of sick beggars, whom our fathers suffered not to cumber earth! And my lord Olof the babe that I reared, hears it said that the gods of his fathers are false and pardons the accursed lie, because it comes from fair lips. Oh, priestess, to whom, if thou art the daughter of the gods, I have given year by year at least somewhat of mortal nurture, until the child I loved has grown up the sacred maiden I adore—holy Svenska, give me counsel! How shall I tread out in the dust this growing fire—how save from defilement the worship of Odin?"

Svenska lifted her face to the east where, out of the darkness, were beginning to shoot the starry battalions which light up northern skies. Then she said, "Follow," and began to traverse the snow with almost winged speed.

At last Ulva and her guide stood on the apex of the mountain!—then the three peaks lifted themselves up—the

utmost boundary of the visible world; beyond, all was nothingness. The peculiar idealisation of Norse-worship, which, in the grandest and most fearful objects of nature, found its divinities, had symbolised in these giant rocks the three Nornir, or destinies, Udr, Verthandi, and Skulld. As they stood out against the cold grey sky, imagination might have traced in each a vague outline, somewhat resembling a female form, beneath the shadowy veil of snow, which no human hand could ever lift. Thus, in these solemn shapes, abiding between earth and heaven, it was not strange that their worshippers should see the emblems of the rulers of human destinies, until at last, as in all symbolised faiths, the myth and its outward type became one.

Svenska lifted up her voice, and it rang through the still, ice-bound air like a clarion—

“There is a spirit arising in Odin’s land, and ye fear its might. The priest trembles beneath the temple’s shadow, and the warrior’s hand grows palsied upon the spear. Shall it grow up like a darkness over the shrines of our gods and the graves of our fathers? Skulld, far-seer into the future, answer!”

But there was silence over all.

Svenska bowed herself to the ground, and then said—

“It is vain! From north to south, from east to west, between earth and sky, float the threads which the Nornir weave. They are there, encompassing us continually, and yet we see them not. We walk with our heads aloft, but it is they who guide us; our minds may will, but it is they who control our minds. Therefore, hear my counsel, though it speaks not with an airy voice, but with a woman’s tongue.”

“I hear—I obey,” answered Ulva, tremblingly.

“There are two spirits which govern man—ambition and love. The first is ever strongest, except in those pure and noble natures which seem less human than divine. Let the sound of battle rouse the young Viking from his dream. Let him dye the seas purple with his enemies’ blood, and then Odin will be appeased. The fierce shout of northern victory will drown the beguiling whisper of a false woman’s lips, and the son of Hjalmar will

rejoice again in the bold faith of his fathers.”

* * * * *

News came to Jarl Olof, that the King of Upsala was about to fall upon him with fire and sword. How the rumour reached him, the young Viking knew not, and for a long time he scarcely heeded it, but sunned himself in the placid, tender smile, that day by day was melting the frost off his stern northern heart—the smile of Hermolin. But then, as time passed on, the nurse, Ulva, ever seemed to stand between the husband and wife. Olof shrank from the bitterness of the proud, mocking eye, which had exercised a strange influence over him from his childhood; and sometimes, too, her tongue cast out its sharp, pointed stings, even among the honey-words which she still used towards the son of her care.

When the spring came on, the young Viking yearned for his olden life of free warfare. He would fain forestall the taunts of the King of Upsala, and requite his unreasoning words with deeds; and though Hermolin shuddered at her lord’s danger, and prayed him not to enter on a sinful and causeless war, still he refused to hearken. And so the sails were set, the vessel danced over the waters, and Hermolin was left to the bitterness of that first parting. A parting it was, not like that when soul is knitted unto soul, to cling in true faith and love, through distance, and absence, and time—nay, even through that life-severance which drops the veil of immortality between flesh and spirit—but it was a separation when a few leagues, a few weeks, are sundrance enough to blot out the past, and form a bar between the two to which the perfect bond of union is unknown. Therefore, when Hermolin saw her lord’s ship fade like a speck upon the seas, it seemed as though the first dawning dream of Olof’s affection faded too, and she became overwhelmed with the burthen of lonely love.

Oh, meek woman’s heart, content with so little and giving so much, who shall requite thee? Yet what guerdon needest thou, to whom the act of loving is alone bliss, and hope, and strength? Go on thy way, thou true one, and wait until the end!

The Viking's ship returned in triumph, laden with prey. Hermolin, when she flew to her lord and nestled in his breast, shedding joyful tears, forgot all but the bliss of Olof restored to her love. She sate with him in his hall of state while he apportioned the spoil, and decided the fortune of the captives; and while the duty pained her gentle heart, and almost wrung her conscience, Hermolin strove to stifle all other feelings for the love she bore to him, and comport herself in everything as became the wife of the great northern Jarl.

Among the captives was a man who, standing behind the rest, directed every glance of his piercing eyes towards the Viking's wife. Chains weighed down his small spare limbs, and his frame was worn and wasted; yet still, the lightnings of those wondrous eyes glittered above the ruins made by time. At last the prisoners were dismissed—all but this man. Olof glanced carelessly at him; but Hermolin beheld only the face of her lord, until the stern reply to the Jarl's question attracted her notice.

"My name, wouldst thou, son of Hialmar? Ask thy wife: she knows it well, if her heart has not lost its home-memories, as her tongue its southern speech. Hermolin, are thine eyes too proud to look upon Ansgarius?"

Trembling, half with fear and half with joy, Hermolin sprang forward, and would have fallen at his feet, but Olof restrained her.

"Child, what is this rude beggar to thee? Thou forgettest thyself," he said.

Break, struggling heart, whom fearful love makes weaker still! What shouldst thou do? Helplessly, Hermolin sank back, and hid her face from the eyes of the monk.

"Is it even so?" cried Ansgarius. "Then, may the curse ——"

But while the terrible words were yet half-formed, he caught Hermolin's wild, imploring glance, and saw that, half hidden beneath the robe, her fingers closed despairingly over Ulrika's cross.

"God judge thee, I dare not," he added more softly, in the Provençal tongue. "Oh, daughter of my love, that I should meet thee with almost a curse on my lips! But no! it shall be

a blessing—it must be, thou child of many prayers!"

The softened tone, the long-forgotten tongue, pierced the heart of the Jarl's wife. She sank on her knees and sobbed. Olof looked at her, half wondering, half angrily.

"Forgive me, my lord, my beloved! But this man's speech is that of my own far land, and it makes me weep," she answered.

"As thou wilt, as thou wilt," answered Olof, coldly; "but thy tears should flow alone. Prisoner, leave the hall."

And as the followers of the Viking removed Ansgarius, the Jarl strode carelessly from his wife's presence, without another glance at her drooping and grief-stricken form.

"Oh, Mother of Mercies!" cried Hermolin, "did I pray for this joyful day and my lord's return, and lo! it is a time of bitterness and woe! And thou, the strong-hearted, bold-tongued, thou wilt be slain, Ansgarius, it may be by the hand of my Olof! Holy Mother of Consolation, all is darkness before me! I faint! I die! Oh, guide me through the gloom!"

Wait, thou tried and patient one. "At evening-tide it shall be light:" wait and pray.

Olof sat at night, dreaming alone over the fire-light in his hall, when he heard the voice of Ulva whispering in his ear—

"Is the Jarl sleeping while his wife is opening the prison doors? Why should my Lord Olof waste his strength and shed his blood to take captives, when the Lady Hermolin sets them free?"

Olof, half roused from his slumber, spoke angrily—

"Ulva, hold thy peace! Hermolin is asleep in the chamber."

"Come and see;" and the nurse, strong in her influence, led Olof to his wife's deserted room.

"A loving welcome for a long-absent lord!" said the sneering voice; "and it was no pale vision I saw gliding, lamp in hand, until it entered the prison of the southern captive, at the sight of whom she wept this morn, as I heard from her maidens."

"Woman!" thundered Olof, "one word more against my pure wife, and I slay thee with this hand. It was a priest, a vowed, grey-headed priest of her faith."

"And therefore thou wilt save him from death, and load him with honours! Son of Hjalmar, on thy father's tomb the phantom light burns yet, but thick darkness will fall over thine. Hjalmar was the last of Odin's heroes; Olof will sing psalms in the Christian's heaven."

"Never!" cried the young Jarl. "To the prison, that the priest may meet his doom!"

Silently and stealthily as death, Olof and Ulva entered; and the keeper of the dungeon, looking on Olof's face of stern resolve, prayed that to save from harm that gentle northern lady whom all revered and loved—knowing how pure and meek she was, and how dearly she loved her lord.

Hermolin was standing before Ansgarius. He awoke from his calm, holy sleep, and thought it had been the presence of an angel. But when she crouched at his feet weeping, and lifted up the mournful, Esau-like cry—"Bless me, even me also, O my father!"—then the stern missionary knew that it was the child whom he had taught, the young soul whom he had trained for the great work for which he believed it chosen.

"And God may fulfil that destiny yet, since thou hast not belied thy faith even among the heathen," said Ansgarius, when he had listened to her life's history since she left the shores of Provence. "He may turn even this darkness into light. Heaven works not as we. When the good King Louis of France sent me to Upsala, the dead bearer of the holy cross, I thought it was heaven's call, and I went. And when thy lord's vessel took us captive on the seas, I bowed my head and said, 'God knoweth best. It may be that he leads me where the furrows are ripest for the seed,' and therefore, even here, in this dark prison, I rejoice to sing for joy."

"But if danger should come, if thy blood should be poured out upon this wild land?"

"It will be but as the early rain to soften the hard ground," said Ansgarius, with a calm smile. "And God will find himself another and a worthier husbandman, to follow after, and plant, and water, until the land be filled with increase."

So talked the son of Ulrika. O,

blessed mother, whose prayers had thus brought forth such glorious fruit! And then, all unconscious of the presence of others, the two knelt down in the prison, like the saints of old, and prayed. The strong, fearless man of faith, the meek and gentle woman, were types of the two foundations on which the early church was laid—the spirit of holy boldness and the spirit of love!

Ulva and the son of Hjalmar stood silent and motionless in the darkness, and heard all.

Then Hermolin arose, and Olof's name came to her lips with a heavy sigh.

"My heart is sore even to deceive him thus," she said. "I would not, save for thee. Must it be ever so, that my faith to heaven must war with the dear love I bear my lord—my true—my noble Olof."

Ansgarius looked surprised; his strong heart, engrossed in one life-purpose, had no room for human love. He understood it not. Even Hermolin had been to him only the instrument wherewith to work out his end.

"Dost thou love him so?" he said, in a compassionate tone. "Poor child—happier are those who give heaven all. Now, my daughter, leave me to pray. Who knoweth how soon death may come from the hands of these godless men."

Hermolin threw herself on the ground at his feet. "Oh, my father, my father, thou shalt not die," was her agonised cry. "If thou wouldst fly, the night is dark—my lord sleeps."

Ansgarius turned round, and fixed upon her his gaze of stern reproof.

"A wife deceives her husband—a Christian dare not confess to his God. Is it for this that we brought the cross into the land?"

"No, no," Hermolin said—"thou must stay, and God will protect thee, O, my father! Olof—my Olof—I love thee—I trust thee—I will pray night and day that this sin may be kept from thy soul."

And while Hermolin called on her lord's name, Olof came forward and stood before them both. His face was very pale, but there was in it a beauty and a softness that resembled the young saint of the convent. His presence caused no fear, only an awe-struck silence. Then Olof spoke—

"Priest, I brought this sword to drink thy life's blood. I lay it now at thy feet. It shall not be said that the son of Odin was less noble than his Christian foe. Hermolin!"

She sprang to his arms—she clung there, and they folded round her as in that first embrace, when the young bridegroom stood at the convent

gate; and Hermolin felt that even the wild devotion of the maiden was as nothing to the fulness of the wife's love.

The prison doors closed on the retreating footsteps of three. But there was one who stayed behind, unnoticed in the darkness, gnashing her teeth, and cursing the day when a Christian foot first entered Odin's land.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE was again a footstep on the snow-mountains, and Ulva once more poured out her passionate soul at the feet of the strange priestess of the Nornir.

"The darkness gathers," she cried. "Odin has turned away his face from the land. Accursed be the victory that brought the Christian captive to our shores. My lord turned his foot aside; he would not crush the worm, and lo, it is growing into a serpent, whose venomous folds will fill the land. Already our warriors listen to the Christian priest, with his wily tongue. Already the worshippers desert Odin's fane; while the poor, the helpless, the weak, women and children, lift up their hands to another God than the great ruler of Asgard. And Jarl Olof heeds not though his people cast scorn on the faith of his fathers. Svenska, thou wisest one, who hearest the voice of the Nornir, inquire what may be the end of this terrible change that is coming over the land?"

Svenska answered not, but pointed silently to the place where the three rocks stood. Ulva remained at a distance, while the priestess performed her strange rites. The sound of her clear, shrill voice came borne on the air, rising at times into a cry, more like that of a soul in despair than a woman's tone. It seemed to pierce the heart of the Norsewoman. She grovelled on the earth, burying her head among the snows.

"My Svenska—my beloved—my soul's child," she moaned, "oh, that I could take thee to this heart, and feel thine own answer to it with human throbs. But I dare not—the pure soul would scorn the impure. Great Odin, if the sin was great, how heavy is the punishment!"

When after a time she lifted up her head, Svenska stood before her.

"Have the Nornir spoken?" asked Ulva, scarcely daring to look upon the face of the Daughter of the Snows.

"They utter no voice; but I feel them in my soul," said Svenska. "It is a terrible call; yet I must answer. Listen! The last of the race of Hialmar must not bring shame on his fathers. If Jarl Olof be left to yield to the persuasions of a woman, and the guile of a priest, the faith of Odin will vanish from the land."

"And how, O Svenska, can we sway the son of Hialmar, that the evil may not come?"

The face of the young priestess was strangely convulsed; and when, after a while, she spoke, her voice was like an icy whisper.

"I told thee once that there were two ruling spirits in man—ambition and love. With Olof, one has fallen powerless—the other yet remains. The spell of human passion must stand between the Jarl and his doom—the doom of those who despise the might of Odin."

A wild light shone in Ulva's fiercer eyes.

"Would that it might be so that a northern maid might tread under foot the dark-browed Hermolin, torture her, soul and body, until she died, unloved, unpitied. But our pure maidens cast not their eyes on another woman's lord, and who is there to wade Olof from Hermolin?"

"I!"

Ulva uttered a cry, almost of agony. "Thou, my beautiful—my pure one white-souled as the snows that surround thee—thou to stoop to earth's sin—be made the sacrifice," she muttered hoarsely.

It seemed as though a fallen spirit had entered that marble statue, and animated its pale beauty with a power new and terrible to behold. Svenska

fold her arms upwards, and cried with a wild vehemence—

"Dread Nornir, I feel around me the threads ye weave; they draw my feet onward, and whither they lead I know. Never shall the worship of Odin fall before that of the Christian's God. I devote myself to shame—to sin which the sacrifice makes holy—that the dwellers in Asgard may still look down upon the land, and the children of the north may not turn aside from the faith of their fathers."

Ulva sank at Svenska's feet, folded her in her arms, and kissed them passionately. Then she rose up, and followed the steps of the priestess in silence. Only as they passed the three rock statues her agony burst forth in a low moaning—

"Terrible Nornir, sin avengers, to whom, as atonement, I devoted this child, ye have made the precious gift an arrow to pierce my soul!"

The Jarl Olof came home from a bear-hunt, carrying with him a strange prize. He had found in the snows a maiden, white and pale, and almost lifeless, yet of unearthly beauty. Gradually the soul awakened in that lovely form, and looked at Olof from out the heavenly eyes. His own answered to it with a vague pleasure, and sweet in his ear sounded the voice which uttered musically the accents of the Norse tongue. The young Jarl himself bore the weak and fainting form for many weary leagues, until he brought the beautiful desolate one to the presence of his wife, and laid her in Hermolin's chamber.

Hermolin bent over her in pity and amaze. She, too, was penetrated to the very soul with that dazzling and wondrous beauty—so spiritual, and yet so human—so divine, and yet so womanly. The Jarl's wife twined her fingers among the pale amber tresses with almost childlike admiration, and gazed wistfully on the white, round arms and, graceful throat, beneath whose marble purity a faint rose-hue began to steal, while the life-current again wandered through the blue delicate veins.

"Olof, how beautiful she is—like one of the angels, which I used to see in my childish dreams. How happy it must be to know one's-self so loved." And a light sigh thrilled Hermolin's bosom.

Olof did not answer; his eyes, too—nay, his whole soul, drank in the beauty of which Hermolin spoke. The wife saw it, and again she sighed.

Far behind the group stood one who beheld the gaze, and heard the sigh, and Ulva's heart throbbed with fierce exultation, for she saw from afar the rising of that little cloud.

Months passed away, and still the stranger maiden cast the magic of her superhuman beauty over the halls of the Viking. Asluaga, when she came forth from the harp, like a spirit of light, or when she stood before Ragnar Lodbrog, enchaining the wild sea-king with the spells of a lovely soul in a lovely form—Asluaga herself was not more omnipotent in power than was the strange daughter of the snows. And day by day, over Svenska's beauty there crept a new charm—a softness and all-subduing womanliness, that endowed with life and warmth the once passionless form. The spell thrilled through Olof's whole nature, and his soul bent like a reed before the storm of wild emotions that swept over him.

Oh, thou pure angel, who weepst all alone, on whom has faded the light of that dearest smile—who seest each day the love wane, though an innate nobleness still makes duty keep its place in the heart where it was thy heaven to rest! Hermolin! will thy love fail now?—will it sink in the trial, or will it forget itself and its own wrongs, and watch over the sinner with tenderness and prayers, until it bring him back in forgiveness, repentance, and peace?

Listen how that faithful, patient heart answers the bitterness which the stern monk pours out against the erring one who is tempted to betray such love.

"My father," said Hermolin, when Ansgarius would fain have dealt out reproaches and threatenings against her husband—"my father, condemn him not yet. It is a bitter struggle; he is tempted sore. How sweet her smile is!—how glorious her beauty!—while I, alas! alas!—I have only love to give him. And then she is from his own North, and she speaks to him of his fathers, and her wild nature governs his. Oh, my Olof! that I could be all this—that I could make myself more like thee—more worthy to win thy love."

And when the inflexible spirit of Ansgarius, in justly condemning the sin, shut out all compassion for the sinner, Hermolin only wept.

"Oh, father, have pity on him—on me. He did love me once—he will love me yet. I will be patient; and love is so strong to bear—so omnipotent in prayers; heaven will keep him from sin, and I shall win him back. Olof, my Olof! God will not let me die, until thou lovest me as I have loved, as I do love thee—my soul's soul!—my life's blessing!"

And ere the words were well uttered, an angel carried them to heaven, and then cast them down again, like an echo, upon the spirit of him who had won such love. The invisible influence fell upon him, even though he stood alone with Svenska, overwhelmed with the delirium of her presence.

She had enchained his soul; she had drawn from his lips the avowal of wild and sinful passion; she had strengthened her power over him, by bringing into the earthly bond all the influences of their ancient faith, to which she had won him back; and now, her end gained, Svenska quailed before the tempest she had raised.

What power was it which had changed the priestess, who once cast her arms to heaven with that terrible vow, into the trembling woman who dared not look on Olof's face; and who, even in her triumphant joy, shrank before the wild energy of his words.

He promised her that her heart's desire should be accomplished—that no Christian prayer should be heard in Odin's land—that the monk and his proselytes should be swept from the face of the earth.

Why was it, O Svenska, that even then, when the flash of triumph had passed from thine eyes, they sank towards earth, and thy pale lips quivered like a weak girl's?

"There is one thing more, Olof, and then I give thee my love," she said. "The shadow is passing, and Odin's smile will again brighten our shores; but the land is still defiled—blood only can make it pure; there must be a sacrifice."

Her voice rose, her stature dilated, and Svenska was again the inspired of the Nornir. As Olof beheld her, even his own bold spirit quailed beneath the terrible strength of hers.

"There must be a sacrifice!" she repeated in yet more vehement tones. "In the dark night a voice haunts me, and the words are ever the same; when I look on the snow-mountains, I see there traces of blood, which never pass away. Odin demands the offering, and will not be appeased. Olof! I am thine when thou hast given up the victim!"

"Who?" murmured Olof, instinctively drooping his face beneath the glare of those terrible eyes.

She stooped over him; her soft breath swept his cheek; her fair serpent lips approached his ear; they uttered one name—"Hermolin!"

He sprang from her side with a shuddering cry. One moment he covered his eyes, as though to shut out some horrible sight, and then the tempted stood face to face with the tempter. The veil had fallen: he beheld in her now not the beautiful beguiler, but the ghastly impersonation of the meditated sin. It stood revealed, the crime in all its black deformity; it hissed at him in that perfumed breath; it scorched him in the lightnings of those lustrous eyes. Horror-stricken and dumb, he gazed, until at last his lips formed themselves into the echo of that one word—"Hermolin!"

It fell like a sunburst upon his clouded spirit, and, rifting through that blackest darkness, Olof beheld the light. He sprang towards it; for there was yet a beauty and a nobleness in the young Northman's soul—how else could Hermolin have loved him? Through the silent hall rang the name—bursting from the husband's lips and heart—first as a murmur, then as a wild, yearning cry—"Hermolin! Hermolin!"

Surely it was an angel who bore the call to the wife's ear—who guided his feet all unwittingly to where her loved wrestled with that deadly sin. Lo! as it were in answer to his voice, Hermolin stood at the entrance of the hall. Olof glanced at Svenska; her gleaming eyes, her writhing lips, and her beauty, seemed changed to the likeness of a fiend. And there, smiling on him, with the meek, loving face of old, leaned Hermolin, her arms stretched out, as if to welcome him, forgiveness and peace, to the shelter of that pure breast.

He fled there. There was a power such as rarely bursts from man's

"Hermolin, Hermolin, save me!" and the proud one knelt at her feet, hiding his face in her garments, pressing her pure hands upon his eyes, as though to shut out the sight of the life which so nearly led him on to a fearful sin.

Hermolin asked nought, said nought—but she folded her arms round his neck; she knelt beside him, and drew his head to her bosom, as a mother would a beloved and repentant child. Then she whispered softly, "Olof, my Olof, come!" and led him away, his hand still clinging for safety and guidance to that faithful one of hers; and his eyes never daring to turn away from that face, which looked on him like an angel's from out of heaven, full of love so holy, so complete, that passion itself had no place there.

Svenska stood beholding them, and still and fixed as stone, until Olof's form passed from her sight; then she fell to the earth without a cry or sound.

Ulva's breast was soon her pillow—Ulva who haunted her steps like a shadow. No mother's fondness could have poured out more passionate words for the insensible form; but when the shadow of seeming death left the beautiful face, her manner became again that of distant and reverent tenderness.

"Priestess of the Nornir, awake!" she said. "Let the curse of Odin fall: we will go far hence into the wild mountains, and leave the race of Hjalmar to perish. The vow was vain; but Nornir were not wholly pitiless. No shame has fallen upon thee, pure Daughter of the Snows!"

Svenska heard not—regarded not. Drawing herself away from all support, the young priestess stood erect. She spoke, not to Ulva, but uttering her thoughts aloud—

"Dread Nornir! is this your will? Ye deceived me—nay, but I beguiled myself. How could evil work out good? Odin scorns the unholy offering; the sinful vow brings its own punishment. Olof, Olof! whom I came to betray, I love thee, as my own soul I love thee, and in vain."

It was no more the priestess, but a desolate, despairing woman who lay

there on the cold ground, and moaned in incontrollable anguish. Ulva, stung to the heart, gazed on her without a word. The day of requital had come at last.

When the misty light of day changed into the star-lit beauty of a northern night, a clear sound pierced the silence of the hall. It was the Christian vesper-hymn, led by a fresh young voice, through whose melody trembled a tone of almost angelic gladness—the voice of Hermolin. Svenska, aroused from her trance, sprang madly on her feet.

"Olof, Olof," she cried, "the curse of Odin will fall; they will beguile thy soul, and I shall never see thee after death in the blessed dwellings of the Æser. Is there no help—no atonement? Ah!" she continued, and her voice suddenly rose from the shrillness of despair to the full tone of joy—"I see it now. Odin! thy will is clear: mine ear heard truly—mine eye saw plain. The sacrifice—it shall be offered still, and Odin's wrath be turned away. To the mountain, to the mountain, to the mountain!—son of Hjalmar, son of Hjalmar! I will yet await thee in the Valhalla of thy fathers."

She darted from the hall, and bounded away with the speed of the wind. Night and day, night and day, far up in the mountains, did Ulva follow that flying form, until at times she thought it was only the spirit of the priestess that still flitted on before her sight. At last she came to a wild ravine, in which lay a frozen sea of snow; on its verge stood that white shadow, with the outstretched arms, and the amber-floating hair.

As Ulva looked, there grew on the stillness a sound like the roaring of the sea; and a mighty snow-billow, loosened from its mountain cave, came heaving on: nearer, nearer it drew, and the pale shape was there still; it passed, and the Daughter of the Snows slept beneath them.

The Daughter of the Snows!—whence, then, that shriek of mother's agony, the last that ever parted Ulva's lips—"My child, my child!" Let Death, the great veiler of mysteries, keep until eternity one dread secret more!

D. M. M.

THE KABYLIE OF ALGERIA.*

THIS work is made up of separate narratives, while its unity is maintained by their having reference to the one topic of Algeria. It is written with liveliness and good sense, tells of the moving accidents of a strange campaign, graphically outlines the scenery of the route, daguerreotypes the light-hearted, laughter-loving soldiery of France, and comprises, in compactest space, a great deal of fresh information on the condition and resources of French Africa. The first and main department of the book is a journal of a six weeks' campaign against the Kabaïles of Algeria. The word "Kabaïl" means "a tribe," and is applied by the French especially to the inhabitants of the mountain barrier between Algiers and Constantine, to which district they give the name of "The Kabylie." In strong contrast to this portion of the work, is the peaceful character of the second notice, which details the hazardous adventure of M. Suchet, the Vicaire-General of Algeria, who volunteered to go alone in search of the camp of Abd-el-Kader, for the purpose of treating with him about an exchange of prisoners, and who, having accomplished his object, returned in safety. A third, and the concluding paper, describes Mr. Borrer's ride through the province of Constantine. First, then, for the campaign in the Kabylie.

The narrative of a French razzia may be expected to present some revolting features. War is ever stern, and wears its worst aspect when carried on amongst the uncivilised; but we believe there are few in England, and not many in France, who, after making every conceivable allowance, will not at once feel that some of the doings described in this volume transgress the limits of honourable conflict, and stain the name of soldier. They are, we may add, described by our author with a manifest disposition to

excuse them, so far as he honestly can. These tragic scenes cast their dark shadows over a work which is, in other respects, full of good feeling, and almost always gay.

The extensive territory called the Kabylie embraces that series of lofty mountains, of which the Djurjura—the Mons Ferratus of the ancients—is the highest, and holds on its rich slopes, and in its teeming vales, a population which, it is said, affords not less than 80,000 fighting men. This people retained their independence through all the vicissitudes of the Turkish rule, and, with the exception of some of the more exposed tribes, who, after hard contests, have submitted to the French, hold it still. They are a bold and industrious race; and, except in religion, have nothing in common with the Arabs of the plains. Unlike them, they are averse to a wandering life, are settled in well-built villages, cultivate with care their valleys and hill-sides, make their own agricultural instruments, their arms, their powder, their haiks and carpets, and have works in leather and in other arts. Their language is the Shilla tongue, which is quite distinct from the Arabic. Their form of government is also different, being purely democratic; while that of the Arabs is aristocratic. The Kabyle chiefs are called "Amims," and become so, not by inheritance, but by election. They are often deposed without form, and have seldom much power, the popular influence resting mostly with the "marrabbutts," or saints. In their polity there is this disadvantage—that each tribe is a separate republic, and that, in consequence, there are frequent wars amongst them, which, however, all cease on the appearance of a common enemy. Like most mountaineers, they love their homes, and from a self-confidence, induced by immemorial independence, they are much disposed to treat invaders with

* "Narrative of a Campaign against the Kabaïles of Algeria." By Dawson Borrer, F.R.G.S. London: Longman. 1848.

scorn. They were, indeed, accustomed to regard them as judicial victims. "The stranger who penetrates into our country is sent by heaven, it being the will of Allah that he should be despoiled by us." Again, long after the French had settled in Algiers and Bugie, their haughty saying was, "You may sow your grain in the plains; but whenever it is our good pleasure, we shall come down and reap it." This they had often done in the case of the Turks; but the French have taught them some impressive lessons, and latterly they have shown a certain highland prudence mingled with their courage. Their answer to Ismael-Kader, when, in 1845, he applied to them for hospitality for himself and followers, is characteristic:—"We would wish to yield you that hospitality so pleasing to the great God; but the Christian is powerful. We have this year cultivated certain tracts upon the plains of Boghni and Haraza: our works of husbandry are more considerable. The Christian will come up to burn our crops; what shall we then say to the poor and the needy, who look to us for their sustenance? Behold it is our duty to refuse your demand, and we do refuse." Mr. Borrer represents the Kabyles as practising atrocious barbarities, as roasting their enemies, &c.; but the charge is made in general language—no instance—no authority adduced, and we incline to regard it as a French exaggeration, which he has too hastily imbibed. A people who are—as he describes the Kabyles—brave, industrious, and well supplied with the necessaries of life, are not likely to be pre-eminently cruel.

The Kabyles are first-rate horsemen and "crack shots." Their costume, well known now, through the prints taken from Horace Vernet's pictures, consists of the "khandoura," a kind of woollen shirt, with large loose sleeves, and the "burnoose," a white, or black-and-white, woollen mantle, with a large hood. The last, we are told, is worn "night and day, summer and winter, and is handed down from generation to generation, until perfectly reduced by the ravages of time and filth." They have slight sandals of hide, and broad hats made of the palmetta-leaf, but are generally seen with the head uncovered.

When, in 1846, it was understood that Marshal Bugeaud, the Governor-General of Algeria, contemplated an attack on the Kabyles, the movement was extremely unpopular both in the colony and in the mother-country. The general opinion amongst the settlers, and one to which Mr. Borrer seems to lean, was, that if left in peace, this people would soon be attracted into dealings with the French, and might, in time, acknowledge their supremacy; but that a resort to arms would only inflame their aversion to all strangers, and to Christians in particular, and make them lasting and expensive enemies. In France it is to the honour of the country, that the character of the previous wars in Africa had raised a public feeling against new hostilities—Marshal Soult expressed his strong disapprobation of the measure, the minister of war was opposed to it, and a "commission, charged by the French chambers to examine and report upon the state of affairs in Algeria," laid before the government a formal declaration against the undertaking. Notwithstanding all this, Marshal Bugeaud thought proper, on his own responsibility, to proclaim war against the Kabyles, having first written to the authorities at home, stating that the submission of the native tribes could never be depended on "*Jusqu' à ce que la poudre eût parlé.*" The opinion of Marshal Bugeaud is, doubtless, entitled to much respect. During a six years' government in Algeria, he had a good deal raised the condition of the colony, and no one was better acquainted with its wants and resources. He very justly attached great importance to—what was, in fact, the main object of the expedition—the opening of a route by land between Algiers and Bougie, the chief stations of the settlement, the only communication between them at that time being by sea, and at the dividing distance of thirty-five leagues. In this he was pursuing the policy of the Romans, who, as is quite plain from existing remains, established connecting routes throughout their Numidia, and maintained them in the most mountainous regions by chains of military posts. Mr. Borrer has often halted in the wild province of Constantine to examine the ruins of these Roman posts, and their massive blocks

of stone indicated that they were never built for any merely temporary purpose. The desirableness of establishing a communication between the chief stations of Algiers, Setif, and Bougie, through the mountains held by the Kabyles, was felt alike by the colonists and by the marshal. The former, however, conceived that this object might be obtained without having recourse to arms, while the latter, no doubt, thought that delay would itself be attended with greater difficulties than any which were likely to arise from the expedition. Were this question to be determined by the results of the undertaking, as known up to the present moment, we should say that the settlers were in the right. The proposed advantages could not be secured without the maintenance of new stations, the increase of the army, and the allocation of further funds from France. But if all this was little to be expected then, when the expenses of Algeria were already much complained of, it is not to be hoped for now. It must, however, be admitted, that the changes which have since taken place in the government and finance of the parent country were elements in the consideration of this *vexata questio*, which neither of the parties would have much attended to. Be, however, the policy of the measure what it may, the Mareschal Duc D'Isly had, as we have said, resolved to carry it out; and while the wise men of Algiers were vaticinating that starved sheep and bloated bulletins would be its only profits, and that it must be abandoned, the sound of trumpet and of drum, and the tramp of armed men, announced, on the sunny 6th of May, that the troops were in motion for the Kabylie.

"Many a bright eye was bedimmed that fine May morning, as the gallant 'Vainqueurs d'Afrique' filed by, destined to seek 'la gloire' amidst the rude rocks and fastnesses of that sturdy people—that 'genus insuperabile bello'—which, from time immemorial, have laughed to scorn those passing clouds of foreign usurpation beneath which their neighbours of the plain have so often bowed."

Mr. Borrer obtained the marshal's leave to accompany the expedition, and having purchased a horse, and supplied himself with a mule to carry canteens,

tent, &c., he attached himself to the sixth squadron of the First *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, the officers of which had courteously invited him to mess with them. Early on the first morning they crossed the Haratch—the *Savus* of the ancients—and proceeded across the plain of the Metidja, which is many leagues in breadth:—

"As we traversed the wide Metidja (looking like a vast lake from the white mist rising from its death-fraught swamps), here cultivated with corn, and there stretching out in wide expanses of brushwood and coarse grass, or vast marshes producing forests of lofty reeds, a fine covert for the wild boar and the panther. The stillness of the morning was agreeably broken by the music of fourteen trumpeters, who preceded our squadron, playing, ever and anon, warlike airs, suited to the occasion and their auditors. Then, as the fair-sounding tones died off, did the gay trooper burst forth into one wild chorus with the songs of 'La belle France.' All was hilarity and enthusiasm. 'Ah, my lads thought I, 'some of you will be sleeping your last sleep amidst yon snow-clad mountains, and some of you will be singing rather out of tune as you are undergoing the process of being roasted before a Kabyle fire—*hazard de guerre*.'"—p. 20.

They halt at a spot on the Metidja called the "Arba," where, once a week, a large market is held, at which is much frequented by the Arabs who bring horses, cattle, &c. It is the foot of Djebel Moussa, one of the lower heights of the Little Atlas, and there are many streams about it. "lightful groves of orange, lemon, and pomegranate, with massive clumps of lentish and wild olive, adorn this portion of the plain, and, at this time, the earth was gay with flowers of every hue, whilst the song of the nightingale was heard on all sides, and," adds the author, "what was better still, the horses were revelling in fine herbage. As the cavalry were moving off, Borrer had an opportunity of observing some facts which betray the administration of the French. Numerous Arabs came on the ground to glean the corn which was left by the horses, and it was surprising to see the patience with which they went about, grain by grain, the barley amongst the trampled herbage.

of these famished wretches were, he assures us, once proprietors of the soil on which they were now gathering the scattered grain, with fear; many, too, belonged to tribes who had not only submitted to, but fought their invaders, who, with impolicy, as well as injustice, had deprived them of their lands, without indemnity, and compelled them to recede, and bear with them a steady hatred of the Christians. To support these charges, and show that they are not the offspring of prejudice, recites the written statement of one of the members of the Commission sent to Algeria by the French government, and to which we have before referred.

At Arba they commenced the ascent of the Djebel Moussa, by a route cutting the face of that mountain, and leading to the new post of Annale, or the *Auzia* of the Romans, and which is four days' march to the S. E. of Algiers. It is to be observed, that the road, like all such others in the country, was made by the army, and it is a strong fact in support of Marshal Bugeaud's view of the pressing importance of facilitating internal communication, that, from the want of it, the carrying-trade, to the amount of fifteen millions of francs, is lost to the colonists, being altogether in the hands of the native muleteers. The roads in many directions, and to the principal outposts, are but pathways which are known to the Arabs only, and thus the transport of provisions, materials, &c., of necessity falls to them. The following short passage describes the scenery of this portion of the route, and the shepherd-huts of the natives, which are often found embedded in myrtles, mingled with the light-flowered coronilla, and the dwarf gum-cistus:—

"The mountains we are now traversing are intersected by extremely deep and beautiful valleys, upon the steep slopes of which are clustered numerous 'gourbies,' or huts, forming villages, or 'dashkrahs,' as the mountaineers name them. These huts are constructed of rough stones, or masses of turf, the interstices filled up with mud, and with the dung of cattle. The roofs are thatched with coarse grass, straw, or reeds, and branches of trees. The extreme lowness of these dwellings is remarkable, the walls of few being

more than three feet in height; so that the branches covering the roof often touch the ground at the eaves. One large apartment alone is found in each hut, a portion of which is enjoyed by the family, and the rest by their live stock. It is only in the centre, generally, that, beneath the ridge of the roof, one can stand upright. In the neighbourhood of these villages the land is well cultivated, and crops of remarkably fine bearded wheat were now upon the ground."—pp. 29, 30.

The Arabs are accomplished artistes in horse-stealing, and in this particular have the thievish dexterity of the most thoroughbred Thugs of India. They sometimes succeed in taking the best horse, and from the centre of the camp. Our author is led to the topic by the circumstance, that several of their troop steeds are stolen at one of their bivouacs:—

"These predatory horse-fanciers reject, with disdain, bad cattle, and it is always the finest horses which disappear in so mysterious a manner, in spite of sentinels and tethers. Gifted with the most untiring patience, the Moslem horse-stealer employs many cunning manoeuvres to appropriate such horses as please him. For instance, where there are clumps of brushwood in and about the bivouac, he will transform himself into a *walking* bush, fastening around his body boughs of brushwood, carefully arranged so as to cover him from head to foot; then, as the darkness comes on, will he station himself, watching, with the eyes of a lynx, each movement of the sentinel; he advances inch by inch, taking advantage of each change of guard to gain ground. An hour does not advance him, perhaps, more than a few yards. The sentinel sees nothing but a mass of brushwood, and confounds it with those scattered around. At last, the coveted horse at hand, the crafty Arab quits for an instant his disguise, detaches the footstrap, and attaches in its stead a small cord, of great length. His leafy cloak again resumed, he commences his retreat, and, arrived at a distance, gently tugs the cord; the horse advances a step or two, then pauses; another jerk produces another step or two, and, after due perseverance, he is at the confines of the camp, mounted, and galloping like lightning. Others will advance in the same stealthy manner upon their belly, merely holding a brand before them. And another mode is this: The robber will lead a mare into the neighbourhood of the camp;

the horses of the country being all entire horses, the vicinity of a mare renders them outrageous. Snuffing the night-air, the gallant steed bursts his bonds, and dashes from the camp. The robber trusts to chance that the most fiery only will fall into the snare, and, mounting his mare, away he goes. The noble pursuer follows madly the track of his desire—

‘Thro’ his mane and tail the high-wind sings ;’

Onward, onward, they fly—the pursuer and the pursued—through the brush-wood, across the wide plain, or into the heart of the mountains. There does the seducer seize his prize, and, delighted with his success, leads him to his *gourbie*. His admiring brother-rascals gather round, and, examining with a critical eye the noble prisoner, laugh to scorn the ‘dog of a Christian,’ his former owner. Numerous, indeed, are the *manœuvres* thus put in practice by the African horse-stealer, and often is he successful ; but woe betide him if he is caught.”—pp. 31–3.

The French cavalry in Africa are well mounted, especially their finest regiment, the *Chasseurs d’Afrique*, who have all Arab horses, and these are found to be better suited to the climate, and more capable of enduring fatigue, than the horses of France and Sardinia, with which many of the other regiments are supplied. The Arab horse is, like his native master, abstemious—“A little green meat, or chopped straw, or even a few leaves of the wild artichoke upon an emergency, will sustain his courage for a good length of time, and a ration of barley is a luxury to him ;” whilst the European steed craves his three feeds a-day, and cannot endure the want of water. Oats he cannot get, as there are none in Algeria ; barley is used there, as being less heating. The breed of horses has much degenerated in Algeria, owing to the wars there, and to the discouragement of those who breed them. The native dealer knows that if he has a fine horse he will be obliged to give him up to the French at their own price, or for nothing. The French are trying to remedy this evil by establishing “*haras*,” or places for breeding and improving the race of horses in Algeria. The best are now found in the province of Constantine, and especially at Setif, and at Bone, the ancient Hippo, where Saint Augustine lived and died. Mr. Borrer states

the mean price given by the “*remonte*” for cavalry horses at about 425 francs, that is, about £17. When the French first came, in 1830, horses were more plenty, and such as answered for the cavalry were to be had at little more than half the present price, that is, for about 280 francs.

We have observed that the French officers employ their men at the outposts in road-making ; they have another practice, which we might do well to imitate, that is, a system of allotting gardens to their soldiers. Mr. Borrer saw, at Guelma, the *Calama* of classic times, in the province of Constantine, a fine piece of ground, well dressed and cultivated in this manner.

But to return, “*a nos moutons*”—if a reader of the book before us can consent to the application of this term—to the French troops in the Kabylie. Their line of march now lay through a hilly country, cultivated, in part, with corn, and, until their approach, thickly inhabited ; for they passed village after village, which were all alike tenantless and silent. To this indication of hostility another was now added. A soldier, during a mid-day halt, went down to the river-side to drink, and was fired at from a covert on the opposite bank and killed. This was the first blow, and three Arabs, seen dashing across the ground at full gallop, were the first inhabitants they beheld. In consequence of this commencement of hostilities, some vacant “*gourbies*” were set on fire, and as the column was moving through a rich district, armed foragers were sent out, each man with a sickle and a sack, to cut down the ripening wheat, groups of the inhabitants gazing from the heights, vowing vengeance, no doubt, on the hated “*Roumis*.” The Kabyles rely much on night attacks, to which the Arabs of the plain are not at all given. This being known, the sentinels were doubled, and it seems to have been well for them that they took this immediate precaution :—

“Now soft-winged evening came hovering over us, chasing from the woodlands and the sand-rock heights the gilded tints of the setting sun. Repose was in the camp : suddenly a sharp fusillade greeted our ears—the Kabyles were attacking one of our outposts.

The ring of the French carbine, and the dull explosion of the Kabyle gun, were easily distinguishable; for the latter are loaded with enormous charges of powder, badly rammed down. Volley succeeded volley. The voice of the cockingale was hushed; for man marred the tranquillity of her abode. The wailing jackal fled far aloof; and the crafty lynx, prowling forth upon her evening chase, bounded into the dark recesses of the tangled covert. A fiendish yell from the repulsed mountaineers reached our ears; then all was quiet again, and the stillness of the ensuing night was only interrupted afterwards by dropping shots from different quarters of the camp, chiefly proceeding from French muskets, directed against robber Arabs, carried by the sharp-eyed sentinels amidst the brushwood."—p. 66.

On the following day they passed some Kabyle towns, which wore a far superior aspect to the miserable gourdis they had seen before. They looked, from a distance, much like Italian villages, and not inferior to them. The houses were of stone, well tiled, and with roofs presenting regular gables. The first of these towns, large, compact, and well built, belonged to the Omed-Mansour, a rich tribe, and was named "Mansour." The guides said that, on a mountain in the background, there was a city belonging to this tribe which had a population of eighteen thousand souls. Opposite to Mansour was another considerable town, belonging to the Beni-Yala, and called "Cherfa." The fertile valley which divided these towns was covered with fine crops of corn, the ground clear, and beautifully cultivated. Innumerable and gigantic olive-trees, some isolated, others clumped together, all most scientifically grafted by their owners, and producing the finest fruit, vary the low lands, and adorn the slopes of the surrounding hills. No sounds were heard from these towns, and not a soul was seen; they were, like the small villages they had passed, to all appearance deserted. The column next entered the territory of the "Beni Abbés," the wealthiest and most renowned of all the tribes in the Kabylie, and distinguished amongst them, not only by their boldness in war, but by their industry and skill in many arts. Their district comprises a vast extent of mountainous country, with rich slopes and highly-cultivated vales.

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The Marshal deputed an allied sheikh, a khalif of influence, who accompanied the expedition, to hold council with the chiefs of this tribe, and urge them to offer submission, and to allow the French troops to traverse their territory in peace. This chief passed a night with them; but though he made known to them the power of the French, and their determination to devastate their homes in the event of a refusal, they not only declined to yield, but demanded some thousand dollars for the right of passage for the column, adding, that if it were not paid they would "wipe them from the face of the earth." There is reason to believe that they had always succeeded in enforcing this toll from the Turks, and we presume they thought either that they could defend their passes against any force, or that the Christians, like the Turks, would rather pay the money than have recourse to violence. In this they were much mistaken. Great was the rejoicing amongst the French soldiers when it was understood that they were to be opposed. Tired of the monotony of a peaceful march, they longed for the excitement of combat. Henceforth they were determined to show themselves unsparing enemies:—

"Onward," says our author, "we marched, trampling beneath our feet vast extents of corn, almost ready for the sickle; smiling fertility before us—devastation in our rear. Every blade and every head of corn was crushed to earth."

Amidst all this anger and excitement, there were few amongst them who did not view with admiration the scenery through which they were passing. A lofty isolated mountain reared its unclouded peak before them. This was the "Djebel-ben-Thom," and behind that, from east to west, extended the barren heights of the mighty Djurjura, whose summits are for ever capped with glistening snow. Who that remembers that Africa is the clime, summer the tide, and May the hour, will not sympathise with our author when he says—

"It may well be imagined with what longing eyes we gazed upon that pure snow; for the water of the river was tepid from the great heat, and the

parched breath of the sirocco wind was upon us."

A rill of cool sweet water, flowing from the heights, crossed the spot on which they were about to bivouac, but the envious natives cut it off, turning its course higher up on the hills. Alas, for the bitter feelings which all such incidents engender on the eve of conflict!

The firing of guns heard, ever and anon, as the column proceeded in its march, announced that the Beni Abbès were making signals of its approach, and soon their green banners were for the first time seen. There were two large standards planted upon the ridge of a lofty and extensive precipice; around which were grouped the chiefs and elders of the Beni-Abbès, while hundreds of the tribe were ranged in various stations, watching their enemies. They were all well armed with long guns, Spanish blunderbusses, pistols, the cruel Kabyle sword, and other offensive weapons. Some volleys were exchanged, and a dropping fire was kept up until the sun had set, when, in that climate, darkness soon follows:—

"All now was still for half an hour or more; the heavens glared with the mountain fires, but not a yell or a shot was heard: it was a dead silence, broken only by the sighing of the wind, as it swept across the camp in fitful gusts. This was but a suspicious lull, however; and about eight P.M. the storm burst forth in all its fury. A hellish yell from a thousand throats at once, accompanied by furious volleys poured in from all sides, announced a combined and vigorous attack upon the various outposts. It was a glorious moment. The dark veil of night was rent by unceasing flashes of musketry; the fierce cries of the French soldiery mingled with the unearthly howls of their assailants, as the latter, baffled and repulsed by superior discipline and determination, were forced back into the covert, from whence again they would presently dash forth with renewed shouts, responding to the encouraging war-cries of their women, who, collected about the fires upon the heights, stirred up the fierce flames, singing the glorious deeds of the warriors of their tribe. In spite of their determined bravery, the outposts, after repeated and gallant struggles with their numerous foe, were compelled to fall back upon the 'grand gardes.'

This raised still more the spirits of the assailants, who, rushing madly on every side, were only repulsed by vigorous and repeated charges of the bayonet.

"About this time orders were issued for the tents to be struck, and the troops to lie on the ground; for showers of balls were whistling and falling in every direction—sources of thoughtless mirth to those to whom they were not billeted; for every narrow escape, every shave of the whiskers from these leaden messengers of death, begot a volley of jests and sarcasms from the groups gathered about the smouldering camp-fires. *En passant*, one of these whistlers seemed to have been billeted for myself; for, having rolled a stone near one of the fires, to serve me for a pillow, my head was no sooner placed upon it than an envious Kabyle sent a bullet, which, striking the stone within a few inches of my pate, almost made me swallow the cigar in my mouth. Had it arrived a minute sooner, it would probably have gone through my head, which had been reposing upon the same spot before the luxury of a pillow had seduced me to seek the friendly aid."—pp. 89, 90.

By one o'clock the moon rose, and the enemy retired. They conceived, as it afterwards appeared, from the silence in the camp, and from the fact that the troops were lying down, that they had gone far to accomplish their threat of "wiping these Christians from the face of the earth."

The first visit was thus made by the Kabyles, and it was soon returned. A little before dawn there was a noiseless movement in the camp: no trumpet was sounded, and the word of command was passed along the ranks in a whisper. By four in the morning, eight battalions "*sans sacs*," with a small body of cavalry, and some mountain-guns were toiling up the first heights, the marshal having decided on destroying some of the Kabyle towns. This column had much difficulty in scrambling up the first hill, and a mule, laden with a gun, sent Mr. Borrer, horse and all, headlong down a steep slope, "*anathematising* the prickly thorns of the wild *jueb*." They, however, soon reached the base of two lofty ridges of rock, which commanded the pass, and where the Beni-Abbes—seen in vast numbers—opened on them a determined fire. This was not returned for about twenty minutes, during which time the French threw out some skirmishers

amongst the brushwood in one direction while a column was sent to turn the heights. Pending this movement, the Kabyle fire was extremely hot, and bullets were whistling around the French who were waiting below. They, as our author tells us, philosophically lighted their pipes, and their indifference to danger was, it seems, shared by one of the gentler sex :—

"One could not but admire the 'sang froid' of a pretty 'vivandière,' who sat upon her horse, fully exposed to the fire, with her laughing face overshadowed by a little hat, adorned with feathers, cocked knowingly on one side, and jesting light-heartedly with those around her. There she sat, cavalier-fashion, with her canvas trousers and red tunic, evidently enjoying the excitement of the moment and the music of the bullets."—p. 94.

Mr. Borrer had leisure to remark on the sharp twang of the Kabyle bullet, and picking up one, he found it of small calibre, and cut round, as if carved with a knife, which accounts for the peculiar sound, as well as for the dangerous wound it gives.

"The Zouaves, with their leather buskins and loose Oriental trousers, might now be seen occupying the summits of the precipices, which, half an hour before, were covered with Kabails, and the green bunting was no longer visible. How the Zouaves ever get there, was surprising to those not acquainted with them; but their troops scale rocks with the agility of mountain goats, combining the utmost endurance with great hardiness and strength; for they are all picked men, and generally of rather short stature, broad-shouldered, deep-breasted, and bull-necked—much more serviceable men (for such fighting, at all events) than our six-foot grenadiers."—p. 96.

These Numidian sepoy, the Zouaves, were first formed into regiments by General Clausel, in 1830, and were at that time composed wholly of natives, but they have now mingled with them a large number of French. Their Oriental costume is picturesque, and their arms consist of the musket, bayonet, and the short Roman sword. They have been engaged in every affair of note in Africa, and have uniformly distinguished themselves. They neither give nor obtain quarter, but

are described as eager for plunder, and superlatively cruel. It was at the head of this corps that Lamoricière mounted the breach at Constantine, where the Turks and Kabyles made a memorable defence. He was then their colonel.

"It was," adds our author, "in cheering them on during that murderous struggle that this talented officer, then their colonel, so narrowly escaped a hideous death, from the explosion of numerous magazines, the fire from which, falling upon the bags of powder borne by the soldiers of the 'genie,' grievously wounded him, blew half his men into eternity, and rendered a portion of his venerable 'Cirta' an infernal chaos of ruins, flames, and dying wretches, vainly struggling to draw their mangled bodies from the devouring fire."

The Kabyles were driven from height to height, keeping up, however, a steady and heavy fire. The villages were situated on summits, and overlooked from the hills around by isolated towers, lofty, square at the base, and carried up in an octagonal form. These are supposed to have been holy places of resort in time of peace, and to have served as watch-towers during war. They were looped, and an unceasing fire poured from them; but congrevs and obusiers were brought into play, and the garrison was soon compelled to leave them. The Kabyles dread the obusier, which they call the *twice-firing cannon*. They fly from the direction which the 'obus' takes, and will not again approach the spot where it falls.

The assailants still advanced, but, from the nature of the ground, with extreme difficulty, and exposed to a fire from several of such towers, in the neighbourhood of the villages, as we have described. Two or three of the soldiers, in mounting to these attacks, fell dead, from the desperate exertion and the intense heat; and the cavalry dashing on, or floundering amongst the rocks, had a hard, but an exciting run.

"The villages were all surrounded with walls of about twelve feet in height, and composed of stones cemented together with mud mingled with chopped straw; a strong fence of thorny bushes crowning them, and impenetra-

ble hedges of the prickly pear growing along their base. The inhabitants fired chiefly from the loopholes pierced in these walls, and in the walls of the houses. Upon the terraces of the latter also might be seen picturesque groups of gaunt warriors, their flowing burnouses thrown back, as they handled with activity their long guns. In one of these last villages some half-dozen of them boldly remained, after the great body of their comrades had fled, in a large square building, commanding the entrance of the village on the side we approached, and kept up a determined fire at '*bout portant*.' It was all to no avail, however; the narrow streets were soon crowded with French troops—ravishing, massacring, and plundering on all sides. Neither sex nor age was regarded—the sword fell upon all alike. From one house, blood-stained soldiers, laden with spoil, passed forth as I entered it. Upon the floor of one of the chambers lay a little girl, of twelve or fourteen years of age: there she lay, weltering in gore, and in the agonies of death; an accursed ruffian thrust his bayonet into her. God will requite him. In another house, a wrinkled old woman sat crouched upon the matting, rapidly muttering, in the agony of fear, prayers to Allah, with a trembling tongue. A pretty child, of six or seven years old, laden with silver and coral ornaments, clung to her side, her eyes streaming with tears as she clasped her aged mother's arm. The soldiery, mad with blood and rage, were nigh at hand. I seized the fair child; a moment was left to force her into a dark recess at the far end of the building; some ragged matting thrown before it served to conceal her; and whilst I was making signs to her mother to hold silence, soldiers rushed in. Some ransacked the habitation; others pricked the old female with their bayonets. 'Soldiers, will you slay an aged woman?' 'No, monsieur,' said one fellow, 'we will not kill her; but her valuables are concealed, and we must have them.'

"In nearly every house were vast jars of oil (for the Kabyles make, consume, and sell vast quantities), often six or seven feet in height, and ranged in rows around the chambers. Holes being rapped in all those jars, the houses were soon flooded with oil, and streams of it were pouring down the very streets. When the soldiers had ransacked the dwellings, and smashed to atoms all that they could not carry off, or did not think worth seizing as spoil, they heaped the remnants and mattings together, and fired them. As I was hastily traversing the narrow streets, to regain the outside

of the village, disgusted with the horrors I had witnessed, flames burst forth on all sides, and torrents of fire came swiftly gliding down the thoroughfares, for the flames had gained the oil. An instant I turned, the fearful doom of the poor concealed child and the decrepit mother flashing on my mind. It was too late; who could distinguish the house amongst hundreds exactly similar? The fire was crackling, blazing with increased fury, and there was no time to lose. The way of the gateway was barred with roaring flames; scrambling to the terrace of a low building, I threw myself over the wall. The unfortunate Kabyle child was, doubtless, consumed, with her aged parent. How many others may have shared her fate!" —pp. 101-4.

Alas! are these the idolaters of glory—the soldiers of civilization? How deeply have the French to blush for their triumphs in Africa! How must the chivalrous amongst them lament that their well-established valour is ungraced by mercy—their national honour stained by such demon acts as we have recorded, and the something "more exquisite still," which is almost too bad and too painful to be read:—

"The soldiers pronounced the country '*joliment nettoyé*;' and I heard two ruffians, after the sacking was over, relating with great gusto how many young girls had been burnt in one house, after being abused by their brutal comrades and themselves. They pronounced that house '*joliment nettoyé*' also. It was indeed a very favourite phrase with them."—p. 113.

The best of the villages which were thus consumed by fire had all the appearance of opulence. There were fabrics in it of arms, gunpowder, haiks, burnouses, and other stuffs, and shops of workers in silver, in corn, venders of silks and articles of French and Tunisian manufacture, brought by the traders of the tribe from Algiers and Tunis. The quantity of spoil taken by the captors was immense, and the soldiers also found considerable sums of money. The powder was so fine that the French said, with a bitter feeling, that it was made in England; it is, however, well known that the Kabyles make it very fine themselves. In some of the houses Mr. Borrer observed vast coffer-

walnutwood, handsomely carved and richly ornamented. These were full of books and bundles of manuscripts. These—cases, and manuscripts, and books—the Vandal soldiery set on fire. One work only, which proved to be a Koran, was saved by our author, and he was offered two hundred francs for it by a taleb of the chief mosque of Algiers: “for,” said this personage, “I do not like so holy a book to be in the hands of a Christian.” The Arab soldiers saved some few manuscripts, and preserved them with care—but the great mass of them was destroyed; and who can tell what treasures of antiquity, what translations from lost classic works into the Arabic, thus forever perished?

The tribe of the Beni-Abbes is said to number forty thousand souls; and at the close of this conflict, their great chief, Hamon Tahar, having, by a flag of truce, signified his desire of submitting to the marshal, was accordingly conducted to his tent.

“Oh, great sheik of the Christians,” said the humbled prince, “recall your own of might—sheath again the sword of vengeance: by the rising of to-morrow’s sun, the chiefs and elders of the Beni-Abbes shall all bow down before you. You will command that which seemeth good in your eyes, and we will obey.”

On the following day, Hamon Tahar, with the remaining leaders of his tribe, were seen wending down their hills, in sad procession; and with mourning pace advanced to make their formal submission to the French. It appeared that they had resisted against the advice of their “wise men.” They now bound themselves to pay a tribute of fifty thousand francs, but in consequence of their losses, the payment for the first year was remitted. Mr. Borrer and the French officers thought that they had made a very weak defence; and that had they exhibited only a little more of skill and steadiness, at least one-half of the attacking column must have been destroyed.

As we have freely observed upon the ferocity of French warfare in Africa, we conceive ourselves bound to state what Mr. Borrer says in its defence. War, when waged against uncivilized tribes, does, we admit, of

necessity, assume a sterner character than would be at all justified under other circumstances. A barbarous people are usually fanatic, treacherous, cruel, and little impressible by anything but fear. The commander may thus be justified in dealing with them more severely, and his soldiers excused if the atrocities of their opponents have had a degrading influence on them. This is not the language of Mr. Borrer; but it appears to us to be the fair amount of what he puts forward as a true defence for those with whom he marched. There are necessities in war, and harsh deeds, which such considerations may excuse; but who feels that they in the least palliate the foul abuse of victory, the savage butchery of helpless children and unresisting women, which we have only in part detailed? Who? we may ask; for even our author, at the close of what is, perhaps, the only laboured page in his book, says:—“The slaughter by wholesale of defenceless women and children, however difficult to restrain, and ill-regulated the *troops* may be, yet cover the commanding officer with dishonour.”

We are not, however, disposed to admit that the Kabyles are the cruel characters which Mr. Borrer and the French describe them to be. There certainly is not in the book before us any evidence of this, no authenticated instance of a single act of atrocity on their part. On the contrary, judging from what is there recorded, the Kabyles must be pronounced a far more amiable people than their European, civilised, and Christian invaders.

There is another argument adduced by Mr. Borrer, in extenuation of the conduct of his friends, and to which we think he attaches more value than it deserves. It is, that the ranks of the French army in Africa are composed, in a great measure, of the very scum of France. This is only admitting that it is a vile army, and is consequently no defence.

One of the best-marked traits of Arab character is a veneration for religion. It is to this sentiment that Abd-el-Kader appealed with much success in exciting his countrymen to war; and when the Abbé Suchet adventured forth alone to seek the Emir’s camp, in the hope of procuring the

release of fifty-six of his countrymen, who were their prisoners, he found that a regard for his character of priest was his great protection. The Arabs can respect Christians, but seeing the prevailing negligence of the French on the subject of religion, they despise and hate them as utter infidels. "Les Arabes," says a French writer cited by Mr. Borrer, "ne peuvent pas comprendre un état sans religion. Quand ils virent que nous ne professons aucune culte, ils en conclurent que nous n'étions pas une société, mais une agglomération de mécréants." There is always the danger, amongst the extremely ignorant, of this feeling for religion degenerating into fanaticism, and Mr. Borrer supplies us with some remarkable illustrations of the fact. We shall refer to one, showing the implicit confidence which the Arabs place in their marabbutts, or priests, and which has the further interest of being connected with a name much before the public. The incident occurred in the July of 1846:—

"One of these saints foretold the taking of 'Tlemcen*' from the French, sending word at the same time to Gen. Cavaignac, who held it, that the sooner he returned to France the better, and that if he did not immediately evacuate the city, he should come on such a day and take it. On the day named, eight hundred Arab horse and twelve hundred infantry appeared in the neighbourhood of the town. The chief told them that the town would now be evacuated. His words proved correct to a certain extent, as General Cavaignac sallied forth with his troops to meet the enemy. The expectant Arabs stood their ground in perfect tranquillity, as the French approached, for their marabbutt had said that the earth would presently open and swallow up the French general and his forces. Patiently the infatuated Moslems waited to behold the consummation of the miracle, when suddenly the veil was torn from their eyes. The French trumpet sounded the charge—the cavalry came thundering down upon the astonished Arabs, standing like sheep for the slaughter, and they were sabred almost to a man.

"Again, a celebrated marabbutt, of the province of Osar, informed his tribe

that on a certain day the French muskets could not be fired, and that they would then go forth and take possession of a certain fort in the neighbourhood, held by the French. The day arrived; a troop of sixty Arabs were beheld by the sentinels of the garrison approaching the fort, playing the fantasia. Their cries of joy and amity rang on high, mingled with the sound of the 'tam-tam,' and other musical instruments. The admiring sentinels at the gateway of the fort were hailed by them as friends, and considering them as such let them pass into the fort, not discovering their error until the cold yataguns of the cavaliers in the rear cleft through their brains. The French guard hastily turned out. Onward the treacherous Moslems dashed, cutting down a brigadier and several men. A musket was aimed at the breast of a cavalier, and the trigger pulled, but it would not go off. The cavaliers cried aloud, 'Behold, the words of our prophet are true!' and making onwards, had almost taken the fort by surprise, when volley after volley was opened upon them. Horse and man fell beneath the fire; every one of them was slain, and their bodies were cast into the ditch around the walls, within an hour of their entering the fort. Several accidents having taken place, from the carelessness of the French soldiers with their muskets when on guard, the percussion lock having been lately introduced amongst them, orders had been issued that the 'piston' or capsule should not be applied by them, except when danger was at hand. The cunning marabbutt had doubtless found this out by some means, and made the above use of his discovery."—pp. 118, 119.

The country now called Algeria, and which includes the Kabylie, extends from east to west, between two hundred and forty and two hundred and fifty French leagues; and its breadth, north and south, that is, from the sea to the little Sahara, varies from forty to sixty leagues. About two-thirds of this is mountainous, but with fertile valleys. The native population is estimated by Marshal Bugeaud at from three to four millions. This territory is divided by nature into two regions—the upper, between the Great and the Little Atlas; the lower between the latter and the sea.

* The city of Abd-el-Kader, at that time, and now, in possession of the French.

This last is the European zone, and is called the Tell, a word which implies that it is fit for the production of grain. From the Tell to the Great Sahara is called the Little Desert or Little Sahara. It has received the name of "desert" because it yields no grain, but in other respects it is in many places fruitful and well peopled. The inhabitants of the Tell, and of the desert beyond it, are so linked by intercourse, and by the latter looking to the former for corn, &c., that the best proverb is—"He is our lord, who is lord of our mother, and our mother is the *Tell*." The climate of the latter zone is, as Mr. Borrer connects, for the most part healthy. It is protected by the Little Atlas chain from the desert wind, which, from its radiating heat, as well as from its being impregnated with the fine sand of the Sahara, has a most injurious influence on many constitutions. The atmosphere, too, in this littoral region, is cleared during many months by prevailing storms, and in warm weather it is tempered by the sea-breezes. Malaria, engendered by the marshes, or choked-up river-courses, has rendered many parts dangerous, but this evil might be cured by draining; and the Romans, who were well aware of this great source of public health, paid, it is evident, great attention to it in Africa. "Across the vast plain of the Metidja," says Mr. Borrer, "beheld Algiers, may be traced the line of a great Roman drain, running from the eastern to the western limits of the plain, which with the aid of numerous tributary drains, served to carry off the stagnant waters of the plain, thus rendering it healthy and fertile."

The present condition of the vast plain we have mentioned—the Metidja

—tells badly for the colonial system of France. When that power first took possession of Algiers, this extensive tract was, to a great extent, under careful tillage; it is now comparatively, a desert, while the price of corn in Algiers is enormous. Indeed, all the necessaries of life are dearer in Algiers than in Paris. If to this we add, that the natives abhor French government, as well from experience of its injustice as from a feeling of its severity—that the expense of the colony to the mother-country is almost intolerable, and that of this large expenditure a great proportion gets into the hands of the native population, and never returns in any form,* we can hardly come to any other conclusion than this, that their African experiment is not very successful. We speak of it only as a colonial experiment; it may have proved, and be, a good safety-valve for a turbulent soldiery; it may, like India with us, keep the army in practical discipline; but of all those who are at all acquainted with its condition, we cannot imagine that there is one so sanguine as seriously to entertain the hope of ever seeing it a profitable adjunct to the French empire. We unfeignedly deplore that, from their ignorance of, or inattention to, the first principles of colonisation, the French are thus losing the opportunity of introducing the true blessings of civilised life into regions which have been so long neglected.

Mr. Borrer's book is a single volume, and without any luxury of illustration. We can honestly commend it as presenting much to amuse, much to interest, and very much to instruct a reader, upon the subject of the French in Africa, and the ways and manners of the native tribes.

* "The Arab comes to market with horses, cattle, fowl, burnouses, figs, oil, &c., for which he receives French gold—no exchange of product taking place; for all luxuries are totally unrequired by the Arab."—Borrer's *Kabylie*, p. 230.

ITALY AND THE ITALIAN QUESTIONS.

No more convincing proof of the impossibility of squaring the question of foreign politics by the application of home rules was ever presented, than the case of Italy at this moment. Our journals, admirably edited and well-informed as they are, exhibit this difficulty daily; and while we see Conservatives apologising, on the one hand, for the natural errors of dynastic origin, we find Liberals deploring the casual excesses of those too long withheld from the benefit of free institutions.

The simple truth is, that, not content with fitting every foreign land with a constitution, trial by jury, freedom of the press, and other like privileges, in our thorough-going John Bullism, we must insist on marshalling the political forces into Whig and Tory. We organise the contending factions after home models, and never rest content till we have discovered certain analogies with our Cobdens and O'Connors, as though the very scheme of a free government should necessarily include every adventitious person and occurrence we see among ourselves.

So long as we occupied ourselves with French politics, as they existed under the late reign, the task was tolerably easy. The leading men in the French chamber made no scruple in avowing this imitation of the working of the English constitution, and imperceptibly glided into the forms of party, which in many respects resembled our own; and although the shades of opinion in the Chamber were more varied than in the House of Commons, two great prevailing colours predistinguished themselves in the prism, and the party of the crown and the opposition were as well-marked as ever we saw them at home.

In Italy, however, such an application was impossible. Neither the monarchies nor the people of the peninsula had any analogy with what is observable elsewhere. The great camps of rival parties could not exist without public opinion, and how could there be public opinion without

its exponent, an able and independent press? It is true that for several years back a party professing strong democratic opinions had spread through every state of the peninsula, exhibiting itself with more or less boldness, according to the freedom permitted in each particular government. This party by degrees assumed the garb of nationality, and on the death of the late Pope, and the accession of the present, took the field by an open denunciation of the Austrian rule in Lombardy. Too weak to assail the strongholds of monarchy at once, they began by a movement well calculated to enlist national sympathies, and elicit expressions of opinion favourable to the cause they advocated. A revolt in Piedmont, or in Naples, in Tuscany, or the States of the Church would at once have called for Austrian intervention to suppress it. But a rising in Lombardy—a resistance to the dominion of the “stranger,” was certain to call into the field sections of every party disposed to Liberal opinions. The Italian princes anticipated the rich spoil of a partitioned territory, and the removal beyond the Alps of a haughty and unbending neighbour; the trading classes were flattered with the hopes of an untrammelled commerce from the Gulf of Genoa to the Adriatic; while the people were led into a dream of national greatness, which should restore Italy to the rank she once held among the nations.

It is undeniable that there were many grievances to allege against the Austrian rule in Lombardy—some of them to be explained by the not very satisfactory excuse of expediency, others not even so defensible.

To hold in subjection any country where the masses are indisposed to the governing power, and rendered inimical either by differences of religion or nationality, will always imply a system of which repression forms a part; nor are concessions, in such circumstances, attended with the same success as elsewhere—they are either regarded as late and tardy acts

long-denied justice, or, worse still, victories won from a weakened and declining power.

This was strikingly the case in Lombardy. The cabinet of Vienna, not confident enough to appeal to the nation by an organised system of free institutions, sought a species of compromise, by promoting to places of trust in the administration, many Italians of rank and influence. They fancied that the acceptance of office and emolument had enlisted these men in the cause, and secured their fidelity. In this, however, they were deceived—the officials either lost all influence with their countrymen, or regained it by the disgraceful alternative of being traitors to their benefactors.

Each concession of the Austrian government was used as an agency for weakening the Imperial power. Thus the scientific congresses became debating clubs of political subjects, and the very ceremonies that welcomed a new archbishop at Milan, were converted into a display of feeling inimical to the government. These are but two from what might be swelled into a long catalogue of similar grievances.

But let any one conceive the details of an administration carried on by men personally and deeply interested in its ruin, anxious to conceal its good and develop all its bad—thwarting, by every means in their power, all conciliatory efforts of the government, and exhibiting, in the most odious light, any act of necessary severity. Let any one picture to himself the working of such a system, aided by all the subtlety of the Italian character, and he will readily acknowledge that the faults of Austrian rule in Lombardy were far more likely to be harshly judged, than appreciated with any leanings to mercy.

That the material prosperity of the country attained a very high standard under German domination, the most violent patriot does not attempt to deny. No city of all Italy could compare with Milan but one short year ago. The splendour of its equipages, the elegance and luxury of its shops, the style of the private residences, the dress and general appearance of its inhabitants, reminded the stranger at once of London and Paris. The same movement in the crowded thorough-

fares—the businesslike look of everyone—the appearance of purpose, so very different from the wearisome lassitude so observable in other Italian capitals, struck even the least observing visitor. You looked about you in vain for the evidences of a despotism whose prerogative is to crush enterprise and destroy commerce. You saw no other sign of a foreign rule than the white uniform of some Austrian grenadier, or the laced boot of a Hungarian sentinel. It is true that in society no admixture of the two races ever occurred. To be received and welcomed by the German was to be shunned and avoided by the Italian. The entrance of an Austrian gentleman into a lady's box at the opera—a rare case, most unquestionably—would be the signal for every Italian to leave it. But in all the signs of external well-doing—in that activity that bespeaks successful industry and rewarding labour, Milan was pre-eminent. The peace of the city was committed to a police, which to strangers' eyes certainly offered nothing obtrusive or impertinent. The most unfrequented quarters were safe at every hour of the night; the foot-passenger might traverse the city from the Como gate to the Corso without the slightest danger of molestation. Property was no less safe than person; in fact, in comparison with its amount of population, Milan might have challenged any city of Europe for the excellence of its internal administration.

Such was the condition of Milan at the close of the year 1847, when the first measures of the new Pope began to excite the hopes of that party who had long determined that the battle of democracy should be fought on the plain of Lombardy.

It was well known to every influential Italian of the Milanese that Austria had at last decided on making large and important concessions to her Italian subjects. The necessity of yielding at home, which the constitution then announced by the king of Prussia manifested, compelled also the adoption of similar measures for the Lombard kingdom. This was no secret; the theme was discussed in every café and in every *salon*, and men canvassed openly the nature and extent of the coming reforms. The habitual slowness of Austria had protracted the time for making these concessions—the

tedious pedantry of that Bureau system—that “*schreiberei*,” as they themselves designate it—had dallied so long, that a feeling of uncertainty arose among the Italians, as to the fulfilment of the promise—a doubt most eagerly laid hold of by those whose interest it was to perpetuate discontent. Some demonstrations in favour of the Pope—some avowedly insulting allusions to the imperial house, also retarded the intended measures; when suddenly the news of the French revolution burst upon the astonished ears of Europe. The overwhelming success of a movement which actually seemed to carry all before it rather by menace than force—the downfall of what seemed the strongest throne of the Continent—the powerless attitude of a great army in face of an undisciplined rabble—the triumph of the wildest theories of popular liberty over the matured wisdom of statesmanship, came, one by one, to the remotest cities of Europe—at first like a vague rumour—then assuming gradually a kind of consistency, and at last heralded by the new officials of the new republic, who, attired in the costume of '92, appeared as commissaries to convey in form the tidings to the different missions of France.

When the news reached Milan, all thought of further dependance on Austria was over. The assistance of France they deemed certain: already the secret terms of a treaty had assured them of the aid of Piedmont. The bold front of the populace—the mysterious meetings of the nobles—the ground-swell of the coming storm, were all noted by the officials of the Austrian government, who already had been engaged in a profitless struggle with the inhabitants regarding a new impost on tobacco. The accustomed measures of police were resorted to, to repress this troublous spirit; but it was no longer a street disturbance—it was already a revolt; and so, while the Germans occupied themselves in closing the theatres and the cafés—in forbidding assemblages of more than six people, the wearing of certain peculiarly-shaped hats—the exchange of certain signs of recognition, and so on, the work of preparation went steadily forward outside the frontier, and the Swiss behind the Ticino, and the Piedmontese, were all preparing for the coming struggle.

It is true that the Austrian envoy at Turin demanded an explanation of certain warlike preparations he witnessed, and still more of the tone assumed by the public press, even of that portion avowedly in the confidence of the government. The accused assured him that he had nothing to fear—that the house of Savoy had never wavered in its ancient fidelity to that of Hapsburg; and that, in the present excited state of public opinion it was safer and wiser to permit these liberties of the journalists, than to enter into a conflict whose termination none could foresee. The Austrian minister was satisfied with these reasonings, and within one month after, Carlo Alberto marched forth at the head of his army, to make war on the Austrian territory.

We have intentionally, in this brief recital of events, omitted all mention of the occupation of Ferrara, because, although assuming at the time it happened the semblance of a grave event, in reality it contributed nothing, or next to nothing, to the embarrassment which ensued. The Austrian, by the clause of a treaty, claimed the right, if circumstances should require it, to garrison the town, as well as the fortress of that place. The right was contested by the pontifical legate, and the occupation took place in opposition to his wish. The Austrians, however, soon afterwards withdrew the troops, and nothing remained to mark the occurrence save the excited attacks of Italian journalists, who inveighed against the invasion of territory with an honest indignation, they never, certainly, applied to the advances of the Piedmontese army.

The events of that memorable struggle are too well known, and too recent, to require recapitulation here; the clever notices from the seat of war, contributed by the correspondent of a London journal, kept its million readers “*au courant*” with the changeful fortunes of a very exciting campaign. One only circumstance excited our astonishment in reading them—which was, how a person of very considerable shrewdness, with great opportunities for well-judging, could have at first formed, and subsequently adhered to the notion, that Austria must in the end be defeated!

This certainly was not shared by any of those whose position afforded them

clear insight into the character of the struggle. In the first place, the Austrian army stands second to none in Europe for the perfection of every military arm. In cavalry it is unquestionably superior to any other; while the artillery has attained a development fully equal to the famed practice of our own. Against this were the Piedmontese alone had any pretension to contend. These were certainly very superior troops, admirably armed, and well disciplined, animated with the highest courage, and anxious for the opportunity of displaying it. The staff-officers, however, were confessedly inferior, and the commissariat in a condition of almost total organization. The disastrous retreat from Savanna Campagna, unhappily demonstrated this beyond a doubt.

But who were the allies of the Piedmontese? The miserable, ill-armed rabble of Tuscany—the refuse of a town population, too idle to work, and induced to join the fray by the bright expectation of booty—the enthusiastic students of law, boys of fourteen or fifteen, whose weak constitutions succumbed to the heat of a summer that tried even the hardy frames of the Hun and the Croat—the bearded artists of Rome, heroes who, in their costume of “Crocato” (Crusader), were more than to be met with at Florence and Milan than in the plain of Lombardy;—these, and the volunteers of Genoa (memorable for a cowardice which has consigned them to infamy), were the men whom Charles Albert led to brigade with his own gallant powers, and to entrust with the occupation and defence of important posts.

It was constantly asserted by the Italian journals (and, I believe, to a great extent, credited in England), that the peasantry were to a man the enemies of Austria, and that a war similar to the guerilla system of the Spaniards harassed the imperial troops at every step, cutting off their detachments, arresting their baggage, interrupting their marches, and even assassinating the wounded whenever met on the high roads. Nothing is more false than this. The peasantry were in every instance well affected to those whose rigid discipline forbid plunder and prevented marauding.

The punctual payment of the Austrian commissaries for every article required by the troops—the habitual respect of property, so instinctive in the German of every class—the orderly conduct of the soldiers, with whom each officer comes into immediate and incessant contact, all impressed the peasantry most favourably. Besides, there was the ever-present desire of the Austrian generals, to spare to the utmost a territory they had no intention of abandoning: the same foresight that made Radetzki withhold his artillery at Milan inducing him to treat with forbearance a land which was to revert to his master. The terrible destruction of the mulberry-trees, the source of the great prosperity of Lombardy, as by their leaves the silk-worms are fed, whose labours employ the looms of Milan—the wanton injury to the ingenious channels of irrigation, by which the rice-fields are watered—the breaking down of bridges—the mining of roads, so generously ascribed to the “Barbari,” were the depredations of those reckless hordes of Rome and Naples, who, with all the licence of a soldiery and none of the courage, committed every species of violence and excess upon the peasantry when refused the exorbitant demands they were in the habit of making.

Little did the Italian journals know when denouncing the cruelty of the Croat soldiers, and asserting that the inhumanity of these semi-savages had roused the peasantry to an almost insensate fury, that the name of a “Crocato” had more terror for a Lombard peasant, than any Hun or Croat that ever bivouacked beneath his roof. Not, indeed, that the knowledge would have induced recantation of the error—the whole press of Italy having, with the most treacherous falsehood, misled the public in every event of the war, its fortunes, and its probable results. Battles were described as fought and won when no conflict had taken place; cannon were captured, and prisoners taken, when neither a gun nor a man was lost; generals were led captive to Turin, whom the Austrian “order of the day” proclaimed as at the head of the battalions. Nor was this all. The cowardice of the imperial army was a stock subject of newspaper comment. Scarcely a day passed that the *Alba* did not record the flight of an Austrian

brigade before some subaltern party of Italians; frequently the very announcement of their approach was sufficient to route these "Barbari," who, by such a strange inconsistency, had long been permitted to wear the lion's skin unexposed!

The honest credulity of the Italian public received and swallowed these narratives with a most delightful simplicity. The only dread that many experienced, when "leaving for the wars," was, that not an Austrian would be left ere he arrived, and that he should lose the pleasant spectacle of the white uniform flying like sheep in the distance. We well remember the effect the first contrary testimony created, when a Florentine gentleman who had escaped, the only one, from a party that were cut to pieces by an Austrian squadron, narrated, in a few brief words, his experience of a campaign against the Germans. The incredulity at first, then the stealing conviction, and at last the terror-struck dismay, as of men who had been basely and cruelly tampered with, were a sad price to pay for the flattering delusion of superiority.

Even the government did not dare to tell the truth; so infatuated had the people become with the fancied heroism, that to speak of defeat, would have been construed into an act of treachery; and thus when tidings the most serious had arrived, and hurried councils of ministers told the initiated that some circumstance of uncommon emergency had occurred, an official bulletin would announce another victory; a hastily-printed supplement to the *Alba* or the *Patria*, proclaimed to the town the overthrow of the Barbari, with the loss of all his cannon, concluding with the customary formula of encomium on Italian valour and invincibility—themes whose repetition seemed to render them even more palatable.

The "whole truth," however, never was generally known, in fact. Carlo Alberto, after five days of disastrous retreat, threw himself into Milan—that city which, four months previously, he had declared he would only enter when he had planted the flag of Italian independence on the Alps. The unperformed pledge of the king was in melancholy keeping with the disgraceful conduct of the populace; for no sooner had they learned that his Majesty had determined on a "conven-

tion," than they pronounced him a traitor to the Italian cause; and the savage yells of "Morte a Carlo Alberto" resounded beneath his windows, from men whose hands were ready to perform what their tongues proclaimed. It was to no purpose that they were told that Milan was indefensible; that the walls could not resist artillery; that "ammunition for two days, and provisions for one," were all that the Provisional Government had procured. These gallant patriots, who had fled from every battle, whose cowardice had made the Piedmontese declare that they would not be brigaded along with them—these heroes of a hundred flights proclaimed that Milan should be another Saragossa.

Whatever may be alleged against the king of Sardinia, on the score of good faith and candour, not even the most malicious calumny could assail his personal bravery. The whole campaign exhibited him, and the two princes, his sons, foremost in every danger. Yet even this fact could not avail against the ruffian ribaldry of that mob, who now surrounded the house where he was, and, with frantic cries, avowed that they would burn it to the ground.

The circumstances of his escape were almost worthy of romance. An officer of his staff lowered himself from a back window into the courtyard of the palace, and made his way to the barrack of the royal guard with a detachment of which he returned, and forced an entry into the house. It was at the head of the party, and in the uniform of an officer of his own guard, that the king issued forth, and, undetected, arrived at the gate of the city, where—oh, terrible Nemesis, in treason to his word!—an Austrian column, sent by the order of Marshal Radetzki, was in waiting to receive and protect him over the frontier into Piedmont.

Here ends, for the present at least, the Lombard episode on the Italian conflict. The judgment men will pass upon it will mainly depend on the previous leanings in politics.

In Italy, opinions are divided, some ascribing the unhappy result to Carlo Alberto; others attributing the blame to the king of Naples, whose Sicilian troubles compelled him to recall his troops from Lombard

while a third section of politicians do not scruple to charge the Pope with all the calamity of defeat.

Carlo Alberto, it is said, displayed no more zeal in the war when Venice proclaimed herself a republic. The acquisition of territory alone, they alleged, induced him to commence the war, and he resolved to abandon it, when the cause became merely a national one. It would be nearer the truth to say, that he relaxed his efforts, when he discovered they were hopeless. When Radetzki, declining to leave his army, suffered Peschiera to fall, without coming to its rescue, the king saw that a grander strategy was contemplated, and that in thus waiting for reinforcements, the march was intended, with an overwhelming force, to conclude the war at once. It was then that the king urged his ministry, by every means in his power, to conclude a peace, and to negotiate. In the spirit of Italian nationality, excited into a false enthusiasm by the newspapers, spurned every thought of compromise, and the unhappy monarch saw himself compelled to finish a game in which he was certain to lose. The king of Naples, never sincere in his adhesion to the cause of Lombardy, delayed long in sending his contingent, and when they did arrive, they bore a most ludicrous resemblance to the force Falstaff enlisted under not very dissimilar intentions. They were, without question, the most hang-dog, prepossessing set, that ever marched to music. Their uniform, a simple "blouse" of striped blue and white, and a round hat, decorated with a tricolor cockade, did not set them off to any particular advantage. They walked—not marched—in squads of ten or twelve, carrying their muskets—old and disabled weapons, it is said—after every fashion fancy dictated, chatting, smoking, and laughing, in the free and easy liberty of the noble they had emerged from a few days before. What troops to oppose to the "Macedonian phalanx" of Austrian infantry! What men to meet the onward rush of the gigantic Croat, or the infuriated charge of the daring Hungarian! It is true, they did not expose their inferiority to such a fearful ordeal.

The papal contingent was scarcely more respectable, save the small force which consisted of Swiss—these Dal-

gettys of Europe—so faithful and so mercenary! The Romans were dispatched ostensibly for the defence of their own frontier; but on reaching the Po, at a demand from their general, at once crossed the river, and proclaimed themselves of the army of Italy. The Pope, however, had uniformly and obstinately refused to proclaim war against Austria. "He had armed a force—he had blessed the banners"—he had given them a parting benediction, with an exhortation to valour, and then he consoled himself by saying, "If they do fight, it is no affair of mine; I am at war with nobody." The Austrians took him at his word, and proclaimed, that instead of treating such prisoners as they might take among the Roman troops by the rules of honourable war, they would hang them by the neck as brigands. A few instances of such summary justice, it is said, cooled down the ardour of the "Crusaders," who were afterwards rarely heard of in the campaign.

The disastrous termination of the Lombard war, with the despair of obtaining French intervention, now compelled the liberal party to another tactique. The cause of democracy stood favourably in the other states of the peninsula—if from no other reason, that no longer could the Princes, now hard pressed, call on Austria for aid. The king of Naples could not, as in 1820, invoke assistance from the imperial government, to repress the excesses of his subjects. Neither could the Pope or the Grand Duke of Tuscany ask support from those they had stigmatised as their enemies. The Italian rulers had entrusted the safety of their thrones to national guards, and now was the hour to test the wisdom of their confidence.

The democrats saw this; they perceived that monarchy, pledged as it had been in the late struggle, was between the horns of a dilemma. To go back—or in the phrase of the day, to become reactionary—would have been the signal for revolt at once. To continue the game of concession, was merely protracting the few hours in life, while bleeding to death. The king of Naples boldly resolved on the former course; with what success is well known.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany determined on the latter; and already the

revolt of Leghorn, the appointment of an ultra-radical ministry, indicate the fate before him.

The Pope, taking a middle turn, unable to resist, unwilling to yield, flees the scene of trouble, and in the policy of expectancy hopes an issue to his misfortunes. Meanwhile the patriot king, Carlo Alberto, afraid to trust himself in his capital, remains shut up in his fortress of Alexandria, surveying with terror the onward march of that aggressive spirit to which he was one of the first to give an impulse.

The present condition of Italy, as contrasted with its state two years back, presents a melancholy contrast. Milan in military occupation, a heavy war-contribution levied on its inhabitants, who, unable to meet their foes in a fair field, limit the efforts of their patriotism to occasional assassinations of isolated sentinels, and such like deeds of heroism. Florence, without either law or government, dependant for its internal quiet on the good pleasure of a mob, too indolent to be sanguinary. Without police of any kind, the tribunals acknowledge that they are powerless to enforce the decrees. They appeal to the Guardia Civica, who in their turn confess, that in assuming the garb of soldiers, they never contemplated fighting. The court has, meanwhile, left the capital, and retired to Sienna, the Tuscan La Vendée. The grand duke, one of the most amiable of men, and the weakest of sovereigns, only preserves his throne by the avowal of his willingness to abandon it. Leghorn, the great commercial town of the grand duchy, after being twice in the possession of the mob, is deserted by its rich traders, and now only escapes the last vengeance of pillage owing to the presence of three English vessels of war.

All this time, with ruined trade, and commerce annihilated, the imposts are near doubled. The new charges of a representative government, a very dear blessing in Continental states, added to the war contribution in Lombardy, have augmented heavily the taxes on the peasantry, whose products no longer have the same market as heretofore. Florence derived a very large share, if not the largest, of its prosperity, from being the chosen residence of strangers. The hospitality of its court, the works of high art with which it is filled, the salubrity of its

climate, and the facility of a society consisting of members of every European nationality, had made it the resort of travellers from every land. This year, however, it is actually deserted. Of the Russians, a class whose wealth has long succeeded to the place once accorded to John Bull, not one remains. A few English, of small fortune, undistinguished in any way, and a still smaller number of French, comprise the whole stranger population. The streets, once thronged with gay groups, intent on pleasure, or hastening from gallery to gallery, are now filled with beggars, whose demands too plainly evince that the tone of entreaty has given way to open menace. Burglaries and street robberies take place in open day—the utmost penalty of such offences being a few days', sometimes a few hours' imprisonment. Nor is the country better than the town. For upwards of forty years the insecurity has not been so great as at present. From the Alps to the sea, brigandage is in full sway. Thrice within one week the diligences from Bologna to Florence were stopped, and the passengers robbed of everything; and in one instance, for some imprudent expression of anger, severely beaten. The intercourse between the towns of the Legation is almost at an end. From Volterra to Rome few travellers would adventure their lives.

In Rome itself, assassination is a daily occurrence, and what is still more fearful in its effect—no effort made to arrest the criminal. When Rossi fell upon the steps of the Chamber, the members who deliberated within affected ignorance of the deed, and his colleagues, trembling with terror for their own lives, went on with the routine of their duties, though nothing had occurred. The soldiers of a Tuscan battalion, when drawn up for parade, fired a volley on their colonel!—a certain Signor "Giovannetti," a brave and gallant officer, but whose discipline was reported to be severe. He fell dead in open day, in the square of Padua. Not a man was brought to justice for the deed. There was an order of the day, it is true, with a reprimand; there was even some talk of disbandment; but this passed over, and the occurrence is long since forgotten. Such and such like are the first fruits of Italian emancipation from the da-

rule of a secret police, and the pressure of absolute government. The press, with a very few exceptions, has played a most shameful part throughout the crisis. Each new aggressive movement of the populace has been applauded and encouraged. The writings of the people have been instilled on in a tone which even the red republicans of France have not yet approved. A separate sheet of the *Gazzetta di Livorno* informed the inhabitants of Rossi's murder, with a grand eulogy on "the brave hand that cut the traitor." It is but fair to say that, one by one, every man of science and talent has withdrawn from the daily press.

No longer are the names of Gioberti, Ardigò, Balba, Talvagudli, and others like celebrity, to be found at the foot of leading articles: the consequence, however honourable to these men, is, that the guidance of the public mind is committed to men of little ability and less character. Truth was never deemed a necessary ingredient of Italian journalism, nor is this peculiarly favourable to its cultivation. The articles on England are, as might be expected, vituperative to the last degree, and ingenuity is taxed for motives to lines of conduct which it would be supposed impossible for any malignity to misinterpret. Some months back, when nothing but the most strenuous interference of the English minister at Florence prevented the occupation of Massa and Carrara by the Austrian troops under General Weldon, the story ran that the British envoy had proposed his power to save the Austrian battalions from the just vengeance that awaited them in those cities!

Indeed the English envoy at that time has had no common difficulties to contend against, since to his hands alone have been entrusted the most delicate and dangerous passages of this terrible crisis. It is but a few months back that the Princess of Parma, the sister of the Count de Chambray, sought an asylum in Tuscany, under circumstances which might be supposed sufficient to plead for her, even in presence of the "sovereign people." Deserted by every member of her family, who were compelled to fight to save their lives, she arrived at Modena at night, in a small open carriage, drawn by one horse, and accompanied by a single attendant. She was within a few weeks of her confine-

ment, without a friend, and almost without money. In this forlorn condition, she addressed herself to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose kindness of heart she was well assured would compassionate her; but times had changed. The power of the people, now in the ascendant, had actually made it dangerous to offer this poor deserted lady a refuge; and on the rumour of her coming, the walls were inscribed with the ominous words, "Morte a la Principessa di Parma." It was enough that she was of royal blood and a Bourbon; for she had never, in any way, been political, nor had she been known, save for the courtesy and cordiality of her manner towards all admitted to her circle. Would it be believed that the grand duke did not dare to offer her the shelter she stood in need of, and had it not been for the chivalrous honour of the English minister, who set off at night, and posted to Bologna, at speed, the princess might have remained without succour or counsel—without a friend, or even a roof, to protect her.

He found her in the open street of Bologna, at midnight, sitting in the little carriage which had conveyed her from Modena, while a number of gens-d'armes, grouped around her, were demanding the reasons of her journey, and imperatively calling for her passport! On her arrival at Florence, a small villa, belonging to the grand duke, was placed at her disposal, and here his royal highness visited her, accompanied by the grand duchess, but always in secret, and generally at night. This is but one episode of the changeful fortunes which have been rife in these latter days, nor would it claim our mention, except in illustrating the miserable thralldom to which a prince can be reduced, whose measures were based upon the gratitude of a populace!

The abuses of the former governments in Italy have been made the pretext for all the violent changes and terrible convulsions the past year has witnessed. With what truth, however, a brief consideration will show. It is undeniable that the system of internal administration in Tuscany, the best governed state of the peninsula, was highly reprehensible. Peculation in every branch of the revenue; irregularity and disorder in all the public offices; monopolies and restrictions on

trade, in a hundred vexatious forms, pressed upon the people, compelled to maintain a show of submission by the tyranny of a secret police. These were great evils, and might well have warranted the boldest efforts to abolish them. But however plausible as grievances, the democratic party had other wrongs to redress, which they considered of far more moment, and which, so far as their own chance of permanence in power is concerned, they were right in so deeming. Hence we see that the first measures of popular freedom are not the repeal of laws which press heavily on the poor—not the reduction of state expenditure and the lowering of taxation—not the amelioration of the condition of those for whose sakes it is always asserted “revolutions are made.” What, for instance, had been more natural than the repeal of that odious “octroi” which is demanded at the gates of the city, and by which the peasant cannot bring the humblest commodity to market, without submitting it to be taxed? A tax, oppressive in its nature, and almost insulting in the mode of its collection; yet no endeavour has ever been made to abolish it. No; the first steps of the movement party were made with a view to their own permanence. They saw that with a national guard the people cease to be subjects, and can discuss every question of government “*de pair*” with the prince. An armed force, constituted to protect their own property, first; and, secondly, to uphold any form of government they at the time deem best, is a dangerous ally to a throne. The experience of every state where revolution has prevailed has shown, that their conduct has been uniformly the same—vacillating and weak, when courage was called for; treacherous to the sovereign; truckling to the mob, and only roused to a show of resistance when it became a question of their own chattels.

Albeit the Florentine Guardia have as yet escaped any trying test of their fealty and daring, their conduct upon one or two trifling occasions has well shown what might be expected from them in greater emergencies. The first memorable instance was when a Neapolitan general was passing through Florence, on his return from Lombardy, whither he had carried the orders of his king for the recall of the troops. No sooner was

his arrival made known in the city, than a mob besieged the doors of his hotel, demanding, with savage cries, that he should be given up to them. He was fortunate enough to escape by a back way, and obtain an asylum in a fortress near. Nothing remained, then, for popular vengeance, but his travelling carriage, and this, on their demand, was given to them. They wheeled it into the great square of the “*Piazza Vecchia*,” where already two companies of the national guard had arrived, as some said, to disperse the mob, and rescue the carriage. Far from it! The armed party formed a square around the carriage, and “stood at ease,” while the mob, passing through the ranks with faggots and combustible substances, set fire to the carriage, and burned it! This took place about six o’clock of a calm summer afternoon, in one of the most frequented squares of the capital, thousands looking on—some approvingly—many, indeed, with undisguised terror—for it was the first specimen they had seen of popular will, and the first evidence that they were living in a land where the law was at least an “intermittent.” Freedom of the press and universal suffrage—the stereotyped wants of humanity!—have been attended with the customary results. The press, appealing to the lowest class, has been deserted by every writer of ability. The task of inflaming the popular mind against the aristocracy, and attributing base motives to all in high places, might well be committed to very moderate capacities, and so it has been. In like manner, universal suffrage has had no interest for a people who never troubled their heads about political privileges, and in many districts, not all the efforts of agitators could bring a sufficient number of voters to the poll, to make the election valid.

Six months will no more make a parliament than it will an oak. The great element of all constitutions is wanting in foreign countries—no independent gentry class. There is nothing which represents, or even affects to represent this, and you meet with cultivated and highly-informed proficient men, scholars, and savans, of even European celebrity, everywhere. You are struck with the range of the acquirements, and the exactness, and extent of the knowledge, but the practical, work-day, common sense ha-

bits of Englishmen, are found nowhere. The titled classes abroad, particularly in Italy, have no other aim or pursuit than pleasure. No career open to them of any kind, they give themselves up to an enervating self-indulgence, which, weakening their natural powers of mind, makes them reserved and shy towards strangers, and consequently deprives them of all the sources of information which conversation supplies. These are not the men to form a senate, nor could it be supposed that they should bring to the dry labour of legislation, the patient research, the calm quiet of inquiry, the laborious attention which characterise a class, which in England is respected for its great services to the nation, rather than its wealth and high lineage.

We have heard more than one intelligent Italian say—"We are unfitted for constitutional freedom; the system which works well with you will work badly here;" and there are many reasons why it should. Lord Byron, in one of his letters to Mr. Murray, keenly remarks, when speaking of this people, remember "that *their* morality is not *your* morality, nor any of *their* standards *our* standards. If we wished, for instance, to say, what quality in a public man *here* would excite the same amount of respect and admiration as a great character for probity and strictness would do in England, we should at once say 'subtlety.' The man whose skilful ingenuity could outwit his opponent, would be the great Italian."

The failure of the present pope, his irretrievable fall in public estimation, far more attributable to the character of the man than to anything in his political career. The simplicity of mind, the frank honesty of purpose, the confiding credulity, which all pre-eminently distinguished him, were great weaknesses in a land where the brightest intelligences are the falsest, and where the "most honorable means are the surest, the speediest, and the darkest." We have heard it asserted in quarters which might seem to claim authenticity, that on arriving at the papal dignity, his whole mind was set upon these moderate, but much wanted reforms, which all lay within his immediate power, and the granting of which could never have led to popular excesses. To correct the police system, the worst and most

demoralising in Europe—to grant an amnesty to all prisoners confined for political offences—to provide for the education of the poorer classes—to reform the fiscal administration of the realm, and in particular that portion applied to religious foundations, were all natural and most laudable objects of ambition; and had he done these, and stopped there, there is reason to believe that we should have been spared much of the terrible drama the past year has revealed to us over the entire of Europe.

No sooner, however, had he entered on his career of reformer, than the whole strength of democratic Italy hailed him as their chief. The enthusiasm became a rage: his bust, his pictures, were everywhere; no other head was seen in brooches, or cut in cameos; the Hymn of the Pope became the national anthem of all Italy; religion itself, sadly fallen into the "sear and yellow" during his predecessor's reign, became fashionable, and none were more prominent, in public places, to seek the benediction of the Holy Father, than the men well known for the boldest doctrines of rebellion against both church and sovereign.

There is no saying what amount of influence this show of returning obedience may have exercised on the Pope himself. Even supposing—and it is a favourable supposition for one of humble origin and lowly expectations—even supposing him proof against the flattering homage of an entire people, not alone of those beneath his own sway, but of millions in other parts of the peninsula, is it not reasonable to infer that these signs of submission to the church—this newly-lighted zeal for its ordinances—might have shadowed to his mind a return to the gorgeous days of the papacy, in all the plenitude of its power over prince and people? Would it be unlikely that a man whose whole soul was in "his order," should dream of the revival of "the Church," and that the proud part of a Hildebrand was to be his own? Such a vision had already occurred to one great mind of the present era; and what more natural than to suppose these evidences of popular enthusiasm to be the first dawning of the bright day? There was everything to favour the belief:

never were the churches more crowded by worshippers — never were holy shrines so beset by penitents ; a species of pious fervour pervaded the great city, which mingled with its daily duties, and blended a kind of solemn enthusiasm through all the joy of the period. Even distinguished conversions to the faith were not wanting to swell the proud triumph ; several of those who had deserted the reformed religion were then at Rome, and one, at least, among them, a name of no mean celebrity.

Mr. Whiteside attributes to Pius IX. the hope of Catholicising England ; and the supposition perfectly accords with what we are suggesting. This explanation—if we may hazard so bold a word—will account for nearly every circumstance of his brief and eventful career.

The zeal of his first movements—his anxiety for a purification of the old monastic establishments, whose abuses have inflicted so many breaches on the faith—his openly expressed delight at the increased fervor of the people—his clemency to the political criminals, conceded in all the phraseology of an act of mercy. Then as he advanced further, his doubts and hesitations about those concessions, which seemed to weaken the powers of the Vatican, and more than all, his determined refusal to proclaim war against Austria, showing how his character of a temporal prince was less the ruling impulse of his mind, than his position as Pope. The very last act of his flight proved, that throughout all it was the churchman, and not the sovereign. It was the priest that hoped—not the politician who plotted. It has been said, we know not on what sufficient grounds, that letters are in existence from his holiness to the Emperor of Austria, and also to some of his ministers, frankly owning that he was carried along in a current he could not oppose ; that he deplored deeply the terrible calamity which separated the apostolic emperor from his nearest ally ; but that he was powerless. One fact, however, there is little doubt of, which is, that Marshal Welden's occupation of Bologna was at the earnest solicitation of his holiness, who at last, but too late, discovered that the spirit of democracy was an adversary he could not cope with.

The imputation of these acts, however, would weigh lightly in the estimation of an Italian, compared with

the yielding weakness of his timid character.

The liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood was not a greater miracle for the masses, than the accession of a reforming Pope was to the democrats of Europe. The papacy had long been deemed by them the "great difficulty" of Italy. They foresaw all the powerful antagonism such a mighty agent might oppose ; they knew well the immense influence possessed over the popular mind by that black legion, which in every gradation of life, from the palace to the hovel, has its ready representative. It was, then, a success far beyond expectation—almost above belief—when they beheld in the first rank of the movement the Pope himself. Not alone in Italy, but throughout France, and even in England, the tidings were hailed with a warm enthusiasm. What an occasion for the Montalemberts and Wisemans to trumpet forth to the world a haughty denial of the oft-asserted reproach, that Romanism was the deadly enemy of all progress—that the very constitution of that church was in direct antagonism to all civil liberty ! How much longer could Protestantism arrogate to itself the championship of political and intellectual freedom ? The living Pope, Pius the Ninth, the man who, on the steps of the Vatican, bestowed his blessing on the banners of the "Crociati," was refutation strong enough. The triumph, if brilliant, was but fleeting. Nor can there be a more significant evidence of its success than the last date we read on a Papal rescript—"The Fortress of Gaeta !"

It is but one short year since the sonorous phrases of the language were ransacked to find distinctive epithets for three men, who, in their several states, attracted the admiring wonder of Italy—the Pope, Carlo Alberto, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany—and what are they now ? One an exile ; the second branded as the "Re Traditore ;" and the last, the weak occupant of a throne, bereft of all dignity and power.

If there was neither genius nor heroism but a year ago, there is as little treason and falsehood to be laid to their charge now. The crime is, that they served not "two," but many "masters ;" that they were slaves of a democracy, whose vow is to destroy, and whose means are blood ! L.

AYTOUN'S LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS.*

THE man who, in the present day, sits down to write a ballad, undertakes, perhaps, the most difficult task in poetry. His story must be picturesque—his passion or pathos simple, direct, and strong—his language clear, natural, unstudied; and the accessories of his picture, all that gives local colouring, and marks the characteristics of the time, must be suggested with-
out visible effort. But, above all, he must not forget himself, and all that is peculiar to his own time. He must be completely sunk in his subject as the dramatist. His characters must be shown, not described; and, as he has less space to work in, not a word must be thrown away. The poetry must be that of situation, incident, or passion, and as little the poetry of mere expression as may be. A ballad should be the musical expression of the circumstances and emotions of the story, as it might have been rendered by the strong sympathy of a poetical nature living in the time in which the story is laid. It is in wanting this quality that nearly all modern ballads fail. They are not so much poetry in themselves, as stories in poetry. The writer is not lost in his subject, but is looking at it. His characters do not speak as they would speak under the given circumstances, but as he fancies they would have spoken; and the narrative or minstrel's own commentaries, and fillings-in of the picture, are more like those of an antiquarian or a collector, than of the sympathetic chronicler of those

"Old, unhappy far-off things,
And battles long ago."

which form the appropriate theme of genuine ballad poetry.

The Germans far surpass us in this. Goethe's "*Bride of Corinth*," the best and most picturesque of all modern ballads, chaunted in music of the most exquisite beauty, is, to our ears, the model of what a modern

ballad should be. Placed in a classic time and country, it nevertheless needs no classical knowledge to enjoy it; although the scholar may alone, perhaps, be able to feel its recondite beauties, or appreciate the skill and knowledge that have gone to produce so harmonious and truthful a picture. The story is told as if the incidents were reflected from a mirror, and the interest rises gradually and steadily to the last verse of the poem. We forget the poet in his fiction, and when we lay down the book, the quickened pulse and shortened breath remind us how thoroughly the passion of the characters has possessed us.

Schiller is only second to Goethe. His "*Fight with the Dragon*," "*Fridolin*," "*Cranes of Ibycus*," and "*The Diver*," comprise the best qualities of the old ballads, with something which they had not, in a higher moral strain and wider range of view. Many of Uhland's ballads are perfect in the simplicity and depth of their pathos, and in that invaluable quality of suggestiveness, without which no poem of this class can claim a high rank. The noble ballads of Wilhelm Müller, on themes connected with the revolutionary war in Greece, possess a character of martial fervour, a passionate strength of feeling, and a loftiness of cadence peculiar to themselves, and which have not, we think, been sufficiently appreciated. Besides these, there are Teutonic bardlings, whose name is Legion, who have made permanent additions to the stock of genuine ballad poetry.

How stands the case with our modern English writers? We do not speak of ballads of humour. In these, England may be backed against the field. Cowper, Southey, Hook, Hood, Ingoldsby, our friend and contributor Bon Gaultier, and some or one of the writers in *Punch*, not to mention others, have distanced all rivals. But what have we to show in serious ballad poetry?

* "*The Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, and other Poems.*" By William Edmondstone Aytoun, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons. 1849.

Goldsmith's "Edwin and Emma" will certainly not help to maintain our national character; and between him and Coleridge we can remember nothing. "The Ancient Mariner" and the "Genevieve" are, indeed, something to show. Wordsworth's ballads are beautiful, but they want the movement and the pure pathos of the true ballad. Their pathos is reflective, not sympathetic. Neither Byron nor Moore have written a ballad, nor could they have written one with success. They are both too artificial. And

Tennyson and Miss Barrett, who have published ballads of a high order of merit, have, however, overlaid them by redundancy both of reflection and imagery. Macaulay, in his "Battle of Ivry," and the fine fragment on the "Armada," has come nearer the true ballad tone than any of his compeers. These poems fill the eyes with pictures, and the heart with emotion. In reading the one, we follow the white plume of Henry of Navarre into the thickest of the fray—

"Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!"

And we fancy ourselves shouting, "Remember Saint Bartholomew!" and cutting down the "brood of false Lorraine" by the dozen, as though we

had the massacre of father, wife, child, and kindred to avenge. So in the "Armada," we are out into the market-place with the first alarm—Yonder

"With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers—before him sound the drums;
His yeomen round the market-cross make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
And slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the Sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he turned to bay,
And crush'd and torn beneath his feet the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knights—Ho! scatter flowers, fair maids;
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute—Ho! gallants, draw your blades!
Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide,
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride!"

These ballads have a vital interest and a truth of colouring, the want of which is fatal to the same author's "Lays of Rome;" and yet, with all their excellence, they are more remarkable, perhaps, for rhetorical fervour than for true poetical glow. But the Roman Lays have *only* rhetorical fervour and brilliancy of description to recommend them. All must have felt, for example, the absurdity of Icilius's addressing the Roman populace in a speech of some fifty lines, when the outrage is threatened to his betrothed Virginia. Men's words are few and terrible at such a crisis. Two lines could have done the work far better than fifty, and they *would* have done it in the verses of a true poet. But here, as in all these lays, it is apparent that they are not what they profess to be—those of a Roman addressed to Romans—but the toilsome effort of an accomplished scholar, re-creating the forms, fashions, architecture, and loca-

lities of Rome, its suburbs, and its people, and connecting these multifarious objects by the threads of the story, which, in place of being paramount, is only subordinate. Let the reader imagine a tale of English chivalry told in a strain corresponding to that of the "Horatius," or "The Battle of the Lake Regillus," and he will at once see how untrue these lays are to their character of Roman ballads. For example, what bard ever would inform his hearers that it was the practice in his and their country to sing the praises of his hero, as is done by Macaulay, in the very picturesque lines at the close of the "Horatius?" He is singing their praises himself, and they would not thank him for such intelligence, or for a description of the circle in which he and they are sitting at the time. To put this in a clearer light, we place the lines in question side by side with an imitation of them in Bon Gaultier's "Lay of Mr.

Colt," and ask our readers which is the more absurd—a Roman singing to Romans like Macaulay, or an American singing to Kentuckians like

MACAULAY.

" And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within ;
When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ;
When the chesnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the fireside close,
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows ;
When the goodman mends his armour,
And turns his helmet's plume ;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom ;
With weeping and with laughter,
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old !"

Macaulay has had many imitators. For instance, Lord John Manners struck the lyric shell with a kind of kid-gloved ferocity, and Frenchmen and Roundheads bit the dust in his verses by the score, till Thackeray, the prince of satirists, caught up the note, and showed that this drawing-room Tyrtæus was, in fact, a very innocent and very absurd verse-spinner, and the voice of the minstrel has since been dumb in the land. The Honourable G. S. Smythe, in his " Historic Fancies," gave golden promise. He knew how to strike the high chivalrous tone of the knights and cavaliers of old. But politics have apparently stifled the muse of song, and " The Death of Mary of Scots" stands the solitary triumph of his skill.

Ireland, in these latter years, has not been idle. The names of Griffin, Davis, Ferguson, M'Carthy, Carleton, Duffy, and others, are linked to ballads of which any country may be proud, and which must live. The " Sir Turlough" of Carleton is perhaps the most successful legendary ballad of modern times ; and although his reputation rested upon this ballad alone, the author might count upon that lasting fame which would now be so readily ac-

his satirist ? They are both, it seems to us, equally picturesque ; indeed, the parodist is the more so of the two :—

BON GAULTIER.

" And when the lamp is lighted
In the long November days,
And lads and lasses mingle
At shucking of the maize ;
When pies of smoking pumpkin
Upon the table stand,
And bowls of black molasses
Go round from hand to hand ;
When slap-jacks, maple-sugared,
Are hissing in the pan,
And cider, with a dash of gin,
Foams in the social can ;
When the goodman whets his whittle,
And the goodwife scolds the child,
And the girls exclaim, convulsively,
' Have done, or I'll be riled !'
When the loafer sitting next them
Attempts a sly caress,
And whispers, ' Oh, you 'possum,
You've fixed my heart, I guess !'
With laughter and with weeping,
Then shall they tell the tale,
How Colt his foeman quartered,
And died within the jail !"

corded to those nameless bards, whose lays will move our tears and stir our hearts, as long as the language in which they wrote is the language of living men.

Scotland is peculiarly the country of ballad-poetry, and even now, despite the Free Kirk and the blight of useful knowledge, the old passion lives in her valleys and homesteads. Turn where you will, the country affords the scene of some " localized romance," some tale of faery or of crime, of hapless love or peerless daring. Its history, above all, is luminous with incidents and men, such as the poet loves to dwell upon. The characters, action, and scenery, are there ready to his hand, and he is sure of the sympathies of a numerous audience, if he possess the power to enter into the soul of knight or lady, of peasant or damsel, and to enrich the voice of nature and feeling with numerous verse.

Professor Aytoun has appreciated the wealth of his country's history in themes for the historical ballad. He has done well to forego the easier praise of adding to the already too numerous band of poets of mere personal emotion, or what is worse, of versified reflections. He has spared the public

pocket handkerchief the tears of sympathetic woe, wisely agreeing with Shakspeare—

"That now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep and groan,
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan ;"

and as Wordsworth and Mrs. Hemans have used up the poetical capabilities of cowslips and daffodillies, he does not invite us to philosophise over these and other botanical curiosities. That Professor Aytoun can move tears as well as laughter, in the lighter forms of poetry, as well as prose, whenever he pleases, the readers of *Blackwood's Magazine* have frequent occasion to know. But in the volume now before us, he puts forth a sustained power, which, in our estimation, places him in the foremost rank of the poets of his time. His lays combine the best qualities of Macaulay and of William Müller. They have all the historic truth and picturesque force of the former, with all the poetic fire and stately march of the latter.

We feel, in reading these lays, that we are dealing, not with shadows, but with living men. We are swept back into the stirring times of old, when brave hearts and high souls declared themselves in brave deeds—when honour, self-denial, devotion, were living things—when patriotism and loyalty were active principles, and the worship of mammon had not shrivelled up the souls of men into self-seeking and sordid pride. We thank the poet who elevates our soul by a noble thought—by a delineation of some generous and lofty nature, woven from the visions of his own brain. We doubly thank him, who links noble thoughts and noble deeds with some great historic name—who places the hero living before us, till we can read his eye, and hear his voice, and be swayed by his influence. But, above all, do we thank him, when he rescues some great name from dishonour, and drowns the slander for ever in the torrent of our sympathies. This Professor Aytoun has done for two of the noblest, yet most misrepresented, names in Scottish annals. "The Execution of Montrose," and "The Burial March of Dundee," are tributes of historical as well as of poetical justice to the two men of all others the most conspicuous for chivalrous virtue in the annals of modern Europe.

Nothing can be more graphic than the former of these poems. An old

Highlander is telling the tale of the Great Marquis's death to his grandson :—

- "A traitor sold him to his foes—
Oh, deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
With one of Assynt's name—
Be it upon the mountain side,
Or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone,
Or backed by armed men—
Face him as thou wouldst face the
man
Who wrong'd thy sire's renown,
Remember of what blood thou art,
And strike the caitiff down !
- "They brought him to the Watergate,
Hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there,
And not a 'fenceless man.
They set him high upon a cart—
The hangman rode below—
They drew his hands behind his back,
And bared his noble brow.
Then as a hound is shipped from
leash,
They cheered the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and
shout,
And bade him pass along.
- "It would have made a brave man's
heart
Grow sick and sad that day,
To watch the keen, malignant eyes
Bent down on that array.
There stood the Whig West-country
lords
In balcony and bow—
There sat their gaunt and withered
dames
And their daughters all a-row ;
And every open window
Was full, as full might be,
With black-robed covenanting carles,
That goodly sport to see.
- "But when he came, though pale and
wan,
He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye—
The rabble rout forbore to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him,
Now turned aside and wept."

We must pass the description of his progress up the Canongate, the scene in the Parliament-house, where his death-sentence is read, and his noble address to the "perjured traitors" there,

and come to the execution of the sentence :—

“ Ah, God ! that ghastly gibbet !
 How dismal 'tis to see
 The great tall spectral skeleton,
 The ladder, and the tree !
 Hark ! hark ! it is the clash of arms—
 The bells begin to toll—
 He is coming ! he is coming !
 God's mercy on his soul !
 One last long peal of thunder,
 The clouds are cleared away,
 And the glorious sun once more looks
 down
 Amidst the dazzling day.
 He is coming ! he is coming !
 Like a bridegroom from his room,
 Came the hero from his prison
 To the scaffold and the doom.
 There was glory on his forehead,
 There was lustre in his eye,
 And he never walked to battle
 More proudly than to die :
 There was colour in his visage,
 Though the cheeks of all were wan,
 And they marvelled as they saw him
 pass,
 That great and goodly man !
 He mounted up the scaffold,
 And he turned him to the crowd ;
 But they dared not trust the people,
 So he might not speak aloud.
 But he looked upon the heavens,
 And they were clear and blue,
 And in the liquid ether
 The eye of God shone through ;
 Yet a black and murky battlement
 Lay resting on the hill,
 And though the thunder slept within,
 All else was calm and still.
 The grim Geneva ministers
 With anxious scowl drew near,
 As you have seen the ravens flock
 Around the dying deer.
 He would not deign them word nor
 sign,
 But alone he bent the knee,
 And veiled his face for Christ's dear
 grace,
 Beneath the gallows-tree.
 Then radiant and serene he rose,
 And cast his cloak away :
 For he had ta'en the latest look
 Of earth, and sun, and day.
 A beam of light fell o'er him,
 Like a glory round the shriven,
 And he climbed the lofty ladder,
 As it were the path to heaven.
 Then came a flash from out the cloud,
 And a stunning thunder roll,
 And no man dared to look aloft,
 For fear was on every soul.
 There was another heavy sound,
 A hush, and then a groan ;
 And darkness swept across the sky—
 The work of death is done ! ”

There is not one circumstance in this ballad which is not derived from contemporary memoirs, and a stronger proof that reality is superior to fiction could hardly be desired. But not less is the poet's skill to be admired, who has selected, and so happily arranged the striking aspects of his subject into a picture so august and impressive. It will not have escaped the reader to observe with what art the ignoble manner of the hero's death is managed. It seems to be veiled from the reader as it was from the spectator :—

“ He did not dare to look aloft,
 For fear was on every soul.
 There was another heavy sound,
 A hush, and then a groan ;
 And darkness swept across the sky—
 The work of death is done ! ”

The character of the olden Scotch ballads has been finely caught in the poem on “ The Heart of the Bruce,” founded on the incident of Sir James Douglas's death, in an action with the Moors on the borders of Andalusia, while on his way to Jerusalem, to deposit the heart of Robert Bruce in the Holy Sepulchre. A vision of the night, which is introduced with great effect, has warned Sir James that his mission will not be fulfilled. He and his hundred knights still hold on their way :—

“ And aye we sailed, and aye we sailed,
 Across the weary sea,
 Until one morn the coast of Spain
 Rose grimly on our lee.

“ And as we rounded to the port,
 Beneath the watch-tower's wall,
 We heard the clash of the atabals,
 And the trumpet's wavering call.

“ ‘ Why sounds yon Eastern music here,
 So wantonly and long,
 And whose the crowd of armed men
 That round yon standard throng ?

“ ‘ The Moors have come from Africa,
 To spoil, and waste, and slay ;
 And King Alonzo of Castile
 Must fight with them to-day.’

“ ‘ Now shame it were,’ cried good Lord James,
 ‘ Shall never be said of me,
 That I and mine have turn'd aside
 From the Cross in jeopardy !

“ ‘ Have down, have down, my merry men all—
 Have down into the plain ;
 We'll let the Scottish lion loose
 Within the fields of Spain ! ’ ”

" 'I know thy name full well, Lord James,
And honoured may I be,
That those who fought beside the Bruce,
Should fight this day for me!

" 'Take thou the leading of the van,
And charge the Moors amain;
There is not such a lance as thine
In all the host of Spain!

" The Douglas turned towards us then,
Oh, but his glance was high!—
'There is not one of all my men,
But is as bold as I.

" 'There is not one of all my men
But bears as true a spear—
Then onwards, Scottish gentlemen,
And think King Robert's here!

" The trumpets blew, the crossbolts flew,
The arrows flashed like flame,
As spur in side, and spear in rest,
Against the foe we came.

" And many a bearded Saracen
Went down, both horse and man,
For through their ranks we rode like corn,
So furiously we ran!

" But in behind our path we closed,
Though fain to let us through,
For they were forty thousand men,
And we were wondrous few.

" We might not see a lance's length,
So dense was their array,
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade
Still held them hard at bay.

" 'Make in! make in!' Lord Douglas cried,
Make in, my brethren dear!
Sir William of Saint Clair is down;
We may not leave him here!

" But thicker, thicker grew the swarm,
And sharper shot the rain,
And the horses reared amid the press,
But they could not charge again.

" 'Now, Jesu help thee!' said Lord James,
'Thou kind and true Saint Clair!
An' if I may not bring thee off,
I'll die beside thee there!'

" Then in his stirrups up he stood,
So lion-like and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft,
All in its case of gold.

" He flung it from him, far ahead,
And never spake he more,
But—'Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart,
As thou wert wont of yore!'

" The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
And heavier still the stour,
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,
And swept away the Moor!

" 'Now, praised be God, the day is won!
They fly o'er flood and fell—
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard?
Good Knight, that fought so well?'

" 'Oh, ride you on, Lord King,' he said,
'And leave the dead to me,
For I must keep the dreariest watch
That ever I shall dree!

" 'There lies, beside his master's heart
The Douglas, stark and grim;
And woe is me I should be here,
Not side by side with him!'

" The king, he lighted from his horse,
He flung his brand away,
And took the Douglas by the hand,
So stately as he lay.

" 'God give thee rest, thou valiant sou,
That fought so well for Spain;
I'd rather half my land were gone,
So thou wert here again!'

This is a ballad Scott would have rejoiced in, till the tears of passion started into his eyes. It is to such ballads we would have our sons attune the hearts. They would then be sure when struck, to return a noble ring.

Gladly would we linger on this volume, if our space permitted, and enrich our pages with other strains of spirit-stirring poetry, and the scarcely less stirring prose with which it is illustrated. But we have cited enough we trust, to induce our readers to apply to the volume itself. Indeed, we cannot doubt that it will soon be a familiar guest on the tables of all lovers of fresh and vigorous poetry, and there are now a body numerous enough to satisfy the desires of either poet or publisher. Without further comment therefore, we conclude, and place the volume upon our shelves, amid the royal and noble band of true poets, who draw from us our "blessings and eternal praise."

THE "TIMES" AND THE "NEW IRISH POOR-LAW."

THE *Times* of January 4 contains an article on the Irish poor-law, which seems more than ordinarily deserving of attention. It lays down dogmatically a principle which, if true, ought to be *proved* not *assumed*, and it gives a challenge which, although we do not set ourselves among those to whom it is directly addressed, we nevertheless feel a point of duty to take up. The principle assumed by the great journal we believe to have been adopted with equal precipitation by the legislature, and to have been acted on, contrary to the laws of justice and equity, and to the sore detriment of the country. The defiance with which this editorial dictum is accompanied would leave us without excuse if we were to remain silent. The article which has suggested these observations, and which, for reasons obvious to the reflecting reader, we copy before offering further comments on any part of it, is as follows:—

"Why do not the enemies of the new Irish poor-law tell us fairly and fully what else they think ought to have been done? We do not mean those who merely advocate this or that change, such as subdividing the area of taxation. There are persons, however, and they very numerous, noisy, and prominent, who attack it altogether, and in every part—who ascribe to it all that Ireland is suffering, and will undoubtedly suffer, and who hold it up to the world as a new instance of British misrule. If our readers want a specimen of this sort of talk, they will find one in some remarks about the Bantry union, which we quoted yesterday from an Irish paper. The population of Bantry have been invariably wretched since anything was known of the place. We entertain no doubt they were wretched, indolent, half-starved savages, ages before Julius Cæsar landed on this isle, and that, notwithstanding a gradual improvement upon naked savagery, they have never approached to the standard of the civilized world. They have increased and multiplied with animal nature instead of moral prudence for their rule; and they have received large accessions from other parts. Hardly able to get on from year to year under the most favourable circumstances, in Sep-

tember, 1845, they suffered a visitation of heaven in the failure of their potatoes. Next year the calamity returned with double force. The cry was that these poor helpless creatures must be fed. They were fed. They received every species and form of assistance from public and private benevolence. This, however, could not go on for ever. Some permanent system was necessary. So, in 1847, the session after the great famine, the Irish poor-law, which Mr. Senior and the economists had previously nipped in the bud, and reduced to a shadow, was clothed with some substance, and made a veritable and efficient measure. Under it the poor people of Bantry have been saved from starvation, and without it they would die off by hundreds next week. Nevertheless, an outcry is raised that the poor-law is starving, desolating, and ruining Bantry.

"The merits of the law depend on some very plain questions. Are the starving to be fed, or not to be fed? The enemies of the law do not mean that the starving should have been left to their fate. On the contrary, it is very clear that no pains are taken to keep down the number of applications for relief. It is admitted, then, that the starving were to be fed. They could not, however, be fed, unless somebody should feed them. That duty was imposed on the proprietors and occupiers of the soil. Nature, British usage, common sense, and absolute necessity dictated that course. The sufferers were on the soil, and were most of them natives of it. They looked to the soil for employment and relief. It was the failure of the soil to which they owed their distress. Who, then, but the lords and tenants of the soil were so proper to meet its deficiency? As for the particular arrangement between landlord and tenant, it is enough to observe that the analogy of England would have thrown the burden wholly on the tenant, and that reason itself dictates that the rate should be paid by the man in actual possession of the crops. By way of condescension to the weakness of the Irish social state, a portion of the rate was charged directly on the landlords. This, however, is a matter of detail. As a whole, the principle of the law is a principle of nature, and a plain necessity. Once admit that the starving must be fed, and it follows that their

food must be taken from the produce of the soil—that is, from the property of those who own the soil and its fruits.

"According to the writer we have referred to there are now nine thousand paupers on the books of the Bantry union, of whom two thousand three hundred are in the workhouse, and the remainder recipients of out-door relief. The valuation of the union, he says, is £37,000, which certainly would leave a very small margin to the rate-payers after nine thousand paupers had been fed out of it. The first guardians, however, *more Hibernico*, fed the poor without making adequate rates, incurred enormous debts, and were superseded. The result is, that the union has not only to provide for the present, but to pay off arrears. But whose fault is this? Not of the law. Indeed, the writer himself censures and criminales the guardians—

"'It is difficult,' he says, 'to ascertain the exact amount of debt incurred and due by this union; but when I put it down at £16,000, I am confident, from all I could learn, that I am under the figure. A great deal of this is said to be owing to the management of the old board, who were principally landed proprietors, and, as such, were anxious to save their own pockets, by striking small and insufficient rates.'

"Indeed, it is quite evident that the rates have been absurdly inadequate. According to the return, the total of all the rates in the union, from January 10, 1844, to the beginning of May, 1848, being four years and a quarter, was no more than £10,277—that is, an annual rate of about £2,500 upon an annual value of £37,000. For the last half of that period, British assistance was poured into the union with the most lavish generosity. Nevertheless debt was accumulating—not merely debt to government, but debt to tradesmen and contractors. Decrees have been obtained against the guardians, and doubtless there are now added to the original debt heavy legal expenses.

"But now for the most serious result. The landowner is to be ruined. Nearly all the land in the union, the writer informs us, is owned by half a dozen large proprietors:—

"'With scarce one exception all these proprietors are, to speak in the mildest terms, a "little embarrassed" just now. As an instance, a friendly mortgagee is about to foreclose a mortgage held on one of the estates, by which one-half of the entire property will be brought to the hammer. Another proprietor is said to be *non est*, and a receiver is about to be placed over his ancestral estate.'

"Such being the general condition of the landowners, a revolution in the proprietary of Ireland is anticipated. This is lamentable enough. We are quite alive to the evils of change, and the benefits as well as the charms of antique associations. Could we so rule it, every man should occupy his ancestral mansion or cottage, and trace his lineage from a Celt or a Pict, or some such primitive personage. Unfortunately, our wishes are vain, and we cannot indulge in a dream which is dispelled every morning of our existence. In this country we see thousands around us reduced to the hard necessity which mismanagement has brought on so many of the Irish proprietors. Why are myriads selling their estates, their houses, their furniture, their plate, their books, their wardrobes, everything they have in the world? Why are there sales by auction at all, and why is our last page sometimes filled by their announcements? There is the same cruel necessity, and the same melancholy causes, in England as in Ireland—in the case of the bank clerk, who has allowed his wife and family to be rather more magnificent and luxurious than could well be afforded on £150 a-year—as in the case of the Irish proprietor, who has lived up to a nominal rental of £5,000 a-year, when £4,000 a-year was absorbed in the interest of the mortgage. Heavy as the poor rates have fallen in some instances, it is only as the last ounce on the horse's back that they have crushed the landlords. If they must fall, we are ready to grieve for them as we grieve for the three hundred great mercantile houses which have fallen, many of them blamelessly, in different parts of the world, during the last two years. The common error which undermined and overthrew merchant, manufacturer, banker, and landlord, was that they built too much on credit, ran matters too close, and did not leave margin enough for those straits and calamities which Heaven will now and then send. We deplore the catastrophe of those who will not condescend to be prudent and safe, but we cannot prevent it, and certainly, are not answerable for it."

"The merits of the (Irish poor) law depend on some plain questions." So writes the editor, and we are willing to agree with him thus far, that if the law have claims on public estimation asserted on its behalf, a few plain questions may serve to test them. We accept the questions selected for this purpose. They are these: "Are the starving poor to be fed, or not to be fed?" "Who, then (under the

circumstances described in the article), that the lords and tenants of the soil were so proper to meet its deficiency?" We propose to consider these questions in their order, and then reply to the challenge by which they are presented:—"Why do not the enemies of the new Irish poor law tell us fairly and fully what else they think ought to have been done?"

1. "Are the starving to be fed, or not to be fed?"—a question which, under a pre-emptory air, disguises great intricacy. It may signify—is it *desirable*, is it *permissible*, is it *practicable*, is it an *obligation*, to feed the starving? It does not speak well for the strength of sense, or the candour of an advocate, to base an argument on the shifting sands of a question which admits of so many interpretations, and which can escape from them all, without assuming a form more ambiguous than that in which the *Times* has presented it. There is a further advantage attendant on it—that the answer, if it be true, must necessarily bear two aspects. Indeed one word—"yes"—with this double meaning or direction, might be the apt response to the two parts of the question. On certain conditions, in certain circumstances, through certain agencies (not the starving only, but they who are "an hungered") should "be fed." And there are also conditions and circumstances which, taken into account, would insist on an answer directly the reverse. The highest authority and the primeval law has declared labour a condition inseparable from the privilege to "eat bread;" and an inspired apostle, even of Him who has assigned so high rank to charitable offices, commands that "if any would not work, *neither should he eat.*" This is the divine law, proclaimed at the fall, republished with the Gospel, and for which no witness has been provided in human wisdom and experience. "Fear of want," observes Lord Kames, "is the only effectual motive to industry with the labouring classes." "Wisely is it ordered by Providence, that charity should, in *every instance*, be voluntary, to prevent the idle and profligate from depending on it for support." With such authority from Revelation and experience, we might well give such reply to this leading question of the *Times* as should disturb the apt sequence of the second; but we are so

desirous to review the argument of which it forms part, in a spirit of candour and forbearance, that we go to the utmost lengths which respect for truth permits us, to give the querist an accommodating answer.

We reply, then, to question No. 1—that we hold it desirable to feed the hungry—that we regard it a duty so to do to the extent of our means, and consistently with a due respect for other duties. We may feel called upon to share our last morsel with a famishing fellow-creature, while neither for ourselves nor for another should we feel justified in picking our neighbour's pocket, or plundering his granary or garden, under the false plea that crime is excusable when perpetrated under the compulsion of want, or when designed for a charitable purpose.

With this acknowledgment, we proceed to consider the second question—"It was the failure of the soil to which the sufferers owed their distress. Who, then, but the lords and tenants of the soil were so proper to meet its deficiency?" We answer, confidently, all parties who had not suffered from that deficiency to which want and distress are ascribable. The *Times* assumes, that "if the starving must be fed," "their food must be taken from the property of those who own the land and its fruits"—that is to say, from the property of those who have, themselves, been the sorest sufferers in the calamity with which the country has been afflicted. A daring assumption, indeed—an assumption which, were it admissible, would destroy the validity of the hypothesis on which it is professedly dependant. If the starving are not to be fed from the property of those who retain their riches, much more justly may the impoverished claim exemption. It is ability to give which assigns and measures charitable duties. Rich men, be their property landed or funded, houses or merchandise, are bound by a law congenital with their being, to be liberal after their power: poor men, wheresoever their poverty is located, are not called on to be liberal beyond their ability. If it be only on poor men the poor pretend to have a claim, their claim must be clearly proved before it can be admitted. No daring assumption or interrogatory can be of force sufficient to establish it.

But, it may be said, the "dictum" of the *Times* is more than interrogatory or assumption. There is something like a show or affectation of argument adduced in its behalf. "The starving," it is affirmed—and however little the statement may add to the sum of human knowledge, it certainly does not transcend our powers of belief—"could not be fed *unless somebody should feed them.*" So much we freely admit. The argument proceeds: "That duty was imposed on the proprietors and occupiers of the soil." This, too, we acknowledge to be a painful and flagrant truth; but why were the proprietors and occupiers of the soil thus imposed on? The moralist of the *Times* answers—"Nature, British usage, common sense, and absolute necessity, dictated that course." These are brave words, were it possible to prove them true. So long as the divine law prescribes, as it does, a very different course, we should feel bound to resist a dictation at variance with the principles of eternal justice. But are they true? Do those potent abstractions dictate the course so flipantly imputed to them? Let us consider.

1. "Nature"—does she command that the duty of giving relief to sufferers shall be imposed exclusively on perhaps the most oppressed portion of the sufferers to be relieved? Whence can the *Times* have gleaned its knowledge of what nature *dictates*? Surely not from what nature *practises*. It is not her wont, in the generous ministrations over which she presides,

"To make that poorer which was poor before ;"

but, on the contrary, to contrive that all the affinities she sanctions shall be adjusted on principles which render mutual wants and mutual superfluities conducive to the general good of the relations she promotes and cherishes. She ought not to be traduced as dictating to human society what, in her own proper domain, she so strongly discountenances. The laws she *recommends* to the adoption of man are to be known in the operation of the laws she *exercises and enforces*. These are the very opposite of the law most unjustly set down to her charge by the *Times*.

2. "British usage." How has British usage lent itself to the new Irish poor law? Is it because there has been

a law somewhat similar in force since the days of Queen Elizabeth in England? It is surely somewhat of the most extravagant to say that British usage is to be pleaded as the authority for *invading the rights* of Irish proprietors and farmers, because it *has enforced upon the English their duties*. Why is it British usage to charge upon the soil the maintenance of paupers in England? Because it has been decided legally that the soil is thus chargeable. Every proprietor in England, for three hundred years past, was aware of his liability to such a charge. Such liability entered into every man's calculations—purchaser, testator, heir, husband, father, occupier—all were aware of the liability to poor rates, and each knew that his credits, on account of expectations or possessions, were to be diminished by the drawback of his legal liabilities for the poor. To enforce such liabilities was a dictate of British usage, because it was conformable to British law, and to a law enacted at a time when the circumstances of British property were favourable for its adoption. To impose such a law on property for three hundred years exempt from it, at a time, too, when that particular species of property was especially and utterly incapable of enduring such a burden, was not conformable with "British usage." It is not British usage, as understood in commercial circles throughout the country. Even hard creditors betray some touch of compassion, and refrain from pressing their demands rigorously, when a calamitous visitation is known to have disabled their debtors. It was conformable to British usage to send munificent relief to those whom a blight on our agricultural produce had reduced to extreme destitution. How could British usage dictate an opposite course in the department of legislation? Is it double-souled—bilingual? And while commanding the people of England individually to help the landed interest in Ireland, because it was distressed, was it whispering to the representatives of the same people in the senate, that they must take advantage of the distresses of that oppressed body, in order to effect their ruin? "But it is only," observes the *Times*, "as the last ounce on the horse's back, that the poor rates crushed the landlords." Was it Bri-

rich usage, we ask, when imposing that ruinous burden, to select the backs least able to bear it? Irish proprietors should be less profuse in their expenditure—should "have left margin enough for those straits and calamities which Heaven *will* now and then send." Granted. But it is not of the visitation of Heaven the landlords complain, it is of man's; not of the blight, but of the poor law—a poor law at variance with Heaven's appointments. If extravagance be a crime, let the punishment be according to law, and let it fall only on the criminal: to punish the *accused*, perhaps *abandoned*, without a fair trial, is assuredly, not a "British usage."

3. "Commonsense"—Commonsense has never yet been at variance with justice. It is uniform, consistent, and, we may add, benevolent. Would common sense exempt the trader, whose granaries groan with the fruits of a foreign soil, from the liabilities which it imposes on those who cultivate our own? Would common sense denounce to the starving that they "*must not be fed*," whenever the only source from which their wants can be supplied is the wealth of a millionaire, whose hoards are sacred against the claims of charity? Or would it say that such hoards are not to be opened, until impoverished proprietors and occupants of land appear as candidates for the workhouse? Commonsense would see that money and land could claim a like "prescription" against charity, and were bound by similar obligations to discharge charitable duties.

4. "Absolute necessity" did not dictate such a course, unless, indeed, the poor law were designed to effect what it has, to a great extent, accomplished—the ruin of the Irish proprietary. Absolute necessity, were the purpose of the law honest—"its intents charitable," would dictate the duty of aiding the most oppressed class in society in its endeavour to provide for the liabilities of every class. It would have substituted general contribution for partial confiscation. It would have insisted on respect being paid to the *Articles of Union*, and on the obligation to make provision for the poor in such a manner as not to infringe upon the *rights* of one species of property, whilst exonerating another species from its *duties*.

We turn from this distressing theme,

and address ourselves to the challenge, "Why do not the enemies of the new Irish poor law tell us fairly and fully what else they think ought to have been done." In our preceding observations, this challenge has had an answer. The "new Irish" poor-rate is a *new income tax*, objectionable not only as being unlimited and excessive, but also because it is partial. We would have it more generally distributed, and, unless it can be shown that the *monied millionaire* has been exonerated by a *divine law* from the common obligations of charity, we would not enact *human laws* to release him at the cost of ruin to the possessors of a different species of property. But this is not our only reply. We object to the "new Irish Poor-law" on other grounds; and even were we to adopt its principle, would take exception to its details. Let it be assumed that the moralist of the *Times* has laid down the true principle on which a poor rate should be imposed. We, for a moment, endeavour to suppose that the soil should support the poor; that those who possess the land should be the parties whose possessions are to be pillaged for the support of paupers. Granting or supposing this untruth, what have we to object to in the new Irish poor law? We answer, we object to its gross and irritating inequality; and we object, not because the rates are unequal, but because the principle of their imposition is unsound. Poor law commissioners, and their subordinates, have made *geographical distinctions* the elements of their laws and rules; *moral distinctions* ought to have guided them. They pretend that by their distribution of the country into electoral divisions, they stimulate exertion, urging farmers and landlords to provide employment for labour. Such a pretence can be realised only where the proprietor has power to ameliorate the condition of the division for which he is pronounced responsible. It is souls, not soils, the poor law impositions pretend to stimulate. So long as those who administer the law forget or disregard their duty, putting moral considerations aside, and acting purely on those which are local, we shall regard the professions of poor law advocates as hollow pretexts, which no just man ought to make, and no reflecting person can be expected to believe.

It is an acknowledged maxim as

regards taxation, that "the subjects of every state ought to contribute towards the support of the government, as nearly as possible, in proportion to their respective abilities—that is, in proportion to the revenue which they respectively enjoy under the protection of the state."—*Wealth of Nations*, vol. iii., book v., cap. ii. Upon what ground is this well-known maxim to be disregarded in a tax laid on for supporting that new burden which the government has taken upon itself—the burden of Irish pauperism? We can imagine no justifiable pretence but that such a tax is, in part, a penalty. If there be one duty especially clear, it seems to be that contributions for charitable uses are to be proportioned to the ability of those who make them; and if we find that the law, which recognises this truth in a province where it is far less manifest, departs from it in this, we are justified in imagining that the discrepancy is not without a cause; and we find explanation and cause in the belief that a poor rate is, in part, an exponent of a charitable obligation, and, in part, *the confession of a neglected duty*. In one respect it is to be proportionable *to the means* of him who pays; in another, it is to be measured *by the amount of his transgression*. So long as poor law commissioners evade the duty which this view of the subject assigns to them, we can have no faith in the professions of their advocates.

What, then, would we have done? We would have liability and power go hand in hand. No man's responsibilities should be considered as extending beyond his powers. If the poor have claims upon those who have property, their claims are valid, either against the state, the empire at large, or against the individuals who have authority over the lands where they are located. Landlord A should not be relieved of his liabilities at the cost of landlord B, unless he, at the same time, part with a commensurate share of his authority. If A retain the power to exact excessive rents, until he has pillaged a miserable tenant into the nakedness and squalor which prepare him for the workhouse, the burden of his trespasses should also be laid upon him. If B is to bear part in the burden, he should have a share in the authority; he should be

armed with power to prevent such distresses as he is to share in.

We demand in this nothing impracticable, or even difficult. It is not that we desire to see rights of property invaded, but that we would not have what are declared to be its obligations put aside. If it be unwise to appoint a council for each electoral division which shall exercise authority over landlords and tenants within its boundaries, and to appoint as members of the council the parties most concerned in the due administration of affairs, it seems plain to us that a distinction should be made in the amount of rate—not according to local circumstances but by moral characteristics. The landlord who trades in pauperism should not shift his liabilities to the landlord who is his tenants' benefactor. We complain that no care has been taken to ascertain distinctions of such vital importance as these, and desire that the evil should be remedied.

As to the difficulty of imposing rates in proportion to real liabilities none will speak of it, in *rural districts*, but those who have little experience on the subject. In striking a rate, at this moment, every tenement in every electoral division, has its special amount of rate marked against it. There would be but little additional trouble in ascertaining, with equal clearness and exactness, how far each tenement *has been chargeable*. If the *Times*, or any other able champion of the poor law, will say that such knowledge as we call for cannot be had, or that the adjustment which we propose is impracticable, we confidently undertake to show that our views are sound and moderate.

We hold that the "new Irish poor law" was a cruel and unjust imposition on the landed interest; and that it has added to the evil of a bad principle details which greatly aggravate its injustice. Our objections to the measure itself we have already, and more than once, laid before our readers. In reply to the challenges and observations of the *Times* let this suffice.

But we cannot conclude without adding a brief comment upon the form of argument in which the "Thunderer" seems to confide much, and by which he appears to have satisfied himself that the hardship

the poor rates is not a thing to complain of. The cost of maintaining the poor is not to exceed, in round numbers, two millions per annum. The rental of Ireland, thirteen millions, according to the poor law valuation, (the *Times*, Jan. 8, assumes) may amount to sixteen millions. And thus the burden of the poor law will not press more heavily than an eighth of the rental; or, as is finally concluded, not more heavily than three shillings in the pound. We shall not weary ourselves with the fallacy of a presumption which omits all consideration of the various circumstances which have depreciated Irish property. We deal with the argument. The Irish poor rates do not exceed, in the aggregate, more than three shillings in the pound on the whole rental of Ireland, therefore there is no hardship in them to be complained of. Let this be put in another form. The population of Ireland does not exceed eight millions; the gross income, real and personal, amounts to thirty-two millions: there is, accordingly, four pounds per annum for each individual, and consequently, there is no penury in Ireland; the Irish poor law may be dispensed with. The answer to which conclusion would be found in the unequal distribution of property. While of the thirty-two millions of income some receive tens of thousands, and others nothing, there will be poverty to be relieved. In like manner, while of the two millions* of poor rates, some properties are burdened

five-pence in the pound, and some five-and-twenty shillings, there will be hardship to be complained of.

There is, also, a very distressing inequality occasioned by the encumbrances on Irish properties, by which the hardship of poor rates is grievously augmented. It is very generally known that these encumbrances amount to, at least, half the gross rental; and that, in consequence, the poor rates, as paid on Irish property, average six, not three shillings in the pound on the net receipts; but while six shillings may be reckoned as the average, the burden of encumbrances is so distributed as to leave some proprietors four-fifths of their income clear, and not leave one-tenth of the gross rental to others. Thus one proprietor may have to pay three shillings in the pound on a rental of *ten* thousand pounds per annum, while the income from which he is to meet this enormous demand does not exceed *two*.

Such are among the elements from which we would give an answer to the question, "What else" than the Irish poor law? We regard a rate for the poor as in part the contribution which charity demands—in part the penalty in which neglect or abuse of power should be mulcted. As a charitable contribution, it should be proportioned to the ability it taxes—as a penalty, it should vary with the offence it punishes—

"Adsit—

Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas,
Nec scutica dignum horribili sector flagello."

Cost of In-maintenance, monthly	£46,758.	Annual Charge	£561,096
Cost of Out-relief	79,518.	" "	954,216
			<hr/>
			1515,312
Cost of establishment and other expenses.	43,110.	" "	517,320

This last item (Salaries of stipendaries &c.) (see *Times* of January 8), we are strongly inclined to believe, would amount to a tax of two shillings in the pound on the net income of the Irish landed proprietors—a tax fully as heavy as, in their adverse circumstances, they are able to bear.

CEYLON AND THE CINGALESE.

BY ONESIPHORUS,

AUTHOR OF "CHINA AND THE CHINESE," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM 1845 TO 1848—SRI WIKRAMA'S TYRANNY—THE BRITISH DOMINION EXTENDED TO KANDY—REBELLION IN KANDY—MARTIAL LAW PROCLAIMED—TRANQUILLITY RESTORED—DALADA RELIC—GOVERNOR SIR COLIN CAMPBELL—HIS POLICY—BISHOPRIC OF COLOMBO CONSTITUTED—DOCTOR CHAPMAN, FIRST BISHOP—HIS EXERTIONS AND CHARACTER—REBELLION IN KANDY—LIST OF ENGLISH GOVERNORS.

ALTHOUGH there was a cessation of hostilities between the British and Kandians, we were not uninterested observers of the political events occurring in Kandy, which were most important, as the monarch, Sri Wikrama, was no longer the weak, supine youth—a mere automaton, placed on the throne by Pilimi Talawe, and whose actions were subservient to, and dictated by, his adikar, or prime minister. The footing upon which Pilimi Talawe had been with Sri Wikrama, during the first part of his reign, when the Kandians were engaged in war with the British, could not subsist during peace. The authority of Pilimi Talawe gradually declined, as the monarch held more securely the reins of government, and felt himself seated fastly on the throne. Sri Wikrama now exhibited his real character, which was that of a despotic tyrant, and he evinced his determination to govern, as his predecessors had ruled Kandy, with absolute power; whilst Pilimi Talawe, on his side, was in like manner resolved to retain, and maintain, his influential hold over the Kandian monarch and his court. Mutual distrust between the monarch and his adikar existed for years, until 1812, when Pilimi Talawe excited the jealous fears of Sri Wikrama, by requesting that the illegitimate daughter of the last king, Rajadhi, might be given in marriage to his son. Sri Wikrama was highly incensed at this presumptuous proposal of the adikar, as he viewed it as a covert attempt to be enabled to claim affinity with the royal blood, and summoned the whole of his chiefs to court, and preferred various charges of misconduct, and arrogant assump-

tions, against Pilimi Talawe. The chiefs listened with becoming gravity to the complaints made by their king, and Pilimi Talawe was condemned by Sri Wikrama, with the concurrence of the assembled chiefs; when, to the surprise of all, the king pardoned the adikar, declaring his reluctance to punish so old a servant, and reinstated Pilimi Talawe in his office of adikar. It is difficult to fathom the motive which actuated Sri Wikrama: it must have been dictated either by the most noble generosity, or by the most subtle cunning; but Pilimi Talawe enjoyed his position as adikar only for a short time after he had been reinstated in his office, as his conduct again excited the king's displeasure, who banished him to his province, forbidding him to leave it without his (the king's) permission, and depriving him of his rank and honours. Scarcely was Pilimi Talawe in his province, before he hired Malays to murder the king. This conspiracy was discovered by Eheylapola, formerly the second adikar, but whom the king had made first adikar when he disgraced Pilimi Talawe; the conspirators were taken, tortured, and condemned to be trodden to death by elephants, trained to that purpose; whilst Pilimi Talawe and his nephew were tortured and beheaded.

The demons of cruelty and suspicion now reigned lords paramount in the breast of Sri Wikrama; he condemned his chiefs to death without just cause, and feared rebellion to exist in every breath his subjects drew. Eheylapola, who at that time was devoted to his king, Sri Wikrama regarded with distrust: province after province the king declared to be in a

state of rebellion, although Eheylapola vouched for their allegiance; nevertheless, Sri Wikrama fined some of the inhabitants, imprisoning, torturing, and mutilating others. In some districts the king ordered the priests and Moormen to quit, forbidding all women, except natives of those districts, to remain in them. The domestic wretchedness this edict caused is well described by Dr. Davy in his work on Ceylon—

“Wives were separated from their husbands; mothers from their children; the young bride and the aged parent—all indiscriminately were torn from the bosom of their families, and driven from their homes, producing scenes alike of distress and anger, which might well shake the firmest loyalty.”

Thus we see how Sri Wikrama contrived to goad into rebellion his staunchest adherents and subjects. In the year 1814, for some trivial neglect of duty, Eheylapola was ordered to his district of Saffragam, and thither he retired, in obedience to the king's command; but as Eheylapola was beloved sincerely by the inhabitants of Saffragam, they exhibited every demonstration of joy at the return of Eheylapola. This Sri Wikrama chose to construe into an act of rebellion, and proclaimed Saffragam to be in a state of insurrection, and despatched troops there, to make Eheylapola prisoner, and bring him to the capital, alive, or dead; and these were commanded by Molligodde, formerly the second adikar, but upon whom Sri Wikrama had bestowed the place of Eheylapola. This nobleman, however, with several chiefs, took refuge in Colombo, placing themselves under the protection of the British government, whilst Molligodde took prisoners many of his adherents, and returned triumphantly to Kandy, carrying with him the adherents of Eheylapola. The fury of the king at the escape of Eheylapola knew no bounds, and he wreaked his vengeance on the victims within his grasp. Executions, tortures, impalements, mutilations, confiscations, and imprisonments, were now the daily—almost hourly—occurrences. The place of torture and execution flowed with human gore—the air was filled with the shrieks of victims, under the hands of the torturer,

and Kandy was now one vast slaughtering-place.

As Sri Wikrama could not get the person of Eheylapola into his power, he determined to obtain possession of his wife and children. Accordingly, they were made prisoners, with Eheylapola's brother and his wife, the tyrant resolving to wreak his vengeance on all. They were, forthwith, brought to Kandy, condemned to suffer death for being the wife, offspring, and relations of a rebel, and were to be executed publicly in the market-place of Kandy, in the presence of the whole court and population. The day appointed for this horrible butchery arrived, and the wife of Eheylapola, with his four children (the eldest boy being but eleven years of age, and the youngest an infant of a few months old, sucking at its mother's breast), were led to the place of execution. The wife, a woman of majestic mien and noble deportment, attired in her court-dress, and adorned with all her jewels of state, befitting her high rank and station, advanced boldly to meet her fate, declaring her husband's integrity, and expressing her hope that the life which she was about to give up might be of benefit to him. She was ordered to stand back, as it was the king's command *that she was to die last*—to stand by and see her children butchered. She uttered no remonstrance, but embraced her eldest boy, telling him to submit to his fate as became Eheylapola's son. The child hesitated, and, terrified, clung to his mother for protection, when his brother, two years younger, stepped forward boldly, embraced his mother, and told his brother not to disgrace his father by such cowardly conduct, and that he would show him how to die as became Eheylapola's son; advanced with firm step to the executioner—one blow—a lifeless trunk, deluged in blood, falls to the earth, and the young noble spirit had taken its flight. But the refinement of barbarous cruelty was not to terminate in compelling a mother to stand and see her offspring butchered; the trunkless head was thrown into a paddy-pounder, the pestle placed in the mother's hand, and she was ordered to pound the head of her child, *or she should be disgracefully tortured*. The mother hesitated; but the feelings of

innate delicacy implanted in the high-born woman's breast prevailed—every mental anguish would be preferable to the public exposure of her person—she lifted up the pestle, closing her eyes, and let it fall on the skull of her dead child. This hideous scene was enacted with the two other children, and the wretched mother had to endure the same mental torture. At last it was the infant's turn to die, and it was taken from its mother's arms, where it laid sleeping, and smiling, in tranquil unconsciousness. Eheylapola's wife pressed his babe convulsively to her bosom; then, in mute agony, allowed the executioner to take her last child from her. In a moment the little head was severed from the delicate body. The milk that had been drawn a short time previously from the mother's breast, was *seen distinctly flowing, and mingling with the sanguine stream of life.* The Kandian matron then advanced eagerly to meet death. With a firm step she walked towards the executioner; but with caution, to avoid *stepping in the blood, or treading on the lifeless, mutilated bodies of her children.* Her face was calm—almost wore an expression of satisfaction—the worst had happened—*she had seen her children slaughtered*—they were out of the tyrant Sri Wikrama's power. The hand of the executioner is laid on her, to lead her to her watery grave.* She thrusts him aside, telling him not to pollute a high-born Kandian matron with his touch; to remember that she was Eheylapola's wife, and had stood calmly to see her children murdered: would she shrink from meeting them in death? Bade adieu to her brother-in-law, telling him to meet death as became his birth; called to her sister-in-law not to unman her husband by useless wailings, but to follow her; then walked towards the tank (called Bogambarawl, contiguous to Kandy), two executioners following and preceding; carrying large stones.

They have arrived at the tank; Eheylapola's wife gazes fixedly on the tranquil water, whereon the sunbeams glitter sportively in millions of rays;

the sister weeps as the executioner commences attaching the heavy stone to her slender throat. It is firmly secured; the weight bears her fragile form to the earth; and the executioners are compelled to carry her to the tank. She shrieks wildly as they near her tank; they hold her over the waters—more piercing shrieks rend the air. A sudden splash—then the waters close over a tyrant's victim, serenely unconscious of the atrocity perpetrated. Eheylapola's wife had stood motionless during this period, a slight expression of scorn passing over her features, as her sister's shrieks filled the atmosphere. 'Tis now her turn to die. The executioners advance towards her, carrying the ponderous stone. She motions them off. They still advance—are quite close to her; the cords that are to attach the weight to her throat already touch her person; she asks them to desist, assuring them that she will not make any resistance, or attempt to save her life. The executioners refuse, stating they must adhere to their orders, and one lays his hand roughly on her shoulder. She shrieks, and eludes his foul touch, for with a bound she darts towards the tank, and leaps into the water: they close over her form in eddying circles, and her spirit has flown for ever. The executioners depart, palm-trees droop gracefully over the waters, and the sunbeams glitter sportively in millions of sparkling rays, as the stream murmurs a requiem over the murdered wife and sister of Eheylapola.

The butchery in the market was not completed when Eheylapola's wife quitted it, for her husband's brother was still to die. The headsman advances towards him, sword in hand, lays his blood-stained hand on the chief's shoulder, attempting to raise his head. The chief, with an indignant exclamation, throws the audacious hand off his person, plants his feet firmly on the earth, draws himself up to his full height, standing with majestic dignity, and scornfully desiring the executioner to fulfil the tyrant's command. Has the chief's stern gaze

* Eheylapola's wife and sister were condemned to be drowned; the brother and children to be beheaded. The details of this tragedy and attendant circumstances were described to the writer by a Kandian chief, who was an eyewitness to this horrible butchery.

unnerved the headsman? A blow was struck! a stream of red blood gushes forth!—but, horrible! the head is not wholly struck off! The sword is again poised in the air—a flash of light falls on the glittering weapon of destruction: it descends on the muscular, manly throat; the sword is now reeking with red blood! A headless trunk falls to the ground, whilst the head, with glaring eye-balls, rolls along the earth, and is thrust aside easily by the executioner's foot. The bloody tragedy is finished!

Before the temples of Nata and ~~Vishnu~~ Dewalê, and opposite to the king's palace, was this fearful scene enacted. Sri Wikrama laid all feelings aside save those of revenge; for by the Kandian laws it was forbidden that human blood should be shed near a temple; also to wound or shed the blood of a woman was considered a heinous crime, and one of the innocent children of Eheylapola was a girl.

During the time this revolting butchery was going on, women shrieked, closing their eyes to exclude the terrible reality; men groaned in mental torture, burying their heads in their hands; whilst many of the noble Kandian youths, in anguish, rolled on the earth, their mouths pressing close to the sod to stifle their cries. We will wind up this fearful account by quoting a contemporaneous author:—

"During this tragical scene the crowd, who had assembled to witness it, wept and sobbed aloud, unable to express their feelings. Palihapaul was so affected that he fainted, and was expelled his office for shewing tender sensibility. During two days the whole of Kandy, with the exception of the tyrant's court, was as one house of mourning and lamentation, and so deep was the grief, that not a fire, it is said, was kindled, no food dressed, and a general fast was held."

We believe the savage cruelty of this barbarous tyrant to be unparalleled in ancient or modern history: the crimes attributed to the Roman emperors, Nero and Caligula, were trivial, when compared with those constantly practised by Sri Wikrama, and our astonishment is extreme that any nation—more especially a warlike one, such as the Kandians—should have submitted for a lengthened period to the cruel tyranny

exercised by their monarch. Sri Wikrama spared neither age nor sex—the sucking infant, children, old and young women, were all alike condemned to be tortured in the most revolting, disgusting manner, mutilated and executed, if they or their relations incurred his displeasure, or from the caprice of the instant. We can comprehend man viewing with apathy the destruction of his fellow-man, but we cannot understand how men could permit the slaughter of the delicate woman, or the helpless child—every feeling implanted in our nature rebels against the bare supposition that the creatures whom, from very instinct, we feel ourselves bound to protect, should be slaughtered before our eyes, for no crimes which they had committed, but simply for being the wife of the bosom, and the offspring of a man who had incurred a tyrant's displeasure. It is an enigma how this debased specimen of human nature, Sri Wikrama, escaped assassination by the hands of his subjects; but the day of retribution was near, hovering in his path, although the punishment he met with in this world did not equal his deserts.

At the end of this year, Sri Wikrama cruelly tortured ten native traders (British subjects) who had gone into his territories for merchandize. They made their escape from Kandy, coming to Colombo in a mutilated condition, some without ears, others without eyelids—the remainder either noseless, footless, or handless—and made complaint to the governor-general, Sir Robert Brownrigg. On the 10th of January, 1815, war was declared against the King of Kandy, not against the Kandian nation, "but against that tyrannical power which had provoked, by aggravated outrages and indignities, the just resentment of the British nation, which had cut off the most noble families in the kingdom, deluged the land with the blood of its subjects, and, by the violation of every religious and moral law, had become an object of abhorrence to mankind."

The British troops entered the Kandian territories on the following day, and fighting commenced. The Kandians gave battle, not as men fighting for liberty and their land, but as mercenaries in the service of a tyrant, who, for gold, fought against the British, who were disposed to befriend

them ; and skirmish after skirmish ensued, and war was carried on by the Kandians without spirit or energy. Mollégodde, the successor of Eheylapola, at this critical period, deserted his cruel master, Sri Wikrama ; and as he was the only efficient commander whom he possessed, and one whose place it was impossible to refill, the loss Sri Wikrama sustained was irreparable. Mollégodde had been long disgusted with the tyrant's service, and awaited the opportunity of joining the English, which had been only deferred until he could get his wife and children from Sri Wikrama's court. The tragical execution of Eheylapola's family warned Mollégodde what would be the fate of his wife and children, if he abandoned his office of adikar, leaving these sacred ties in the clutches of the savage king. But no sooner had he effected the withdrawal of his family from the Kandian territories, than he offered his aid to the British, to assist in dethroning Sri Wikrama. On the 14th February, Sir Robert Brownrigg established his head quarters at Kandy ; but the king had made his escape from thence a few days before, and it was reported that he had fled to Dumbera, about twelve miles from Kandy ; and as part of our troops, which were advancing to the capital, had fallen in with two of the king's wives, a quantity of jewels and treasure which were captured, the report bore every appearance of being a correct one. Sir Robert Brownrigg lost not an instant in forming plans to ensure the capture of Sri Wikrama. Detachments from Colonel O'Connell's, Majors Kelly and Rook's divisions, were ordered to scour the country round, making every possible search for the tyrant, to cut off all retreat. Energetic and efficient as these officers were, their search was fruitless ; and, in all probability, the English never would have succeeded in capturing Sri Wikrama, had not his own subjects aided them. Eheylapola's followers were looking with lynx-eyed vengeance, for the wretch who had butchered the wife and children of their beloved chief. They sought him with unwearied perseverance, found him ; and, although the Malabar escort which surrounded the tyrant, Sri Wikrama, fought nobly in defence of their blood-stained mo-

narch, captured the fugitive king, bound him hand and foot, reviled him with the atrocities he had committed, and the murders he had caused, spat upon him, telling him that it was Eheylapola's slaves—the slaves of the woman he had butchered—that thus treated him, in revenge for his savage brutality ; that they now intended to drag him to a neighbouring village, that he might be execrated by the multitude as he went along. Curses loud and deep were showered on the head of Sri Wikrama, by his own subjects, as he passed along the road, almost each inquired of him for a murdered or mutilated relation or friend ; curses and missiles were hurled at him ; he was subjected to every species of ignominious reproach ; and finally, was handed over a prisoner to the British. Sri Wikrama, the last king of Kandy, was taken prisoner at Galleeshewatte, in Dumbera, on the 18th of February, 1815, being exactly four days after Sir Robert Brownrigg had established his head quarters in the capital of his dominions. Some historians, with a misplaced, maudlin sensibility, have deprecated the treatment that Sri Wikrama met with at the hands of Eheylapola's followers. Although Christianity teaches us to forgive our enemies, and those who have inflicted injuries upon us, the best Christian finds it a most difficult precept to follow. Can we, then, wonder at the reproaches and ignominy which these men showered on one who had condemned the innocent children and wife to a cruel death solely because he could not lay hands on the person of their chief?—more especially as these men did not profess Christianity, but were heathens, followers of Buddha ; but, on the contrary, these men are to be commended for the forbearance they exhibited in placing Sri Wikrama alive, untortured and un mutilated, immediately after they had made him prisoner, in the hands of the British.

The personal appearance of Sri Wikrama was not unprepossessing except when he was excited, then his eye gleamed with the fire of a demon, and the face wore an expression of malignant cruelty. He was tall, well made, slightly *embonpoint* ; the features of the face good, and the expression intelligent ; the complexion

of a clear, rich, dark brown ; the head well formed, although the animal organs predominated over the intellectual, with a redundancy of long, thick raven-black hair. He took great delight in adorning his person, and wore a profusion of costly jewels at all times ; but on state occasions, the crown and dress in which he habited himself glittered with gems of inestimable value. We need only say of his character, "*Ex uno disce omnes.*"

On the 2nd of March, Sri Wikrama was finally and formally dethroned ; and a convention concluded between Sir Robert Brownrigg and the Kandian chiefs, together with the chief officers of the Kandian territories. The official notice published on the occasion states :—" This day a solemn conference was held in the audience-hall of the palace of Kandy, between his Excellency the Governor and Commander-in-chief of the Forces, on behalf of his Majesty, and of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, on the one part, and the adikars, dissaaves, ratamahatmeers, and other principal chiefs of the Kandian provinces, on the other part, on behalf of the people, and in presence of aratchegays, coraals, vidhans, and other subordinate headmen from the different provinces, and a great concourse of inhabitants. A public instrument of treaty, prepared in conformity to conditions previously agreed upon, for establishing his Majesty's government in the Kandian provinces, was pronounced, and publicly read in English and Cingalese, and unanimously assented to. The British flag was then, for the first time, hoisted, and the establishment of the British dominion in the interior was announced by a royal salute."

The second article of the treaty stated—" Sri Wikrama was, by consent of his subjects, formally declared to be deposed, his family and relations for ever debarred from ascending the throne, and all the rights and claims of his race to be extinguished and abolished."

The two succeeding articles were devoted to minor political arrangements.

The fifth article declared—" That the religion of Buddha was inviolable ; its rights, ministers, and places of worship were to be maintained and protected."

The sixth and seventh articles were of an immaterial nature.

By the eighth and eleventh it was declared — " That the laws of the country were to be still recognised according to established forms, and by the ordinary authorities, and that the royal dues and revenues were to be levied, as before, for the support of the government."*

In the month of January following, Sri Wikrama, and all the members of his family, were banished to Madras, and our government in Ceylon were well pleased to be rid of the onerous duty attendant upon the safe-keeping of the ex-king's person ; as they apprehended either his escape, or that some Kandian, to benefit his country, might assassinate him, to prevent the possibility of his regaining the throne of Kandy. From this period, until the 10th of September, 1817, the government of the British was submitted to with tranquillity ; but at this date some Kandian chiefs of Welasse rose in rebellion, resolving to struggle to regain the independence which they prized so highly, and for which their various conflicts with Malabars, Malays, Moors, Portuguese, Dutch, and, finally, their voluntary subjection to the English, had failed to eradicate from their breast. The conduct of the chiefs, in heading and exciting the inhabitants of their districts to revolt, was inexcusable, as they had voluntarily sought the aid of the British to assist in dethroning their king Sri Wikrama, had entered into a treaty with, and sworn allegiance to, the government of Great Britain—the treaty which had been entered into by us with the Kandians, had been most rigidly adhered to—and they had not the shadow of an excuse for rebelling against the government, whose aid they had sought, and to whom they had voluntarily subjected themselves. Mr. Wilson, the government-agent of the district, went to meet the rebels, and endeavoured to quell the revolt, but most unfortunately

* We have merely given the outlines of the treaty, and what we considered most probably would interest the general reader.

did not succeed in his object, although his life fell a sacrifice, having been killed by the rebels.

The pretender to the throne of Kandy was a priest of Buddha, who had thrown off the yellow robes of his office; the chief who principally aided the pretender was a man of great influence in his district, Kapittipola, and brother-in-law to Eheylapola, and who brought many followers with him to join the pretender. Pilimi Talawe, the son of the former adikar, also joined the rebels, with many other chiefs. Considerable alarm was now felt by our government, for, in less than six months from the commencement of the revolt, every district of any importance was in a state of rebellion; in the various skirmishes which took place, we lost many officers and men; the rebels also skulked about our encampments, waylaid, and murdered our soldiers.

On the 21st of February, 1818, martial law was declared in the Kandian provinces, and the sacrifice of human life was terrible on both sides. Our soldiers were now beginning to sink under the effects of the unwholesome atmosphere of Kandy, and, day by day, events assumed a more gloomy aspect for the British, whilst the Kandians grew bolder, and held a grand meeting at Deyabetmewala, at which the pretender and chiefs were present. Dr. Davy, in his "*Ceylon*," writes:—

"During the three following months our affairs assumed a still more gloomy aspect. Our little army was much exhausted and reduced by fatigue, privation, and disease; the rebellion was still unchecked—all our efforts had been apparently fruitless—not a leader of any consequence had been taken, and not a district subdued or tranquillised. This was a melancholy time to those who were on the scene of action, and many began to despond, and augur from had to worse, and to prophesy that the communication between Colombo and our head quarters at Kandy would be cut off, and that we should very soon be obliged to evacuate the country, and fight our way out of it."

These gloomy forebodings were not destined to be realised; disunion of a serious nature now manifested itself among the chiefs, and the pretender was taken prisoner by an adverse party, who set up a chief of their own

selection. Kapittipola, their most able general, was defeated in several engagements, and, in October, was taken prisoner, with Pilimi Talawe, by the British; one by one, the chiefs were taken, tried, convicted of high treason, and beheaded. Notwithstanding these stringent, but necessary measures, a spirit of rebellion still continued to manifest itself, and it was not until February, 1819, that the administration of martial law in the Kandian provinces ceased.

We purposely omitted mentioning the capture of the Dalada relic, which they say is a tooth of their god Buddha, which they hold sacred, until this page. This relic was taken, towards the end of the late rebellion, and, trifling as this incident may appear at the first glance, we believe we are borne out by facts, that it is owing to the circumstance of having given up the possession of the Dalada relic to the charge of the priests which has, in a great measure, occasioned the late insurrection in Ceylon, in this present year, 1848, the full particulars of which will be given subsequently. The Cingalese tradition is, "That whoever obtains possession of that sacred relic, obtains with it the government of Ceylon;" and no sooner was it made known that the Dalada was in the possession of the British, than the followers of Buddha returned to their allegiance, district after district laid down their arms, and acknowledged the sovereignty of Great Britain. A new convention was now entered into with the chiefs, by which it was stipulated—

"That all personal services, excepting those required for making and repairing roads and bridges, should be abolished, and that all taxes should be merged into one, a tax of one-tenth on the produce of the paddy land. That justice should be administered by the board of commissioners at Kandy, and by the agents of government in the different provinces, aided by the native Dissaaves, who were henceforth to be remunerated, not by the contributions of the people, but by fixed salaries."

In January, 1820, a man of the second caste assumed the title of king of the Kandians, and collected some few of the Veddahs, or aborigines, at Bintenne, and created new disturbances; but as the self-elected king of the

Kandians was apprehended immediately after his assumption of that dignity, his followers quickly dispersed.

The Dalada relic was placed in the keeping of the government-agent of the Kandian provinces, and was publicly exhibited to the priests and people, for worship, at stated periods. Whether it was consistent with our character as a Christian nation to have ought to do with, or sanction the heathen worship, of a piece of yellow ivory, we will not enter upon here.

The island was now in a state of tranquillity; for although trivial disturbances took place amongst a few, which were quelled as soon as they arose, the nation appeared to be satisfied with our government. Attention was directed to the formation of schools of instruction for the natives, both by our government and by the missionaries, and attempts were made to induce them to embrace Christianity. Literary and agricultural societies were formed; means of communication, by the formation of roads from one part of the island to the other, were planned and commenced; bridges were thrown over rivers; and every facility afforded for the transit of passengers and merchandise. In short, we tried to convince the natives of Ceylon, by every honourable means, that we were not a nation of warlike bigots or of grasping adventurers; but wished to improve their moral condition, and contribute to their happiness, whilst they conducted themselves as loyal subjects of the crown of Great Britain, to whom they had sworn allegiance.

The political horizon of Ceylon remained unclouded for years; the colony gradually improved under our management. In 1832, the ex-king of Kandy died at Fellore, of dropsy; and until 1835 no event occurred worthy of especial remark. In the January of that year, Mollégodde, the first adikar, and Dunewille Looko Banda, who was related maternally to one of Sri Wikrama's queens, with several others of lesser note, were charged with high treason, and for having conspired against our government. A mass of contradictory evidence was gone into; and although they were acquitted, little doubt remained on the minds of many that a conspiracy had been concocted, but

which had been frustrated before the plot had ripened. Regular lists were found, appropriating the various places held under our government to the Kandian chiefs. This the officials did not approve of, and still less did they admire the list whereon the names of *their wives* were inscribed, each lady being allotted to some particular chief, and to those of the highest rank, two of England's matrons were apportioned. The conspirators tried to prove that these documents were forged; and did so to the satisfaction of the jury, who acquitted them. Mollégodde lost his rank as first adikar, another chief being appointed in his stead; but was reinstated in his office in March, 1843, having given proofs, during the intervening period, of his loyalty. Dunewille Looko Banda was also taken into the service of our government; and in this year died the son of Sri Wikrama, in exile.

From the year 1835 until this year, 1848, no attempt at revolt or rebellion agitated Ceylon. Since the colony had come into our possession, various charitable, scientific, scholastic, literary, and agricultural societies were established; a legislative council was formed, and a supreme court instituted. In short, Ceylon enjoys all the advantages of our most flourishing colony; and by many political economists is considered the most promising colony we possess.

In justice to the late efficient governor of Ceylon, Lieutenant-General Sir Colin Campbell, who assumed that appointment in 1841, we must state what his exertions have done for that colony. He found it a burthen to the mother country. The valuable land sold at five shillings per acre; and government servants enriching themselves at the expense of the country, by purchasing this land, turning it into coffee and sugar estates, and neglecting their official duties (to discharge which they were paid by their country), they devoted their time to the cultivation and improvement of these estates. Governor Sir Colin Campbell prohibited, by a government minute, the sale of crown land under the sum of twenty shillings per acre; and at this advanced price found numerous and ready purchasers, and frequently a much higher sum was realised. By the unbiassed representations

of the governor to the home government, civil servants were forbidden to purchase or retain land for agricultural purposes, and were required to devote their whole time and attention to the duties of the respective offices which they held under government. Sir Colin Campbell met with most determined opposition on this point from the colonial corps; and vituperation of the most disgraceful nature was heaped upon his head, by those members of it who were amassing large fortunes by these agricultural pursuits, to the neglect of their official duties. Undauntedly, however, did Sir Colin Campbell pursue the straight path of honest duty to his sovereign and country, and was rewarded by his own conscience, and by the approbation of all right-minded men. Sir Colin Campbell used every exertion in his power to have the salaries of the Ceylon civil servants increased, and was successful in his efforts; thus benefiting the men who had so lavishly censured him for performing, to the best of his ability, the duties of his office as governor of the colony, by insisting that the paid servants of the crown should perform those duties that required their undivided attention, and for which they were remunerated.

In 1845, Ceylon was constituted, by letters patent under the great seal of England, an episcopal see, by the title of the Bishopric of Colombo, as previously it had been included in the see of Madras; and the Rev. Dr. Chapman was appointed the first bishop. The bishop arrived in Colombo in 1846. We believe that the exertions of this truly pious, benevolent man, have done more towards the conversion of the heathen, since his arrival, than had been effected during the previous centuries, that nominal Christians had formed settlements in Ceylon. Every part of his diocese is visited constantly by Dr. Chapman; unwearied in his duty, undaunted by the fear of contagion, he visits hospitals, jails, and the unwholesome jungle—sedulously learning the native language, whereby he may be enabled to communicate with and preach to the Cingalese, without the aid or intervention of an interpreter. He has made the natives understand that his is not to be a temporary residence among them, but that it is his intention to

pass his life among them. No words can express his resolve so beautifully as his own, and which he addressed to a native congregation, shortly after he entered upon the duties of his sacred office—"I have come to Ceylon to live among you, and learn your language; with God's blessing to benefit you, and with his permission to die in your country." Possessing great piety, learning, and humility, Dr. Chapman is blessed with great eloquence, fluency of language, facility of expressing ideas, extreme urbanity of manner, unbounded benevolence; a most prepossessing exterior, and devotes the whole of his time and attention to the arduous duties of his office. In conclusion, we can only say, that Doctor Chapman is a worthy, though humble, follower of his Great Lord and Master; that his appointment as bishop, and residence in the colony, is calculated to benefit professing Christians, as well as the benighted heathen, for the force of his *example*, coupled with his precepts, must influence and counteract, to a great extent, the effect which the lax morality practised by many Europeans in Ceylon, has had on the hearts and minds of the rising generation, both of English and Cingalese.

In July, 1848, an insurrection and rebellion broke out in Kandy, and a pretender to the throne, calling himself the King of Kandy, headed the rebels. The pretender swore, at the temple of Dambave,

"An oath which he could not, and dared not recall,"

that he was the grandson of Kertisree Rajah Singha, and many of the Kandians, dissatisfied with recently imposed taxes, joined his standard; the number of his adherents varied, but at one period the insurgents exceeded four thousand. Martial law was proclaimed in some of the Kandian provinces, and much bloodshed ensued. The pretender called himself Dharma Sehere Rajah, or the Merciful King, and was most liberal in his promises to those chiefs who supported him in his ambitious scheme. A blockade was formed, by means of trees, at Dambool, disturbances were rife at Anaradhaapooru, whilst at Korne-galle the rebels attacked the cutchery and court-house, taking the treasure, burning the records, destroyed dwell-

ing-houses, pillaging the valuables and furniture. Many coffee estates and plantations were utterly destroyed, as the rebels tore down the coffee-bushes and trees, both at Kornegalle and Mattelle; in fact, the havoc, devastation, loss of property and life, were serious.

Our troops, commanded by Colonel Drought, acted most decisively and energetically, taking many prisoners, and the attendant slaughter is grievous to dwell upon. On the 20th of September, the pretender was taken prisoner at Mattelle, a Kandian having betrayed the place of his concealment. When in our power, the pretender evinced great cowardice, implicating, and giving the names of numerous chiefs and headmen. Besides those that had been put to death under martial law, as soon as taken prisoners, one hundred and twenty, including the pretender, were tried for high treason; some were condemned to death, others to transportation for life, or imprisonment, with hard labour and corporeal punishment. The rebellion having been suppressed, Lord Viscount Torrington issued a proclamation that martial law would terminate in the Kandian provinces on the 10th of October. The misguided natives suffered severe loss and defeat in the various skirmishes with our troops. Our duty as an historian compels us to censure the conduct of various English malcontents, who, to a great extent, excited, by inflammatory articles in the local papers, the spirit of dissatisfaction and rebellion manifested by the Kandians. How these men, professing Christianity, can gloss over to their consciences the various acts which incited the natives, and caused the sacrifice of human life, and destruction of property, we know not. By all thinking men, such characters are condemned, and held in abhorrence. We may pity the heathen; but woe unto the Christian instigator of rebellion. The Kandian pretender worked upon the superstitions and religious feelings of his countrymen, causing himself to be crowned King of Kandy by a priest, who stated to the pretender's followers that they

were fighting for the preservation of their religion; and the first interrogatory put was, "Are you for the Buddhist religion, or for the government?" If any hesitated, the priest would refer to the Kandian prophecy or tradition, which is, that when a bridge should be built across the Mahawelle-ganga, Kandy should fall into the hands of foreigners, and the people of Ceylon be totally subdued; but when the bridge should begin to decay, then the Kandians would throw off the foreign yoke, and Lanka-diva's sons be restored to their native monarchs, and pristine laws, driving the usurpers from their beloved shores! The bridge at Peradenia, over the Mahawelle-ganga, having been built entirely of satinwood, has shown symptoms of decay; but we trust, for the love we bear our fellow-men—blacks, browns, or whites—Christians or heathens—and the horror we have, in common with philanthropic men, of bloodshed and war, that the prophetic tradition may be false. *For ever* may the Cinnamon Isle flourish, and be the brightest gem in Great Britain's diadem, is our heartfelt desire.

The following is the list, with dates of their appointments, of English Governors of Ceylon up to 1848:—

The Hon. the Governor of Madras in Council	1796
Hon. Frederick North	1798
Lieut.-Gen. Right Honourable Sir Thomas Maitland	1805
Major-General John Wilson, Lieutenant-Governor	1811
General Sir Robert Brownrigg	1812
Major-General Sir Edward Barnes, Lieut.-Governor	1820
Lieut.-Gen. Sir Edward Paget	1823
Major-General Sir James Campbell, Lieutenant-Governor	1823
Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Barnes	1824
Major-General Sir John Wilson, Lieutenant-Governor	1831
Right Hon. Sir Robert Wm. Horton	1831
Right Hon. J. Alexander Stewart Mackenzie	1837
Lieutenant-General Sir Colin Campbell	1841
Lord Viscount Torrington	1847

THE POLITICAL TRACTS OF MENENIUS.*

Since the great European wars were terminated by the peace of 1815, men have seen no such eventful year as the year that has just closed upon us. Withdrawn from its immediate interest, the future historian shall, from a distant *point de vue*, contemplate it in its true proportions and dimensions, as a whole, doubtless he will recognise it as one of those great political epochs which occur in the lives of states, as they do in those of men. Such epochs are the turning points of history, working changes more or less organic, more or less recuperative or ruinous, in proportion as those to whom the health of the one or the other is confided, do, by their skill and vigilance watch, direct, and, humanly speaking, eventuate the results, the true issues of which are with God alone. To us who have only just emerged from its shadow—standing, as it were, beneath its base, the past year shows amazing and portentous. We have witnessed a movement mysterious and inexplicable, or at all events arising from causes apparently trifling and fortuitous, exhibiting its workings at almost the same moment of time in places distant and disconnected—a movement working like the mine or the earthquake, beneath the foundations of ancient kingdoms, shaking dynasties, deposing princes, and upheaving institutions whose roots seemed to have spread deep and wide enough to have braved any convulsion. In the quaking and perplexity of the nations, the subtle agency found its way to our islands. But the shock that prostrated France, and disorganised Germany, was felt in Britain but as the trembling of the distant earthquake. Her institutions, stable and sure, crushed down into quiescence the uneasy elements beneath. And truly a nobler spectacle was never exhibited to the world's gaze than the rally of all true hearts, forgetting the distinction of classes, creeds, and parties, round the institutions they loved,

and the monarchy under which they had won their greatness. A sight was to claim the thoughtful wonder of other lands, to see the peaceful bator of England's constables sternly and calmly, almost silently, beating back the loud-mouthed rabble that threatened her capital, and all the while the senate sitting serene and self-possessed in the uninterrupted exercise of the deliberative functions. But so it was not in Ireland. For her, indeed much was to be feared; her blood was already hot with the fever of agitation, and reckless hands had ministered to her potions that made her once delirious and inebriated. And so the French Revolution in February found her, but to aggravate her excitement to the highest pitch. At such a moment, it is hard to overestimate the critical importance of a position as regarded the empire at large, or the difficulties which surrounded the individual to whom her destinies were committed; and it would be impossible, upon a candid perusal of the remarkable Tracts now under our consideration, to deny the wisdom, forethought, and extensive precautionary arrangements of the Irish executive, in all human probability contributed materially to save us from civil war and all its concomitant horrors. We are no Whigs or Whig-lovers; but we are lovers of order, and lovers of our country; and our praise will not be mistaken or undervalued. But while the viceroy thus fought in the van, he was cheered and sustained by the whole of Ireland's Conservative chivalry; without them he could have done little; and let him and his Whig companions remember this now in the hour when those generous allies are broken down and ruined by the weight of evil legislation. One, too, there was who fought beside him—but he was unknown. Like "*le noir faucon*" fighting beside Ivanhoe, his visor was always down. Some said the nob

* "The Political Tracts of Menenius."—1. "The Game's Up." 2. "A Stitch in Time." 3. "Menenius to the People." 4. "Luck and Loyalty." 2nd edition in: Hodges and Smith. 1849.

and the knight knew each other full well; some said the knight *was* the noble, multiplied, like the "*fata morgana*," by the mist of the battle; others said he was one of his staff—his statistician or his journalist; one opined the "Game" was served "up" by his *Cooke*, another surmised that the "Stitch" was put in by his *Taylor*; for ourselves, we care not to know who he is or was, or whether he is anybody, or, like Redlaw's companion, but the embodiment of a knight. We are quite contented to know him as **MENENIUS**, and to deal with him by what he has said.

Whoever, then, this "Menenius" be, he has done knightly service as well to the viceroys as to the country at large. He has done a deed as daring as it was to do in these times—a thing unattempted, we may with safety affirm, since the days of the "Drapier Letters," and the other political writings of Swift. In the tracts now before us, he has, as an Irishman, had the boldness, in Ireland, and speaking to Irishmen, and of them and their country, to show them the truth—plain, outspoken, and unpalatable—and that, in language unsparing a fault, unaccommodating to a prejudice, and unspiced with a single grain of flattery. For all this Menenius has, of course, been subjected to the attacks of the press of every party in the kingdom, from one extreme to the other. This was his necessary fate; for professing to be of no party—he was unsheltered by any: but we are bound to say that he has been permitted to put forward, on four several occasions, his words of advice, admonition, and censure, without any general denunciation, or even imputation,—nay, not unfrequently with extorted praise. This fact we regard as a very hopeful sign of the times. When men will listen to the truth, even though with impatience and dissatisfaction, regeneration is not far distant, and the triumph of truth is sure. Thus, Menenius has steadily won his way by the force of truth and honesty, finding an enduring place in the thoughts of a large portion of the really-liberal and rightly-judging public, and has, we dare assert, contributed in no small measure to give substance and shape to the growth of that healthier public opinion in Ireland, heretofore so lamentably deficient, and which, with other aids, and under God's Providence, carried us in safety

through the great crisis of the past year.

The favourable reception, such as it is, which Menenius has met from his countrymen, is, we think, in no small degree attributable to the fact that in all his plain speaking, his caustic sarcasm, his trenchant condemnation, he has manifested what Irishmen never fail to appreciate—that he is, to use his own words, "an Irishman to the heart's core," deeply concerned in all that can interest his country, keenly sensitive to all that can affect her honour, profoundly touched by all her sorrows. We cannot feel offended with his bluntness; we cannot feel irritated by his indignant expostulations, when we know it is the honesty of a friend, who will not flatter—the warmth of a friend who is grieved. Upon all these considerations, and also because he has bravely advocated the cause of the empire and of order, at a time when that cause was assailed at all points, and thought to be desperate, Menenius claims at our hands a respectful consideration, to whatever extent our own views may be coincident with his, and we hasten to avail ourselves of the limited space assigned to us for the notice of the remarkable volume before us.

The work, which now appears in a single volume, is a reprint of four *brochures*, which issued from the press at different periods of the past year. As the author tells us—

"The first of the series, 'The Game's Up!' was issued immediately after the conviction of John Mitchel. The second, 'A Stitch in Time,' upon the 29th of July, when disturbances in Dublin were hourly expected. The third, 'Menenius to the People,' appeared soon after the affair of Ballingarry; and the fourth, 'Luck and Loyalty,' has been published within the present month."

The general object at which the author aims in these tracts seems to be to explain the position in which the two great interests in the nation—that is, the governed and the governing—occupy in relation to each other; to show and impress upon each the truth, that by combating with the other, it is placing itself in a false and fatal position, which inevitably must throw both into the hands of a third element, namely, that of faction: he seeks, on

the one hand, to vindicate the executive from the blame to which its baffled policy had, with some show of reason, exposed it; and on the other hand to rescue the mass of the Irish people from the obloquy which an organized conspiracy for treasonable purposes had tended not unnaturally to expose them to in the estimation of the empire at large. With zealous assiduity, forcible eloquence, and great power of argument, he labours throughout to attain a most laudable end—namely, to induce a proper understanding between these two great parties, and to avert a conflict in which, whoever had succeeded, both would have been losers—and proves what is undeniably true—that their interests, when rightly understood, are identical, their position not antagonistic, but correlative the one to the other. The idea which apparently pervades his mind has been since happily expressed by a reviewer, whose words we willingly adopt:—"It is now admitted that prerogative and franchise, the duty of ministers and the duty of knights and burgesses, have one single and common purpose—good government; that is to say, the government which will best promote the prosperity of the whole community. This is the right of the people against its government. It is the right of the Union against its guardians; the right of a company against its directors; the right of a parish against its constable; the right of a client against his attorney. It is a right to have its affairs managed in the way most conducive to its welfare. In this right all other rights are merged: against this right no claim of the crown or of any portion of the people can prevail, or can be seriously urged."

We believe it was Washington who observed that the people incur greater danger from faction than from tyranny, because faction substitutes a multiplied and irresponsible despotism for a single one. It is a profound truth which speculative wisdom might perhaps teach a Briton, but was no doubt the result of practical experience in the republican. This truth, too, is felt by Menenius to bear strongly on Ireland. One of her great political evils of late, springs from the clamours of a faction, suppressing the voice of true public opinion. To give her "fair play," a chance of righting

herself, it will be the duty of the patriot, the best service he can render his country, to disengage what is true and sound, and legitimate in the constitution from the domination of this anomalous power, this tyranny of faction—a service which the tracts before us discharge with no common ability. The mode of accomplishing this great end is not so obvious or so easy as the necessity for it is apparent. It is necessary to unteach men what is false before teaching them what is true and never was there a time or a place in which the political teacher had more need to inculcate the former lesson than in Ireland during the past year. Whoever calmly reviews the popular fallacies on political rights which a section of the Irish press put forward from day to day, may wonder at, but can yet understand, the extent to which the delusion on these momentous subjects prevailed. The first of these tracts is, in our estimation, well calculated to dispel that delusion. In language full of nervous vigour and condensed energy, and in a spirit of calm and philosophic investigation, the progress of events since the Union is exhibited in clear yet brief review and the writer asserts with confidence and reasons with much force, that with the conviction of John Mitchel that *the game was up* for rebellion in Ireland. Whether that assertion is true in its full extent, may be questioned. Rebellion, no doubt, has been crushed effectually, and the first blow upon its hydra head was assuredly dealt upon the day that John Mitchel was vanquished by the peaceful power of the law, and not by the bloody arbitrament of the battle-field; but we believe that ulterior occurrences, partly of human arrangement, partly providential, prevented a more formidable outbreak than the pitiable *démence* of Ballinacorney. At all events, that conviction produced a great moral effect greater than the press, in our judgment, has accorded to it, for it vindicated, in the eyes of the nation, the potency of what we may venture to call the defensive principle of constitutional order, when arrayed against unlawful violence.

Of those popular fallacies of which we have spoken, we have a more searching investigation in the second tract. In it the author has entered into a full examination of the code (s.

it is called) of liberty propounded by the avowed organs of republicanism in Ireland, and demonstrated that the true nature of the creed of the sovereignty of the people is one of the most grinding tyranny.

The third tract is, in our mind, the least successful, and the reason is obvious. Menenius addresses the people, but he is not of the people; and thus the difficulty of his task is increased by the circumstances of his own position. To speak intelligibly and effectively to uninstructed intellects on subjects of such complicated interest, and yet to avoid commonplace or dulness, is always a hard matter, but particularly so unless the instructor be familiar with the modes of thinking, and the forms of speech peculiar to those he seeks to teach. Menenius is here above those whom he professes to address, and it would seem to us that he in reality applied himself to a class, higher in point of education than what is called "the people."

We are not ourselves disposed to go the full length of Menenius, in his approval of all the acts of the Irish executive in their dealings with Irish disaffection, but on the general principle which formed the groundwork of that policy—the principle, namely, of securing the integrity of the empire at all risks, and of protecting property against the spreading doctrines of Communism—we believe our readers cannot entertain a second opinion. As the exponent of this principle, the author of these tracts seems to have accorded them his unqualified, earnest, and most valuable support, while cautiously abstaining from a general commendation of ministerial policy; and to this limited extent only do we commit ourselves to his views.

It would require a space beyond that now at our command, to exhibit a complete analysis of these tracts. We would gladly show, from various passages interspersed through them, the author's views respecting the political rights of a people. They appear briefly to be these—that there is a maximum of liberty beyond which it is out of the power of either the sovereign or the people to force society, and that any attempt to push the democratic influence beyond that point only causes a reaction towards slavery. He holds that while this mean of

liberty has been attained, or nearly so, in England, it has, by the influence of the imperial connexion, been somewhat exceeded in this country; and he assigns this excess as one of the causes why, as he expresses it, "the handcuffs are on us" now. His views on this subject, and on forced revolutions, are so varied, forcible, and happily illustrated, that we cannot but regret they are necessarily so scattered and disconnected through the tracts, that they do not assume the shape or distinctness of a regular theory; and we believe the author would render an acceptable service to the country, by reducing them to a regular and systematic form, so as to attract the observation, and challenge the discussion of statesmen. On the latter subject, that of forced revolutions, he is led, in his last tract, "Luck and Loyalty," into a more extended argument, and his views throughout are, upon the whole, conservative. We shall cite one passage, in which he deduces certain propositions from previous reasonings; it will afford a fair specimen of the style and power of the author:—

"From all this I infer:

"First. That Ireland does not present the aspect of a country in which the necessity for revolution is apparent.

"Secondly. That supposing she did, an armed revolution does not accomplish the objects it sets before it.

"Thirdly. That, even if there were a reasonable prospect of attaining the benefits proposed, armed revolution is, under a constitution such as ours, criminal and unjustifiable in the highest degree, and calculated to induce the anger of God.

"The farther back we stand from a period, the better we can see its outline and true character. The ear detects the play of the national constitution more accurately by that mediate auscultation in which time is interposed between the examiner and the events. And it is after such comprehensive modes of investigation that the inquirer will best see in history the confirmation of the moral and Christian aphorism, that the laws prescribed to individuals are binding on communities; and as long as it is a crime as regards man, and a sin as regards God, to steal because we are hungry, or kill because we are exasperated, will forcible spoliation be indefensible under circumstances of public distress, and armed insurrection unjust.

tifiable, even though public discontent should exist.

"There is a clue to all this. The true philosopher is able to discern, by an argument *a posteriori*, that the positive enactments of the divine codes of both Testaments are only confirmatory of the pre-existing laws of nature, which by their constitution regulate the happiness of the human race according to its obedience to, or violation of, certain immutable principles co-natural with what we call Nature herself. Those codes were given to help man to his own happiness; and obedience to them is rather recommended for his good than inculcated for his restraint. Just as a general adopts the plan of punishing soldiers who stray beyond the lines, when he apprehends that the enemy will cut off such of his men as they find straggling within their reach."

After all, the chief power and the strong attraction of these tracts lie not even in their sterling and sound material so much as in the nervous brevity of style—the strong, common sense of the positions—the homethrusts of the arguments—the aptness and variety of the images (of this last, Menenius is a perfect master)—the graphic power of his portrait painting—his mingled eloquence, pathos, shrewdness, and humour. It is all this which, on their very first appearance, seized on the public mind—which has raised them out of the class of mere ephemeral brochures, to become, as we believe they will, part of the permanent literature of the country. It is all this which justifies their re-publication in the present form, and explains our devoting these pages to a review of them. It is true that these tracts are in their nature "occasional," but, independent of the merit of the composition, there is in them much that is calculated to make them still useful; though the occasion of their origin has passed away. There are many current sophisms, social and governmental, not yet exploded, many false views of our relations and position, much ignorance of Ireland existing not only on the other side of the channel, but even amongst ourselves: these are exposed, corrected, and explained, with an ability and clearness that must give the tracts a permanent value.

Ere we conclude this brief notice, we shall present our readers with a

few passages in justification of the opinions we have expressed. In the endeavour to detach the "real culprits" from the mass of their fellow-countrymen, the author takes occasion to glance at the proceedings of a state trial. The picture is a masterly one—bold in the sketch, true in the colouring, and perfect in the grouping and details:—

"Every lawyer knows the vulgar cant of a criminal court; how it is a recognised trick of the prisoner's counsel to represent his client as the object of persecution by an organized conspiracy representing the crown, and headed by the crown prosecutor; a course so well understood and invariably acted on, that the advocate who is made in one case, by the simple administration of a fee, a participator in this nefarious conspiracy, urges without a blush, in the next, the very charge which, had it any real meaning, would have hopelessly criminated himself. This is part of the stock-machinery in courts of justice, and passes at its true value; but as cases rise in importance, and will be scrutinized more keenly by a wider circle, the common expedients of the advocate are subtilized and refined by his genius, expanding with circumstances, so as to be far less easily seen through. Coloured by the eloquence of the orator, the whole proceeding presents the aspect of persecution on the one hand, and martyrdom on the other. The crown concentrates its tremendous powers in one arm—that of the attorney-general. It clothes him in a panoply of offensive and defensive armour, and, from the mere love of tyranny, launches him, battle-axe in hand, like some giant of romance, against the persons of one or two unfortunate individuals, whose cause, probably, some chivalrous barrister takes up with disinterested warmth, from the absolute impossibility of resisting the impulse of his feelings. This would be all very well if it was set to the account of ordinary rhetoric, to be as such admired, and dismissed. But experience has shown, on a late occasion, how easily intelligence itself is entrapped by the hackneyed stratagem. On that occasion the strong exigencies of an imperilled country were narrowed into the vindictive malignity of a salaried officer. The powers with which the constitution has invested an honourable functionary for the discharge of duties indispensable to the maintenance of public order, and as arduous as they are important, were converted into chains of tyranny or instruments of torture; and all that represents principle, system, ethics, and Christianity

in the organisation of legal machinery, was industriously construed into the reckless exercise of power under the influence of passion. A client (one helpless individual) appeared on one side: a grim array of authorities, of judges, counsel, police, gaolers, indiscriminately massed on the other. What an unequal force! what a gratuitous onslaught! what an apparatus of extermination! Let the attorney-general abandon his prosecution; what injury is done to him? What! And has the attorney-general, with no clients? Is he placed there to glare, to bully, and bait the prisoner to his own amusement? Is there no one so interested in the issue of the case? Are there no fainting hearts, quivering knees, tremblingly awaiting the issue of the strife? Oh, what an array of the attorney-general's clients present in such a case! To think of them might inspire dulness itself with eloquence, and tinge the coldest technicalities with the glowing colours of the drama. True, the prisoner also has his friends and supporters, who wish him well; they are the high hearts and strong arms of the community—men ready to do and dare, eager for action, impatient to rush on danger, with the fire of strife gleaming from under the calm of peace. But, oh! what a different aspect does the assembled group present, whose cause the law officer of the court pleads, in asking justice against the promoters of insurrection! Amongst the members, it is true, there is, thank God, many a brave spirit and powerful arm, not the less brave because it quails at the thoughts of civil bloodshed; not the less powerful because it is exercised in the arts of industry, or the labours of the field, instead of the evolutions of the grand discipline. But the group is made up of other constituents. The patient, and the peaceful, the true philosopher, and the true Christian, are there. The humble in heart as well as in position; the philanthropist, who carries his love to man forth into the world, and acts up to the lofty designation he bears; the patriot, who sees in his country, not a shapeless, aggregate of incoherent units, but a society bound together by equitable laws, systematized by political, social, and moral organizations, dignified by liberal and enlightened institutions, and ennobled by magnanimity, virtue, and Christianity: such are among them. There, too, may be seen the manly labourer in each of the various fields of human cultivation; from the plough which is so without a metaphor, to that which can only be designated as such in its most exalted and sublime sense—science, literature, poetry: the student who scorns the idea of attempt-

ing to control masses of his fellow-men before he has learned to know himself, and tolled up the ascent which is the only legitimate way to true eminence. There, less prominently seen, stand the helpless and hapless families of the half-implicated peasant—the terrified children, the miserable parents, the distracted wife—whose agony concentrates in a single groan the full power of that language which the genius and fluency of the advocate can only imperfectly embody in words—which eloquence itself can but paint at second-hand: there they are, mutely pleading in the person of one legal functionary. Yes, and more than these. The fair speculator, whose honest calculations have failed him, and left him to ruin, in the darkness of a crisis which baffled all anticipation; the beggared artist, with the elaborate creations of his chisel or pencil thrust aside in scorn or indifference in the ferocity of epidemic excitement; the versatile genius, who combines the triumphs of art with those of archæology and literature, and wears excellence in all with the amiable and most diffident bearing of a true philosopher, yet whose gentle pursuits, although they must confer immortal fame upon him hereafter, are, in the rage and roar of the strife, unable to make their modest claim for present support heard or recognized: such, too, are amongst the clients of the attorney-general. But it is the fashion to say (and of late the custom to believe) that the "right honourable gentleman" is a Goliath, stalking forth from the ranks of the Philistines in harness of brass to defy the armies of Israel, and make each innocent stripling who takes up a stone out of the brook, food for the fowls of the air."

The allusion to our gifted fellow-citizen, Dr. Petrie, is too evident to be mistaken. The tribute, expressively as it is rendered, is no exaggerated one; and happy would we feel should the appeal, put forward with such a force, and yet with such delicacy, be heard and recognised. Of such characters a nation may be justly proud. This panegyric is not flattery, but justice; and we know no act of the viceroy, which would be at once more popular and more just, than thus, by recognising the claims of literature and genius, to conciliate the feelings of that class in Ireland, which is ever the bulwark and safeguard of loyalty and order—we mean the educated and the literary.

The mention of the present movement for an international league of

amity, leads to some observations upon the natural obstacles to a repeal of the Union, and on the fallacies of those who contend that the repeal is a move in the direction of nature:—

“God forbid that we should see the Union repealed! That, indeed, would be a step in the ‘wrong direction.’ I consider the new theory of the ultimate ‘union of races’ a complete fallacy, even if it applied to the case of these countries. The fact of the natural tendency of civilisation and intercommunication being to break down national clanship, itself overthrows it. No barrier is stronger in savage life than that of race; no division less perceptible, and more in the way, in cultivated communities. Here, at all events, such a reversion is impossible. As the English are mixed up of Britons, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, so are the Irish a compound of races, some of them separate at the time of the English invasion, and some of English and Scotch origin; so much so, that in few parts of the country does the pure blood now remain, and is scarcely ever found in the veins of those who clamour most loudly for its claims. The vast majority of the men who cry out for a distinctive nationality founded on race, are either thoroughbred Englishmen if you go back a few generations, or a mongrel breed, in which the wilder part may claim a Milesian origin, but the superior portion holds undeniable relation to the Saxon. I consider no folly more daring or more mischievous than this of attempting to lay at Nature’s door the dissociability of jealousy, prejudice, and barbarism. It is a folly akin to impiety, for it impliedly contravenes the sacred oracles, which declare the genealogical as well as social brotherhood of the whole human race. And besides it is unphilosophical. Nobody can assert, as a principle, the impossibility of the union of races, who does not also assert the impossibility of their common origin; and the student knows that the whole tendency of ethnology, as a modern science, is to confirm the popular and scriptural belief on such original unity.

“To tear Ireland from England now would be to cause a hemorrhage fatal to the very existence of both. Who shall undertake to mark off the portions to be assigned to each? What Shylock shall cut the pound of flesh from the heart of the empire? The geographical boundaries have long ceased to represent any ethnical ones. Why should they, the most arbitrary and obsolete of all, be had recourse to to designate the political ones? You are seven hun-

dred years too late. The imaginary line must now pass beneath every house over every field, through every churchyard. It must wind from the remote provinces of the one country to the most centre of the other, and become entangled in the wheels of institutions and the ties of families. It is a demarcation which must be disputed inch by inch. To accomplish it, you must not only cut through the most solid materials, but lacerate the most sensitive. The blood which would flow from the bodies of those who would have to fight the matter out would be nothing compared to that wrung from the hearts of the millions implicated in the issue of the strife.”

Menenius might have added, when he speaks of the union of races, that the only instance of a race remaining distinct in the midst of surrounding civilisation, from any cause except political ones, is precisely that which is admitted on all hands to be *out* of the course of nature, or miraculous—namely, that of the Jews.

We cannot more fittingly close our quotations than with one to which we willingly give all the publicity in our power—the invitation which our author diffidently ventures to lay at the feet of the sovereign on behalf of his country. He expresses himself with a becoming displeasure at the cold response which certain parties in Ireland made to the contemplated honour of last year, and professes himself ready “to cast his cloak (mine *is* my cloak) upon the discourteous mire which caused the royal foot to hesitate in stepping on our shores.”

“It is not for me to constitute myself the ambassador of my countrymen before that throne. But that if indeed our gracious Queen were cordially and confidently to throw herself upon the honour and loyalty of Irishmen, as she come amongst us, her progress through the length and breadth of the land would be one long triumphal procession, I feel as confident as I do of my existence. Every feeling of my heart assures me of the rapturous welcome she would receive; every conviction of my mind satisfies me that her presence would exalt loyalty from principle into a passion in the breasts of Irishmen; every trait in her Majesty’s character tells me that she would understand, appreciate, and love us, when she came to know us in our own land.”

We have now, with greater brevity than we could wish, and than their merits demand, noticed these "Political Tracts." They are, indeed, the most remarkable productions of the kind which it has been our chance to meet with. Without name, introduction, puffing, or forced sale, they commended themselves instantly to the public, to an extent not often equalled. They have, we are convinced, been equally beneficial and timely. Evidently the production of a man of genius, of comprehensive views and profound thinking, they win their way by the spirit of truth, candour, philanthropy, and independence, which

pervades every page and line. It is true that Menenius is a powerful vindicator of the ministerial policy in Ireland in its main features during the late crisis, but he is plainly so not as a partisan. And though for ourselves we are not prepared to go with him in many of his commendations to the full length—in some of them not at all—still we are free to confess that he has enabled us, as no doubt he has enabled all who read his tracts, to accord full credit to many acts of the Irish executive, which his reasoning and his eloquence have placed in their proper light.

THE POET CAMPBELL.

It was scarcely to be expected that the poet Campbell should be allowed to pass away without his monument and his biography. His Polish friends are determined that the pedestal of a monument, to be erected to him in Westminster Abbey, shall be of Polish marble. Delays and difficulties have, however, hitherto interfered with the execution of the design. No stone that would answer the purpose exists in the vicinity of the Baltic or the Black seas. The rich marble quarries in the districts of Galicia and Cracow are difficult of access for the purpose, as they have been lately the seat of a sanguinary insurrection. In fact, the only branch of business carried on there is the murder of landowners by the peasantry. To purchase a block of marble there would excite the suspicion of the government, and subject the agent in the transaction to heavy penalties. In the neighbourhood of the Baltic or Black seas there could be no great difficulty in shipping an article of the bulk to London, without attracting the attention of the police; but anywhere else it could not escape

detection, as it would have to be examined at all the frontiers, Russian, Austrian, and Prussian. At some future time they hope to transmit Sarmatian marble of suitable quality to London, and to have it inscribed with the words—

"CARPATHIA THOMÆ CAMPBELL
BRITANNIÆ PORTÆ
POLONIÆ AMICO
IMMORTALI."

Let us hope that these delays and difficulties may lead both to the selection of the best marble, and also to the Latin inscription being something better than the words we have quoted.

Would that there had been some similar interruption to the breathless haste of the biographer.* Dr. Beattie is plainly a man influenced by the strongest feeling of affection to the poet, and in some respects we could not wish the work in better hands; still we wish that, like the Poles, he had waited till he had procured somewhat better marble. The materials of his book are not created by himself, and we have little fault to find with

* "Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell." Edited by W. Beattie, M.D. London: Moxon. 1849.

the arrangement; but the letters, Campbell's letters, are the very dullest that ever have been brought before the public. They have one merit as letters, that they are so exclusively on private business that the notion of their ever being printed could never have passed through his mind. To his friends they must have had the domestic interest that all letters from friends have. They prove him to have been a very kindly and goodnatured man, but this we should have been prepared to believe on Dr. Beattie's own statement, and without this weary heap of good-for-nothing evidence. And what can be the meaning of printing all his school-verses? We should have believed, without looking through thousands of worthless lines, that the verses on the "Origin of Evil," rewarded with prizes at Glasgow, were such as could be read to the tune of Pope's "Essay on Man," or whatever was the air to which they were to be made to go. A full volume of these details might have been spared. The general incidents of the life of a poet so distinguished as Campbell, ought to have been communicated to the public, but the publication of reams of letters illustrative of nothing, and of verses which ought to be allowed to perish with the occasion which gave them birth, can be in no view of the subject desirable. Had Dr. Beattie, even from the ordinary materials open to every man, exhibited Campbell's mind, and given the history of his life and fortunes, he would have done some service.

Campbell was born in Glasgow, the youngest of a large family. His father had been a prosperous merchant in the Virginia trade. His business was destroyed by the new channels into which trade ran after the American war. It would appear that forty years of industry were rewarded by the acquisition of property that in those days must have been regarded as securing an ample independence, but a moment swept away more than twenty thousand pounds. His creditors were paid, but next to nothing remained. His wife, a woman some twenty-five years younger than himself, looked with the eye of a woman of strong good sense on the altered circumstances of the family. Their narrow income she managed with severe economy. For most of

the children, the eldest of whom was now nineteen, situations, by which they could earn their bread, were found. The boys were sent to America and the West Indies, where good conduct rendered them moderately prosperous. The elder girls became governesses. It was from the first felt by every member of the family that toil was their appointed portion.

There was among the Campbells a strong feeling of family pride, which, though a prejudice seldom resting on any true foundation, is yet to the poor very often a valuable inheritance. It adds to happiness, and it sometimes tends to save children from some of the evils accompanying indiscriminate acquaintanceship. It is thus a preservative and a charm. In the parish of Glassary, among the oldest heritors were the Campbells of Kirnan, a family whose recorded pedigree reaches "to Gilespie-le-Camille first Norman lord of Lochawe." From this branch it would seem that the poet was lineally descended. His mother, a Campbell, of some humble stock of the same name, used with pride to distinguish herself as Mrs. Campbell "of Kirnan," regarding the adjunct as a sort of title. Campbell's lines "On visiting a scene in Argyle shire," refer to Kirnan—"All ruined and wild is the roofless abode." His grandfather was the last of the family who resided there, at least the last who made it his fixed residence. Robert, his son, the elder brother of the poet's father, took possession of the property on his father's death, but living beyond his means, was soon compelled to part it. It was the period of Walpole's administration. The star of Argyle was in the ascendant. Robert, like every Highland laird, had been bred to the profession of arms, and no other; but a day had come when Highland lairds could not live as their forefathers had lived, and Robert, who had some good in him, went to London to seek his fortune. Walpole, whose patronage of letters was confined to the worst writers, found Robert Campbell a man for his money, and he is described by Dr. Beattie as establishing his reputation with the government as one of the "most able and zealous of its literary partisans." This dutiful son of the house of Inverary wrote a "Life of

the most illustrious prince, John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich." After Sir Robert's retirement in 1742, the fortunes of the poor literary hack waxed low. Then his cousin, the duke, must die most unseasonably, and so the last laird of Kirnan had nothing for it but himself to lie down with a breaking heart and perish, as many a brave warrior has done before him and since, in the streets of the great city:—

"He lies, beside a thousand homes he stood,
A. a thousand tables pined and wanted food."

We have no evidence that Thomas Campbell ever heard of this uncle, who he turned up in hunting out the fortunes of his nephew. Still in some respects their fates were not dissimilar; and were the life of a man of our days to be written in the spirit which has animated some of the biographers of Shakespeare, we think we could write a chapter of curious coincidences, after the manner, not of Plutarch, but of the moderns.

While Robert Campbell was living, and starving, and dying, in London, the father of the poet was conducting the business of a mercantile house at Falmouth, in Virginia, and afterwards in Glasgow. We have already related his fortunes, as far as is necessary for the illustration of the poet's life. In the decline of his fortunes, among the other modes of supporting his family, it was found necessary to receive a few boarders into his house; and from the age of thirteen, Campbell the poet was actually engaged in the instruction of boys, some older, some younger than himself. His mother, and Isabella, the youngest of her daughters, and who alone of her sisters had not separated from the maternal roof, were intimately acquainted with the ballad poetry of Scotland, and thus the boy's mind and ear were, in the earliest dawn of life, familiar with the legends of the country, its music, and its rhymes. The picture which Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night" has endeared to every reader, of the Scottish father presiding at family prayer, was realised in Alexander Campbell's house, as, probably, in almost every house in Scotland at that period. Campbell's last conversations dwelt on his father's extempore prayers. The very expressions he used returned to the lips of

his son at a distance of sixty years of time. He never heard language, he said, the English Liturgy excepted, more sublime than his father's at his devotional exercises.

At eight years old there was the sort of separation from his family for a few hours in each day, which takes place wherever residence near a good school gives parents the opportunity of thus conducting a boy's education. His father assisted him in the preparation of his tasks. This, we suppose, is pretty often done by fathers who have nothing to do. But imagination glorifies and illuminates whatever it beholds, and Dr. Beattie informs us, with touching solemnity, and without a smile, that "it must have been a picture in itself, of no little beauty and interest, to see the venerable Nestor stooping over the versions, and directing the studies of the young 'Tyræus.'"

His schoolboy days passed like those of other schoolboys brought up in a mercantile town. Older ruffians taught him to throw stones. Stealing strawberries seems to have originated in the depths of his own nature. His brother Daniel and he devised a plan of deceiving their parents with fabricated bulletins of the health of an old lady, for whom they were sent frequently to inquire. It was a walk of a mile, and the young curs found the visits of inquiry interrupt their amusement. One day that they brought back an account of the lady being quite well, a note arrived, inviting old Campbell to the funeral—

The father looked on them in silence and tears,
The mother, in anger, boxed both of their ears.

Campbell preferred the father's course.

Four or five years passed. Campbell's schoolmaster said there was no such boy, and Beattie says there was no such school. We believe it was a very good one. His poetical mania here first manifested itself. The death of a parrot is commemorated in lines better than those of Johnson on the lame duck. A translation from "Anacreon" is given in very fluent verse.

Five sessions of life at Glasgow University followed. Dr. Beattie inserts everything he can find of his writing at this period. He would have been more usefully employed if he told us

what he read. The printing of college exercises is really a very unmeaning thing. There never was a great school which could not supply essays in every respect as good as Campbell's, if any one could be found to throw away time in reading, or money in printing them. They exhibited, however, considerable diligence, great facility in versification, skilful use of a poor and meagre vocabulary; in short, poems or prose essays, of less real promise, we have never seen. Dr. Beattie prints them, as if the production of such things was little less than miraculous. In the fourth session, Campbell rose into something better; and it is curious enough that it was in actual translation that any original power first appeared. Part of the first chorus in the "Chæphoræ of Æschylus" contains some very vigorous writing, and a sort of imagery is formed from the language of Æschylus, which was before him, and half-remembered lines of Gray, that is often so striking as to make one feel that here there is promise of a true poet.

In May, 1795, Campbell, who, through the whole period of his previous college life, had been engaged in the business of tuition, at a time when more happily-circumstanced boys are receiving, instead of giving, instruction, left Glasgow for the island of Mull. He was employed as tutor to the children of Mrs. Campbell, of Sunipol, whom he describes "as a worthy, sensible, widow lady, who treated him with great kindness." "I am sure," he adds, "I made a conscience of my duty towards my pupils—I never beat them, remembering how much I loved my father for never having beaten me."

He had to pass through Greenock on his way, but was so little proud of his occupation, that he left his cousins, the Sinclairs, unvisited, though it was his destiny to make one of them his wife some nine or ten years afterwards. He had for the first part of his journey fine weather, and a pleasant companion in a young friend, on an expedition of the same kind to another family in the district. The young *dominies* enjoyed themselves on their travels. They lived as cheaply as they could, fasted at times, and at times beefsteaks vanished before them

"like smoke." Then came tankards of ale and Amabæan dialogues in poetry. At last they parted company; then came rain, and a weary walk of over thirty miles, and at last the point of Calloch.

At this time Campbell was in his eighteenth year. We have said that he was an indefatigable writer for college prizes, and we think that the growth of his mind was impeded by constant stimulation. It was, perhaps, a fortunate thing for him, that when he got to Mull, his trunk had been left to be forwarded to him. It did not reach him for some time, and he found that there was no such thing as a sheet of paper to be had in the island for love or money. If his time was compulsorily passed in any way but in writing, we think it would be so much the better. He did, however, write; for "by the time that pens, ink, and paper arrived, his 'mind was turned inside out,' and so liberally confined to the plaister, that the wall of his room appeared like a spacious broadsheet of manuscript." The thought of the "Pleasures of Hope" here first suggested itself. A playful letter of his friend, Hamilton Paul, a man of very varied and singular talents, seems to advert to it. The sentence is worth transcribing, as, though the words "Pleasures of Hope" occur in the letter, it is possible that neither of the correspondents then had the thought we now connect with the word. Paul had sent him a dozen lines which he called his "Pleasures of Solitude," and then says, "We have now three 'Pleasures,' by first-rank men of genius, viz., the 'Pleasures of Imagination,' the 'Pleasures of Memory,' and the 'Pleasures of Solitude.' Let us cherish the 'Pleasures of Hope' that we may soon meet in Alma Mater."

Of the superstitions of the people he had an amusing instance. For the purpose of looking for flowers, and reading gravestone inscriptions, he had climbed over a churchyard gate. He was seen moving about the churchyard by persons who did not know how he got there, and straightway there was a mysterious feeling throughout the neighbourhood of his approach to death. His own person was mistaken for his *wraith*—a spectral apparition which was supposed of fatal omen.

A fair cousin of the family where he resided made her appearance on a visit there, and the poet was smitten. It is unlucky that he made her a present of his prize poems; for, if we understand Dr. Beattie rightly, it is to the fact of her retaining what he calls the precious autograph that we owe their publication. She is also the heroine or one of the heroines—for the point is disputed between two ladies of the same Christian name—of the lines entitled “*Caroline*,” which are found in most editions of Campbell’s poems. People cannot, however, be reasonably called to swear to the truth of a song, and this is a point we must leave unfixed.

After a residence of five or six months at Snipol, Campbell returned to Glasgow, to attend his fifth and last University session. The same friend with whom he had travelled to Mull, was his companion returning. The journey by land and water occupied four days; and the season—the close of October—is one when the mountains are generally covered with snow. Though he speaks of being “as gay as a lark, and as hardy as the highland heather,” he was exposing his health to desperate hazards. “On our way between Oban and Lochawe side, we were benighted, and totally losing our way, were obliged to pass a cold night on the lee side of a bare whinstone wall. But wrapping ourselves in our highland plaids, we lay quietly down on the ground, and next day found ourselves nothing worse for our exposure.”

Campbell came again to Glasgow, to teach as well as to learn. Among his pupils was a youth, afterwards known as Lord Cuninghame in the Judiciary Court of Edinburgh. They were boys of nearly the same age, and, says Campbell, “rather like playfellows than preceptor and pupil. Sometimes, indeed, I used to belabour him, jocosely alleging my sacred duty as a tutor; but I seldom succeeded in suppressing his risibility.” Lord Cuninghame’s recollections both of Campbell’s scholarship, of his earnest attention to his pupils, of his oratory—for he now became a speaker at debating clubs—and of the impression made on him by the purity and elevation of his young tutor’s sentiments, are distinct, and are communicated in a pleasing extract from what we

presume to be a letter to Dr. Beattie.

In this, as in former sessions, Campbell carried away several prizes, chiefly for verse translations from the Greek poets. At the end of the session he went to Argyleshire as domestic tutor to Sir William Napier. His duties as tutor occupied but a small part of his time, and he tells of time zealously given to the study of jurisprudence. His friend, Hamilton Paul, was living at Inverary, and frequent meetings and frequent correspondence took place between them.

The scenery of the Highlands impressed itself on Campbell’s mind; and indeed, but for his residence there at this period of life, it seems to us unlikely that he would ever have become, in any high sense of the word—that is, in any sense of it—a poet. Not merely were the subjects of many of the poems that have done most to fix him in the affections of a large class of his admirers suggested by the region in which he then lived, but it was actually one of the very few periods of his life in which there was any time for that communion with his own spirit, the habitual exercise of which is, above all things, the distinguishing characteristic of the true poet.

The scenery round the farm-house of “*Downie*,” where the poet resided, was, in the words of Dr. Beattie, “a fit nursery for a youthful poet, where everything around him fostered a passion for song, enriched his imagination, and peopled his solitude with the beings of an ideal world. Here it was his custom to saunter for hours together, reciting, as he went, dramatic stanzas from the ‘*Medea*,’ or giving vent to some fresh inspirations; and might it not be in some of his wanderings among these haunted rocks and glens that the interview between Lochiel and the wizard first presented itself to his mind? Few better scenes could have been found.”

We wish that we had room for an account of the place by the Rev. Thomas Wright, who succeeded the poet, if we understand Dr. Beattie rightly, in the office of educating his pupil. We must make room for a sentence:—

“On approaching the house of *Downie*, the visitor will remark a small wing

attached to its western side, known by the name of the 'Bachelor.' It is entered by an internal wooden staircase, and consists of a small apartment with one window, and a recess of sufficient dimensions to contain a bed. That room was at once the private study, the class-room, and dormitory of the poet. From the front door of the house itself you step at once into a small garden, with a few fruit-trees in it; and along its outer, or western side, runs a narrow and rudely-formed pathway, leading to a small landing-place on the beach—often trod by Campbell—where a boat, such as is commonly employed by Highland families, was usually fixed. One of the most favourite diversions, in which the poet often took a share, was that of launching the boat, when, in particular states of the tide, the bay was visited by immense shoals of fish, that exceeded all powers of calculation, or even thought. Another of the poet's amusements was the launch of the boat every Saturday, that we might proceed to a small island, a little farther south, in order, by mere swiftness of foot and power of hand, to lay hold of a sheep, which, along with barley scones, cream, butter and eggs, and home-made cheese, was to keep the house in food for the ensuing week."—Vol. i. p. 181–3.

When Campbell returned to Glasgow, it became necessary for him to think of some profession by which he could live. He had for a while thought of medicine, but his health was affected by the dissecting-room, and this was given up almost without a trial. During his third college session he had walked to Edinburgh, to hear the trial of Gerald. The laws of Scotland punished sedition with transportation. But as in England fine and imprisonment was the extreme measure of punishment, it was regarded as absolute injustice to deal to Gerald and his associates the severer penalty. Gerald defended himself. His speech was one of stirring eloquence, and Campbell returned home an orator and a patriot. His temper became gloomy and abstracted; he separated himself from his former companions. He had been always fond of debating societies; but now he frequented them more assiduously; he declaimed in fervent language against every institution of society; his family feared the approach of actual insanity; but the fever of excitement passed away, and Campbell seemed for a while to think of the bar as a profession.

During his residence in the Highlands, for the two summers that he was doing *tutor*, he all along thought of the bar as his future destination; and now, after passing a little time with his parents, he again made his way to Edinburgh, thinking "to combine law and literature"—to give part of his days to attendance on professional lectures, and the rest to the booksellers.

His first visit in Edinburgh was to his pupil, Cuninghame. Cuninghame was preparing for the bar, and, according to the then system of education, was working in the office of a writer to the signet. Campbell told him his object, and Cuninghame obtained employment for him as a writing clerk in the office of some acquaintance. He soon found an opportunity of being introduced to Dr. Anderson, the editor of the "British Poets," and Anderson, who was pleased with some specimens of his poems, recommended him to Mundell, an eminent bookseller. Mundell employed him to prepare an abridgment of Bryan Edwards' "West Indies," and gave him twenty guineas for the work.

We have the opportunity of giving a few sentences from an unpublished essay read at the Royal Irish Academy by our distinguished friend, Doctor Drummond, who met Campbell at Glasgow, where they were students at the same time—Campbell, however, being on the eve of his departure at the time that Dr. Drummond commenced his studies:

"There were a number of students from Ireland at Glasgow, among whom Campbell was a favourite—the more so as he felt for some of them a particular friendship, and participated in what were then the popular political feelings of Irishmen prior to the insurrection of 1798."

Dr. Drummond mentions the prize obtained by Campbell for poetical exercises, and communicates some information not to be found in Beattie's book—

"Campbell had the honour of reading some of them aloud in the common hall, at the delivery of prizes, on the 1st of May 1796. During the session, he had been assistant in their studies to the two eldest sons of Mr. Kennedy, of Cultra, near Belfast, and to Samuel Allen, of Larny; afterwards Dr. Allen, of the lower part of the county of Antrim.

"Having finished his studies in Glas

now, he went to Edinburgh in quest of literary occupation. There he was introduced to Dr. Robert Anderson. To him Campbell presented some lines on the subject of Hope; he thought the subject worthy of being amplified into a poem of loftier aims and pretensions. The result was the 'Pleasures of Hope.'

"He gave the copyright to a bookseller for a trifle. The work ran speedily through two editions. A superior edition was then published by subscription for the author's benefit. In connexion with this topic, Dr. Anderson told me an incident characteristic of Campbell's independent spirit. The Earl of Buchan had subscribed for ten or twenty copies, and sent to Campbell his subscription, not intending that more than one copy should be sent to him in lieu of the whole number. Campbell expressed great indignation that he should be supposed to receive money without returning an equivalent, and sent the whole number for which the earl had subscribed."

Anderson's own reputation was involved in the success of the "Pleasures of Hope." He had been everywhere announcing the advent of a great poet, and to have his predictions falsified would not do; poor Campbell was harassed by him till every line was elaborated into something that satisfied Anderson's ear or mind. Dr. Beattie has given us the opportunity of comparing the opening of the poem, as it now stands, with the comparatively rude structure of the entrance, as planned by its architect. The original manuscript is in the possession of a gentleman in Edinburgh, and as it consists of but four hundred lines, we hope curiosity may be gratified by its publication. Changes can scarcely be made in any composition without introducing some obscurity. The author's mind is more intent on inweaving something new, than on expanding or illustrating what he had before written. However skilfully the additions are made, the inserted passages are connected by arbitrary or artificial links of connexion. In works of the strictest and closest reasoning this is the case; so much so that in many paragraphs of "Butler's Analogy" the

author's meaning has been rendered doubtful by his alterations of the text, and is in some important particulars fixed only by collation with the original edition.* How much more must this be the case with a poem?

Of the uncertainty of local traditions we have a striking instance given us here. The first lines of the "Pleasures of Hope" were said to be written in the Highlands, and a scene shown to Dr. Beattie as the original of the landscape with which that poem opens. This was not impossible. There was nothing for a while to contradict it. One hill may be very unlike another in nature, but words will not exhibit the difference, and a Highland guide may get a few shillings by leading strangers to whatever place it answers his purpose to connect with the language of a popular poem. The uncontradicted statement is circulated in every part of the empire by the summer visitors of the scene. It is believed by every one of them, and the fable, arising from accidental mistake, or from the tricks of persons interested in bringing strangers to any particular locality, has at once numberless witnesses, every one of whom is speaking truth. A single season is, under circumstances that do not lead to any particular examination, sufficient to establish for ever any legend. An accidental letter of Campbell's disproves the whole Highland story. Writing to the daughter of Stephen Kemble, he says:

"The day that I first met your honoured father was at Henry Siddons', on the Calton Hill in Edinburgh. The scenery of the Frith of Forth was in full view from the house; the time was summer, and the weather peculiarly balmy and beautiful. I was a young, shrinking, bashful creature: my poems were out but a few days. Your dear father praised my work, and quoted the lines—

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,' &c.

looking at the very hills that had suggested the thought."—Vol. i. pp. 257, 258.

The "Pleasures of Hope" became instantly popular. It had its charms,

* A very important part of the value of Professor Fitzgerald's edition of "Butler's Analogy," is that he exhibits the author's alterations of the text in the successive editions.

not alone for the lovers of poetry—for the young, “with whom,” as Wordsworth says, “poetry is a passion,” but for every one. The topics which most engaged public attention—the slave trade, the French Revolution, the partition of Poland, widows burning on funeral piles, and patriots

“Doomed the long isles of Sydney-cove to see,”

were all to be found there, and the marked lines in the “Pleasures of Hope” were the established clap-traps of democratic orators; and this was in the year 1799, when political discussion was the universal business of the empire. The praises of popular books of travels, and of poetry, found a place in a poem, the professed object of which made the introduction of anything whatever not inappropriate. The style, without indicating anything very original in the character of the writer’s mind, was his own. There was a skilful adaptation of popular

models. The cadence of many passages brought back the manner of former poets, never their very language; at least, the word-catchers, who live on syllables, found not a single line, which being from a poem in every one’s hand, was either unconsciously used, or used, as an allusion to the Bible would be used, without the author for a moment thinking of any one being misled into the supposition that he was claiming as his own the property of another. The effect of the passage is improved to those acquainted with the source from which it is taken. An instance, in which the beauty of the passage is increased by such allusion, occurs in Campbell’s “Ode to Kemble on leaving the Stage.” Campbell has in no way indicated the allusion, nor do we know that it has ever been pointed out, but surely to suppose the allusion meant by the poet is to heighten the effect of the passage. But let the reader judge:—

“High were the task—too high—
Ye conscious bosoms here,
In words to paint your memory
Of Kemble and of Lear.
But who forgets that white discrowned head—
Those bursts of reason’s half-extinguished glare—
Those tears upon Cordelia’s bosom shed,
In doubt more touching than despair,
If ’twas reality he felt?”

No inverted commas distinguish any of the words in this passage. It has never been printed with any note. Yet is it possible that Campbell was not thinking of Charles the First’s lines, written during his imprisonment, in which he speaks of “his white discrowned head?” Suppose the allusion, which elevates the passage into the highest rank of imaginative poetry, not present to the poet’s mind, and the passage becomes one ordinary in its conception—a mere account of a theatrical scene, not unhappily expressed,

“There are a thousand such elsewhere,
As worthy of your wonder.”

This is a case in which we think the poet would have been wise to have forced the allusion—supposing it intended by him—on the attention of his readers, by distinguishing the borrowed words by inverted commas.

In the second or third edition of the

poem a passage of great beauty was introduced:—

“Oh, deep enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes.”

The passage in the first part, beginning—

“Angel of life, thy glittering wings explore
Earth’s loveliest bounds and ocean’s wildest shore,”

was set to music.

Campbell was everywhere fêted—at every dinner and every coterie in Edinburgh. Idolatry forgot itself altogether, when his worshippers affirmed their admiration of his poem, “in which there is not”—such was the language of the *Pleasure-worshipper*—“a vulgar line, and not a vulgar word.” How little did these people feel or know that at that very moment a school of poetry was arising in Eng

land, and in Scotland too, which, dealing with the elementary passions of our nature, could not find adequate expression, without violating all these conventionalities and getting rid of the "great vulgar," as well as "the small."

Campbell was honestly indignant at every thing that looked like oppression. The sanguinary penal code of that day shocked him; and the sentiments of such men as Campbell gradually influencing—almost creating—public opinion, aided the Mackintoshes and Romillys in their successful efforts for its mitigation. Godwin's "Caleb Williams" was one of his text-books, which he believed to give a true picture of society in England, and the wrongs which it was possible, under the sanction of the laws, for the wealthy to inflict on the innocent.

It is remembered that "at the Edinburgh *soirées* his favourite song was, 'Ye gentlemen of England,' with the music of which he was particularly struck, and determined to write new words to it. Hence his 'Mariners of England,' part of which, if not all, he is said to have composed after one of these family parties. It was not, however, until after he had retired to Ratisbon," says Dr. Beattie, "and that his patriotism kindled by the announcement of the war with Denmark, that he finished the original sketch, and sent it home to Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*." It must constantly occur, that to the very last moment before publication of a poem, alterations and additions are made—say, that the very incident, which seems to suggest a poem, may, as in this case, be but the occasion which brings before the public thoughts matured within the mind, but till then not finding proper time or place for their actual development or manifestation. Here is a poem that, if you look at the internal evidence, must have been written long years after Campbell's residence in Edinburgh. To fix the date of mental creations of this kind, and to seek to force them into minute accordance with actual fact, to which they are never, and, it is demonstrable, from the nature of the poet's art, can scarcely ever be strictly true—is, in its nature, a mistake. The birth of a poem cannot be, like the birth of a child, or the date of a writ, fixed to a particular moment of time.

We do not shut our eyes to the evidence which would go to get rid of Dr. Beattie's statement of the poem being written in Edinburgh in 1799. We only say, that from the nature of the case, such evidence does not disturb the general fact of the poem being, in every true sense of the word, composed at the time stated by Dr. Beattie. Indeed we think we could prove, that, of almost all the poems sent by Campbell from Germany for publication, in the winter of 1800, or the spring of 1801, there were pre-existing phantoms. But of this hereafter.

We have accounts of the society of Edinburgh in which Campbell found himself; they dwell on the especial kindness of Dugald Stuart, and Scott, and Anderson, when every thing and every body was kind. Still the sale of his poem could not last for ever, and Campbell meditated the invasion of England. He would march to London; he would conquer all obstacles; he would fight for bread—alas! the resolutions came to that,—among its opulent booksellers: but he would first ramble through Germany, and learn what he could of its language and literature. Accident favoured this plan, and in company with his brother Daniel, who was looking for mercantile employment, as a manufacturer at Hamburg—and entrusted, we believe, with the care of two boys, who were going to Ratisbon—Campbell sailed from Leith. Campbell and his young friends remained about eight days at Hamburg, and then left for Ratisbon, *via* Leipsic, and reached the former place on the 21st or 22nd of July. "Mr. Campbell remained some time with us"—we transcribe—not from Dr. Beattie's book, but—from a letter of one of his companions—"at Ratisbon, and then left for Austria. On his return, he again stayed with us some time; but in the interim, as I had been told, he had gone over the battle-field of Hohenlinden. The precise date of his return from Austria I do not recollect; but his stay with us was short, and he left for Scotland."

The author of this letter is under a mistake, in saying that Campbell went over the battle-field of Hohenlinden. If he did, it must have been months before the battle. It is said in Cham-

bers's "Cyclopædia of English Literature," that he witnessed the battle of Hohenlinden from the monastery of St. Jacob's. This is a mistake. Campbell was at Altona at the time the battle was fought. We regret that we have not any opportunity of examining Washington Irving's American edition of Campbell's works, as we find a letter of Campbell's quoted by Dr. Beattie from Washington Irving, on a very natural misinterpretation of which, and a little of American biographic fancy, we believe the whole story built. The passage from Campbell's letter is—"I remember how little I valued the art of painting before I got into the heart of such impressive scenes; but in Germany I would have given anything to have possessed an art capable of conveying ideas inaccessible to speech and writing. Some particular scenes were, indeed, rather overcharged with that degree of the terrific which oversteps the sublime; and I own that my flesh yet creeps at the recollection of spring-wagons and hospitals. But the sight of Ingoldstadt in ruins, or Hohenlinden covered with fire, seven miles in circumference, were spectacles never to be forgotten." This is not, necessarily, Campbell's seeing the battle of Hohenlinden, nor can we say exactly what it is. Dr. Beattie plainly thinks the word did not exist at all in Campbell's letter, and the printer's devil is made bear the blame, how plausibly, let the reader judge. "Hohenlinden is, perhaps, a misprint for *Landshut*, on the Iser, *Leipsheim*, near Gunsberg, or *Donauwert*, where battles and *conflagrations* took place during the summer campaign, the effects of which the poet may have witnessed *after* his arrival on the Danube." There is more confusion, we suspect, in all this, than ever printer's devil was able to create. From these fragments of letters, patched and pieced together as suits "the web-work" of Irving's "story," little can be gathered. Give us any one of Campbell's letters entire, and we can then guess at its interpretation. As it is we assume an unbroken context, and forget how many clauses are omitted that vary or limit the meaning. The change of a tense, the writing "have" for "had," "and" for "but," while it may be quite justifiable and absolutely necessary for the purposes of the narrator of a story, renders his

excerpts of no value whatever, when you wish to use them as evidence of anything not distinctly before the narrator's mind. "When," "where," "to whom," the letter quoted was written, is not communicated. Irving's book, perhaps, explains all. We suppose that the following passage from a letter of Campbell's to his elder brother in Virginia had something to do with the mistake:—

"Never shall time efface from my memory that hour of astonishment and suspended breath, when I stood with the good Monks of St James, to overlook the charge of Klenau's cavalry upon the French under Grenier. We saw the fire given and returned, and heard distinctly the sound of the French *pas de charge* collecting the lines to attack in close column. After three hours, a park of artillery was opened beneath the wall of the Monastery; and several drivers stationed there to convey the wounded in spring-wagons, were killed in our sight."—Vol. i. p. 284.

Thus the monastery of *St. Jacob's* from which he is supposed to have seen the battle of Hohenlinden, will turn out to be the Scottish Convent of St. James at Ratisbon, and the time to have been July, not December, and what is of most moment, and calculated to disturb all deductions from the kind of evidence that broken scraps of letters afford, the word "Hohenlinden," has been introduced, by some person or other in one of the successive transcripts of a passage quoted to serve an immediate purpose, into a letter of Campbell's, or something or other has been omitted from that letter which would qualify the apparent meaning of the passage as it now stands.

Campbell's rambles in the country which were so soon to be the seat of active war, were interrupted by the termination of an armistice that had existed for some months between France and Austria. On the eve of recommencing hostilities, he made his way homeward, stopping for some months at Altona, where he arrived at the close of October, 1800. An engagement with Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, to supply him with short poems for his paper, was among his ways and means, and he set himself down diligently to work. Among the poems first communicated to the public, in what Campbell regarded

made injurious to his reputation, were the "Lines on revisiting a scene in Argyleshire," "The Mariners of England," and "The Exile of Erin." The two latter were given without his name. There was also "The Beech Tree's Petition." There were several others with which, for the most part, his name was given, but which, being loosely thrown together for the mere occasion, have not found a place in his works. "The Mariners of England" and "The Exile of Erin" were cast in moulds already prepared. "*Ye Gentlemen of England, who live at ease*," suggesting the first, and the other being, it would seem, a sentiment and in metre, an imitation of some Irish song, probably that beginning, "*Green were the fields where my forefathers dwell, oh.*"

Campbell remained at Hamburgh, or the neighbourhood, till 1801, busying up any scraps of verse he could find among his papers, combating of cold and rheumatism that would scarce allow him to hold a pen. He returned in March, 1801, passed a few weeks in London, where he was introduced by Perry to many of the Whig literary and political celebrities. After a short stay he returned to Scotland, to find himself on his arrival accused of high treason. The sheriff of Edinburgh was distressed at having to take notice of his arrival at all. "Why would you force yourself on us. Do you not know there is a writ out against you for conspiring with Moreau, when in Austria, and more lately with the Irish in Hamburgh, to lead French forces in Ireland." Campbell was able to get rid of the charge, and he and the sheriff discussed a bottle of claret together before the investigation was supposed to have finally closed. Among the treasonable papers in his trunk, which was examined, the sheriff came across "Ye Mariners of England."

Campbell had meditated a poem called "the Queen of the North," and he and his friends had collected materials for a poem, descriptive of the scenery round Edinburgh, and the stories connected with the place. The subject was ill-conceived, and never executed. It led to some hampering engagements with an Edinburgh bookseller, who advanced him money on the strength of the project. Campbell's father was now dead, and the support of his mother was

mainly thrown on him. A subscription edition of the "Pleasures of Hope" (we believe the second subscription edition) was planned, and Campbell went to Liverpool, where Dr. Currie aided him in every way he could. From Liverpool he went to London. In June, 1802, he writes to Scott and tells him of "Lochiel," which appears to have been written about that time. There are one or two letters of the late Lord Minto about this date. We believe that Campbell was for a while his private secretary. There appear to have been strong feelings of kindliness between them. Campbell lived in his house for a while. From London he paid a second visit to Liverpool (1802). One of Dr. Beattie's correspondents tells of a scene of torture where Campbell was the victim, and Hohenlinden the subject of what is called conversation. "Campbell," said one of the party, "you poets deal in hyperbole, but surely you exceed all license when you say—

'And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.'

If their *flash* was so loud, what must have been the *report*?"

Campbell was fool enough to answer a fool according to his folly; when another of the company interfered—

'Then shook the hills, with thunder
riven!
Then rushed the steed, to battle
driven!'

Oh, what a falling off is there!"

"How could I help it?" said the poet, somewhat moved. "The battle began by a general discharge of artillery along the whole line; and then, amidst the obscurity of the smoke, the cavalry made their attack on the broken ranks of the enemy."

"Well parried; but—

'Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,'
is Milton's."

"Oh, I know to what you allude," said Campbell, sharply—

'Wave,
Your tops, ye pines, in sign of worship,
wave.'

Is that a fault?"

"Well, let that pass; but were

your soldiers buried feet downwards ;
and what was the size of the turfs that
covered them ? for you say—

‘ And every turf beneath his feet
Shall be a soldier’s sepulchre.’ ”

This cruel banter, in which it could not be determined how much was jest, how much was earnest, at last irritated and provoked the poet. He made an effort to leave the room, but seems to have controlled his temper. A lady present said—

“ Come, dear Mr. Campbell, kindly understand and forgive these thoughtless jokers ; had they not prized the poem, it would not have stuck so fast in their memory.”

The hilarity of the evening was not, however, restored.

From Liverpool he returned to London ; and in London and its neighbourhood the rest of his life, with the exception of occasional absences of a few months, and the last half-year at Boulogne, was passed. In September, 1803, he married ; and in the following year, removed, with his wife and eldest son, to Sydenham, from which he rode into town every day ; some fixed engagements with the *Philosophical Magazine* and the *Star* newspaper making a daily visit to London necessary. These engagements gave him £200 a-year ; but the expense of keeping a horse left him but little which he could call his own out of this. What Campbell says of authors, artists, and all persons relying on precarious sources of income, is sadly true, but does not express half the sad truth of this most miserable condition of life.

He worked hard, and he worked well. The “ *Annals of Great Britain* ”—a continuation of Hume and Smollet, three volumes, written for £300—is a very useful compilation, on the accuracy of which—and we have ourselves had frequent occasions to test it—we can, for the most part depend:—

“ Labouring in this way, I contrived to support my mother, and wife, and children. . . . Life became tolerable to me, and, at Sydenham, even agreeable. I had always my town friends to come and partake of my humble fare of a Sunday ; and among my neighbours, I had an elegant society,

among whom I counted sincere friends. It so happened that the dearest friends I had there were thorough *Tories* ; and my *Whiggism* was as steadfast as it still continues to be ; but this acquaintance ripening into friendship, called forth new liberalism in my mind, and possibly also in theirs.”—Vol. ii. 27.

In another affecting letter he says:—

“ ‘ I do not mean to say that we suffered the absolute privations of poverty. But I shall never forget my sensations when I one day received a letter from my eldest brother in America, stating that the casual remittances which he had made to my mother, must now cease, on account of his unfortunate circumstances ; and that I must undertake *alone* the pious duty of supporting our widowed parent. . . . In another affecting passage he says—‘ I had never known in earnest the fear of poverty before ; but it now came upon me like a ruthless fiend. If I were sentenced to live my life over again, and had the power of supplicating adversity to spare me, I would say—Oh, Adversity ! take any other shape ! . . . To meet these pressing demands,’ he adds, ‘ I got literary engagements both in prose and poetry ; but a malady came over me, which put all poetry, and even imaginative prose, out of the question.

“ ‘ Throbbing as my temples were, after sleepless and anxious nights, I was obliged next day to work at such literary labour as I could undertake—that is, at prosaic tasks of compilation, abridgment, or common-place thought, which required little more than the labour of penmanship. . . .

“ ‘ It is always a misfortune for a literary man to have recourse to anonymous writing—let his motives be never so innocent. I wrote on all subjects even including agriculture ; and smile but hear me ; for, odd as it may seem I tell you the truth in saying, that by writing on agriculture, I acquired so much knowledge on the subject as to have been more than once complimented on that knowledge by practical farmers.”—Vol. ii. pp. 27, 28.

In a letter to Sir Walter Scott he communicated the original draft of the naval ode now known by the name of the “ *Battle of the Baltic*.” The first sketch is exceedingly spirited, and contains much worthy of preservation. It ought to be given in any future edition of the poems. In 1805 he was given a pension of £200 a-year, reduced, however, by office fees and the

income tax, to £168. From the first, he divided it with his mother, whose support had now almost entirely fallen on him. The pension was given under Fox's administration, through what distinct interest Campbell never knew.

"Lord Minto's interest," he says, "I know was not wanting; but I hope I may say, without ingratitude to others, that I believe Charles Fox and Lord Holland would have bestowed the boon, without any other intervention."

It was intended by Fox's government to have found some means of employing Campbell in the public service; but Fox died too soon for the purpose. Campbell had no other merit than that which ability and diligence seem to give a man—he had not the talent of sturdy begging; and without this, we suspect that whether Fox had lived or died, the case would have ended as it did, by his having to sell his soul to the printer's devil. The printer's devil—slave and master both—promised him, as in the old stories of conjurors, wealth and fame, and paid him with anxieties and the glitter of fashionable notoriety. A true poet, he was called away from his proper occupation by the business of editing magazines, and writing criticisms for reviews—both of them important avocations, but perhaps better done by men of different talents from Campbell's. The pension was properly bestowed, and at the right time, for Campbell was now but twenty-eight. It ought to have been larger; but it is probable that in this the ministers had no choice. He projected an edition of the British poets in conjunction with Scott. A thousand pounds was asked by Campbell and Scott, and the booksellers refused; they got Chalmers to do a work that answered their purposes, for £300. The booksellers lost, we should think, by not accepting the offer; but literature gained. It was about this time that Scott was beginning to pour forth his great powers, which it is fortunate were not then interrupted. Campbell, too, about this time commenced "*Gertrude of Wyoming*." Doctor Beattie has not given us as much information as we could have wished about Campbell's poetical habits. Where there was such fastidious taste as Campbell's, and such interminable labour of correction as was taken by him be-

fore he submitted anything to the public eye, we wish to be let into his study, and see, if possible the first sketches which have been refined into beauty; but in this we are not assisted by Mr. Beattie.

The subject of his poem was suggested by the task-work in which he was engaged. In the year in which he commenced the poem, he had written an account of the American war, in his "*Annals of Great Britain*." We transcribe a sentence, which gives the argument of his poem:—

"In the month of July, 1778, Colonel Butler, a British agent with the Indians, along with his associate Brandt, a monster, half-Indian, half-European by birth, led out a force of sixteen thousand men against the beautiful settlement of Wyoming, on the slopes of the Susquehanna. Of the whole destructive force, four hundred were native Indians; but the military spirit of these warriors seemed a sufficient lever for the whole mass. The first garrison that fell in the way of these invaders had not the shape of capitulation proposed to them, but were all slaughtered or burnt alive. The whole of this infant settlement, comprehending several townships and fair plantations, the abodes of a peaceful and happy people, rich in their fertile soil, and blest with the finest climate under heaven, was delivered to the fury of the savages. Their women and children were consigned to the sword or to conflagration; and amidst the general destruction, minute cruelties were inflicted on individual sufferers, which it baffles human language sufficiently to paint or to execrate."

The individual portraits in "*Gertrude*," it would appear, were sketched from actual life. Mr. Mayo, a friend of his, resident at Sydenham, was the type of the poet's Albert, the patriarchal judge of his imagined settlement. For this we have the poet's own authority. The Indian chief of half-caste, who makes such a figure in the poem, and who is represented there in the same colours as in the passage we have quoted in the "*Annals*," has been, in the notes to the late edition of "*Gertrude*," summarily dismissed to the realms of fiction. It seems that all the stories about him copied from one volume to another, are without foundation—that he was entirely unconcerned in the particular expedition—that he

was a humane man, and did all he could to soften the horrors of war—and that the statement of his being of mixed blood was an ingredient that seems originally thrown in by some romancer, seeking to heighten the horror, by depriving Brandt, as far as he could, of human sympathy, was altogether unfounded. Fourteen or fifteen years after the publication of the poem, the son of Brandt demanded from Campbell, that he would retract the imputations thus cast upon his parent. He furnished evidence that every part of the statement affecting his father was false; and Campbell in a letter, preserved in “Stone’s Life of Brandt,” and which Beattie ought to have printed, did what he could to undo the mischief, which, though not originating with him, had been clothed by him in the winged words of verse, and thus irrevocably dispersed over the world. Brandt’s name, however, unluckily was one of the rhymes in a complex stanza, and from this position it was impossible to dislodge it. There it will remain as long as the poem of “Gertrude” exists. A note doubtfully repairs the evil. It is a mere accident whether the note is read or not; but more could scarcely be done.

“O’Connor’s Child” was his next poem. “It was,” says Doctor Beattie, suggested by seeing, in his own garden, the flower of *Love lies Bleeding*. It was written during the autumn, finished in December, sent to press in January, and came out with a new edition of ‘Gertrude,’ early in the spring.” It was, of all Campbell’s poems, that which he himself loved the most, and of all his poems it is the most graceful and the most perfect. It is a poem of which the unity arises from the growth and evolution of the primary idea, not from juxtaposition of striking and unconnected images, the great fault of even some of Campbell’s very shortest poems. It would be a delight if we could tell of Campbell perpetually producing new poems; but besides that his “Hippocrene was somewhat drowthy;” besides that he was “a barren rascal,” as Johnson said of Gray, the poor man had to live, and for this he had to work, and his work was for the most part heart-breaking drudgery. To say the truth, he never complains of it, but it was breaking down his health. He was fond of children; and, like

most men he had to bear some affliction in the disappointment of a parent’s hopes. His younger son died—his eldest became so eccentric that mental disease was supposed to exist, and he was obliged to live separately from his father’s family, at an expense that could be ill afforded.

In the next year, the Royal Institution invited him to deliver a course of lectures on poetry. For five lectures they gave him £100. The lectures were printed in the *New Monthly Magazine* in some years afterwards. They were repeated with success in the country; and on the whole, it is probable that they gave Campbell some five or six hundred pounds, besides falling in with the course of study that led to his pleasing volumes of specimens of English poetry.

A day passed with Herschel is recorded:—

“I spent all Sunday with him and his family. His son is a prodigy in science, and fond of poetry, but very unassuming.

“Now, for the old astronomer himself: his simplicity, his kindness, his anecdotes, his readiness to explain, and make perfectly perspicuous too, his own sublime conceptions of the universe, are indescribably charming. He is seventy-six, but fresh and stout; and there he sat, nearest the door, at his friend’s house, alternately smiling at a joke, or contentedly sitting without share or notice in the conversation.

“I was anxious to get from him as many particulars as I could about his interview with Bonaparte. The latter, it was reported, had astonished him by his astronomical knowledge. ‘No,’ he said; ‘the first consul did surprise me by his quickness and versatility on all subjects; but in science he seemed to know little more than any well-educated gentleman; and of astronomy, much less, for instance, than our own king. His general air,’ he said, ‘was something like affecting to know more than he did know.’”—Vol. ii. pp. 234, 235.

In 1814 he visited Paris. Several letters written by him at this time are given; but they might have been withheld without any serious loss. His pecuniary difficulties seem to have increased; and the only course open to him was the doubtful hope of raising a sum of money sufficient for his purposes by delivering lectures at Liverpool. At this time a Highland

cousin of his died, and Campbell was one of his special legatees. "The old man, when giving instructions for his settlement, observed that little Tommy, the poet, ought to have a legacy, because he had been so kind as to give his mother sixty pounds a-year out of his pension."

Campbell brought his friends together pleasantly, at small parties:—

"July 15. How I wish you had been with me on Wednesday last! Crabbe, the venerable old bard, Moore, and I, dined with me! We had a pleasant day. The sky had lowered and rained till they came, and then the sun came out. 'You see,' I said to my friends, 'that Apollo is aware of our meeting.' Crabbe is absolutely delightful—simple as a child, but shrewd, and often good-naturedly reminding you of the best parts of his poetry. He took his wine cheerfully—far from excess."—Vol. ii. pp. 333, 334.

In the course of this year he lectured on poetry, at Liverpool. "One hundred and fifty guineas were guaranteed to him for a course of twelve lectures, by the Royal Institution. Subscriptions increased this to £340; and he received a hundred more for repeating the course at Birmingham, on his way to London."

The following entry is dated February, 26, 1829:—

"February 26.—I preach, as Wesley says in his Diary, to lively and lovely congregations. If I had leisure to recruit myself, I should start to Glasgow with as many hopes of popularity as a lecturer; and a few summer months, I feel confident, will quite rebuild me."—Vol. ii. p. 340.

In 1820, he undertook the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, at five hundred or six hundred a-year; but we find both statements, and cannot determine between them. This occupied him for nine years; and he only left it to assume the editorship of the *Metropolitan*, for a share in the property of which he had been negotiating; and was near losing five hundred pounds by the bankruptcy of one of the persons with whom he was dealing. The institution of the London University was directly owing to Campbell's unwearied exertions. The circumstances which led to his election

as Lord Rector of Glasgow, are recounted by Dr. Beattie, at some length; and he is right in having given them in detail. But as they are matter of fading interest, however gratifying and honourable to Campbell at the moment, we pass them over with mentioning the fact, that he was three times successively elected Lord Rector—an honour almost unexampled.

Campbell was not disposed to make the office of Lord Rector as mere a formality as it had been. His activity in examining into everything—his determination, at first, to take almost a professor's part in the delivery of lectures, and in the direct instruction of the students—was not without its use at the time; though, like the zeal of most inexperienced men, it did some mischief also, and was, we think, in violation not only of the existing practice, but of the theory of the relation that his office should bear to the general body of professors. His plan was to deliver lectures, on some subject of general literature, to the students in the first instance, and afterwards to repeat the lectures, in such places as he could find an audience willing to subscribe for them, and ultimately to print them in the magazines which he edited. It is plain that the professors were right in resisting a plan that could by no possibility be carried out, in any consistency with proper regard for the conventional dignity of his office. Indeed, with all our admiration of Campbell, we wish that, instead of having been appointed Lord Rector of Glasgow, some professorship had been found for him, in the performance of the duties of which he might have found proper exercise for his talents, and such release from pressing anxieties as might leave him not without occasional leisure to obey the impulse of his own peculiar genius. It would not have required, we should think, much exertion to have accomplished this; and not for Campbell's sake, but for that of the country, it ought to have been done. Scott alone seems to have thought of such an arrangement for him. But Scott was almost alone in being both a wise and a generous man.

The enthusiasm which existed for him among the students was, above all things, calculated to delight Campbell; but in Glasgow, his birth-place, that enthusiasm descended to a class

lower than the students. Whoever could read had read the "Pleasures of Hope"—whoever could hear had heard the "Mariners of England" and the "Wounded Hussar." A working painter was looking from the upper window of the University hall, while the Lord Rector was addressing the young men. "Is that the author of the poems?—I should like to speak to him," was his thought; but how to accomplish it. When the address was over he came up to him—"I beg your pardon, Maister Cawmell, there's some drops of pent faun down above ye from the upper windows, and I'm feared it'll spoil your coat; I would tak it out with this drop o' turpentine." Campbell found him an exceedingly intelligent man; and, while in Glasgow, frequently conversed with him on everything likely to be important to the working classes. This was of moment in many ways; in none more than in the office of grand juryman—a sort of magisterial, almost judicial, duty, cast on the Lord Rector, and which involved a vote on questions of life and death.

We do not understand the Polish question; nor, it seems to us, did Campbell—at least he has not rendered it intelligible to others. A few lines in the "Pleasures of Hope" made him a sort of Polish patriot. At an early period of his literary life, these lines interfered with his appointment to some office connected with a Russian University, and what we will not say was worse; for the Russian professorship might have ended in banishment to Siberia. They now made him chairman of the Polish Association; and thus connected him, in a way that tried his temper and his purse severely, with a knot of discontented, restless, and unemployed men—disconnected with all the ordinary relations of society, and, whatever might be the abstract justice of their cause, exceedingly rum customers. We believe that they were audacious enough—a bold thing in foreigners—to say, that Campbell's verses about Warsaw were the finest things ever written; and poor Campbell did what he could to keep up his own frenzy-fever of adopted patriotism.

In 1831, we find him at St. Leonard's. Health, which had been sinking, was gradually restored; and the spirit of poetry, which had been slum-

bering for years, again awoke. He was also busy with his "Life of Mrs. Siddons." Of his life at St. Leonard's, the best account is Dr. Madden's, given by Beattie, but too long for us to extract. Madden appears to have feared actual insanity for Campbell, when the news arrived of Warsaw having been taken. "If I had been told that any man could have been similarly affected by the news of any political event or catastrophe, I would not have believed it. . . . It was stupefying grief for the loss of a beloved object in which all his hopes centered. . . . He threw himself, heart and soul, into the cause; he identified all his feelings—nay, his very being with it. Well might Dr. Madden fear insanity."

Philo-Polish enthusiasm, however, is not a passion made to last; and at St. Leonard's there seems to have been fun enough at times. Madden has his stories of United Irishmen, and they were not always of the raw-head-and-bloody-bones class. He had his stories, too, of general Irish society, and Campbell was amused by what he amused thousands of the readers of "Ireland Sixty Years Ago"—an unambitious volume, that does more to make us acquainted with our fathers than much that is called history. Madden told of Curran and the Monks of the Screw, of which whoever wishes to know, let him read Curran's *Life of his Father*—the very best book of the history of Ireland that we have. The "Monks of the Order of St. Patrick, commonly called the Monks of the Screw," was a social club formed under the auspices of Lord Avonmore in the year 1779. It had its professors and its lay brothers. It was partly political, partly convivial; and "it was composed," says Curran's biographer, writing in 1819, "of men such as Ireland could not easily assemble now"—how much less easily in 1849. Campbell got into the highest spirit. He would have his "Monks of St. Leonard's;" and there were a few pleasant tavern dinners under the name. One after one, however, dropped off, and at last it degenerated into a whist club.

When Campbell's health became somewhat restored, he projected work on ancient geography. He would speak, too, "of writing a poem worthy of his early fame." These are Beattie's words, not Campbell's. He

went to Paris, and spoke of going to Italy. Accident and caprice varied his route, and he went to Algiers and Oran.

We wish we had room for some of his letters from Algiers. They are spiritedly written; but they have been, as the substance of them has been, long before the public. His heart, however, was at home; and we have letters about a new edition of his poems, and about some arrangements for printing his African travels, in the *New Monthly Magazine*. Wherever he went he heard the clanking of the chain that was connected with his writing-desk and his miserable trade. He had to return home, and he visited Scotland. The visit was a triumph; for he was everywhere cheerfully, enthusiastically received. He had more of dinners, public and private, than could be good for any one. At the public dinners he sometimes escaped a speech; but it was at the expense of exhibiting to guests assembled to honour him, that there were times and occasions in which the accomplished lecturer and patriot could not conjure up a single image; and at private tables, his power of enjoying a jest, or contributing to enjoyment, was never prolonged beyond an hour or two. In fact, his health was seriously injured; he was rash in venturing beyond the range of the domestic circle. Perhaps it was well that the necessity of earning his day's bread by daily toil, forced him back to his home, to work at some sad life of Petrarch, and prepare prefaces to books to be written by other men. His name to a title-page was something worth purchasing by a fashionable bookseller.

In the winter of 1840, Campbell, who had brought from Scotland the daughter of one of his brothers, to superintend his household, took a new house in Victoria Square, Pimlico. The education of his niece and the furnishing his house gave him for a while sufficient occupation and amusement. During the summer, his health was in anything but a satisfactory state. He would not abide by regimen, and rheumatism was added to other complaints. He had heard

Beattie speak of some of the German baths, and he started very suddenly for Rotterdam.

On his return to London, "The Pilgrim of Glencoe" was published, but people would not read it. Such a few years before had been the fate of "Theodric," which fell dead-born. Campbell in vain endeavoured to obtain a rehearing for "Theodric." It was a decided failure, though we have the high authority of Mr. Craik, that it is the purest of his poems. "'O'Connor's Child,'" says Mr. Craik, "is the most passionate, 'Theodric' the purest, of Campbell's poems."*

Campbell's income and expenditure were seldom well adjusted to each other, and one of the strange things in this biography is the frequency with which unexpected relief came, setting things right by some legacy, or accidental contingency of the kind.

He next set or sold his house at Pimlico. He went to France to inquire about climate and cheapness of residence. He returned and sold some of his books, and wrote his name in such as he wished preserved for his niece, and at the close of the year 1843 fixed himself in Boulogne.

He amused himself for a while in endeavouring to arrange and classify his books. It was in vain. The trouble was too great, and the effort was discontinued. He wrote a few letters to his friends, dined now and then with the British consul, but soon found that even this was too much. He turned over maps, and thought he was busy with an undying work on classical geography. He read the papers, and predicted with grave alarm the encreasing power of Russia. He shut himself up at home more and more. At length his answer to all inquiries was, "that he was not well enough to see any one."

His home, however, was not cheerless. His niece, and a friend who resided with them, read to him his favourite authors. He was fond of music, and she played to him. The *Marseillaise* hymn was his great favourite. He had first heard it at Ratisbon, in 1800. He grew worse from day to day; at last Beattie, in alarm,

* Craik's Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England, Vol. vi. 175.

left London for Boulogne. He found his friend dying. At the awful close of life the thought of his father, and of his voice in family prayer, and of the expressive language in which his devotional feelings were clothed, came back to the dying man. His father's prayers seemed to him more like the language of inspiration than anything ever uttered by human lips, except the Liturgy of the Church of England; and during the last days of life the prayers of the Church of England seemed to be his great consolation. "Shall I pray for you," said his niece to him the day before his death. "Oh, yes," he replied, "let us pray for one another."

It is strange the last words he uttered were, "we shall see * * * to-morrow," naming a friend who had died long—long before.

On Saturday, June 15th, 1844, he died without a struggle. On July 3rd he was interred in Westminster Abbey. Great men assembled at that funeral, to honor one of England's true poets. Peel was there, and Lockhart, and Macaulay, and Brougham. Milman headed the procession when it began

to move. Beattie was present, and well expresses the feeling of the moment. "The service for the dead, answered by the deep-toned organ, in sounds like distant thunder, produced an effect of indescribable solemnity."

We have incidentally expressed such admiration of Campbell through this article, that there can be no object in any formal discussion of his particular works, if, indeed, at this moment, we felt ourselves equal to it. Of his poems it is probable that the naval odes will each day rise into even higher estimation, as nothing whatever in our language approaches them in homely earnestness—earnestness so entire as to be absolutely sublime.

Dr. Beattie's book is conceived in the spirit of great affection for Campbell. It has been, we think, too hastily put together, and might be improved by omitting a good many of the letters. It is, however, on the whole, entertaining, and, it is gratifying to feel, that it is calculated to make those who only knew Campbell as a poet, think of him, with whatever infirmities, as a kind-hearted, honorable, and good man:—

"What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews, that heavens far distant weep,
Their turf may bloom;
Or genii twine, beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

"But strew his ashes to the wind,
Whose word or voice has served mankind—
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die!"

A.

THE GRAVE.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

(MS. BODL. 343.)

(Death.)

A House was built for thee,
 Ere thou callest dust thy Brother ;—
 A mould was shapen for thee,
 Ere thou camest from thy Mother :—
 Its height is not known,—
 Its depth is not measured—
 'Tis locked by no stone,
 Till thy bones therein be treasured,
 Until that I bring thee
 Whence thou shalt part never,
 Until that I measure thee
 Thy clay-bed for ever !—
 Thy house is not built high,
 Nor lofty thy chamber,
 Yet therein thou well canst lie,
 Tho' lowly that chamber ;—
 Its sideways are lowly—
 Its heelways are narrow,
 Yet therein thou well canst lie
 In that dim house of sorrow.
 The roof is built over thee
 To thy breast full nigh : wearily
 There shalt thou dwell, in cold,
 Darkly, and drearily.—
 Doorless is that dread House—
 Darkness dwells in it.
Death keeps, for aye, the key—
 Fast art thou bound in it—
 Loathly is that Earth-House,
 And grimmet to dwell in—
 The worms shall divide thee,
 Yet thou shalt dwell therein—
 There shalt thou yet be laid—
 And leave thy friends near thee.
 Thou hast no friends :—afraid
 They'll never come near thee,
 To ask how it liketh thee,
 That dim house of sorrow,
 Or ope the door, to ask for thee,
 After to-morrow.—
 For soon thou growest loathly,
 And hateful to look upon,
 And soon from thy forehead
 Thy locks fall one by one,—
 From thy ringlets their fairness
 Is scattered, no finger
 Shall pass through their smoothness :—
 None near thee shall linger.

M. S. J.

TASSO AT ST. ONOFRIO.

The vesper hymn was sung, and from the height
 Of St. Onofrio's convent you might see
 Eternal Rome all sleeping in that light
 Of transient and mysterious purity,
 Which, like the tender farewell of the sun,
 Lingers o'er nature when the day is done.

From the high terrace leant a lonely man,
 Whose eye pursued the parting gleam of day;
 His frame was weak—his sunken cheek was wan:
 But as he gazed upon the fading ray,
 A flush passed o'er his brow, and something there
 Told of young hope still struggling with despair.

Oh, Leonora's lover! yet for thee
 Nature hath charms, for she hath ever been
 Thy friend, even in thy long captivity;
 Gilding the saddest hour, the darkest scene.
 Yes! though the cold world from its victim fled,
 The sunbeam ne'er forsook thy lonely bed.

That sunbeam was thy refuge from despair,
 When reason all but fled—when love was o'er;
 Still, still that beam from Heaven descended there,
 And soothed thy spirit yet to hope once more,
 And lighted up a temple in thy mind,
 When Genius mocked at Fate, and dwelt enshrined.

Genius! oh, what Genius! how thy cell
 Within its narrow precincts held a world!
 What radiant shapes obeyed thy magic spell,
 Crowding around the banner there unfurled;
 And still hope promised as she led them on,
 That grieved Italia yet would claim her son.

That time is come—a few short feverish hours,
 And on thy furrowed brow shall rest her crown.
 Oh! may not life renew its withered flowers,
 And thy declining years in peace go down.
 Enough of bitterness has been thy fate;
 Say not that reparation comes too late.

The sun had set when Tasso turned away,
 And bent his steps to St. Onofrio's hall.
 The sun came forth, all jocund with the day;
 But Tasso answered not to morning's call.
 At noon of night his broken spirit fled.
 Oh, Rome! thy laurel crown is for the dead!

FRANCE—THE INAUGURATION OF 1849.

BY KAPPA.

THE year 1848, destined to be memorable in future annals, has closed, and the curtain has dropped on the first act of the portentous political drama now performing in France. It has risen again on the second act, and discovered new characters on the stage about to develop a series of new and startling incidents. Never was the adage, that "Truth is more wonderful than fiction," so completely realised as at present in France.

In the rapid sketch of the events of the past year, which was presented to our readers last month, the press closed upon us at the moment of the *denouement*, and when the characters, so to speak, were about to assume their positions in the *tableau vivant*, upon which, illuminated by white fire, the curtain was to drop.

Let us resume, for a moment, the incidents with which we were then occupied.

The presidential election was what journalists have agreed to designate as a "great fact." It was also, like many other "great facts" of the past year, unexpected.

Prince Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon, the prisoner of Ham, and the adventurer of Strasbourg and Boulogne, was elected President by above six millions of votes. Let us see what actual proportion these suffrages bear to the entire constituency of France, under the conditions of universal suffrage, as defined by the constitution.

The population of France may, in round numbers, be stated at thirty-four millions; of these, seventeen millions are of the male sex. By the tables of the duration of life, so accurately kept and officially published in France, it follows, that of those seventeen millions of males, not less than eight millions die before attaining the age of twenty-one years. There remain, therefore, about nine millions of voters qualified by age. But of these, a certain proportion, more or less, are

disqualified by various causes—such as sickness, absence from their legal domicile, imprisonment, condemnation for offences, &c. We may therefore assume the number of persons in a condition to deliver their votes at about eight and a-half millions. Of this number, seven and a-half millions actually voted in the last election for the President. Of these seven and a-half millions, half a-million, or one in fifteen, voted for one or other of the candidates who represented the ultra-democratic party. Seven millions of votes were divided among the moderate candidates, that is to say, those men who would have opposed all subversive doctrines, such as those of Communism and Socialism, and all tendencies towards red republicanism and ultra-democracy.

These candidates consisted of two classes—the first was represented solely by Prince Louis Napoleon, impersonating the reaction, the success of whom must necessarily be a solemn protestation against the Revolution of February.

The other candidates, such as General Cavaignac and M. de Lamartine, represented those who accepted the Revolution as the instrument by which a moderate republic could be permanently established. It appears, then, that of the seven millions of votes the latter party had divided among them about one million, and six millions declared for the reaction in the person of Prince Louis Bonaparte.

These are facts which it is impossible either to evade or explain. Nothing can be more conclusive as to the state of opinion in France. Six-sevenths of the constituency are against the Revolution, but they are also adverse to a counter-revolution to be effected by armed force. They are partisans of order, and they hope, by legal means, to bring about another change. A portion of them, although adverse to the republican form of government, would not be unwilling to acquiesce in its maintenance, if once confidence

could be restored, and order permanently maintained.

Many who think this to be impracticable conceive, nevertheless, that it will be necessary to give the Republic a fair trial, to convince its partisans of its impracticability; and to accomplish this, they think the reaction must not go on too fast, and that a counter-revolution now would be followed, at no distant time, by other movements similar to that of the 24th February, and equally disastrous to the prosperity and well-being of the country. They say, therefore, let us allow an undoubtedly fair trial to the Republic—let us have a perfect proof, which its most ardent partisans cannot reject, that it is unsuitable to France, and that it cannot be maintained.

Others are more impatient, and refuse to allow the French people to be made the subject of such political empiricism by an insignificant minority. They point to commerce languishing, to the treasury exhausted, to the public credit ruined, to the manufactures paralysed, the warehouses and magazines closed, the harbours empty, and they ask how long this is to be permitted. They compare the tables of the customs and indirect taxes of 1848 with those of 1847, and they find a fearful falling off—a falling off not less in amount than thirty-five per cent. of the total; and contemplating these things, they are filled with indignation at those who would, under any pretexts, permit the continuance of such a system.

If the result of the presidential election was remarkable, it was rendered doubly so by the circumstances under which it took place, and the manner in which it was conducted.

The two real candidates were General Cavaignac and Prince Louis Napoleon, for the others had, evidently from the commencement, not the slightest chance of success. Of these two candidates, the former was the chief of the state, and as such invested, not with the ordinary powers of a responsible monarch, but with little short of the extraordinary powers of a dictator.

His friends and partisans filled all the offices of the state. The provinces swarmed with them. They were found in the capacity of prefects at the head of all the departments; as

sub-prefects, they presided over the arrondissements; and as mayors and adjoints, over the communes. The entire political and administrative machinery of the country was therefore at the disposal of the government which in Paris directed the great movements of the election.

If the personal character of General Cavaignac placed him, in the estimation of many, above the suspicion of using unfair means, the same could not be said of his numerous supporters. Accordingly, proceedings took place in reference to his candidature which the most indulgent could not view without grave censure.

The vast machinery of government to which we have adverted, was used by his subordinates to the most unsparing and unscrupulous extent. There was no department of the public service which was not rendered subservient to his election. Puffing biographies and personal eulogies were printed by millions at the national expense. At the national expense they were distributed through the provinces. Not only were the mail-coaches used for this but special trains were provided for them on the railways, and sent laden with them from day to day. The most foul abuses were practised in the post-office to give circulation to the *brochures*. They were there put under the bands of the newspapers, thus ensuring a circulation, to be obtained by no other means.

These operations were not confined to the fabrication of eulogies and puff on General Cavaignac, but they were directed also to the production of every sort of defamatory and scandalous publication against his opponents. In this the *employés* of the public were actively engaged. These were printed by millions, and circulated through the departments. A host of artists were engaged in inventing and designing caricatures calculated to throw ridicule on Louis Bonaparte. It would, indeed, be endless to enumerate and describe the machinery brought into operation on this occasion, by the fact of the chief of state being himself a candidate for his own continuance in that office. An instance of the audacious extent to which this system was pursued will be fresh in the recollection of every reader.

On Thursday, the 7th December, there appeared in the morning journals the celebrated list of individuals recommended to receive pensions by General Cavaignac. This list contained, as is well known, the families and accomplices of all those who had attempted the life of Louis Philippe. It contained the family of Pepin. It contained the prostitute with whom Fieschi had cohabited, and who afterwards exhibited herself in the Café de la Bourse. It contained a great number of individuals convicted and under punishment for robbery, theft, attempts at assassination, for murder of the National Guard and police, for outrage against religion, and so forth. It contained the names of almost all the editors, sub-editors, and employees, of the *National*, including those of M. Armand Marrast, President of the Assembly; M. Bastide, Minister of Foreign Affairs, &c. &c. This list, was published in the journals on the morning of Thursday the 7th, accompanied by the indignant comments which such an atrocity naturally excited in all well constituted minds. In the regular course, these journals, and the correspondence which such a report would naturally produce, ought to have gone off by the mails which left the post-office at 6, P.M. This, however, did not suit the purpose of the party, and accordingly an order was sent to the post-office to stop the mails.

In the meanwhile, apologetic speeches were made in the Assembly on the subject by General Cavaignac and M. Senard, both of whom signed the obnoxious project. These speeches were instantly put into the hands of a great number of the chief printers in Paris, who were ordered to use all the power at their disposal to print them off against night. Millions of them were accordingly printed by 11 o'clock, P.M., when they were brought to the post-office, and the *malles postées* literally loaded with them, inside and out, to the exclusion of passengers. It was asserted that a large portion of the journals hostile to General Cavaignac were purposely left behind, and not forwarded until the following day. Thus the whole correspondence of France was stopped for six hours, in the personal interests of the chief of the

executive. Merchants were left without their orders and remittances, and the whole machinery of commerce was brought to a dead lock. But this was neither all nor the worst; alarm was spread over the country, and rumours were circulated in the departments, that Paris was again in revolution: another 24th of June was expected, and the departments were ready to march on the capital.

Another advantage to the government candidate was adroitly gained by this manœuvre. An *emeute*, at that moment, would have been the almost certain means of General Cavaignac's being again declared Dictator. The public were not yet prepared to replace him by another, and thus, by a lucky *coup-de-main* occurring at the moment of the election, he might have leaped into the presidential chair by a surprise, just as Louis Philippe was hurled from his throne in February. All this, and other like contingencies, were calculated, and means prepared, to take advantage of them as they might occur.

Familiar as we are with the system of public administration which prevails in the United Kingdom, it is difficult to convey to an English reader the immense power which the executive government in France can exercise, to produce any desired effect through the departments.

France consists of eighty-six departments, corresponding nearly with the English counties; over each department there presides a governor, called a Prefect, who is the nominee and local representative of the head of the state, and who can be, and is, removable at the will and pleasure of the government, without reason assigned. Each department is divided into a certain number of *arrondissements*, from three to seven, according to its extent and population. Each of these *arrondissements* is governed by a Sub-Prefect, who is also the nominee of the Executive Government, and removable at pleasure. Each *arrondissement* is divided into cantons, varying in number again according to the population; and each canton is divided into communes. Thus the 86 departments are divided into 363 *arrondissements*, which are subdivided into 2,846 cantons, and are again subdivided into 37,040 communes. In

all this chain of administration, the central government, at Paris, is represented by functionaries presiding over, and directly influencing the local population. All of these functionaries, from the Prefect of the Department to the lowest beadle of the canton, derive their appointments, their authority, and their emoluments, from the executive of Paris, by whom they may be severally removed and dismissed at pleasure.

By means of the central bureaux, therefore, of Paris, government can, by a single mail, transmit its orders, through the Prefects of Departments, to the lowest functionary of the communes and cantons. All these functionaries, during the late election, derived the breath of their nostrils from the Hotel of the Rue de Varennes. General Cavaignac was to them what Louis Philippe was before the Revolution.

Such was the machinery worked by the partisans of General Cavaignac, during the presidential election, and worked without limit or scruple; and yet so great was the repugnancy of public opinion to this candidateship, that he was not able to obtain more than one vote for every six obtained by his adversary. This adversary was a young man, whose entire life had been spent in exile, and who was deprived of all opportunity of influencing public opinion personally towards himself.

The two proceedings by which his career was signalised—the affairs of Strasbourg and Boulogne—both operated against him; the latter especially covered him with ridicule—an effect which, in France, it is difficult to withstand. Prince Louis, moreover, was deprived of the means of promoting his candidateship by the ordinary measures adopted in popular elections. He even wanted money. Yet, in the face of all this, he was returned by upwards of six millions of votes against one million given to his opponent.

An analogy is frequently attempted to be established between the great republic of America and that which has just been proclaimed in France.

It is no exaggeration to say, that the government of the United States at present has a much closer analogy to the constitutional monarchy of England, than to the republic about to

be established in France. We say about to be established; because it would be an utter delusion to imagine that, because a paper constitution has been proclaimed through the departments, amidst a mixture of applause, hootings, and hisses—amidst cries of “Vive la Republique,” and “Vive Napoleon,” and “Vive Henri V.,” and “Vive le Comte de Paris,” and “à bas Cavaignac,” “à bas l’Assemblée Nationale”—we say it would be the height of absurdity to affirm that the republic is therefore established. Public opinion is kept down in Paris by 60,000 bayonets in the capital, besides as many more bristling around it. They who desire to overthrow the republic with a view to establish socialism, as well as they who desire to overthrow it with a view to re-erect a throne of one or other of the several pretenders, only bide their time and wait for an opportunity at which, either by the aid of the chamber to be returned by a new election, or by the aid of the army, in which divisions may arise, they may accomplish their purpose.

The sort of persons into whose hands the government of France has fallen, since the Revolution of February, may be conceived by some of the details which have been given in our last number. There are some other particulars of these, however, which are not uninteresting.

M. Recurt, who was previously Minister of the Interior and Minister of Public Works, and who was appointed Prefect of the Seine by General Cavaignac (an office of high importance, being the chief of the municipality of Paris), has been a habitual political conspirator—was a political convict and the intimate friend and family connexion of Pepin, who died on the scaffold with Fieschi, for the horrible attempt, by the infernal machine, on Louis Philippe, his family and suite.

The predilection of Gen. Cavaignac for that party was manifested after he was compelled, by the majority in the Assembly to admit MM. Dufaure and Vivien, of the moderate party, into the ministry. As a counterpoise to this he raised M. Recurt to the Prefecture of the Seine. M. Recurt was included in the national pension list we have already mentioned, for a pension of £20 a-year.

M. Gervais (de Caen), placed in the Prefecture of Police, by General Cavaignac, was also a political conspirator and convict. He was also one of the objects recommended for a pension of £20 a-year.

M. Caussidiere was also a political convict. This individual, in the *emeute* of February, went escorted by the rabble, and accompanied by the notorious Sobrier, to the Prefecture of Police, and took unceremonious possession of it. Self-appointed, these two individuals instantly commenced executing the functions of the office. They at once dismissed the entire *personnel* of the department, and substituted for them a mob of convicts, thieves, and conspirators, their habitual friends and associates. Of these the agents of police were immediately composed. Two guards were formed, composed of the same materials; the one called the Republican Guard, and the other the Montagnards, who did the duty previously performed by that most efficient body, the Municipal Guard, horse and foot. As an external indication of their political faith, these prætorians of communism and socialism wore red sashes and red feathers; and in order to efface the tricolour, the symbol of the moderate republic, abolished all the white from their uniform. They kept, for several months, forcible possession of the Prefecture of Police, and were only expelled from it at last, by an extraordinary force of the army and the National Guard.

Caussidiere and Sobrier, both political convicts, now, however, quarrelled, and a sort of branch prefecture was established by Sobrier in the Rue de Rivoli, in the house facing the angle of the Tuileries formed by the Pavilion Marsan, lately the habitation of the Duchess of Orleans, and the Duke and Duchess of Nemours. This house assumed for a time all the appearance of a castle of banditti. Sentinels of the red guard were accordingly posted at the door, and no one was admitted without a password. Here were hatched the plots of the 17th April, and the 15th May. Here were drawn up and debated on, the decrees for the dissolution of the National Assembly, the re-establishment of the guillotine, and the confiscation of the property of the rich, which

were proposed from the tribune by Barbes, Blanqui, and their associates, on the day of the 15th May.

Caussidiere was succeeded, after his resignation, in consequence of the affair of the 15th May, by M. Ducoux, another red republican, only a shade better than Caussidiere himself.

M. Ducoux, on the accession to office of MM. Dufaure and Vivien, wrote an impertinent letter to General Cavaignac, throwing up his office, in consequence of the appointment of these respectable men. General Cavaignac appointed in his stead M. Gervais (de Caen).

M. Bastide, the late Minister of Foreign Affairs, was originally chief-secretary of M. de Lamartine, and succeeded the latter as minister, upon the appointment of the executive commission, in May. M. Bastide was also a political convict, and was down on the pension-list for twenty pounds a-year. He was a sort of sub-editor, or coadjutor, in the *National*, and is, perhaps, one of the least objectionable among the party who seized upon power after February.

M. Hetzell, the chief secretary of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is, or was lately, a small publisher in the Rue de Richelieu, dealing chiefly in illustrated works.

These were the leading personages in the public administration. It were endless to attempt to go through the minor appointments. There we find swarming all the ignorance, vulgarity, and presumption which could be collected together by sweeping the floors of the bureau and printing-rooms of the *National*.

It has been often asked, and the question has never been answered, why, before the proclamation of the Republic, the French people were not consulted?

It will doubtless seem strange that, while it was deemed essential to leave to the choice of the sovereign people, expressed by universal suffrage, the individual who was to occupy the presidency of the republic, that same sovereign people were never allowed to express their will on the question, whether a republic should be established at all!

After the revolution of February, when existing institutions were dislocated, and the "*personnel*" of the monarchy scattered to the winds, there re-

mained, by universal acknowledgment, no right of sovereignty save in the universal people.

The warmest advocates of democracy would not dare openly to deny the right of that people to choose their form of government. Again and again that minority, who seized on power by a "*coup de main*," were challenged to submit this question to universal suffrage, whether there should be a republic in France or a constitutional monarchy.

They never dared to do this. The republic was proclaimed in February, by those who usurped the power, at the Hotel de Ville, without consulting the country, and without any right to make such a proclamation. It was again proclaimed from the steps of the National Assembly in May, but it was done under the menaces of a mob, collected round the building, whose shouts were heard through its open windows—a mob collected there by the party of the *National*. In a moment of deplorable weakness the newly-convened assembly yielded to a feeling of alarm, and, contrary to their own convictions, allowed the Provisional Government and its partisans again to proclaim the republic. The country, it is true, so far assented to this that it did not rise in insurrection, and compel its representatives to retract.

The cause of this passive assent was the horror of civil war.

Yet, after all, this patience of the outraged people, did not prevent the evil; civil war broke out in June, and the government, who usurped power on 24th February, proclaimed the state of siege on 24th June. Personal liberty was outraged, the domiciles of citizens were violated, the liberty of the press ceased, the agents of power invaded printing-offices, closed their doors, and placed on them the seal of the government. The editors, without trial, or even reason assigned, were seized, and committed to solitary confinement; they were detained for weeks, and at length liberated, as arbitrarily as they had been arrested. General Cavaignac, in the plenitude of his majesty, did not deign even to assign a reason for this, nor has he done so to the present hour.

In the case of *La Presse*, the reason assigned by public opinion was that that journal had been the traditional opponent of the *National*; until

February it had triumphed over its adversary. The *National*, determined that the first act to be executed, in virtue of the dictatorial power conferred on General Cavaignac, should be one of retaliation; and, accordingly, the agents of police were sent to the bureaux of the *Presse*, without notice and without reason, turned the *employés* into the streets, sealed up the doors, and lodged the chief editor in the *conciergerie*. Thus was a journal, which had been established for twelve years, which counted 60,000 subscribers, afforded employment to 900 persons, represented a capital of £100,000, paid to the treasury nearly a million of francs annually—suspended, without trial, and without condemnation; and all this was accomplished merely to satisfy the vengeance of the editor and contributors of a small journal, the number of whose readers, confessedly never amounted to more than about one-sixth part of those of *La Presse*.

The personal bitterness excited by this contest was not slow to produce its fruits. The election took place, as is well known, on the same day for the eighty-six departments, including Corsica and Algeria. The reports of each of these made by the local authorities were returned to Paris, where they were examined, collected and summed up by a committee of the Assembly, appointed to ascertain and report the result. They arrived, of course, at successive intervals, according to the distance; but it immediately became apparent that Prince Louis would be returned by an immense majority.

Much excitement prevailed in the capital. Fears were entertained of Imperialist movement; but to do justice to Prince Louis himself, and those by whose advice he acted, even conceivable discouragement was given to such a measure. The organs of the moderate party, and the friends of the prince himself, loudly and earnestly declared that any such proceeding would gravely compromise his interests.

It would have become the duty of the President of the Assembly, Armand Marrast, and of the chief functionaries of the government, to have proclaimed and installed the President of the Republic with becoming honours and with ceremonials more

less splendid. This would have been a bitter pill to swallow for the *National*, and an expedient was accordingly devised to evade it.

On Wednesday, the 20th of December, Paris being in profound tranquillity, no cause of alarm being apparent, and the returns of several of the departments not having yet arrived, bodies of troops were seen moving, to the surprise of the people, in strong columns, by various routes, towards the Assembly. At three o'clock all the avenues to it were interrupted, and it was invested in the same manner as on the 15th May and the 24th June. Alarm was spread through the capital, and an insurrection was apprehended. It was, however, asserted by those in the immediate neighbourhood of the Assembly that the government had come to a resolution to have the President proclaimed without waiting for the returns of the remaining departments.

At four o'clock, accordingly, the new President was called upon to take the oaths in the tribune, and M. Armand Marrast formally proclaimed him. Prince Louis then delivered a speech which appeared in the journals of the day; and having descended from the tribune, he approached General Cavaignac, who was seated on one of the front benches, and with much apparent gracefulness and cordiality said to him:—

"General, I am proud to succeed a man such as you, and I trust that France will still continue to receive the benefit of your services." The prince then extended his hand to General Cavaignac. The latter, during this address, never rose from his seat, nor showed any disposition to accept the kindness proffered to him. When Prince Louis extended his hand, General Cavaignac put his forefinger into it.

This strange demeanour has been explained by stating that General Cavaignac was taken by surprise on this occasion, and that he was pre-occupied. The general himself, however, does not appear even to have offered any explanation of this curious circumstance.

Prince Louis went out of the Assembly accompanied by one of the vice-presidents, the secretaries, and some of the members. He found his *coupé* waiting for him at the gate

upon the Quai. There was a squadron of cavalry in attendance with General Changarnier, Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard, and his staff. They escorted the new President over the bridge, through the Place de la Concorde to the Palace of the Elysée Bourbon in the Champs Elysées, which was assigned him as his residence by the Assembly. Such was the indecent haste with which this proceeding was executed, that there was not a room in the palace prepared for his reception on his arrival, and it was with difficulty arrangements were made for the accommodation of the cabinet council which was held in the evening. The palace was filled with carpenters, upholsterers, and painters, employed in preparing it for the President.

The ostensible motive of this proceeding was to avoid dangerous manifestations, which, it was said, had been concerted for the occasion of the proclamation of the President of the Republic. It was reported that a plot had been discovered to seize the person of Prince Louis on leaving the Assembly, and to carry him in triumph to the Tuileries amidst cries of "Vive l'Empereur." The real motive, however, which was believed to have prompted this unexpected measure, was to deprive the new President of the triumph which the formal ceremonies of his proclamation would give him, and to "smuggle him," as one of the journals of the day said, "like a packet of contraband goods into the palace, and leave him there, amidst carpenters, painters, and other artisans."

The same evening, the former Cabinet having resigned, the new Cabinet was appointed as follows:—

M. Odillon Barrot, representative of the people, Minister of Justice, charged with the Presidency of the Council of Ministers in the absence of the President of the Republic.

M. Drouyn de Lhuys, representative of the people, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

M. Léon de Malleville, representative of the people, Minister of the Interior.

M. Rulhières, General of Division, representative of the people, Minister of War.

M. de Tracy, representative of the people, Minister of the Marine and Colonies.

M. Falloux, representative of the people, Minister of Public Instruction and Worship.

M. Léon Faucher, representative of the people, Minister of Public Works.

M. Bixio, Vice-President of the National Assembly, Minister of Agriculture.

M. Passy (Hippolite), Member of the Institute, Minister of Finances.

The new Government was scarcely formed, when it was in danger of falling to pieces. It is well known that, within three or four days, the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Commerce deserted it. Various explanations of this schism were given. What appeared certain was, that a serious dissent took place between M. Léon de Malleville, Minister of the Interior, and the President. The President addressed a letter to the minister, which caused the immediate resignation of the latter. The minister took the letter to a meeting of his colleagues, which was held at the palace of the Minister of Justice in the Place Vendôme, where he submitted it to them. They resolved collectively to resign, and M. Odillon Barrot proceeded to the Elysée Bourbon with their resignation in his pocket. Prince Louis became alarmed, felt that he had committed a grave indiscretion, expressed his regret at what had happened, and made a gentlemanly apology. Upon this, M. O. Barrot convoked the Ministry at the palace of the President, where the explanations were repeated, and the Ministers withdrew their resignation, and decided on remaining in office.

Later in the day, however, M. Léon de Malleville changed his mind, and resolved definitively to resign, which he did, and was accompanied in this resolution by M. Bixio, Minister of Commerce.

Another meeting of the Cabinet took place in the evening, at which M. Léon Faucher, Minister of Public Works, was transferred to the Interior; M. Lacrosse, Vice-President of the Assembly, was appointed Minister of Public Works; and M. Buffet, a promising young member of the Assembly, was appointed Minister of Commerce.

These were the facts connected with the ministerial crisis, which so inauspiciously signalised the "debut" of the President. Various reports were cir-

culated respecting the real cause of M. de Malleville's resignation. It was said that Prince Louis had required M. de Malleville to countersign the nomination of M. Emile de Nieuwerkerke to the post of "Directeur des beaux Arts"—a place occupied, since the Revolution of February, by M. Charles Blanc, the brother of the well-known Louis Blanc. With this demand M. de Malleville refused to comply.

M. de Nieuwerkerke is a person of distinguished family, and favourably known as an amateur in sculpture. He is well known in the fashionable circles in Paris, where he has been distinguished by the favour and patronage of the Princess Mathilde Demidoff, the daughter of the ex-king Jerome, the Governor of the Invalides, and, consequently, the first cousin of the President. It was understood that the proposed appointment was the consequence of the recommendation of this lady.

Supposing this statement to be true, M. de Malleville has been censured even by his friends for an over degree of scrupulousness in his disinclination to comply with the desire of the President. There was nothing in the character or personal qualifications of M. de Nieuwerkerke which could have rendered the appointment unfit; and beyond these qualifications the Minister of the Interior had no right to look.

It was also said that Prince Louis had demanded of M. de Malleville, to deliver to him certain documents, preserved in the archives of the Ministry of the Interior, relative to the affairs of Strasbourg and Boulogne, in which Prince Louis had figured. Amongst these documents were alleged to be letters, addressed by Prince Louis to King Louis Philippe; and also letters addressed to the Minister of the Interior and the Prefect of Police, from agents employed by the government as spies around the person of the prince, not only to watch and report his movements, but to prompt and stimulate them. Some of these letters, it was said, contained matter proving that M. de Malleville himself, as well as M. Thiers, were directly implicated in the employment of these agents.

It was further stated that, on the other hand, M. de Malleville had pro-

posed a list of nominations to the Prefectures of Departments, for signature, to the President, which nominations the President considered to be of too reactionary a character, and declined to sign.

We give the several reports as they circulated, without pretending to guarantee their accuracy.

It was not long before some further details of this curious affair oozed out. A copy of the letter addressed by Prince Louis to M. de Malleville was, by some means or other, obtained by the editor of a small provincial paper, published at Nantes, called *L'Hermine*. It was published in that journal, and copied immediately into all the journals of Paris, and other parts of France. The following is the letter:—

“Monsieur le Ministre,—I asked the Prefect of Police whether he did not sometimes receive reports on diplomacy. He replied in the affirmative, and that he yesterday sent to you copies of a despatch relating to Italy. These despatches, you know, ought to be directly remitted to me, and I cannot but express to you my dissatisfaction at your delay in communicating them to me. I equally desire that you will send me the sixteen *cartons* (cases) which I have requested from you. I wish to have them on Thursday. (These are the documents relating to the affairs of Strasbourg and Boulogne.) I do not, besides, approve of the Minister of the Interior drawing up articles which relate to me personally. This was not done under Louis Philippe, and ought not to be done now. For several days I have not received any telegraphic despatches. In short, I perceive clearly that the ministers I have appointed wish to treat me as if the famous Constitution of Sièyes was in force, but this I will not suffer. Accept, M. le Ministre, the assurance of my sentiments of high distinction.

“L. N. BONAPARTE.

“P.S.—I have forgotten to say that there are at St. Lazare eighty women in confinement, of whom only one has been brought before the court-martial. Tell me if I have the right of setting them at liberty, for in that case I shall give immediate orders for it.”

Nothing could exceed the excitement which followed the publication of this document. At first its authenticity was doubted. But those who had been rendered cognizant of it were speedily forced to admit that it was textually correct.

It appeared that it was written and dispatched at a late hour on the night of Wednesday, the 27th December; and it was said that the writer, at the moment, was under the excitation of wine. It was contended that the style and language of the letter itself in some degree indicated this. That it was hastily written, and without the deliberation and counsel which usually precedes the dispatch of letters so important, is manifested by the after-thought in the P.S. It will be observed, also, that the writer demanding the delivery of certain documents on *Thursday*, appears to be ignorant, or forgetful, of the day on which he was writing. If we write on Wednesday night, ordering something to be done on the next morning, the phrase used would be different.

Be this as it may, the ministry rigorously discharged their duty. It appeared, from what transpired afterwards, that on the very evening on which Prince Louis was proclaimed President, the first act of M. de Malleville, on entering the Ministry of the Interior, was to place the seals of the state on sixteen boxes, containing the documents relative to the affairs of Boulogne, and to place them securely under lock and key. Such a precaution indicated, on the part of the minister, a conviction of the possibility not only that direct and open efforts might be made, on behalf of the President, to withdraw these documents from the archives of the Interior, but that even furtive means might be resorted to.

On the retirement of M. de Malleville, the same precaution was observed by his successor, M. Leon Faucher, who, as well as M. de Malleville assured the Assembly that the documents had been, and would be, carefully preserved.

Thus the Prince President had scarcely entered upon the exercise of his functions before discordance manifested itself, arising from the undefined powers and responsibilities of the chief of the executive and the ministers. The ministers, in entering upon the exercise of their duties, saw, or desired to see, in the President a constitutional monarch. They wished to realise in him the celebrated maxim of M. Thiers, that the sovereign reigns, but does not govern. They desired to attain the favourite object of the

latter statesman by establishing in France a government of administrative regime, similar to that of England, and thus to reform what was always considered as one of the greatest abuses of Louis Philippe's government. This monarch, like his predecessors, delighted to assume an active part in the affairs of state. He sat himself in person at the cabinet councils, and exercised a direct and important influence in their deliberations. Most of the ministers, since the Revolution of July, submitted to this as a matter of course, recognising in it the political manners of France, and the established habitudes of the old monarchical regime.

M. Thiers was disposed to resist it, and contended that such a mode of government was incompatible with the spirit of a constitutional monarchy. "The sovereign was," he said, "irresponsible, the whole responsibility resting upon his ministers." From this it followed, he contended, that the entire deliberative power should rest with the ministers, as in England, and that the sovereign was merely the agent by which the measures decided on by the ministers were to be carried into effect. Neither the French sovereign, however, nor the French people, understood this; and Louis Philippe's resistance to M. Thiers met with no dissent, either with the public, or with the majority of the Chamber.

It is evident that this old struggle between the chief of the state and his ministers has again broken out, but the friends of the president contend that the present case has no analogy with that of a constitutional monarchy.

In the latter the monarch is irresponsible. In this instance the president is responsible, according to the spirit and the letter of the constitution. Responsibility infers power, and demonstrates the absurdity of the attempt to convert the president into a stuffed figure, to carry into effect the decrees of his ministers, as a mere automaton.

In their attempt, therefore, to refuse to the chief of the state the exercise of definite power, the ministry were clearly wrong. But the ministry itself is also responsible. There is joint responsibility left unfortunately, but ill-defined by the constitution, and conflicts are likely to arise continually

between the chief of the state and his subordinates.

In the Republic of the United States the president, as is well known, exercises a large share of power, but the American republic is a confederation, and the central government at Washington has powers which have but little analogy with the French Republic, one and indivisible.

While the ministers of Louis Napoleon desired that he should reign, but not govern, Louis Napoleon himself insists that he should govern, if he do not reign.

But the conflict of powers which was developed immediately after the proclamation of the President, is not alone between the President and the Cabinet; it is equally between the Cabinet and the Assembly, and between the President and the Assembly. Between these three powers of the state a sort of triangular duel is produced. Two-thirds of the Assembly are opposed to the President; a majority is opposed to the ministry, and tolerate them only because it would be more inconvenient to vote them out; and finally the ministry itself is opposed to the President. Prince Louis is conscious, and cannot be otherwise, that the moderate party into whose embraces he has fallen, would willingly smother the republic, and substitute in its place a regency and the Comte de Paris, or Henri V., with succession to the Comte. He has not forgotten that the journals of this party designated him as a "plank by which the chasm between the republic and monarchy could be crossed;" and rather than suffer himself to be used after this fashion he would ally himself with the sincere republicans—the republicans of the Veille, as they are called—or even with the party of the Mountain.

Such a state of things produced unceasing intrigues during the early part of January. The President had alternate conferences with M. M. Thiers, Molé, Bugeaud, and the members of the cabinet, on the one hand, and M. Marrast and the members of the republican party on the other. It is said that he distinctly stated to the leaders of the moderate party, that he would either have a cabinet composed of the eminent men of the one side or the other; that if the moderate party intended to maintain

themselves in affairs, their chief men must come forward, and assume the responsibilities of the situation; in short, that he would not suffer MM. Molé, and Bugeaud to stand in the "coulisses" of the ministry, attempting the ostensible performance, without exposing themselves to the public approbation or disapprobation; they must come forward, or leave the stage to that party whose members do not shrink from the responsibilities of the state.

At the time these lines are written, this is the situation of affairs. Even the Mountain do not despair of courtship in favour of the President. They think that he may be forced to throw himself upon them, rather than allow himself to be converted into a tool by those who only look to the re-establishment of a constitutional monarchy, not that, not in his own person, but in the person of others.

The conflict prevailing between the powers of the state has raised the question of the dissolution of the Assembly. No existing body, save itself, has the power of pronouncing its dissolution. Its powers, being those of a constituent assembly, are without limit. It is concurrent with the President, whose powers are defined by the constitution it has made. The question, then, is, how can these two powers, derived from the same source—universal suffrage—be brought into harmony with each other? It is concluded that the Assembly must continue in session until it shall pass the organic laws; but the laws which it has designated would require, at least, six years for their completion, and the dissolution of the actual Assembly would be postponed indefinitely, and the present discordance between the powers of the state perpetuated. Under these circumstances, petitions and remonstrances are pouring in from the departments, for an immediate speedy dissolution. Resolutions of the Councils General were adopted to the like effect; and it was even supposed that a "coup d'Etat," or a manifestation by the National Guards, might have been resorted to, to bring about the termination of the Assembly.

The reluctance of the Assembly to involve itself will be readily understood when it is stated, that not more than one-third of its members have the least expectation of being re-elected. It follows that six hundred mem-

bers will be turned adrift, who have been, and are now receiving one pound a-day as their salary. For the most part, these individuals are in a situation to render this pecuniary compensation a great object; and they will consent, therefore, to a dissolution only under the pressure of compulsory measures.

Such was the situation of the Assembly and of public opinion on this important question, when on the 12th of January the project of M. Ratteau was submitted to it for its definitive dissolution on the 19th of March.

A short but animated debate took place, in which M. Pierre Bonaparte, the son of the late Prince of Canino, made a furious speech against the dissolution, which was vehemently applauded by the party of the Mountain and the Red Republic.

The Count de Montalembert delivered a speech of more than usual brilliancy and eloquence in favour of the project. This speech was interrupted by the most outrageous insults and uproar from the party of the Mountain. M. O. Barrot closed the debate by an admirable speech in favor of the dissolution, and a division took place, altogether unexpected by any parties, within or without the assembly, by which the project for speedy dissolution was carried by a majority of 400 against 396. The effect of this vote, however, was like the first reading of a bill in the British parliament, merely a sanction of the principle of the measure.

It was considered, however, that this decision would bind the Assembly so as to prevent it from going back on its resolution, and that whatever might be the subsequent proceeding a speedy dissolution had become inevitable.

The resolution above mentioned having been adopted upon a motion made to accept a report presented by a committee against the project of M. Ratteau, it became, in the ordinary routine of parliamentary business, necessary to appoint another committee to frame a report upon the same project of M. Ratteau, in accordance with the resolution of the Assembly. This committee was accordingly appointed in a few days after the adoption of the resolution, and an extraordinary, but not altogether unexpected, result ensued; for the committee thus named was composed of individuals who, with scarcely an ex-

ception, were still more hostile to the project of M. Ratteau, than those who had made the report rejected by the Assembly. To render this parliamentary paradox intelligible, it is necessary to explain here the manner in which these committees are nominated.

The Assembly, consisting of nine hundred members, is divided into fifteen bureaux, each of sixty members. When a committee is appointed to report to the Assembly on any project of law or decree, each bureau names one member by ballot, and the committee thus consists of fifteen members, elected by the bureaux. In the present case, as we have just stated, the fifteen members named in this manner were all known to entertain opinions adverse to the vote of the Assembly, with which their report was expected to be in harmony. Many of them were ultra-Montagnards, and among them was included M. Grevy, who was himself the author of the report which the Assembly had just rejected. It may be asked, then, how it could happen that a committee could be appointed in such entire discordance with the vote of the Assembly, and with public opinion.

The explanation is easy.

The vote delivered by the Assembly was made by open voting, the members voting on the one side, and on the other, knowing that their names would be published in the journals, and would, therefore, become known to their constituents; but the members of the committee were elected in the bureaux by ballot, and the public could have no means of knowing who voted for or against them. The control of public opinion did not operate here, as in the other case, and the majority took this secret means of prolonging the existence of the Assembly, and their own twenty-five francs a-day.

The committee thus appointed have not actually presented their report at the moment we write; but it is perfectly understood that such report will be against fixing any definite date for the dissolution of the Assembly, or taking any step which will indicate a resolution against its indefinite continuance.

This report will be presented to the Assembly, who must adopt one or other of two courses. It must either contradict its vote of the 12th January,

by adopting this report, which will be still more strongly opposed to the project of M. Ratteau than that which it formerly rejected; or it must reject it, and thus place itself in opposition when acting collectively, and by open voting with itself when acting in its bureaux, in the absence of reporters, and by secret voting. It is needless to point out to what extent proceedings of this kind must bring into discredit the constituent Assembly.

The elements of civil war are at this moment fomenting in France: and if some providential incidents do not occur to bring into harmony the conflicting parties which now distract the country, it is difficult to imagine how that greatest of all social and political evils can be averted. The fragments of the republican party, however repulsive they may be to each other, are not so much so as each and all of them are to the partisans of monarchy. The moderate Republicans, the Ultra-Democrats, the Red Republicans, Terrorists, Socialists, and Communists, though more or less reciprocally opposed, will coalesce, and constitute a formidable body, whenever monarchy raises its crest. It is at this moment understood that the advocates for the restoration of monarchy are sanguine in their hopes that the approaching election for the legislative Assembly, to be convoked under the constitution, will produce a body of delegates exhibiting a majority so formidable in favour of the reconstitution of the monarchy, that the Republic must fall. A supposition is even abroad, that the present ministry are conniving at, if not fostering, the reaction.

It is admitted, that if the Republic should fall, the only monarchy which has the least chance of being re-established is the legitimate monarchy represented in the person of Henri V.; yet this is, perhaps, the form in which monarchy would excite the most invincible repugnancy of the democratic party, round which the most intractable and resolute enemies of the Dynasties collect. The Bonapartists have already declared, through their organs of the press, that they would prefer the red republic itself to a restoration.

Notwithstanding the unquestionably large majority in the country which would exult in the establishment of the legitimate throne, with a succes-

tion to the Comte de Paris, yet the minority, which could oppose this even by force of arms, is sufficiently strong, and more than sufficiently obstinate, to produce a civil war, the end of which it would be difficult to foresee. The position and circumstances of this minority give it a strength of which limited numbers would deprive it. It is collected in masses in the capital and in the great towns. It is organized in societies and clubs, which maintain communications with each other, such as to ensure unity of action. On the other hand, the far more numerous body which would support monarchy, is scattered over the surface of France, and placed more especially in the rural districts. The co-operation is excluded by this circumstance. It is difficult to imagine any combination more favourable to civil war. If the central government of Paris should pass into the hands of the Republican party, with whom all the ultra-democrats of every shade would then coalesce, the departments would rise in insurrection, and the country would march upon the towns. If, on the other hand, the government should be retained by the moderate party, with its known predilections for monarchy, how is it to rid itself of the engagements it has already contracted to the Republic? These are difficulties which chance and circumstances alone can solve—chance and circumstances, which have already produced so extraordinary a series of events since the 24th of February.

One of the last acts of the government at the moment we write has been the presentation of a list of three candidates for the vice-Presidency of the Republic to the Assembly. The constitution, with a view to share the power of choice between the Assembly and the President, has decided that the President shall select three names, and that from these three the Assembly shall choose one to be vice-President. The framers of the constitution had a more shortsightedness than it is possible to conceive them to have had, they ought to have foreseen the practical consequences of this disposition. The President and his government will, and will always have, a decided preference for some individual to fill the important office of Vice-President. They will select naturally three names such that the rejection of two of them by the Assembly will be cer-

tain, and, consequently that the election of the third will be secured. The President has presented to the Assembly General Baraguay d' Hilliers, M. Boulay (de la Meurthe), and M. Vivien—notoriously with the view that M. Vivien should be elected. The moment M. Leon Faucher, as Minister of the Interior, announced these three names to the Assembly, the two first were received with an explosion of laughter and indignation. The trick of the government—for so it must be called—was perceived at a glance, and the Assembly was indignant at finding itself thus stripped by a “ruse” of that option which the framers of the constitution intended to confer upon it. But the “imprevu” which, as we have formerly stated, has played so prominent a part in all the scenes of this great political drama, has re-appeared in this present incident of the vice-presidency; and the Assembly, as if to defeat the trick intended to be played upon them, have resolved not to elect the candidate whose election the government considered would be inevitable; and by a sort of mockery of respect for the President, they resolved in their clubs, which are notoriously hostile to him, to give their votes to the first upon the list, on the ironical pretext that it must be presumable that the first name was that to which he himself gave his personal preference. Whatever be the motive which has prompted the Assembly, they gave a majority of their suffrages on the 20th January, to M. Boulay (de la Meurthe) as Vice-President; but at the same time, as it were to neutralize this, refused to allow him the salary of 60,000 francs a-year, recommended by the committee of finances, and reduced it to 48,000 francs, the salary of the cabinet ministers.

The position which the magnates of the political world have assumed in relation to the Republic and its president has excited lively reclamation on the part of those who desire to sustain the Republic. The Prince, say they, is surrounded by men who lavish upon him their advice, but refuse to him their direct and ostensible support. In pressing around him, they have isolated rather than assisted him, and their whole object is to transform him into a responsible agent, to do that which they are unwilling to execute themselves, and to render him in their

hands a mere instrument of rule. But this, they contend, is not all. If their tendencies, openly declared in the language of their journals, are to be credited, they do not content themselves with this convenient and irresponsible domination exercised in the name of Napoleon. They consider the government as a mere instrument of transition, and their conduct betrays their unavowed object. They are willing to entangle in the net-work of their counsels the President, so completely as to deprive him of all freedom of action; but they are not willing to serve him politically, and in official positions, because to serve the President of the Republic would involve them in irrevocable engagements, and pledge them to the principle of that form of government. They are willing to make Prince Louis their minister, but are not willing to be his ministers.

—The Monarchical party hopes, as the Republicans affirm, by the favour of these oscillations, more or less prolonged, which always follow great revolutions, to gain the preponderance of which it has been deprived; and the men of this principle intend, they say, to make an involuntary auxiliary of the very men to whom universal suffrage has delegated one of the functions of national sovereignty. The two monarchies, legitimate and *quasi*-legitimate, so decidedly antagonistic formerly by their conflicting interests, and by their reciprocal hatred and contempt, have coalesced to effect one common victory, reserving the prize to be afterwards contested between them.

“Thus,” say the Republicans, “it is impossible not to perceive how the Monarchists of every shade and of every dynasty crowd round the President, and compel him to play, in spite of himself, the part ‘d’un Monck malgré lui.’ These smooth-tongued conspirators, these insidious adulators, who flatter the man and abhor the principle which he personifies, are to be met with in every corner of his salons and those of his ministers. These it is that were lately seen in a soiree which was given to him ‘la fleur des pois’—it is true, a little faded by time, a little battered by political storms of legitimism and *quasi*-legitimism. There the President could reckon around him the quartermasters of the Monarchical party. The salons of M. de Falcoux (Minister of Public Instruc-

sion) were, in fact, the first halting-place of that party which was supposed to have definitively emigrated with the two royal races driven out by popular sovereignty, and the enthusiasts hope that a second station will soon be found, from whence the next step will be the Tuileries.

“These salons,” continue the Republicans, “are a kind of court by anticipation, where homage is paid to the absent and hoped-for idol.

“Let the President of the Republic reflect (continue they), that he owes all his power to the people. His whole power is in the principle he represents, and has no other basis than that imprescriptible, that inalienable sovereignty of the people, that his friends of to-day have always fought against, and that now they covertly attack. They appear disinterested to prop his power, but really they sap its foundations, and undermine the foundation of the Republic. He ought to know that the absolute incompatibility, the necessary hostility which exists between the democratic and monarchical principles, exists equally between the two lines of policy which these principles adopt. He must choose between them.

“What (ask the Republicans) is the real object of the tactics pursued by the men to whom the elect of the nation appears to abandon himself with so blind a confidence? It is monarchy by and after the President. That the monarchy may be their end we can understand; but ought the Presidency to be their means? This is a question that we must take leave to submit to him to whom the people has confided the inviolable deposit of its rights.”

Scarcely was the Prince President installed in the Elysée Bourbon, before questions of palace etiquette began to be raised, and parties within the palace seemed for a moment to forget the distinction between the office of the President of a democratic Republic and that of a king or emperor.

It became necessary to decide the forms of reception, levees, presentations, and all the usual ceremonies incident to courts. Here the diplomatic corps interfered, and the late exiles had to be schooled in the usages adopted around the persons of the old monarchs.

Nothing could be more at variance with the spirit which prevailed among

the Bonaparte family than this. The cousins of the President were all declared democrats. Napoleon Bonaparte, the son of Jerome, ex-King of Westphalia, the most moderate among them, was an ultra-Republican, a partisan of General Cavaignac and report attributed to him even more advanced principles. Pierre, the second son of Lucien, the late Prince of Canino, was a most furious member of the Mountain—one who, in his speeches, observed no measure or moderation, and who went all the lengths of M. Ledru Rollin and his colleagues, and something farther. Lucien, his brother, recently elected for Corsica, was a still more ardent partisan of the same principles. It will be readily understood how little in harmony with such opinions the court forms prescribed by diplomacy must have been. Prince Louis, nevertheless, was forced into the adoption of some of the most absurd and objectionable amongst them. Thus it was resolved that no one could be received at the palace by the President, even though known to Prince Louis personally, without a formal presentation, either by one of the cabinet ministers, or by one of the ambassadors. Foreigners were informed that they could not be presented at the Elysée Bourbon unless they had previously been presented at their respective courts.

It is difficult to give an idea of the ridicule and disgust, which the announcement of these measures excited. Even the monarchists, legitimists, and dynastics themselves, scouted such ideas, at an epoch like this, and it was loudly declared that neither Henri V. nor Louis Philippe himself would ever have thought of enforcing such regulations. It was said that the regime of the presidential palace should be in harmony with the opinions of the day; and should be such as to conciliate hostile parties, and to disarm envy and malice. Thus it was recommended that the utmost simplicity should mark the intercourse of the President with society; that his receptions should be as exempt as possible from all pretension to court etiquette, and modelled upon those of the ministers under the monarchs, rather than of monarchs themselves.

Unfortunately for the new President, there existed among the diplo-

matic corps only two ambassadors extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary—the Marquis of Normanby, ambassador of Great Britain, and the Duke of Sotomayor, ambassador of Spain. All the other diplomatists being ministers of inferior rank, abstained from interference, and the Duke of Sotomayor kept apart. The President, accordingly, as was reported at the time, fell, unavoidably, into the hands of the Marquis of Normanby, who became—as far, at least, as the sphere of his diplomatic action extended, and as far as the resignation of the Prince President permitted—the evil genius of that personage.

This Nobleman had the ill fortune in Paris to become the most unpopular ambassador within memory, as well with French as English. He incurred this odium in spite of liberal political opinions, which would have recommended him to the republicans and democrats, and in spite of a certain *bonhomie* which would render him acceptable to men of all classes, and a certain desire to please, manifested especially to the sex. His character was ill adapted to the position in which he was placed; his best intentions were always frustrated by some bungling infelicity in their execution; his designs were invariably better than his acts. His ambition being larger than his understanding, he was eternally aiming at being something which he was not—at saying something clever, which broke down in the utterance, and at doing something which, when done, disappointed himself, and offended others, being altogether unlike what he wished to do. His intentions, in short, were always better than his abilities, and his deplorable want of tact and discretion continually rendered his good wishes abortive.

People have often compared him to the cow, which gave rich milk, but just as the pail was filled, kicked it over. It is not that Lord Normanby wants understanding; he has enough, and to spare, for the functions of his office. It is not that he is without genius; for although his endowments are infinitely below his pretensions, there are occasional flashes discernible by a candid and attentive observer. His failure arises always from utter want of tact—from total deficiency of that promptness of judgment, that "*presence d'esprit*," that ready discretion which

are indispensable to a diplomatist. United with these defects, he is haunted by a meddling spirit, fostered by the absence of real and serious affairs sufficient to occupy his time. Never was the adage that "idleness is the mother of mischief" more truly illustrated than in his case. The worst of it is, however, that in this instance the mischief damages those he desires to serve even more than himself.

With these faults, it may be easily conceived to how much prejudice the new President would be exposed by the suggestions of such a counsellor continually placed at his elbow.*

The expectations which were entertained of the revival of commerce, and the improvement of the finances, after the installation of the President, proved altogether unfounded. A momentary reaction took place, but it was only momentary. The collision between the President and his ministers, which broke out the very week of his installation, and the subsequent antagonism manifested between them, and between each of them and the Assembly, soon destroyed the good effects which were about to ensue.

Commerce again languished, and the funds declined. The utter want of confidence in republican institutions cannot be more strongly manifested than in the change which has taken place in the value of public securities in the market since the Revolution of February.

Before that event, the three per cents. stood at about 76, and the fives from 115 to 120. They rapidly declined from these prices to about 45, for the threes, and 75 for the fives. At one epoch, indeed, the threes went as low as 37, but this was momentary.

Since February, they have fluctuated between 40 and 46, rarely exceeding the latter limit. The fives, at one moment, reached 70, but generally remained at a lower point.

It is a remarkable fact that these prices are lower than those of other countries, even where a state of insurrection and a degree of disorganisation prevails.

Thus, at the moment of writing these lines, the last quotation of the Neapolitan fives was 82, while those of the French fives are at 75; yet the kingdom of Naples is distracted with civil war, Sicily has separated from it and is ruled by a provisional government; the Calabrias are in insurrection, and the capital itself converted almost into a fortress, the windows of the royal palace being built up, and loopholes for musketry substituted. Foreign powers have even adopted somewhat menacing attitude, and civil war and republican propaganda prevail on the frontier; yet with all this, the Neapolitan fives fetch nearly 10 per cent. more than the French fives.

* The sort of acts which have contributed to the unpopularity of Lord Normanby in Paris, are quite notorious in that capital. The following, which formed the conversation, for a time, in all the salons and the cafés of the Boulevards, and which was the subject of comment in all the journals, may be given as a specimen.

Soon after he was installed in the embassy vacated by Lord Cowley, on the occasion of the Whigs' accession to office, a splendid entertainment was given by him to which all the most distinguished persons in French society were invited. When the supper-rooms were thrown open, it was found that besides the large tables at which the bulk of the guests took their places, a small table was laid upon a raised dais, or platform, above the level of the rest. To this table were invited a certain select number of the higher members of the English nobility present. Not one French person shared in this honour; but if they had, it would have made no difference in the effect produced.

The indignation of the guests was extreme, and many among them proposed general departure. It was thought, however, better taste to pass the matter without notice at the moment. It is needless to say, however, that innumerable tongues were employed on such a topic during the following month. It was said at the time, in defence of Lord Normanby, that the circumstance was not intended to be offensive; that the arrangement was made by the subordinate members of the establishment; and that the same proceeding had taken place, on like occasions, under previous ambassadors, without giving offence, or calling forth remonstrance. If this were true, however, it only showed that there was something in the manner of the person in the arrangement of the affair, which created offence, and excited censure, from which his predecessors were exempt.

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DUBLIN

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THE Editor of the **DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE**, finding it quite impossible to read and answer the innumerable communications sent to him, gives notice that he will not undertake to read or return MSS. unless he has intimated to the writer his wish to have them forwarded for perusal.

Dublin, January, 1849.

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VOL. XXXIII.

DENNIS'S ETRURIA.*

Our readers may remember an elegant volume, on the cemeteries and sepulchral antiquities of Etruria, by Mrs. Hamilton Gray, which was noticed in this Magazine about three years ago. We were unable to give Mrs. Gray all the applause we would willingly have awarded to an undertaking evincing so much learning of so rare a kind, in consequence of her ill-judged efforts to sentimentalise the subject, and to invest with the charms of romance and of individual character, the half-forgotten names of traditional personages. Mrs. Gray's work, however, opened an alluring subject; and the learned and candid writer who now delivers the results of his more deliberate researches in the same field, begins by a becoming acknowledgment of the merits of his fair and enthusiastic predecessor, whom he declares "deserving of all praise, for having first introduced Etruria to the notice of her countrymen, and for having, by the graces of her style, and the power of her imagination, rendered a subject so proverbially dry and uninviting as Antiquity, not only palatable, but highly attractive." For our own part, we prefer the aspect of antiquity in which it presents itself, wearing the grave and decent gown of facts and argument; but are rather repelled by the incongruous appearance it makes when it approaches us decked out in the mixed habiliments of the museum and the melodrama. This, however, is rather for us than for Mr. Dennis to say; although a man of accuracy, patience, and industry, might reasonably repine at the errors in taste and treatment

which had gone so far to compromise the just pretensions of his subject. The modesty of Mr. Dennis is not less worthy of remark than his candour. "The object of this work," he says, "is not to collect the *disjecta membra* of Etruscan history, and form them into a whole, though it were possible to breathe into it fresh spirit and life from the eloquent monuments that recent researches have brought to light: it is not to build up from these monuments any theory on the origin of this singular people, on the character of their language, or on the peculiar nature of their civilization: it is simply to set before the reader a mass of facts relating to Etruscan remains, and, particularly, to afford to the traveller who would visit the cities and cemeteries of Etruria such information as may prove of service, by indicating precisely what is now to be found on each site, whether local monuments, or those portable relics which exist in public museums, or in the hands of private collectors." With pretensions so humble, little above those of the compiler of a guide-book, Mr. Dennis, nevertheless, has obliged the public of taste and learning with an elegant, full, and truly erudite work, containing all that is known in fact, and suggestive of everything worth considering speculatively, concerning the subject he has chosen. It is by no means beyond the bounds of probability, that some of the lost works of the ancients who wrote on the origin and history of the Etruscans may yet be discovered. Aristotle, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Theophrastus, Verrius Flaccus, and the

* "The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria." By George Dennis. 2 vols., 8vo. London: Murray. 1848.

Emperor Claudius, are severally alleged to have written treatises on their laws and antiquities, and to have compiled their annals and chronicles. But none of these works is now forthcoming; and the historian and ethnologist is left to form his inductions respecting the early Etruscans from between thirty and forty words of their language, which are all that antiquity has handed down to us associated with meanings, and from the sepulchral and architectural remains of their cities. The latest anecdote touching their language with which we are acquainted, we find in one of Mr. Dennis's notes. It is necessary to premise that the Etruscans are known to have had colonies and possessions as far northward as the Rætian Alps.

"Müller entertained the hope, that in some secluded valley of the Grisons or of the Tyrol, a remnant of the old Rætian dialect might be discovered, which would serve as a key to the Etruscan. He adds, that Von Hormayr held the Surselvisch dialect to be Etruscan. Within the last few years, Müller's hope has been in some degree realised by the labours of a German scholar, who, though he has found no key to the interpretation of the Etruscan, has at least shown that some remnants of a dialect very like it remain among the Alps of Rætia. In travelling, in 1842, among these Alps, he was struck with the strange-sounding names, on the high roads, as well as in the most secluded valleys. Mountains or villages bore the appellations of Tilisuna, Blisadona, Naturns, Velthurns, Schluderns, Schlanders, Villanders, Firmisaun, Similaun, Gufidaun, Altrans, Sistrans, Axams. Wherever he turned, these mysterious names resounded in his ears, and he took them to be the relics of some long perished race. He tested them by the Celtic, and could find no analogy; but with the Etruscan he had more success, and found the ancient traditions of a Ræto-Etruria confirmed. Like many of his countrymen, he rides his hobby too hard; and seeks to establish analogies which none but a determined theorist could perceive. What resemblance is apparent to eye or ear between such words as the following, taken almost at random from his tables? Carcuna = Tschirgant; Caca = Tschätsch; Velacarasa = Vollgröss; Caluruna = Goldrain; Calusa = Schleiss; Calunuturusa = Schlanders; Velavuna = Plawen."

Some of these are, doubtless, very Etruscan-sounding names; and it is certain that throughout ancient Rætia there exist scattered remains of an Etruscan inhabitation—possibly, though we think not probably, of an Etruscan progress from the north towards Italy. Some of these Ræto-Etruscan reliques are represented by Mr. Dennis—coarse and barbarous bronzes of men and animals, but evidently of the Tuscan type, and in the peculiar taste of that people. The remarkable successes which have lately attended philological research, and the successive discovery in Egypt, in Persia, and in Syria, of bilingual and trilingual records, by which keys, more or less complete, have been obtained to the hieroglyphic, the cuneiform, and the Xanthian inscriptions, give us good hope that a like clue to this mysterious language of the Etruscans may yet be procured. In fact, three or four inscriptions, in Etruscan and Latin, to all appearance bilingual, have been already discovered. They are, however, unfortunately, too short to give us more than the correspondences of proper names, and the information, perhaps, that the letter l, or syllable al, added to a proper name, in the Etruscan tongue, had the force of the Latin *natus*, "born at," or "born of," as—

"P. VOLUMNIVS. A. F. VIOLENS. CAPATIA. NATVS"
of which the Etruscan equivalent appears to be—

"Pup. Velimna Au. Caphatthal."

Or in another—

"Q. SENTIVS. L. F. ARRIA. NATVS."

rendered in the Etruscan—

"Cuint. Senu. Arnthal."

Or again—

"CAIVS. ALFIVS. A. F. CAIENIA. NATVS."

Thus represented:—

"Ul. Alfui. Nuvi. Cainal."

Such are the slight helps on which antiquaries are glad to rely when the ordinary aids of written histories and surviving reliques of known languages fail them. In the meantime, and until some fortunate explorer shall happen—as sooner or later some one certainly will—on a bilingual inscription, which shall give equivalents for something more than proper names and questionable formulas of patronymics, the three which we have cited will afford enough of matter for antiquaries.

an contention. The first has, unhappily for us, been called in aid of that sad delusion of an identity between the Etruscan and the Irish, although probably the last evidence which any one would have expected to see adduced for such a purpose. The last syllable of this unlucky word "*Vermigna*" is, it appears, Irish for "women," and *væ* we suppose may be taken as Latin for "lamentation." In "lamentations of women," therefore, appeared a very good interpretation for the word in sepulchral inscriptions, and other places where it occurred without any Latin equivalent; but this bilingual inscription stood inconveniently in the way; and there remained nothing for the translator, but either to part with his *fammineo* *delirio*, or to dispute the authenticity of the inscription. He could not dispense with the Irish cry; it harmonised too admirably well with the rest of the story; and so, in an ill hour for the reputation of Dublin in Etruscan lore, he declared the Latin half of *Vermigna*'s inscription to be a forgery; or, which is the better method of description, when displacing an inconvenience of this kind), "a clumsy forgery." We shall not mortify ourselves by extracting the severe and contemptuous remarks of Mr. Dennis, and of the affected Italian, but must beg of their courtesy that, living in a land of letters, they will not impute these unbecoming follies to our city, or to any circle of scholars among us; for we assure them "the lamentations of the women" have been considered as lamentable *bizzarrie* and *paradossi* here as there.

These unfortunate translations have brought us into contempt in all the seats of learning. At Florence

"Much inquiry has been made of late years by English travellers for a certain 'compass' in this collection, by which the Etruscans steered to Carnsore Point, in the county of Wexford. The first party who asked for this met with a prompt reply from Professor Migliarini, the director of antiquities in Tuscany. He ordered one of his officers to show the *signori* the Room of the Bronzes, and particularly to point out the Etruscan compass. 'Compass'—*bussola*!—the man stared and hesitated; but, on the repetition of the command, led the way, persuaded of his own ignorance, and anxious to discover the article

with which he was not acquainted. The search was fruitless; no compass could be discerned, and the English returned to the professor, complaining of the man's stupidity. Whereon the professor went with the party to the room, and taking down a certain article, exhibited it as the compass. '*Diamine!*' cried the man, 'I always took that for a lamp—an eight-branched lamp,' not daring to dispute the professor's word, though strongly doubting his seriousness. 'Know then, in future,' said Migliarini, 'that this has been discovered by a learned Englishman to be an "Etrusco-Phœnician nautical compass," used by the Etruscans to steer by on their voyages to Ireland, which was a colony of theirs; and this inscription, written in pure Irish or Etruscan, which is all the same thing, certifies the fact—*"In the night on a voyage out or home in sailing happily always in clear weather is known the course of going."*' "

Had our author, says Mr. Dennis, personally inspected this relique, instead of trusting to illustrations, which all present but one view of it, he must have confessed it an eight-branched lamp, with the holes for the wicks, and the reservoir for the oil. The inscription seems to be merely the patronymic name of the owner, and, possibly, the last word may signify that he was the son of some one called Phœnissa. "*Mi. Suthil. Velthuri. Thura. Turce. Au. Velthuri. Phnisual.*"

A great part of the plain of ancient Etruria is now comprehended within the sterile district which lies near Rome and on the coast towards Leghorn. The unwholesome character of that part of the Campagna immediately adjoining the city, is alleged to be of immemorial notoriety; and the ill repute of the Tuscan shore in this particular was known to Pliny; but whatever may have been the extent of the evil in ancient days, it is certain that a large tract of the Etruscan territory has been altered in air and soil since the time when Veii and Cære were flourishing cities. All the old sites of this vast population are now almost uninhabitable from *malaria*. It would seem as if, whenever population increases to the extent requiring extensive sewerage, there *malaria* will sooner or later be found. If the sewers of London were stopped for a week, the consequence would probably be a plague; and if any catastrophe laid London in

ruins, the offal contained in its sewers alone would infect the earth through a district of a hundred square miles for centuries to come. In a country inhabited only to the extent necessary for agriculture, the whole offal of animal life is taken up in vegetable reproduction, and no accumulation of noxious matter takes place; but when a people, by commerce and manufactures, as the English, or by conquest and the enjoyment of tribute from subject states, as the piratical Etruscans, crowd their territory with a population greater than suffices for the occupation of the soil by the usual methods of husbandry, there, no matter how effective their systems of sewerage, each year adds to the hidden material of mischief accumulating beneath the surface; and when war, or famine, or national disaster of any kind once overwhelms such a state, the spot pays for its temporary excess of human inhabitation by a corresponding period of desertion and of exclusion from human sojourn. Such a process of compensation does truly appear to have taken place in some of the most crowded sites of life. The plain of Troy, the valley of the Xanthus, the site of Nineveh, these plains of Etruria, once studded with populous cities, and crowded with villas and factories, are all now desolate and debarred from the permanent residence of man. But to whatever extent the causes above suggested may have operated in the sterilization of the Campagna of Rome, and the Tuscan Maremma, there have been other, and, we apprehend, more effective influences at work in the very body of the soil, which appears to have become impregnated with saline and sulphureous deposits, breathed upward from some subterranean volcanic action. The reader, however, who supposes the Maremma forbidden to the traveller at all times of the year, is much mistaken:—

“In summer alone it is unhealthy; from October to May it is as free from noxious vapours as any other part of Italy, and may be visited and explored with perfect impunity. Further,” says Mr. Dennis, “it has excellent roads; public conveyances bring it into regular communication with Leghorn, Siena, and Florence; and, in winter at least, its accommodations are as good as will be found on most bye-roads in the Tuscan State.”

Mr Dennis unites to antiquarian accuracy a love of nature and capacity for enjoyment, which impart a highly agreeable variety to his work. A mere antiquary is sometimes not unjustly caricatured in works of fiction and on the stage, as a dry and petty pedant, eagerly bent on unimportant speculations; and one of the methods by which ignorance, in the chair of the public instructor, often seeks to carry itself off, is an impudent ridicule of antiquarian pursuits. But the philosophic antiquary is the true father of history. All he deals in speaks of man and of man's progress, and is all subservient to the better acquaintance of man with man, and with himself. The wise antiquary does not love dust or rust for their own sake, but for the sake of the humane uses to which the knowledge buried beneath them may be applied. It is for the sake of the fresh face of youth, that it may be irradiated with the light of love and knowledge, that the true antiquary pores over the mouldering images of buried forms of society, lost arts, and forgotten achievements. Without objects and sympathies such as these, he is but a dealer in the old wares of time, and justly open to the ridicule of petty satirists but a little less learned than himself. But Mr. Dennis is an antiquary of the humanities—a man full of love for the face of man and of nature, and capable of the heartiest enjoyment of both—a man well read also in the polite letters of our own day as well as in the learning of the ancient world; and we go forth with him on the “woods and wastenes wide” of the Maremma, as with an enjoying and enjoyable friend, as well as a guide and instructor:—

“My road lay through the level of the Maremma, where, for some miles everything was in a state of primitive nature; a dense wood ran wild over the plain; it could not be called a forest for there was scarcely a tree twenty feet in height, but a tall underwood of tamarisk, lentiscus, myrtle, dwarf cork trees, and numerous shrubs unknown to me, fostered by the heat and moisture into an extravagant luxuriance, all matted together by parasitical plants of various kinds. Here a break offered a peep of a stagnant lagoon—there of the sandy Tombolo, with the sea breaking over it; and above the foliage I could

see the dark crasts of Monte Calvi on the one hand, and the lofty promontory of Populonia on the other. Habitations there were none in this wilderness, save one lonely house on a rising ground. If a pathway opened into the dense thickets on either hand, it was the track of the wild beasts of the forest. Man seemed here to have no dominion. The boar, the roebuck, the buffalo, and wild cattle have the undisputed range of the jungle. It was the 'woods and wateness wide' of this Maremma that seized Dante's imagination when he pictured the Infernal Wood, inhabited by the souls of suicides :—

————— 'un bosco
Che da nessun sentiero era segnato.
Sen frondi verdi, ma di color fosco ;
Sen rami schietti, ma nodosi e 'nvolti ;
Sen pomi v'eran, ma stecchi con tocco.
Sen han sì aspri sterpi, nè sì folti
Quelle fiere selvagge, che 'n odio hanno
Tra Cecina e Corneto i luoghi colti.'

After some miles there were a few traces of cultivation—strips of land by the road-side redeemed from the waste, and sown with corn ; yet, like the clearings of American backwoods, still studded with stumps of trees, showing the struggle with which nature had been subdued. At this cool season the roads had a fair sprinkling of travellers—labourers going to work, and not a few pedlars, indispensable beings in a region that produces nothing but fish, flesh, and fuel.

"But the population is temporary and nomade, consisting of woodcutters, agricultural labourers, and herdsmen, and those who minister to their wants. These colonists—for such they may strictly be called—are from distant parts of the Duchy, mostly from Pistoja and the northern districts ; and they come down to these lowlands in the autumn to cut wood and make charcoal, the prime duties of the Maremma labourer. In May, at the commencement of the summer heats, the greater part of them emigrate to the neighbouring mountains, or return to their homes ; but a few linger four or five weeks longer, just to gather in the scanty harvest, where there is any, and then it is *saue qui peut*, and 'the devil take the hindmost.' No one remains in this deadly atmosphere who can in any way crawl out of it ; even 'the birds and the very flies' are said, in the emphatic language of the Southron, to abandon the plague-stricken waste. Follonica, which in winter has two or three hundred inhabitants, has scarcely half-a-dozen souls left in the dog-days, beyond the men of the coast-guard, who are doomed to rot at their posts. Such, at least, is the report given by the natives ; how far it is coloured by southern imaginations, I leave to others to verify, if they wish it. My

advice, however, for that season would be—

————— 'Has terras, Italique hanc litoris oram,
Effuge ; cuncta malis habitantur moenia ;'

for the sallow emaciation or dropsical bloatedness, so often seen along this coast, confirms a great part of the tale. In October, when the sun is losing his power to create miasma, the tide of population begins again to flow towards the Maremma."

This, however, is all still life, or, at least, the aspect of crude nature. While we are in the wastes we shall, therefore, transport our readers to the Campagna nearer Rome, where Mr. Dennis will introduce us to a scene of Italian shepherd-life. We are now near the site of the ancient Veii :—

"Occasionally, in my wanderings on this site, I have entered, either from curiosity or for shelter, one of the *capanne* scattered over the downs. These are tall, conical, thatched huts, which the shepherds make their winter abode. For in Italy, the low lands being generally unhealthy in summer, the flocks are driven to the mountains about May, and as soon as the great heats are past are brought back to the richer pastures of the plains. It is a curious sight—the interior of a *capanna*—and affords an agreeable diversity to the antiquity-hunter. A little boldness is requisite to pass through the pack of dogs, white as new-dropt lambs, but large and fierce as wolves, which, were the shepherd not at hand, would tear in pieces whoever might venture to approach the hut ; but with one of the *pecoraj* for a Teucer, nothing is to be feared. The *capanne* are of various sizes. One I entered, not far from Veii, was thirty or forty feet in diameter, and fully as high, propped in the centre by two rough masts, between which a hole was left in the roof for the escape of smoke. Within the door lay a large pile of lambs—there might be a hundred—killed that morning, and already flayed, and a number of shepherds were busied in operating on the carcasses of others ; all of which were to be dispatched forthwith to the Roman market. Though a fierce May sun blazed without, a huge fire roared in the middle of the hut ; but this was for the sake of the *ricotta*, which was being made in another part of the *capanna*. Here stood a huge caldron, full of boiling ewes' milk. In a warm state this curd is a delicious jelly, and has often tempted me to enter a *capanna* in quest of it, to the amazement of the *pecoraj*, to whom it is 'vilior algâ.' Lord of the caldron, stood a man dispensing ladles-full of the rich simmering mess to his fellows, as they brought their

bowls for their morning's allowance; and he varied his occupation by pouring the same into certain small baskets, the serous parts running off through the wicker, and the residue caking as it cooled. On the same board stood the cheeses previously made from the cream. In this hut lived twenty-five men, their nether limbs clad in goat-skins, with the hair outwards, realising the satyrs of ancient fable; but they had no nymphs to tease, nor shepherdesses to woo, and never

——— ' Sat all day
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida!'

'They were a band of celibats, without the vows. In such huts they dwell all the year round, flaying lambs, or shearing sheep, living on bread, *ricotta*, and water, very rarely tasting meat or wine, and sleeping on shelves ranged round the hut, like berths in a ship's cabin. Thus are the dreams of Arcadia dispelled by realities!'

These Roman pastors with their fierce dogs recall the pennis and guardian mastiffs of the heroic Swine-herd of Ulysses:—

“ Twelve pennis there were within, all side by side;
Lairs for the swine, and fast immured in each
Lay fifty pregnant females on the floor.—
The males all slept without, less numerous far,
Thinned by the princely wooers at their feast.—
Four mastiffs in adjoining kennels lay,
Resembling wild beasts, nourished at the board
Of the illustrious steward of the styes.—
Himself sat fitting sandals to his feet,
Carved from a stained ox-hide.
Soon as these clamorous watch-dogs the approach
Saw of Ulysses, baying loud they ran
Toward him. He, as ever, well advised,
Squatted, and let his staff fall to the ground.
But the swain,
Following his dogs in haste, sprung through the porch,
To his assistance, letting fall the hide;
With chiding voice and vollied stones, he soon
Drove them apart —”

The main features of life remain, like the passions and chief necessities of mankind, the same in all ages. No invention for the production of man's daily bread has yet superseded the plough. Country life has still its shepherds and milk-maids, and each of us who has the happiness to possess a tranquil mind, and to live in the country, may say, “I, too, in Arcadia.” The pastors of the Campagna will probably be found in their boothies eating boiled milk a thousand years hence as primitively as now, perhaps more primitively than in the days when the magnificent and populous Veii looked down on the same plain from the neighbouring heights of the Isola Farnese.

What appearance these great cities may have presented we can now only guess from the remains of their walls and cemeteries. All antiquity tells us that as the world has grown older, the care bestowed on sepulchral monuments has diminished. The cities of Egypt and Etruria, built for the sojourn of the living, have disappeared, but their necropolises still

defy the tooth of time. It will not be so with any of the nations of the modern world. Pere la Chaise will never preserve the memory of the site of Paris; nor the cemetery at Glasnevin point to the future traveller the place where once had stood the metropolis of the Irish. Even the rude Celtic times have bequeathed to us sepulchral monuments which will probably outlast our costliest public buildings.

In one of the oldest sites of Italy, Saturnia—a name recalling the *Saturnia regna* of the earliest tradition of Roman story—Mr. Dennis discovered a number of tombs of this last description, which are probably the oldest Celtic monuments in existence, in this division of the world; for we suppose there can be little doubt that the Celtæ preceded the other tribes of Italy, as elsewhere throughout western Europe. Saturnia is situated about twenty miles from the sea, midway between the Ombrone and the Lago Bolsena. We are not aware of any previous account of this remote spot

any writer more recent than Cluver, who merely mentions it as retaining its name which it had under its Pelasgic occupiers prior to the Trojan war: "Nomen integrum hodieque retinet in his." For a description of the old site itself, and of the wild yet pleasing route by which our author approached it, we must refer to Mr. Dennis's pages; but the matter which chiefly interest the readers of this paper has reference to a locality at some distance from the walls on the road to Rusellæ, where Mr. Dennis discovered a number of *cromlech* tombs, in respects identical with one class of the description of monuments of frequent occurrence throughout Brittany and the British islands. We learn that form of covered *cromlech*, such as Dr. Petrie has illustrated in his paper on the remains at northern Megalith, where the tumulus is raised over a stone chamber, covered in with a single stone, and (here, Saturnia) in one instance surrounded by a circle of "stones pitched around." Of such stone circles, enclosing sepulchral *tumuli*, Pausanias has recorded two examples in Ancient Greece. Mr. Dennis, however, observed but one of the tumuli at Piano di Palma, surrounded by a stone circle; but conjectures, from the smaller size of the stones so employed, that the peasantry may have carried away the surrounding stones from the others:—

"The tombs," he says, "are sunk but not below the surface, because each is enclosed in a tumulus—the earth being piled around, so as to conceal all but the cover-stones, which may have been also originally buried. In many instances the earth has been removed or washed away, so as to leave the structure standing above the surface. Here the eye is startled by the striking resemblance to the cromlechs of our own country;—not that one such monument is actually standing above the ground in an entire state; but remove the earth from any one of those with a single cover-stone, and in the three upright slabs, with their sloping, overlapping lid, you have the exact counterpart of Kit's Cotty House, and other like familiar antiquities of Britain. . . . In some of the cromlechs, moreover, which are inclosed in tumuli, the passages laid with upright slabs, and roofed in with others laid horizontally, have been found; whether the similar passages in those tombs of Satur-

nia were also covered in, cannot now be determined."

In one of the notes (all full of curious learning) with which Mr. Dennis's text is accompanied, we find the collected *notitia* of all the foreign cromlechs yet discovered. Our author conjectures that these remains do not necessarily import a national identity among the tribes who so entombed their dead; arguing that a mode of interment so simple would naturally suggest itself to all tribes at a certain stage of their progress out of barbarism. This is more reasonable than the fantastic reveries of some naturalists, who would have the stone monuments of Brittany to be the result of a process of disintegration in the rock; but there is too much regularity and method in the arrangements of the cromlech-tombs, with their approaching passages and cinctures of pillar stones, to be the suggestion of a mere similarity in social circumstances. They would seem to be the traces of a wide-spread early family, which had proceeded westward from Asia by a double route, through Scythia and Scandinavia on the one hand, and by the shores of the Mediterranean on the other. Stayed by the Atlantic, and pressed on by succeeding waves of population, flowing from the same prolific centre of existence, they have gradually disappeared before the faces of a more energetic race; but they still fill the Atlantic coasts of Spain and Gaul, and people the western half of the British islands. The Atlantic now no longer opposes a barrier to their escape, and they begin to constitute a large proportion of the population of the New World. Here also, in process of time, the struggle for existence will arise on the fully-populated fields of Oregon and California, and the Celt, pursued round the world by more laborious rivals, may ultimately have to seek the simple subsistence which contents him in the old seats of his Asiatic forefathers. In the meantime, let us turn to the traces of his progress, which he seems already to have left in the course of his earlier journeyings, as we find them collected in the note of Mr. Dennis:—

"How numerous these monuments are in the British Isles is well known. They are found also on the Continent

of Europe, particularly in the north of France; and also in the Spanish Peninsula, though to what extent they exist there is unknown, as the antiquities of that land have been little investigated (see Borrow's 'Bible in Spain,' chap. vii.) On the shores of the Mediterranean they are particularly abundant. Besides the other two sites in Etruria, they are found in Sardinia and the Balearics; and it may not be generally known that they exist in abundance in the Regency of Tunis, anciently the territory of Carthage, as I learn from the notes and sketches of Mr. Catherwood, who has penetrated far into that unexplored region, and possesses artistic records of its monuments of such value and interest, as to demand publication. From these documents I learn that the tombs of the African desert exactly accord, in construction and measurements, with the better-known monuments of this character. The three sites on which he found them were Sidi Boosi, to the north-east of Hydrah, Welled Ayar, and Lheys. At the first place they were particularly numerous. I am not aware that any have been discovered in Greece, but in Asia they are not wanting. Captains Irby and Mangles describe a group of them on the banks of the Jordan. 'Holy Land,' p. 99, Colon. Libr. edit. They are said also to have been found among the mountains of the Caucasus, and on the steppes of Tartary; and recent researches have brought them to light in the Presidency of Madras. For in a letter read at the Asiatic Society, Jan. 17th, 1846, Captain Newbold stated that near Chittoor, in North Arcot, he had seen a square mile of ground covered with such monuments, mostly opened and destroyed by the natives for the sake of the blocks which composed them, yet a few remained entire, to testify to the character of the rest. In them were found sarcophagi, with the bones of the dead, and pottery of red and black ware. They were here paved with a large slab, and entered by a circular hole in one of the upright slabs, which formed the walls."

The contest for antiquity between Egypt and India is still undetermined. The Indian claims, however, which were for some time unduly discredited, appear lately to have obtained renewed respect. The exorbitant demands on European admiration made on their behalf by the Orientalists of the last century, excited a corresponding excess of incredulity in the beginning of this. Our divines, also, appear to have supposed that in discrediting their

sacred books, new proofs were gained of the authenticity of ours. Hence, when Mr. Bentley produced his argument for the recent forgery of their astronomical treatises, it was at once accepted as a demonstration, to doubt which was in some degree impious. Yet nothing could be more delusive than Bentley's argument, which was that the tables must have been forged at the time of least average error in all their calculations, instead of selecting the one point where the calculations seemed to come right; since the concocters of forged tables would at least take care that their reckoning should tally with the truth in their own time; and as, in fact, the calculations of those tables do tally with the truth in A.D. 496. Bentley's sophistry, however, has been acquiesced in with a superstitious respect for upwards of half a century; but the discovery of the Arabic treatise of Albironi, the contemporary of Mohamed of Ghusnee, in which these tables are quoted, and their compilation referred to the ancient epoch, displaces the whole forgery-theory, and remits us back to the innocent fact, that at or about the end of the fifth century, the Hindoo astronomers had made considerable advance in their science—a fact which it was no way necessary, for any purpose of religion or morals, to have disputed. We observe that these allegations of forgery are rarely resorted to for ignominious purposes: still more rarely do we find the forgery satisfactorily fixed to a particular time, though nothing more common than to hear the exclamation—"Oh! that is a forgery of the sixth—a forgery of the tenth—a forgery of the twelfth century!"—the subject-matter, in nine cases out of ten, being no forgery at all, but an inconvenient historical testimony, which the accuser finds himself not sufficiently learned to reconcile with the tenor of cotemporary evidences.

But we are here in the country of the famous forger, Fra Giovanni Nanni, commonly known as Annio da Viterbo, a Dominican monk, who lived in the fifteenth century, and furnished matter for much of the scholastic discussion of the sixteenth, by his pretended discovery of fragments of various ancient writers—Berosus, Metasthenes, Archilocus, Xenophon, Fabius Pictor, Cato, Antoninus, with alleged portions of

authors not before known. His motive for these enormities was merely the desire to exalt the antiquity, and magnify the primitive importance of his native town. The same motive, Mr. Dennis observes, "has ascribed to many of the cities of Spain a foundation by Japhet or Tubal-Cain; and to this foolish partiality we owe many a bulky volume replete with dogmatical assertions, distortions of history, unwarranted readings, or interpretations of ancient writers, and sometimes even blackened with that foulest of heavy crimes—forgery." Yet Viterbo, notwithstanding all the unholy zeal of Fra Giovanni in its favour, retains but few traces of antiquity, and is hardly worth a visit of the Etruscan explorer. Some rock-cut tombs, sewers, and a portion of a bridge of questionable origin, are the only objects pretending to an ante-Roman antiquity. But the tablet of King Desiderio, one of Annio's alleged fabrications, may be seen in the Palazzo Communale, as well as another of those ingenious devices of our Dominican, known as the *Tabula Cибellaria*, by which he sought to make it appear that his town was as ancient as Corytus, or earlier than the foundation (not to speak of the siege) of Troy. Strange perversion of the sentiment of local attachment!

But Annio's Viterban forgeries must not divert us too long from those authentic evidences of ancient times, the tombs, from which we have strayed into this digression. In passing from the cromlech tumuli of Saturnia to the sepulchral chambers of the Etruscans, we step over the boundary between barbarism and a considerably advanced state of civilisation. In the cromlech, even here, and in Gaul or Britain, where such constructions have been carried to the greatest magnitude, and adorned with the utmost skill of their architects, we find no trace of alphabetical knowledge, and only very rude approaches to ideographic representations. The spirals, zig-zags, and semblances of shields, wheels, and palm-branches, observed at Newgrange, or at Lockmariaker, are possibly to be found also at Saturnia, at Chittoor—if Captain Newbold's observation can be depended on—or wherever else the same type of tomb may be repeated; but the Etruscans, from whatever part of the world they

came—and all the weight of evidence is that they came from Lydia—arrived in Italy a comparatively polished people, possessing a complex system of theology, a knowledge of alphabetic writing, and great skill in the constructive arts. They were architects, navigators, manufacturers, and alphabetical writers. Their religion, whatever may have been its particular tenets, taught them, at all events, to pay a peculiar respect to their dead, and to construct their tombs splendidly and durably. They appear also, in the construction and arrangement of their sepulchres, to have adhered, to a great extent, to the model of the houses of the living. Hence, as we have said, the transition from the Celtic, or, if you will, Pelasgic tumulus, with its rude, unhewn uprights and cover-stones—and possibly there as here, with its shallow rudimentary sarcophagus, and its spiral and zig-zag carvings—to the Etruscan sepulchral mansion, cut in the rock, or built under its mole of masonry, with its hall, its ante-chamber, its seats, benches, painted cornices, and raftered ceiling, is like passing from the hut of the savage to the dwelling of the civilised man. We will not be understood, however, as representing all the Etruscan tombs under this description. Many of them—those, probably, of the poorer classes—consist merely of a deep niche cut in the scarped face of the rock, without doorway or façade of any kind: others have the aperture decorated with a moulding; others with a corniced moulding and door; others, again, with pedimented and carved entablatures; and among those which are excavated under ground, or built beneath the covering of a tope or mole of masonry, some consist of a single chamber, others of a chamber with a hall, others, again, of several apartments with galleries and labyrinths, such as we have lately noticed in connexion with the subject of sepulchral architecture generally. But the house-like arrangements are those which will most interest the reader. These are found strikingly exemplified at Cervetri, the Cære of the ancients, mother of the *Cæremonia* of Pagan, and to a great extent of Christian, Rome. Cervetri, about midway between Rome and Civita Vecchia, is a compact little town, seated in a valley between two insulated hills, the more

southern of which was occupied by the ancient city, and the more northern by its Necropolis. This latter eminence, called the Banditaccia, and comprising fully forty times the area of the modern town, is laid out in streets and avenues of tombs, and presents all the appearance of a city of sepulchres:—

“ This Banditaccia is a singular place—a Brobdignag warren, studded with mole-hills. It confirmed the impression I had received at Bieda and other sites, that the cemeteries of the Etruscans were often intentional representations of their cities. Here were ranges of tombs hollowed in low cliffs, rarely more than fifteen feet high, not piled one on another, as at Bieda, but on the same level, facing each other as in streets, and sometimes branching off laterally into smaller lanes or alleys. In one part was a spacious square or piazza, surrounded by tombs instead of houses. . . . Within the tombs the analogy was preserved. Many had a large central chamber, with others of a smaller size opening upon it, lighted by windows in the wall of rock, which served as a partition. This central chamber represented the *atrium* of Etruscan houses, whence it was borrowed by the Romans; and the chambers around it the *triclinia*, for each had a bench of rock round three of its sides, on which the dead had lain, reclining in effigy, as at a banquet. The ceilings of all the chambers had the usual beams and rafters hewn in the rock.”

To complete the resemblance, the chamber is occasionally furnished, not only with its triclinium of couches, ranged round the wall, but with chairs and footstools carved out of the rock. The ceilings also sometimes exhibit the imitation, in stone, of wicker carpentry-work, and the walls of panelling. In some cases a pillar in the chief apartment supports a stone-carved beam, to which the imitation-rafters of the roof slope up from each side wall, indicating that the edifice so imitated consisted of but one story. On the whole, from these interiors we may form a tolerably accurate idea of the arrangements of an ancient Etruscan dwelling-house; as, from the various articles found in the tombs, we may of their furniture, arms, ornaments, and utensils. But the paintings on the walls make us acquainted

with their manners, and let us ver-
fully into their notions of life, and death, and human destiny.

They appear to have been an extremely luxurious people, addicted to life to wine, feasting, dancing, and dalliance, and unwilling to forget their enjoyments even in the grave. For the walls of these tombs are very generally covered with representations of banquets and carousals, in which, contrary to the practice at Greek entertainments, the wives of the contriv-
are seen reclining beside them, and partake of their sepulchral jollity. Some of the Italian antiquaries, however, are too strongly imbued with Greek notions to admit that these female figures can be other than courtesans, and exclaim against the scandal of supposing that staid matrons should appear, like modern Englishwomen or Frenchwomen, at table with their husbands. But the dancing-girls, and other female figures of that class who are also occasionally introduced in these scenes, differ too evidently from the sedate and modest occupants of the banqueting couch to leave that opinion any reasonable show of probability. The festal character of these anomalous scenes was carried even further in the effigies of the dead, which reclined on the stone couches surrounding the sepulchral chamber. With goblets in their hands, and brows crowned with chaplets, these images of deceased voluptuaries, still present the aspect of enjoyment. A tranquil luxurious ease pervades their limbs and countenances. Battles, death-struggles, gorgons, and chimeras, griffins, and centaurs, in the panellings of the stone couch on which they repose, with forms in vehement action, of wrath and terror; but *they* lie easily and peacefully like satiated guests, who having used all that was good at the table of life leave others to consume, in wrath and suffering, the dregs and bitter remnants. Such a group of sepulchral Sybarites may be seen in one of the recently opened tombs at Perugia:—

“ When a torch is lighted you perceive yourself to be in a spacious chamber, with a very lofty roof, carved in the form of beam and rafters, but with an extraordinarily high pitch; the slope forming an angle of 45° with the horizon, instead of 20° or 25° as usual

The dimensions are 24 feet long, 12 wide, and about 16 high. On this chamber open nine others, of much smaller size, all empty, save one at the further end, where a party of revellers, each on a snow-white couch, with chapleted brow, ermine-decorated neck, and goblet in hand, lie—a petrification of conviviality—in solemn mockery of the pleasures to which for ages on ages they have bidden adieu.

These ghostly banqueters, it appears from the inscriptions, were of the family of the Volumnii, of kin possibly to the wife of Coriolanus, and of the widely-spread clan named also in Vermiglioli's inscription. The effigies generally constitute the coffins which hold the ashes of the person represented. The effigy reposes in a recumbent attitude, reclining generally on the left elbow, on the lid. The goblet is replaced by the mirror or patera in the hands of the female effigies; but in the festive scenes painted on the lids, the females also reach their hands to the wine cup. Signor Campanari has assembled a company of these recumbent figures in a pretty garden at Toscanella:—

"The garden is a most singular place. You seem transported to some scene of Arabian romance, where the figures are all turned to stone, or lie bound, awaiting the touch of a magician's wand to restore them to life and activity. All round the garden, under the close-embowering shade of trained vines, beneath the drooping boughs of the weeping willow, the rosy bloom of the oleander, or the golden fruit of the orange and citron, forming in fact the borders to the flower-bed, there they lie—Lucumones of aristocratic dignity, portly matrons beaded with jewels, stout youths and graceful maidens, reclining on the lids of their coffins, or rather on their festive couches, meeting with fixed stony faces the astonishment of the stranger. . . . It is as strange a place as may well be conceived. In the garden wall is a doorway. . . . The door opens into what seems an Etruscan sepulchre. . . . It is a spacious vaulted chamber, and contains ten sarcophagi—a family group—each individual reclining on his own coffin. It is a banquet hall of the dead, for they lie there in festive attitude and attire, yet in utter silence and gloom, each with a goblet in his hand, from which he seems to be pledging his fellows. This solemn arousal, this mockery of mirth, re-

minded me of that wild blood-curdling song of Procter's:—

'King Death was a rare old fellow—
He sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah for the coal-black wine!'

The flesh of all the figures has been painted red, the colour, it is said, of beatification; and Mr. Dennis inclines to the opinion of those who regard the effigy so painted as an expression of the apotheosis of the deceased, and refers to Horace's allusion to the deified Augustus:—

"Quos inter Augustus recumbens,
Purpureo bibit ore nectar."

To a people so addicted to the sensual pleasures of life, death must have worn a peculiarly gloomy and terrible aspect; and the fatal messenger in all their representations testifies to their dread of the "abhorred change" by his hideous appearance. Armed with a huge hammer, the symbol of all the infernal spirits in these pictures, having the features and complexion of a negro, snakes twisted in his locks, or encircling his brawny arms, the hideous Charon, the conductor of the Etruscan ghosts is seen heading dismal processions of spirits descending to the lower world. Sometimes he appears leading the "pale horse," on which a disembodied equestrian rides to judgment; a slave behind, bearing a sack full of provisions for the way. In all these representations, whether leading off the warrior from battle, the infant from the mother's breast, or the bride from the marriage feast, the Etruscan Charon appears in the strong language of our author "a black, hideous, brute-eared demon," armed either with snakes or with his terrible mallet. We are not sufficiently versed in Samothracian mysteries to say whether Braun, the German expositor of these symbols, have any good grounds for alleging that this huge hammer is the mystical emblem of the Cabiri; but we may venture to smile at a certain sanguine hyperborean who sees in it the hammer of Scandinavian Thor; and to submit that possibly the nearest analogy is that suggested by Inghirami, who refers to the Turkish superstition of demons punishing wretched souls with the blows of hammers, as noticed by our own oriental traveller, Po-

cocke. It is but seldom we find any characteristics of the ancient mariner, "the pilot of the livid lake," about his Etruscan namesake. Sometimes an object is observed in his hand which may be taken for an oar or rudder. But, generally, the idea of the deceased crossing a water of any kind on the journey to Orcus does not appear to have been present to the designers of these tombs. On the contrary, the departing spirit is led away mounted, as if to an equestrian rendezvous, or horse-fair of the dead:—

"On an urn, on the lid of which he reclines in effigy, a youth is represented on horseback, about to start on that journey from which no traveller returns. His little sister rushes in, and strives to stay the horse's steps. In vain; the relentless messenger of death seizes the bridle, and hurries him away.

" 'An unskilled hand, but one informed
With genius, had the marble warmed
With that pathetic life.'

"There are many such family separations, all of deep interest. The most common is the parting of husband and wife, embracing for the last time. That such is the import, is proved by the fatal horse, in waiting to convey him or her to another world; and a genius, or it may be grim Charon himself, in readiness as conductor, and a slave, with a large sack on his shoulder, to accompany them, intimating the length and dreariness of the journey, while his relatives and little ones stand around, mourning his departure. Here the man is already mounted, driven away by Charon with his hammer, while a female genius affectionately throws her arm round the neck of the disconsolate widow, and tries to assuage her grief. Here again the man has mounted, and a group of females rush out frantically to stop him. In some, the parting takes place at a column, the bourne that cannot be repassed—the living on this side, the dead on that; or at a doorway, one within, the other without, giving the last squeeze of the hand, ere the door closes up on one for ever."

In connexion with these pictures of the dead riding to the world of spirits on horseback, a quick imagination may recall the ballad of "Leonora"—

"Ho, ho! the dead can ride apace—
Dost fear to ride with me?"

The horse of the dead, himself, is found elaborately drawn and painted on the walls of the Grotta Campana at

Veii. "His neck and fore-hand are red, with yellow spots; his head black mane and tail yellow; hind-quarter and near leg black; near fore-leg corresponding with his body; off leg yellow, spotted with red." On the piebald steed sits the soul, naked, while Charon marches in front, with his hammer on his shoulder. A gradient sphynx and rampant leopard bring up the rear of this grotesque yet dismal procession.

The condition of the soul, after reaching its journey's end, is shown in other frescos. Here we may notice remarkable distinction between the Pagan and Christian conceptions of future state. In the former, all distinct ideas of retribution are confined to the event of punishment. Ixion and his wheel, Tantalus and his draught of water, Sisyphus and his stone, Prometheus, the Danaides, are more distinct, perhaps more dreadful, pictures of punishment than any even of the "Inferno" of Dante. It cannot be said with truth—as thoughtless preachers sometimes tell unlearned congregations—that these people had no idea of the punishments which await the wicked in a future state of existence. On the contrary, the hell of the Pagans had a singularly distinct and vivid realisation in their minds, less dreadful than that which revelation discloses to us, chiefly because less awfully obscure, and less in contrast with a state of happiness. For, while they entertained these vivid notions of the fate of the wicked, they had no conception of anything resembling the Christian heaven.

All distinctness disappears as we enter the melancholy meadows of Asphodel, which constituted their shadowy image of Elysium. Macpherson never imagined more misty outlines or peopled his heath of Lodi with forms more pale and unsubstantial. We might Achilles, in such an Elysium declare—

"Renowned Ulysses! think not death a theme
Of consolation. I had rather live
The servile hind for hire, and eat the bread
Of some man scantily himself sustained,
Than sovereign empire hold o'er all the shades."

This superior distinctness of the painful side of the picture of futurity is as observable in the Etruscan as in the later Pagan representations. Among the earliest discovered tombs at Tarquinii, was one found in 1699

"It was illustrative of the religious creed of the Etruscans, representing souls in the charge of winged genii. Three of these souls, in the form of naked men, were suspended by their hands from the roof of the chamber. The demons stood by, one with a mallet, some with torches, and some with singular nondescript instruments, with which they seemed about to torment the bodies of their victims." In all cases where it is represented, the gate of Orcus appears surrounded by forms of terror—wild beasts, gorgons, snakes, and furies brandishing their torches. It would be tedious to go through even an imperfect enumeration of the various modes in which this sense of future punishment is indicated on these monuments. And, as opposed to this gloomy view of futurity, there appeared little or nothing consolatory, unless we suppose the banquets and festivities to have relation to the world beyond, instead of on this side, the grave. But this seems little probable; for, were it so, we might look to find angel ministrants, or other similar marks of a celestial banquet. But in these scenes, everything is of earth—earthly. But this is a subject on which much difference of opinion prevails among those better competent to judge than parties writing and speculating at a distance from the actual monuments. "Inghirami regards such scenes as the apotheosis of virtuous souls; that the figures symbolise the souls of the departed, thus depicted in the enjoyment of sensual pleasures, because the ancients had no other way of representing the delights of Elysium." If so, we, who possess a worthier belief and knowledge, may be the more thankful; for even the dreary wastes of Asphodel were preferable to a heaven of debauchery.

Equal uncertainty exists as to the meaning of the subordinate ornaments of these interiors. In the circular disc, between dolphins, which is sometimes seen in the internal gable of these chambers, one set of interpreters see a sun rising from the waters, and typifying the resurrection from the grave; others, a mere conventional ornament, without meaning, or further object than the decorative filling up of that portion of the wall. The former explanation seems, indeed, very fanciful; but in the attempt to read these paintings symbolically, it

is hardly possible to stay the excursions of the imagination. As an instance of the lengths to which the fancy, over-engaged, will hurry on the speculative interpreter, take Professor Orioli's reading of the paintings in the interior of the Grotta de Pompei, at Tarquinii. In the sepulchres of the Etruscans generally, as well as in their cities, circuses, amphitheatres, and temples, Orioli sees "a secret allusion to the economy of the universe and its grand divisions." The tomb in question—

"Manifestly figures the kingdom of shades and the infernal world. The pillar in the centre is the chief of the five mountains which were supposed to support our globe. The surrounding frieze expresses this still better in the language of art; for its upper portion, with waves and dolphins, indicates most clearly the sea, which covers the infernal world, and surrounds our globe; and the lower, with rose-flowers, indicates the infernal world itself, which has its own peculiar vegetation. Nor are the mutules and triglyphs without meaning; for, as in architecture they represent beams and rafters, so here they are hieroglyphical of the skeleton and frame-work of the infernal world, and of its great mountain—a bold artistic metaphor, which of rocks makes beams; but not less bold than that other, which of the waves of the sea makes a meander-pattern."

The peculiar vegetation of the infernal world, we should rather have supposed, would be indicated by a different kind of Flora from that which yields the blushing rose—

"Not such as earth out of her fruitful womb
Throws forth to man, sweet and well-savoured,
But direful deadly black, both leaf and bloom;
Fit to adorn the dead, and deck the dreary
tomb—
As mournfull cypresse, grown in greatest store,
And trees of bitter gall; and henben sad;
Dead sleeping poppy and black hellebore,
Cold colocynthida, and tetra mad,
Mortall samnitis; and cicuta bad,
With which the unjust Athenians made to dy
Wise Socrates—"

But it is time for us to emerge from the damp atmosphere of the tombs, and leave the dead to rest in peace. The sun of Tuscany shines genially on the world without; the air is full of life and fragrance, and on every side are objects of delight for the educated or the curious eye. If we seek further antiquarian enjoyments, we may find

them in twenty city-sites, with their Cyclopean walls and gates, their theatres and citadels. We may search round the rocky sides of the Isola Farnese for the mine in the rock by which Camillus let his Roman soldiery into the citadel of Veii. We may measure the great stones in the fragmentary walls of Cortona, of Coza, or Rusellæ, or admire the vast blocks forming the arch discovered by Mr. Dennis, on the Macra. In all such excursions we shall have an intelligent guide and a delightful companion in our author. The field is so wide, and the objects so diversified, that we have not attempted, and do not mean to attempt any topographical arrangement in this notice; nor do we think it would repay the toil of the cursory reader to be told how far apart are Veii and Perugia, or by what route he might, with most economy of time and money, travel from Rome to Carrara, or *vice versa*; and the reader who seriously proposes to undertake such a tour, would not rest satisfied with our description, when another so much more complete can be had in Mr. Dennis's volumes. But we cannot refrain from taking a prospect from the summit of the Ciminian Mount, about mid-way between Rome on the south, and the Lago di Bolsena on the north, the Tiber on the east, and the sea on the west, of the surrounding plain, in which within the range of a keen eye are situated most of the chief places of note in Etruscan story. That dread Ciminian forest of which we have read in Livy—how the senate advised Fabius not to risk the destruction of his army by entering its trackless labyrinths, and how all Rome was horror-struck to hear of his having marched through it notwithstanding—is still represented by thick, wolf-breeding woods round the base of the mountain. Mr. Dennis's guide showed him a tree where, when a boy, he had taken refuge from a pack of wolves. The tree was young and pliant, and bent fearfully beneath him; and he often expected to be cast down during the time the fierce brutes remained gaping for him, as for a ripe fruit ready to drop from the branch. But let us ascend the hill, and take our survey of the great plain of Etruria:—

“Who has not hailed with delight the view from the summit of the long

steep ascent which rises from the shores of the lake to the shoulder of the mountain?—for from this height, if the day be clear, he will obtain his first view of Rome. There lies the vast, variegated expanse of the Campagna at his feet, with its frame-work of sea and mountain. There stands Soracte in the midst, which,

‘From out the plain
Heaves like a long-swept wave, about to break,
And on the curl hangs, pausing.’

“The white convent of San Silvestro gleams on its dark craggy crest, as though it were an altar to the god of poetry and light on this his favourite mountain. There sweeps the long range of Apennines, in grey or purple masses, or rearing some giant, hoary peak, into the blue heaven. There flows the Tiber at their feet, from time to time sparkling in the sun, as it winds through the undulating plain. There in the southern horizon swells the Alban Mount, with its soft flowing outlines; and there, apparently at its foot, lies Rome herself distinguishable more by the cupola of St. Peter's than by the white line of her buildings. Well, traveller, mayest thou gaze; for even in her present fallen state—

‘Possis nihil, urbe Romæ
Visere majus.’

Nor must the dense and many-tinted woods, which clothe the slopes of the mountain around and beneath, be passed without notice. It is the Ciminian forest, still as in olden times the terror of the Roman, and still with its majestic oaks and chesnuts vindicating its ancient reputation—*silvæ sunt consue dignæ!*

“On descending from the crest of the pass, on the road to Viterbo, a new scene broke on my view. . . . It was the great Etruscan plain, the fruitful mother of cities renowned before Rome was—where arose, flourished, and fell that nation which from this plain, and from a centre, extended its dominion over the greater part of Italy; giving laws, arts, and institutions to the surrounding tribes, and to Rome itself, the twin-sister of Greece in the work of civilizing Europe. . . . With what pride must an Etruscan have regarded this scene two thousand five hundred years since. The numerous cities in the plain were so many trophies of the power and civilization of his nation. There stood Volsinii, renowned for her wealth and arts, on the shores of her crater-lake; there Tuscania reared her towers in the west; there Vulci shot out from the plain, and Cosa from the mountain; and there Tarquinia, chief of all, asserted her metropolita-

supremacy, from her cliff-bound heights. Nearer still, his eye must have rested on city after city—some in the plain, and others at the foot of the slope beneath him; while the mountains in the horizon must have carried his thoughts to the glories of Clusium, Perugia, Cortona, Vetulonia, Volaterræ, and other cities of the great Etruscan confederation. How changed is now the scene! Save Tuscania, which still retains her site, all within view, are now desolate. Tarquinii has left scarce a vestige of her greatness on the grass-grown heights she once occupied. The very site of Volsinii is forgotten; silence has reigned in the crumbling theatre of Cerveterium; the plough yearly furrows the bosom of Vulci; the fox, the owl, and the bat, are the sole tenants of the vaults within the ruined walls of Cosa; and of the rest, the greater part have neither building, habitant, nor name—nothing but the sepulchres around them to prove they ever had an existence.

"Did he turn to the southern side of the mountain?—his eye wandered from city to city of no less renown, studding the plain beneath him—Veii, Fidenæ, Praerii, Fescennium, Capena, Nepete, Ardea; all these powerful, wealthy, and independent. Little did he foresee that yon small town on the banks of the Tiber would prove the destruction of them all, and even of his nation, name, and language."

Of all the objects here within ken, there is none more suggestive of antiquarian speculation than the walls of Cosa above-mentioned. Cosa stood on an isolated hill on the coast. It is at present called Anagnina, and is utterly desert. But the walls are of that peculiar polygonal masonry which marks the Cyclopean works of Magna Græcia rather than of Etruria; and much contention has been bred among the learned in ancient architecture, both as to their authors and as to their age. Their remains exhibit a magnificent specimen of polygonal masonry. The stones appear to have been planed to a uniform surface by the chisel, after their section, and the exterior wherever the wall remains standing, is to this day as smooth as a billiard-table." The joints also are so perfect that it is with difficulty a knife-blade can be inserted: so that the wall at a little distance looks as if it were covered with a smooth coat of plaster, scratched over with strange diagrams. These are the

outlines of the polygonal blocks, often eight or nine feet long, by four or five feet thick. At intervals square towers project from the wall, serving, in a rude way, the office of modern bastions. We shall not follow Mr. Dennis into his discussion of Micali's theory, from which he dissents, that these polygonal structures are of later date than the rectangular masonry of the walls of most of the other Etruscan cities; but he assigns reasons which appear conclusive for discarding the theory that masonry of that kind arose from the local necessity of consulting the natural cleavage of the rock; showing, as he does, abundant examples of rock having a natural polygonal cleavage, cut and squared into the one species; and of rock not naturally polygonal in its cleavage, cut and bevelled into the other. It would appear from what Prescott tells us, that the early Peruvians practised this method of building; and Dr. Petrie has brought to light a number of examples of such masonry in its rudest stages, in the ancient stone forts of Ireland. It appears to be as wide-spread as the Cromlech. We would suggest to future explorers of central Italy, where the noblest polygonal constructions are found, to make a diligent search for the necropolises of these Cyclopean cities. Should their sepulchres turn out to be of the cromlech kind, they might furnish some further hints towards clearing up the Pelasgic mystery. As the evidences at present stand, there seems some considerable degree of reason for regarding the Pelasgi as a migratory race of warlike masons, the great fort-builders of the ancient world; and this polygonal method their characteristic architectural style. That it may have been taken up and imitated by Volscians, and Sabines, and other nations alleged not to be Pelasgic, may be true; and that in those nice distinctions between polygonal and horizontal courses in the same wall—a diversity, which often occurs—critics may carry their refinements beyond the bounds of reason and probability, may be admitted; but the broad distinction observable between the modes of construction generally practised in Magna Græcia and Etruria, does with great probability indicate a difference of origin in the nations by whom the respective works were erected. The question, however, is one on which it

would be presumptuous to offer a decided judgment. We hear in Ireland of the tradition amongst us of a race of builders, speaking a mysterious dialect, and skilled in the occult sciences. Making all allowances for exaggeration and uncertainty, these traces, faint as they are, may yet be of use in connecting further facts as they shall arise hereafter. For the present, truth will be best served by the unambitious inquirer, who shall with most accuracy collect such new facts as come within his own observation, leaving the glory and the strife of final induction to those who shall be fortunate enough to come into a world better provided than ours now is with archaic museums.

Museums of Etruscan antiquities are found in most of the cities and towns of this part of Italy. The collections, except at Rome and Florence, are usually in the hands of private *virtuosi*, whose circumstances do not admit of their keeping their treasures long together. There is, however, such an abundance of objects, especially of ancient pottery, that no one need be at a loss for specimens of whatever is most characteristic in Etruscan mythology and manners, for it is chiefly in their pottery that these matters are represented. Of their pottery, the most singular, though by no means the most beautiful kind, is that black ware of Chiusi, the ancient Clusium, of which Mr. Dennis gives several representations. The best specimen of this "*creta nera*," as it is called, are to be seen at Florence; for as yet, Mr. Dennis states, they have not got anything of that kind at the Vatican, Louvre, or British Museum. The articles of this ware are characterised by stiff and grotesque figures, apparently of mythological import, and afford abundant material for mystical speculation.

One prevalent form is that of a jug, with a cover, crested often with the figure of a cock, and having on each side of the spout, an eye. Below, in parallel bands, are seen monstrous forms of gorgons and chimeras. Another singular shape given to this black ware is what is called a *focolare*, or tray-like article, raised on feet, and open at one side, probably for the purpose of exposing the objects contained in it to the fire. These objects have, in general, a not remote resemblance to the apparatus of a modern tea-tray,

cups, spoons, bowls, and pots, in which, for want of better, a housekeeper could still make tea very successfully. The black hue of the pottery is supposed to have been imparted by enclosing the object with a coating of saw-dust, or other carbonaceous matter, in a cover of clay, and subjecting it to heat, so that the smoke from the combustion might penetrate its pores. The representations of vessels of this species, given by Mr. Dennis, are highly curious. The resemblance to early Greek and Egyptian art is very observable; but we do not perceive so strongly the Babylonish analogies, which late speculations might have led us to expect. It is evident that the whole mythology of the Greeks, together with a great portion of their alleged history, is here repeated from an Etruscan edition, and with an Etruscan variety of costume and of incident. Which is the original?—or, if neither be the original, where shall we look for the parent myth? These are questions which will probably exercise the European academies for some time to come.

The number of Etruscan vessels of various descriptions, discovered from time to time, is so great, that the classification and identification of them by their respective Greek and Latin names alone constitute a considerable department in antiquarian learning. Mr. Dennis has given, in a preliminary chapter, the names and characteristic outlines of six classes, comprising twenty-seven varieties of jugs, jars, cups, ewers, &c., which the aspirant to connoisseurship in such matters would do well to study, before proceeding to inspect the contents of the museums. One form, that of the *rhyton*, the bottom of which forms the head of an animal, called *rhyton*, we recognise as the same seen in the hands of certain females, in one of Bottas' Nivitish processions. The *rhyton*, from its form, could only stand when inverted; hence its contents had to be despatched before setting it down, and its introduction is consequently supposed to indicate a determined drinking-bout. But, for the learning on the head, including much curious matter respecting the free use of wine among the Etruscan woman, and its restricted use by the ladies of Rome, we must refer to Mr. Dennis's note (vol. ii., 94); for, our own space, though we hope we cannot say so of our reader.

interest, is nearly exhausted; and although much might still be said of religion and laws, arms and trinkets, among this interesting people, we must for the present take leave of them, and of their learned illustrator.

We have so little to object to in Mr. Dennis's work, that, contrary to our usual custom, we have reserved any censure we deem necessary for the end of our notice. We have, in the first place, to regret the paucity of illustrations. A work of so much learning and variety, dealing with structural and artificial remains, ought to have the aid of the engraver in almost every part. It is true, many of the subjects would be repetitions of drawings already published in other works; but where it is no objection to the text, that the greater portion of it deals with objects which have been described before, it would equally little lie as an objection to the illustration that the same subject had been already represented, as may be said with truth of almost all our former English publications, in Inghirami, Micali, or the periodical annals of the Institute. As it is, however, the two volumes contain about one hundred illustrations, and maps, of all sizes; but in a work of eleven hundred pages, dealing with the ten thousand curious matters and speculations here assembled, this amount of pictorial help is not enough; and we pray the publisher, in his second edition, to provide the additional and adequate supply.

Our other objection is of a more serious kind. Mr. Dennis sometimes suffers himself to be drawn from the gravity of his subject into little levities, designed, we suppose, to conciliate popularity. The despicable frivolities to which the reading public of England have been of late years habituated, may not unnaturally have led booksellers to believe that a sustained and scrupulous gravity would not be acceptable to the mass of their customers; but a scholar

ought to repress, with the sternest severity, every suggestion, whether of his publisher's or of his own originating, tending to compromise the dignity of his calling, by letting down his work to the base level of what is called the light literature of the day. There is no elegance of scholarship, no graceful turn of fancy, no cheerful sally of humour, to be suppressed or sacrificed; but they ought to be indulged in, *sub modo*, and with this consideration before the writer's mind, that to come in contact, in even a passing way, with the herd of writers for the million, is a contamination. But if we expunge half-a-dozen crude jocularities, and two or three easy phrases, which do not set the reader at his ease, we should have nothing to find fault with in Mr. Dennis's truly erudite and agreeable volumes.

Looking at our bookseller's tables, at the beginning of this year, we see, indeed, a great and auspicious improvement on the frivolous wares of the five preceding springs. The mediæval follies have subsided into a few gaudy folios of German texts and gilded arabesques, in *thecas* of *gutta-percha*. The "ruffling" serials have shrunk to one or two feeble burlesques. The caricaturists and revilers of the Irish have almost ceased to offend us with the simplicity of their Irish scullions, the coarsenesses of their Irish kitchen-wenchs and washerwomen, and the brutalities of their drunken Irish squires. Instead of these, we now find substantial food for intelligent minds, in books of travel, history, antiquities, and natural and mental philosophy. We have the satisfaction of knowing that, in this reformation, Dublin and Edinburgh have set the example, and that whatever influence our own opinion may have had, the change is in accordance with the sentiments and wishes from time to time expressed in the pages of THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

THE MASSACRE OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

THE massacre perpetrated in Paris, on the eve of Saint Bartholomew, A. D. 1572, was at once the most horrible of tragedies, and the most miserable of farces; historians have vied with each other in giving to it all the dignity of which atrocious wickedness is susceptible. Men have felt that injury would be done to the memory of the victims if it was found that they were sacrificed to a wretched court intrigue, and not to some grand scheme of iniquitous policy designed to change the destinies of Europe. The truth is that there was no clever contrivance, no extensive plot, and no deep laid conspiracy; and to us the horror of the butchery is greatly aggravated by finding that the demoralising influence of bigotry could have wrought such wide destruction on so short a notice.

We possess ample materials for a complete investigation of all the circumstances connected with this awful event. The most important are the "Correspondence of the French Ambassadors in England with their own Court," "The Memoirs of Margaret of Valois," the Narrative, published by Henry III., when King of Poland, "The Life and Letters of Admiral Coligny," and the "Memoirs of Tavannes, La Noye, L'Estoile," and several other contemporaries, who were all more or less personally connected with the events. From these we shall endeavour to frame a narrative which will at once afford a consistent detail of events, and at the same time bring to light the motives of the actors. But before doing so we must introduce our readers to the actors themselves.

Catherine de Medicis figures as the *prima donna* in this and in many other tragedies of the sixteenth century. She is usually described as a sanguinary bigot, but with her bigotry was subservient to ambition; in fact the zeal for Catholicism cannot be regarded as extravagant, since she sought the hand of Queen Elizabeth for each of her three sons successively, and when she had reason to hope that the youngest would be successful, she took care to intimate, as a recommendation, that

he was favorably disposed towards the Protestant religion. Catherine was a great adept in poisons; it was said that she brought with her from Italy the terrible secrets of the Borgias, and that she was as unscrupulous in the use of them as Lucrece Borgia herself; the deaths laid to her charge are too numerous to be credited, nor is there any one of the cases sufficiently authenticated to be received as decisive evidence, though several justify a very high degree of suspicion. Like most of the Italians of that day Catherine was excessively credulous; she was a firm believer in astrology, fortune-telling, and necromancy; her most trusted advisers were pretended adepts in magic, and public report added that these persons also assisted her in the preparation and ministration of poisons.

The Cardinal of Lorraine is the only person that has insinuated any imputation on Catherine's conjugal fidelity; he has left it on record that none of the children of Henry II. resembled the king, except his natural daughter, Diana, and that Catherine's sons and daughters were so very unlike each other that they were suspected to have had different fathers. There does not appear to be any just foundation for this suspicion; but though Catherine may not have been unchaste herself, she showed little regard for chastity in others. When she arrived in France as dauphiness, she found that though Francis I. wore the crown, and the power of the state was wielded by his mistress, the Duchess d'Etampes, and she at once exerted herself to win the support of the royal favorite. She not only paid open court to the royal mistress, but even ridiculed the scruples of those who refused to pay homage to unwedded love. For this she was properly punished in the next reign; her husband, on ascending the throne, openly took the Duchess of Valentinois as his mistress, dividing his authority between her and the Constable Montmorency, to the utter exclusion of the queen. When Montmorency who had quarrelled with the royal

mistress, sought to obtain some share of power for Catherine, the king said to him, "My good gossip, you do not know my wife; she is one of the greatest vixens in the world; if she was admitted to a share in the administration, she would throw everything into confusion."

But Catherine soon organised a power of her own, which soon became most influential in the state; she organised the celebrated "brigade of beauty;" she assembled in her court the fairest daughters of France; she encouraged, rather than tolerated, a gallantry which closely bordered on licentiousness, so that an English Puritan called her ladies "the graces and disgraces of Christendom." These ladies were more formidable than armies; Admiral Coligni declared that an encounter with the queen's phalanx was more to be dreaded than the loss of a battle; patriotism might meet undaunted a whole park of artillery, but it was unable to sustain a battery of ladies' eyes.

Charles IX. was little more than ten years of age when he ascended the throne on the death of his brother, Francis II. During the reign of Francis Catherine had been excluded from power by the Guise faction; the niece of the Duke of Guise, Mary Queen of Scots, was the wife of Francis, and had gained an absolute ascendancy over her husband, which she employed to advance the interest of her relatives. Catherine never forgot nor forgave this opposition, and it was chiefly through her influence that the French court never earnestly interfered to rescue Mary from her unmerited and almost unparalleled misfortunes. It was chiefly through the aid of the Huguenots that Catherine triumphed over the Guises, and obtained the regency. She then endeavoured to break down both the Catholic and Protestant parties, with the hope

of forming a party of her own from the fragments of both; her tortuous course of policy, her cunning, her perfidy, and her breaches of agreement, kept the country in a continued civil war, interrupted only by hollow truces, in which fresh violations of faith gave fresh bitterness to renewed hostilities. Charles IX. was deliberately sacrificed by his mother. It was necessary to her ambitious projects that he should be feeble both in mind and body, and his whole education was perverted to effect this wicked purpose. In this diabolical task Catherine was aided by the Marshal de Ketz, whom she had brought from Florence for the purpose. Towards the close of his life Charles discovered the wrong that had been inflicted on him, and resolved to take the reins of power into his own hands; his death followed his attempt to assert independence so speedily that it was generally ascribed to poison. Henry of Anjou, subsequently King of Poland, and afterwards of France, as Henry III., was the favourite child of Catherine. Tannanes says that she often declared, "I would peril my salvation to advance the interests of Henry;" and history proves that she kept her word. It would be difficult to find a prince more universally condemned by his contemporaries and by posterity. He had all the vices of his mother, hardly redeemed by a greater share of animal courage than was possessed by any of his brothers.

Francis of Alençon, afterwards of Anjou, was even more universally detested than his brother Henry. His personal appearance was most repulsive; his nose, especially, appeared to be double; hence, when he betrayed the insurgents in Flanders, whom he had previously instigated to revolt, they took revenge in an epigram to the following effect:—

"Good people of Flanders, pray do not suppose
That 'tis odd in this Frenchman to double his nose;
Dame Nature her favours but rarely misplaces—
She has given two noses to match his two faces."

Catherine laboured long and earnestly to make this prince an acceptable suitor to Queen Elizabeth. It is only within the last few years that full materials for the secret history of this

courtship have been rendered accessible to the curious, and certainly a stranger narrative was never revealed to the lovers of scandal. Catherine's anxiety for the marriage was increased

by her belief in a prophecy that all her sons would be kings; the early death of Francis II. led her to fear that the prediction might be fulfilled by their succeeding each other on the throne of France, and she hoped to avert this by procuring them foreign kingdoms. She first proposed Henry to Elizabeth, and, when this negotiation failed, she proposed to form a kingdom for him by uniting the islands of Corsica and Sardinia to the province of Algiers. An embassy was preparing to secure the consent of Sultan Selim II. to this strange project, when the approaching vacancy of the throne of Poland opened the prospect of his being elected to that kingdom.

Margaret of Valois, celebrated for her beauty, and afterwards for her numerous gallantries, was educated in the court of Catherine, and the courses of her instruction were sufficiently varied; she studied classics and coquetry, languages and love, needlework and needless work, archery and archness, together with the usual female accomplishments of music and dancing. She was an apt and, indeed, a precocious scholar. When she was only seven years of age her father jocularly asked her to name her cavalier, offering the Prince of Joinville and the Marquis of Beaufrè to her choice: the young lady declared, without hesitation, that she preferred the marquis because he was both prudent and secret, while the prince was a boaster, with whom no lady's reputation could be safe. When her brother Henry, in order to gain support against the Guises, affected to favour Huguenot doctrines, he vainly endeavoured to bring Margaret over to the same sentiments; he burned her prayer-books and rosaries, giving her, in their place, the Calvinistic Devotions and Marot's version of the Psalms. Though not more than ten years of age, Margaret adhered steadily to the Catholic creed, and refused to sing Marot's Psalms, though menaced for her recusancy with the rod. At the age of fourteen the princess accompanied Catherine to the celebrated conferences at Bayonne, where, according to some authors, the massacre of St. Bartholomew was contrived. This, however, is certainly an error; the destruction of Protestantism was, no doubt, desired and discussed by Catherine and the Duke of

Alva, but they formed no definite plan for accomplishing their wishes; indeed, it was impossible they should do so, since Catherine would not lay aside her jealousy of the Guises, nor break off her negotiations with Elizabeth.

When Henry was appointed Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, Margaret was engaged by him to watch over Charles IX., and give information of any attempts he might make to escape from the tutelage in which he was held. While thus acting as a spy for her favourite brother, she engaged in some negotiations on her own account; the young Duke of Guise offered himself as a lover, and was secretly accepted. Intelligence of this intrigue was conveyed to Henry of Anjou, who received the news "rather as an outraged lover than a deceived brother." As he was a perfect master of dissimulation, he concealed his resentment; indeed, the princess informs us that she was first led to suspect her danger from the warmth of the expressions in which Henry professed his attachment to the Duke of Guise. "When I lay sick at Angers," she says, "but more disordered in mind than in body, it happened, unfortunately for me, that the Duke of Guise and his uncle arrived. This gave great joy to my brother Henry, as it afforded him an opportunity for veiling his artifices; but it greatly increased my apprehensions. To hide his plans my brother came daily to my chamber, bringing with him M. de Guise, whom he feigned to love very much. He used often to embrace him, and exclaim, '*Would to God you were my brother!*' The duke pretended not to hear him; but I, who knew his malice, lost all patience, because I dared not reproach him with his dissimulation."

Having convinced himself that Margaret and the Duke of Guise were not indifferent to each other, Henry revealed the secret to Charles IX., who received it with transports of indignation; he sent for his natural brother Henry of Angoulême, and commanded him to put the duke to death. Warned of his danger, Guise married the widow of the Prince of Ponion with all the precipitation of a man who felt that the altar afforded him the only means of escape from the grave.

Thenceforth Margaret became the political enemy of Henry, and exerted all her power to advance the interests of her youngest brother.

A husband was next to be procured for Margaret, and this was apparently facilitated by her declaration that she would accept anybody whom her mother selected. The astute Catherine was sorely perplexed by this profession of implicit obedience; she watched her daughter so vigilantly that the princess was all but in name a prisoner. The King of Portugal was first proposed as a suitable match; but the Spanish court interfered, and the negotiation terminated abruptly. The second and successful candidate was Henry of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. of France.

Most writers represent this marriage as a master-stroke of policy, but they are not agreed whether it originated in a sincere desire to terminate the wars of religion which had so long devastated France, and prepare the way for a cordial union between Catholic and Protestant, or whether it was not a detestable artifice to allure the Huguenots to Paris, where they might easily be massacred. But a careful study of the cotemporary memoirs shows that public policy had very little to do with the affair. Charles de Montmorency, by whom the match was first proposed, recommended it as a means of creating a counterpoise to the overgrown power of the House of Lorraine. Catherine, who had learned from her spies some of the crimes and indiscretions in which the King of Navarre already indulged, hoped to render him her tool by the aid of her battalion of beauty, and she actually provided him with a mistress before she gave him her daughter as a wife. Charles IX. hoped, by the aid of Henry and the Huguenots, to escape from the thralldom in which he was held by his mother and brother. Henry of Anjou was anxious to raise an eternal barrier between his sister and the Duke of Guise, having reason to believe that the marriage of the latter had not put an end to their intimacy. Alençon trusted that the Huguenots would raise him to the rank which his brother Henry enjoyed. Margaret alone was averse; she pleaded scruples of conscience, and expressed great unwillingness to marry a prince of a different religion.

Jane d'Albert, the dowager queen of Navarre, was a most rigid Puritan: the mere glitter of royalty would not have induced her to unite her son to a Catholic princess, had she not deemed such a marriage necessary to secure his eventual claims to the throne of France. A general opinion, founded, it is said, on some prophecy, prevailed throughout Europe, that the posterity of Catherine would fail in the second generation; Henry of Navarre was the next heir to the throne of France after the House of Valois; but his religion was likely to raise up so much opposition, that it was deemed prudent to strengthen his claim by a matrimonial alliance with the reigning family. In spite, however, of these powerful considerations, Jane assented to the union with great reluctance, often repeating the warning given by one of her councillors—"The liveries worn at this marriage will be turned up with crimson."

Jane was invited by Charles IX. to visit Paris, for the purpose of expediting the preliminaries to the marriage. She arrived in that metropolis on the 15th of April, and was present at the ceremonial of proclaiming peace between the Catholics and the Huguenots. Charles showed her the greatest respect and affection; he called her his aunt, his well-beloved, and his chief consolation. When she expressed a fear that the Pope might refuse or delay the necessary dispensation, Charles replied, "No, aunt, I honour you more than the Pope, and I have greater love of my sister than fear of him. If Sir Pope goes on with any of his tricks, I will take Maggy with my own hand, and have her married in full conventicle." But the favour of the king could not reconcile the pious Jane to the profligacy of Paris. In a letter to her son she says—"Much as I have heard of the wickedness of this court the reality far surpasses my anticipations. Here it is not the men who ask the women, but the women who ask the men. Were you to come amongst them you could not escape without a miracle." Catherine could not conceal her jealousy of one so superior to herself in every intellectual and moral qualification, as the dowager queen of Navarre; and she was particularly alarmed at her growing influence over the mind of King Char-

les. In June, however, Jane was seized with mortal illness; and her death, at a moment so opportune for the designs of Catherine, was generally attributed to poison. Renè, the court perfumer, an accomplished agent of villany, was said to have administered the poison in a pair of scented gloves. The tale rests on very questionable evidence: Jane frequently mentions her illness in the letters which she wrote to her son. Both of her physicians were zealous Protestants; and though one of them, Desnauds, wrote several lampoons against Catherine, he never insinuated that she had caused the death of his royal mistress.

This event did not much delay the preparations for the marriage. Admiral Coligny, and the rest of the Protestant leaders were invited to Paris; and they went the more readily, because they knew that John de Montluc, Bishop of Valence, who had embraced the Protestant faith, and was privately married, had been permitted to retain his diocese, and stood high in the confidence of Catherine. When the admiral was about to mount his horse to set out for Paris, an old woman who lived under him at Chatellon, rushed forward, and falling on her knees, exclaimed, "Alas! alas! my good lord and master, whither are you rushing to destruction? I shall never see you again if you once go to Paris; for you will die there—you and all who go with you. If you have no pity on yourself, take pity on your wife, your children, and the number of worthy persons who will be involved in your fate!" The admiral vainly endeavoured to console this poor woman; she did not cease to repeat her ominous predictions so long as he remained in sight.

A weighty charge pressed upon the admiral; he was accused of having instigated the assassin, Poltrot, to murder the late Duke of Guise. Poltrot had exonerated him when brought out to be executed; but, unfortunately, the admiral had published two pamphlets to vindicate himself, in which he made some admissions by no means creditable to his character. A process had been instituted against him, and though it had been suspended by a royal decree, it might be renewed at any moment, and hurried to a fatal conclusion. But the admiral had been

led to believe that the king would require his services in the projected war against Spain, and hoped to lead an army of Huguenots into Flanders.

Charles received the admiral with great demonstrations of respect, and took his son-in-law, Teligny, into his intimate confidence. He complained bitterly to this young nobleman of the creatures whom his mother had placed round him, saying—"Shall I speak freely to you, Teligny? I distrust all these people. I suspect the ambition of Tavannes; Vielleville loves nothing but good wine; Cossè is a miser; Montmorenci is a mere sportsman; Count de Retz is a Spaniard at heart; the rest of the courtiers are mere beasts; my secretaries are traitors, so that I cannot tell which way to turn."

Tavannes was the first who became alarmed at the increasing influence of the admiral; he endeavoured to excite the king's jealousy, and when Charles told him that Coligny had offered him the services of ten thousand men for the war in Flanders, he replied—"Sire, whichever of your subjects has dared to use such words to you deserves to be beheaded. How can he presume to offer you that which is your own? It is a sign that he has gained over and corrupted masses of your subjects to serve against yourself, should it be necessary." Finding that the king paid no attention to these insinuations, he communicated his alarms to Henry of Anjou and the Queen; they were greatly moved, especially as they had learned from the king's secretaries that the Huguenot chiefs were resolved to obtain for Alençon an efficient share in the administration. Catherine now resolved to keep a close watch on her royal son, who was too weak-minded and too easily excited to keep a secret. Meeting him one day as he returned from a visit to the admiral, she asked, with a sneer—"What have you learned from your long conversation with the grey-beards?" He replied, with a fearful oath—"Madame, I have learned that you and my brother Henry are the worst enemies of me and my kingdom."

Catherine assembled her friends in secret council; Tavannes, who was present, declares that she was greatly agitated and alarmed, thus decisively refuting the story that the favour

shown to Coligny was an artful piece of hypocrisy concerted between the king and his mother. The king's secretaries had betrayed his secrets to Catherine; they informed her that Flanders was about to be invaded by a royal army, in which all the Huguenot leaders would hold a high command; that her favourite son Henry would be exiled from France; and that Alençon would succeed him as lieutenant-general of the kingdom; to this they added, that it was in contemplation to send her from the court to some distant place of exile. Various plans were proposed; Henry of Anjou suggested the immediate assassination of Coligny, which was at once deliberately accepted by the council.

In the meantime, the preparations for the marriage were completed, and the ceremony was celebrated with regal splendour. Neither bride nor bridegroom liked the match; Margaret, when asked "would she accept the King of Navarre for her wedded husband?" stood obstinately silent, and the ceremony was awkwardly interrupted. Charles grew angry and impatient, he grasped her rudely by the hair, and forcibly bent her head forward so as to make a more awkward bow than any the court had previously witnessed. This compulsory nod was received as a sign of assent, and the ceremony was brought to a conclusion amid suppressed tittering and ominous whispers.

The marked repugnance which Charles began to manifest towards his brother Henry, led the conspirators to fear that he might be sent into exile, unless the admiral was speedily removed. It was resolved that he should be assassinated in such a way as to throw the suspicion of the murder on the Duke of Guise, and make it appear retaliation for his father's murder by Poltrot. A military adventurer, named Maurevel, or Maurevert, was engaged to perpetrate the deed. Henry of Anjou furnished him with a gun, which, from a peculiarity in its construction, was supposed to have more certainty of aim than any other; and a house was hired belonging to a retainer of the Duke of Guise, by the windows of which Coligny was accustomed to pass every day on his way to the Louvre.

The following account of the mur-

der is given by St. Auban, who was an eyewitness:—

"Having had the honour of being educated in the establishment of the admiral at Chastellon, I was in his train, and quite close to him, on the 21st of August, 1572, when he was wounded by Maurevel. Several of us gentlemen belonging to the admiral's household, endeavoured to force open the door of the house from which the shot had been fired; but not being able to succeed we followed the admiral to his lodgings, where M. de Serè and I entreated M. de Teligny to permit us to mount our horses, and pursue Maurevel, having learned that he had escaped by a back door, and mounted a horse which had been held in readiness for him. M. de Teligny detained us some time, but at last M. de Serè and I procured our horses, and rode out of Paris by the gate of St. Antoine, through which we learned that the murderer had passed. When we reached Charenton, we took prisoner a servant of M. George de Lounoy, who had provided relays for the murderer, and wore the very grey mantle which Maurevel had on when he quitted Paris. We left our prisoner in the hands of the lieutenant of Villeneuve Saint Georges, and sent information of his arrest to M. de Teligny, who had him removed the next day to Paris, where he was confined in the prison of Tour l'Evesque. Having sent off this letter, M. de Serè and I went on towards Melun; and being near Corbeil, where the road turns off to Blandy, we learned that the murderer had sought refuge in the house of M. de Chailly. The drawbridge was raised, and the flanking turrets garrisoned by musketeers. We therefore watched the house from a distance, hoping that Maurevel might renew his journey; but being disappointed in this expectation, we returned to the admiral."

At first the suspicions of the king and of the Protestant leaders were directed against the Duke of Guise, who narrowly escaped falling a victim to their first burst of mistaken vengeance. Orders would have been issued for the duke's arrest but for the prompt interference of Catherine. She revealed to her son her own share in the attempted murder; and though Charles was very indignant, he could not overcome his old habits of submission to his mother's will. But, in the meantime, the discovery of the gun, which Maurevel had left behind him, had in-

dedicated to the Protestants the real instigators of the crime; and further evidence of Anjou's complicity was obtained from the servant arrested by Saint Auban. The Protestants imprudently gave vent to their rage, openly threatening Catherine and Henry, and boasting of their reliance on Charles and Alençon. Some of the more prudent of the body became alarmed. The Bishop of Vienne set out for Poland after having had an interview with Catherine, in which she is said to have given him some intimation of her desperate design. A distinguished Huguenot leader, Blosset, presented himself to the admiral, and declared his resolution to quit Paris. Coligny asked him why he sought to go away at such a moment. "Because," said he, "they have no good intentions towards us here." "How can you think so?" said the admiral— "Have we not a gracious sovereign?" "I think that he is too gracious," was the reply, and that is the reason why I am most anxious to depart; and if you did the same, it would be better both for you and for us."

Alarmed by the menaces of the Protestant leaders, Catherine once more assembled her secret council, and explained the imminence of the danger to which she and her party were exposed. Tavannes, who was present at these deliberations, does not tell us by whom the massacre of the Huguenots was proposed, but he informs us that it was adopted almost without discussion, and that he felt a profound conviction of its necessity; he recommended that the execution of the plot should be hurried, because he doubted the strength of Henry's resolution.

The bigoted and sanguinary population of Paris had manifested in many ways great indignation at the favor which Charles had begun to show to the Huguenots, and had more than once threatened to raise an insurrection and commence a massacre on their own account. It was not safe for Protestants to appear in some streets of the capital, even in the daytime, unless they went in armed bands. Some of them probably wished for the breaking out of such a revolt; they believed that their chivalry would triumph over the citizens, and that victory would place the king entirely in their hands. Catherine's council

declared that the issue would be doubtful unless they were assured of the support of the army and the king. The Duke of Anjou promised to obtain the former, for as lieutenant-general of the kingdom he had supreme military command; Catherine answered for Charles. Queen Margaret's simple narrative of her own condition on this fatal evening gives a more vivid picture of Catherine's sanguinary determination than any other record:—

"Suspected by the Huguenots, because I was a Catholic," says the royal authoress, "and equally suspected by the Catholics, because my husband was a Huguenot, no one gave me warning of impending danger. I went as usual to bid my mother good night, and sat down on a trunk in her chamber, near my sister of Lorraine, whom I perceived to be very sad. When the queen, who was speaking to somebody as I entered, saw me, she peremptorily ordered me to go to bed. As I made my obeisance my sister caught me by the arm, and bursting into tears, besought me not to leave the room. When my mother perceived this she became vehemently enraged, and forbade my sister to tell me anything."

After the Queen of Navarre had been thus dismissed Catherine once more assembled her secret council; satisfactory reports were received from well known leaders of the populace, and from some violent Catholic chiefs, who had been warned to hold themselves in readiness; Henry of Anjou communicated his military arrangements, which were found to be complete, and it only remained to obtain the king's consent. Catherine went to him, accompanied by Henry of Anjou, the Sieur de Nevers, the Marshals de Tavannes and de Retz, and the Chancellor de Birague. She declared that nothing but his immediate consent to the massacre could save him from destruction; she averred that the Catholics, irritated by his concessions to the heretics, had resolved to deprive him of the crown, and that the Huguenots had resolved to destroy the whole of the royal family, and establish a Presbyterian republic in France. Tavannes testified to the indignant reluctance with which the king at first listened to such an atrocious proposition; but Catherine and Henry had gone too far to recede.

Charles at length yielded to their urgency, and passing at once to the extreme of cruelty, exclaimed, "Do your work effectually; let not one live to reproach me." It was then arranged that all things should be in readiness at the second hour after midnight, and that the tolling of the bell of St. Germain d'Auxeris should be the signal for commencing the slaughter.

Henry of Anjou published a brief narrative, intended to be a kind of apology for his share in this atrocity, some time after his elevation to the throne of Poland. He alone has detected the conduct of the unhappy king in the early part of this awful morning:—

"After having slept for about two hours (he says) the king and the queen, my mother, went with me into the porter's lodge, near the tennis court at the Louvre, where we found a room looking out to the courts, whence we could see the commencement of the massacre. We had not been there long, deliberating on the possible and probable consequences of so fearful an enterprize, when we seemed to have adopted hastily and without sufficient consideration, when we heard a pistol-shot, without being able to tell whence the sound came, or whether anybody was hurt. The event greatly alarmed us all three; suggested such apprehensions of the fatal disturbances which were about to commence that we sent a gentleman, M. de Guise, to command him to return to his lodgings, and attempt nothing against the admiral. These orders would have stopped the entire affair, because it had been determined that nothing should be done elsewhere until the admiral was slain. The gentleman soon returned with the information that the countermand had come too late, for that the admiral was already dead, and that the executions had been commenced in various parts of the city. We therefore, returned to our first resolution, and allowed matters to take their course."

Turn we now to another part of the palace—the chamber in which the Queen of Navarre reposed. Margaret's own description of the horrors which she witnessed needs no comment:—

"An hour after dawn (she says), as I lay asleep, a man thundered at my door, shouting 'Navarre! Navarre!' My nurse, supposing that it was my

husband, who had gone out a few minutes previously, ran and opened the door. It was a gentleman named Legan, bleeding from two severe wounds, and pursued by four soldiers of the guard, who followed him into my apartments. He flung himself on my bed for safety; I threw myself out at the side of the bed, and he followed, grasping me convulsively. I did not know the man; I could not tell whether he came to insult me or not, or whether the soldiers were attacking him or me. We both struggled, shouted out for aid and mercy, and were equally frightened. At length Heaven sent M. de Nançay, the captain of the guard, to my relief; who, though he pitied me, could not help laughing at my situation. He rebuked the soldiers for their indiscretion, and granted me the life of the poor man, whom I kept concealed in my closet until the danger was over. Having changed my night-dress, which was dabbled with blood, I heard from M. de Nançay what was passing. He assured me that my husband was safe in the king's apartment, and would receive no injury. Throwing a loose cloak over me, he led me to the room of my sister of Lorraine, which I reached more dead than alive. As I passed through the ante-chamber, the doors of which were open, a gentleman named Bourse, flying from the soldiers, was stabbed with a pike, not more than three paces from the spot on which I stood. I fell fainting into the arms of M. de Nançay, believing that one blow had pierced us both. When I recovered, I went into the small room where my sister lay. Whilst I was there, M. de Messans, first gentleman in waiting to the king, my husband, and Annagnac, his valet de chambre, came to beg that I would save their lives. I went and threw myself on my knees before my mother and brother, and at length obtained my request."

Henry of Navarre was saved from death by the personal friendship of Charles, for Catherine was bent on his destruction. Margaret, however, informs us that he was exposed to much danger, from the capricious and uncertain temper of the king, and that she had a much larger share in ensuring her husband's safety than the world generally believed. She could not, however, save him from the mortification of accompanying the queen and her sons to see the mutilated body of the abbot suspended from the gibbet, at Montfaucon.

We need not describe the horrors of this awful morning; they have been too often repeated by historians. Les-

toile, however, mentions two anecdotes which must not be omitted:—

“ A wretch called Thomas, commonly nicknamed the *Forger*, killed in his own house a councillor of parliament and canon of Notre Dame, though he was a good Catholic, as his testament proved after his death. This murderer, sanctioned by the king and the nobles—a matter horrible to relate—boasted publicly of the number of Huguenots that were his victims, declaring that he had killed eighty in one day. The miscreant sat down to table, having his hands and arms smeared with gore, saying that the taste gave him pleasure, because it was heretic blood. I could scarce have believed such an atrocity had I not myself seen it and heard the wretch's avowal from his own mouth.

“ The Italian, Renè, was one of the most sanguinary of the St. Bartholomew butchers. He was a man compounded of all sorts of cruelty and wickedness, who used to go round the prisons for the mere pleasure of stabbing Huguenots, and who lived on assassinations, robbery, and poisons. On the morning of the massacre, he invited a Huguenot jeweller to his house, under pretence of affording him shelter, and then cut his throat, after having stripped him of all his property. But the end of this man was awful; his whole family afforded a terrible example of divine vengeance, for he died on a dunghill, his two sons were broken on the wheel, and his wife breathed her last in an hospital.”

The massacre proved to be, not only the greatest of crimes, but the most perplexing of blunders. Civil war was renewed throughout the kingdom; in the agonies of painful disease Charles had his sufferings embittered by remorse of conscience, and died in all the desperate darkness of despair. Henry III. had to defend himself during the greater part of his reign against the Catholic league, and at last became the victim of a Jesuit assassin. Catherine, baffled in all her intrigues, and abandoned by the favourite son for whom she had committed so many atrocious crimes, went down in sorrow to the grave. The Duke of Guise was murdered by Henry, his associate in the murder of the admiral; and Henry of Navarre, whose destruction had been the chief object of the conspirators, witnessed the extinction of the

House of Valois, and ascended the throne of France as Henry IV.

A characteristic incident must not be omitted. On the day following the massacre it was announced that a hawthorn had flowered out of season in the cemetery of the Innocents. Crowds flocked to see it. The priests proclaimed that it was a miraculous sign of the approbation of Heaven; the Huguenots declared that it was emblematic of the innocence of the victims, and both these opinions were maintained in songs and epigrams, which had rapid circulation in Paris. Lestiot fills several pages with a mere list of the libels and lampoons which appeared on both sides after the massacre. We have searched out, and consulted several, but have not found one which deserves to be rescued from oblivion. A medal was struck at Rome to celebrate the massacre.* The Pope had been much alarmed by the Huguenot inclinations of Charles, and hailed the crime which separated that monarch from the Protestants for ever. By the end of the year the intelligence was received with horror that Henry of Anjou records the reproaches he had to encounter in Germany, even from Catholic princes, when he passed through the country to assume the throne of Poland. The excitement in England was so great, that Frenchmen were afraid to appear in the streets of London; and Fenelon, the French ambassador, who believed that he had nearly brought the negotiations for a marriage between Queen Elizabeth and Alençon to a successful issue, was forced to write to his court that the English queen and her court would listen to him no longer. Catherine and Charles had recourse to a system of lamprologies and inconsistent excuses which imposed upon nobody. Elizabeth, however, was forced to accept them, rather than irritate Charles into active interference in favour of the queen of Scotland. In closing this dark page of European history, we cannot avoid repeating that the horror of this atrocious massacre appears to be aggravated rather than lessened, by its being unpremeditated and only adopted as a clumsy means of escaping the consequences of a meditated assassination.

* For a representation of this medal, see DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, No. CXIV., for June, 1842.

WARREN, OR THE ORACULAR AFFLATUS OF THE HINDOOS.

I.—NATURAL WARREN, OR THE HEREDITARY PYTHONIC SPIRIT. II.—THE WARREN, OR PROPHETIC AFFLATUS, PERPETUATED IN TRIBES. III.—THE OCCASIONAL VILLAGE ORACLES: WARREN OF THE CHOLERA GODDESS. IV.—FURTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE CHOLERA WARREN. V.—ESTABLISHED VILLAGE ORACLES.

We now introduce to our readers the first fasciculus of our promised sketches illustrative of the subject of *Warren*, or the divine *afflatus* of the Hindoos.* These sketches, we should observe, were submitted, soon after they were completed, to the perusal of a very eminent Bramhin, now no more—the late Bal Gungadhur Shastree—who came to a competent knowledge of English, and a profound acquaintance with Sanscrit literature, attainments of the very highest order in mathematical science; and held, in consequence, the honourable post of professor of mathematics and astronomy in the Elphinstone Institution at Bombay. This gentleman—whose death, about two years since, was pronounced by Sir Erskine Perry, the chief justice of Bombay, in a charge to the grand jury, to be a public calamity to the Western Presidency, and whose valuable services to public education the local government acknowledged by granting a liberal pension to his widow—came from a part of the country, the southern Conkan, where possession is extremely prevalent; and was, from this circumstance, as well as from his general information and intelligence, well qualified to correct and enlarge the details we had accumulated on the subject. He accordingly made notes upon several of the papers, and himself contributed a description of one very singular class of possession called the *Daku Warren*, which will be given hereafter. The notes of this learned and enlightened Hindoo, whose name and reputation are well known in Western India, afford such an important authentication of the facts, that we have thought it right to give them exactly in his own words, as written upon the papers submitted

to him; and, consequently, to present the latter also precisely as drawn up and laid before him—instead of attempting to recast them by embodying the Shastree's information with our own memoranda—and giving to the latter a more consistent and decided form, than that which the first endeavours to catch and fix upon paper a very complicated, many-sided, and shadowy subject, must necessarily present.

These sketches, we must further remark, though brought forward in confirmation of our theory of divine possession as formerly given, must be read, not as illustrations drawn up in support of that theory *after* it had been fully and clearly developed, but rather as some of the anterior and separate fragments, from the consideration and comparison of which, that theory of the whole system was gradually formed—fragments written at different periods, and in greater or less doubt as to the true explanation of the phenomena described.

Our readers will now understand the meaning of the Bramhinal notes, which will be found now and then appended to these fragments. They will also be able to appreciate, and to allow for, the character of conjecture and uncertainty which may appear to predominate in them, in regard to the true character or solution of particular phenomena; and the occasional recurrence of some of the ideas already put forth in our first paper. These ideas, suggested by the facts which presented themselves from time to time, in the course of the inquiry, as probable hypotheses, were more or less confirmed by a view of the whole subject; and thus were of necessity adopted, modified, or more clearly developed, in the general theory of possession.

* Vide DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for September and October, 1848, art. "Pythonic and Demoniac Possessions in India and Judea;" and also for March preceding, art. "Theory and Phenomena of Possession among the Hindoos."

Whether this theory be the true one or not, and whether the identity for which we have contended between these supposed possessions and the ordinary forms of lunacy, and cerebral or nervous disease among ourselves, be admitted or not, the facts themselves—the existence in India, at the present day, of such modes of belief and of such practices as we are about to detail, in connexion with such physi-

cal and psychological phenomena—are deserving of attention, as affording an additional illustration of the biblical narratives, adding one not unimportant chapter to the history of the human mind; and throwing also, perhaps, on a new ray of light upon one of the great mysteries of our time—the phenomena, real or supposed, of animal magnetism.

NATURAL WAREN, OR THE HEREDITARY PYTHONIC SPIRIT.

THE natural Waren is generally hereditary in particular Mahratta families. It is very common among the classes who compose the Mahratta peasantry, both above and below the Ghauts. There are occasional instances of its occurrence among some of the higher castes; but these are rare, and we have as yet heard of no case of its existence among the Bramhins(a). The great majority of the Mahratta villagers have Khundoba or Bhuiroba, alleged incarnations of Shivu, for their family gods; and in particular branches of some families the Waren of their god is hereditary, i. e., it possesses, from time to time, the head or some other living member of the family. The possession sometimes intermits for a generation and reappears in the next, as is the case with hereditary diseases amongst us. Wherever the Waren of a god is thus hereditary, the family is particularly assiduous in its worship and offerings to the idol of that deity. The visitation of the Waren is deemed a divine favour; it is generally supposed to be for benevolent purposes, and is, in such cases, in a mild form. Sometimes, however, the visitation is more severe, and in these instances it is held to be in anger for neglect of the usual worship and offerings, or in punishment of crime, or breach of vows, or disobedience to its former injunctions. When the Waren comes, it announces its presence by the following signs: the countenance of the party possessed is observed suddenly to grow altered in expression; the eyes become protruded and fixed with a steadfast gaze upon vacancy, or roll about wildly; a trembling, more or less violent, seizes upon the limbs. Sometimes it affects the whole frame, sometimes only the upper part of the

body; but in every instance the head and neck are violently shaken by a double motion—there is a slight tremor from side to side as in palsy, but at the same time there is a more violent nodding downwards. This *noddiness* is, in all cases, the most unquestionable symptom of the Waren; perhaps this circumstance, as much as to it being the symbol of a lofty and dignified assent, may be traced the universal idea which, through all antiquity, has connected the act of nodding with deity—as where Alexander, in the well known lines of Dryden—

“ Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.”

Indeed, the prayer of Thetis to Jupiter, to nod in confirmation of his promise (*Il. i., v. 514*)—

“ Νημερτὶς μὲν δὴ μοι ὑπὸς χροῖ, καὶ σείσειν ἄνυσσιν,”

and the solemn declaration of Jupiter in reply (*v. 526, 527*), that no utterance of his, confirmed by this awful nod of his head, could be either *called, deceive, or remain unaccomplished*—

“ — οὐ γὰρ ἐμὸν παλιμάχεται, οὐδ' ἀπὸ σφαλῆν,
Οὐδ' ἀτιμύτητόν, ὃ τί πῦρ κεφαλῇ σείσειν ”—

may allude to this old notion—still found in India—of the divine character and unfailing certainty of the directions and predictions made by parties who evince the presence of deity by this symptom of nodding. The whole of this latter passage acquires quite a new import and force when read in this connexion.

The party possessed is also frequently bent double, and forced to sit down in this bent posture, rocking his body to and fro; his teeth chatter, his chest heaves, and he utters a peculiar low sound, between panting, gurgling, and moaning, which is forced from him in a sort of broken continuity. After a time, the violence of the paroxysm somewhat abates, and he begins to speak, but no longer in his own person. His consciousness of self-identity is gone; he talks in the person of Khundoba, Bhuiroba, or some other Warren, and mentions himself as a distinct individual. His family and friends now ask him his name: he answers, Khundoba or Bhuiroba, as it may be. They demand for what purpose he is come, or what are his wishes; and in the benevolent visitation he generally gives some injunction about his own (Khundoba's) work. He alludes to past occurrences in the family, and speaks of events that will happen in future. He always names the person whom he possesses as *My tree*, *my tree*—reproves his errors, gives him good advice, and promises him generally some good fortune, somewhat after the following manner: "*My tree* has committed such and such a sin; he must not do this again: *my tree* must expiate this sin by fasting on such and such a day, and by doing such and such alms in my name, and making such and such offerings to me. If *my tree* acts thus it will be well for him, and he will obtain such and such a benefit"—e. g., a son, or a good harvest, or long life, &c. Or, on the other hand, he denounces family misfortunes in case of disobedience. If the party possessed is afflicted with any bodily ailment, he, in the character of the Warren, gives directions for its treatment, and foretells his cure after such a period—still speaking of his human self in the third person, as "*my tree*." If any other person in the family be sick, he does the same; and on these occasions, the friends and neighbours of the possessed gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of getting directions for the treatment of their sick, especially in cases of small-pox. His family also question him regarding important family matters; such as the expediency of marrying their daughters to such a person, or on such a

day—of sowing or ploughing at such a time—of selling such and such cattle, &c. If any thing has been lost or stolen, they solicit information and directions for its recovery. The directions thus given are generally implicitly followed. They conclude by asking, when he will take his departure, and when he will come again; to all which he returns appropriate answers. The exit of the Warren is marked by the patient falling into a deep stupor, sleep, or trance, varying from fifteen minutes to one or two hours, from which he rises perfectly recovered and restored to consciousness, but totally ignorant of what has passed while the Warren was upon him. The whole visitation seldom occupies more than a few hours. In some cases, however, it is longer, and the symptoms are more violent, exhibiting the foaming at the mouth, the strong convulsion, knotting of the muscles, violent shrieking, occasional death-like rigidity of the whole frame, and all the other more painful appearances which have been mentioned in a former paper as marking the demoniacal possession, when a *bhootu* or *hedulee*—male or female devil—enters the body. When such appearances occur in a family that has an hereditary Warren, the visitation is considered as a penal one, in punishment for the commission of some crime, breach of some vow, or neglect of some command given by the Warren in a former mild visitation. This impression is confirmed by the answers given by the Warren when questioned by the family of the possessed. The following is a specimen of such angry expostulation: "*My tree* has neglected my worship, and no longer makes me any offerings: this is not right, therefore I have come to punish him." Or, "*My tree* has committed such and such a theft, or such and such a violation of chastity, or such and such a sin against caste." Or, "*My tree* has broken such a vow; not kept such a fast; not given such alms; not obeyed such an injunction which I gave him." On being asked how his tree shall expiate his offences, the Warren ordains some penance, fast, ritual expiation, alms, or vow, as the condition of his pardon, and this is generally rigidly complied with. We once witnessed a young Mahratta under the Warren of Khundoba. His friends told us that "God was upon him;" he

himself declared he was Khundoba; and, though a simple and humble-minded lad in his natural state, he was now wonderfully exalted, imperious, and violent. Knowing nothing then of this system of Waren, or of epilepsy, we simply thought him in a delirium, and paid little attention to what he said. We have now little doubt that Khundoba was his family god, and that this Waren, whatever be its real nature, was hereditary in it. His symptoms grew very violent, and he died under the visitation after about five hours.

The Waren sometimes discontinues its visitations, which are generally periodical; and in this case, the party who was subject to it, and his family, generally regret it, as they consider they thereby lose the advantage of a household oracle. They often, therefore, endeavour to recover this oracular power, and succeed in doing so, by submitting themselves to the influence

of the artificial process practised by the Bhuktus, or initiating priests of the public Waren Mhuts, or Pythonic shrines of Kanoba, of which, hereafter.

In reference to the very curious phraseology of "*my tree*," it may be remarked, that every Mahratta family calls its original founder or patriarch its *Moolu Poorooshu*, or Root-man. If, as has been conjectured, many of the village and family gods, including even Khundoba and Bhuiroba, are merely deified men, it is possible that the familiar Warens were originally considered as the spirits of the family ancestor, permanently present in some of his descendants through each generation, for their guidance. In this case, we may understand the Waren or spirit of the Root-man, speaking of the living head of his family as his tree (*b*). But this is only thrown out as a conjecture: the phrase may very possibly have quite a different reference.

NOTES BY PROFESSOR BAL GUNGADHUR SHASTREE.

(a) ["We have as yet heard of no case of its existence among the Bramhins."]

I. Though the Waren of Khundoba and other deities is not to be found among the Bramhins, yet families of that caste have frequently the hereditary Waren of a spirit called *Sumundhu*, or *Muha-Poorooshu*, supposed, in many cases, to be one of their own ancestors. The ideas of the people in regard to such possessions, the worship paid to them, and the methods of obtaining prophecies, are nearly the same as those observed in the case of the Warens of Khundoba and other deities. The only difference of any consequence is, that the Waren of *Sumundhu* is never, and can never be, brought on by artificial means, such as burning incense, &c. When hereditary, a *Muha-poorooshu* is considered as a beneficent, or, at all events, a harmless spirit; and its manifestations are supposed to be intended for the purpose of communicating some important future event to the family, or of remonstrating against an omission of some duty, or a breach of promise made to the spirit itself.

There is some Waren of this kind in my own family. Two or three of my uncles had it, and a son of one of them, too simple-minded to be capable of imposture, was possessed, for the first time, about twelve years ago. He has ever since had periodical visits; though of late these have been less frequent, in consequence of his performing, by the command of the spirit, a journey to temple in a neighbouring province, in that part of the year in which he was most troubled.

I consider this as a hereditary disease, and the phenomena observed at the time of visitation, such as the spirit identifying itself, &c., to be the effect of association and previous recollection. No attempt is ever made to drive away a hereditary spirit unless when it is found very troublesome, in which case the same means are employed to expel it as those used in getting rid of an intruding devil.

(b) ["The signification of '*my tree*.'"]

II. The conjecture offered here may derive some strength from the existence of the Waren of *Muha-poorooshu*, noticed in note I. The sense, however, in which we understand the phrase is, that the spirit, attributing to itself the entire direction of the man in whom it has found an admittance, compares him to a motionless tree, or stem, in calling it "*my tree*."

THE WARREN, OR PROPHETIC AFFLATUS, PERPETUATED IN CERTAIN TRIBES BY PRAYER
AND THE CASTING OF RICE.

NEXT to the Waren which is inherited in families, may be mentioned that which is perpetuated in particular clans, or tribes, by prayer and the ceremony of casting of rice. This form of Waren differs, not only in its mode of transmission, but in some of the phenomena which attend it, from that described in the foregoing paper. It is connected in every instance with a temple, dedicated to the worship of some divinity, who is the Koolu-*devata*, or tutelary god or goddess of a particular clan or tribe, rather than the household god of an individual family. Each of these tribes or clans consists of many families, originally descended from a single stock, and preserving, in addition to the personal and patronymic names of each individual, the ancestral surname which marks their common descent. This form of Waren appears to be more prevalent among the higher class; but, as the latter have, in some instances, the hereditary family Waren, so the lower castes of the Mahrattas (from among whom, although, properly speaking, the peasantry, both the soldiers and the castes of Western India are taken), occasionally the transmitted Clan-Waren. In some instances they are said to melt into each other, the development of the hereditary Waren being hastened by resorting to the Waren which belong to the transmitted Waren: in like manner, the distinctions between clan and family are occasionally confounded, and the characteristic phenomena of the two forms of the afflatus interchanged.

The following is an account of the Clan-Waren as existing in Sawunt Wadee, and the neighbouring parts,

among the Sinoys, or Gour Bramhins, who abound in that, and the contiguous state of Goa. This caste is subdivided into a number of tribes, each distinguished by its surname, such as Poy, Kamut, Nayuk, Bhundaree, &c. Each of these tribes has one or more temples in common, founded and endowed with land by some individual, or by the united resources of the tribe, at some former period. Each temple is dedicated to the particular tutelary deity of the tribe, who is most generally some provincial form of the goddess Deveen, such as Shanta Doorga Deveen. The Waren of this goddess* is supposed to reside in some one of the tribe, for the purpose of affording them divine counsel and direction in all great emergencies. When the party in whom the Waren used to dwell is dead, all the male members of the tribe who bear the common surname, from the child to the grey-headed old man, assemble in the temple before the image of their tutelary deity. The priest and other attendants of the temple, including a gooruvu, or sacristan, and a band of native music, which comprises at least drums and horns, are present on the occasion. All the Muhajuns, or respectable householders of the village or the neighbourhood, belonging to other tribes, also assemble, and amongst these must always be some one individual who is visited by a Clan-Waren. When all are assembled, the members of the bereaved tribe prostrate themselves before the image, and pray, somewhat in this manner:—

“ Oh, Goddess! the man whom hitherto thou didst favour by coming into his person, is dead. What are his

* A learned Bramhin, of the Poona College, to whom we read over some of these papers, for the purpose of benefiting by any corrections suggested by his superior information, gives us to understand that the Waren is always the afflatus of a tutelary god, or attendant spirit. Thus Khundoba and Bhuiroba, though termed incarnations of Shiva, are not really that deity, but only angels or messengers carrying out his designs, and resembling him in attributes. So, when the Waren of Deveen or other principal deity is spoken of, we should always understand it to be the afflatus not of Deveen herself, but of one of her *gunu*, or attendant spirits, who, at her bidding, enters the human frame. (a).—Vide note by B. G. S., at the end of the paper.

tribe now to do?—who is to direct them in difficulty, doubt, and contagious sickness? Wherefore, be compassionately pleased to select some one of us in his stead, and to reside henceforth in his frame."

After a prayer of this tenor has been offered up, the man who is the receptacle of the Waren of the other tribe, sits down before the image, and casts loose his hair: flowers are spread before him; incense is burnt; the drums beat; the horns blow. The flowers and the incense are offerings to the goddess; the drums and the horns resound her praises; but at the same time the fumes and the din mount to the brain of the person who is awaiting inspiration, and before long, the Waren announces its presence in his body, by a shivering of the whole frame and a tremulous motion of the head. The possessed now starts up, and looking with his countenance *towards* the assembled crowd, but with his eyes generally half-closed, he calls out in a loud voice, announcing the presence of the goddess, thus: "I am Shanta Doorga Devee: what want ye here?" The bereaved tribe worship with joined hands, and repeat to the goddess thus present in the human frame, the prayer before addressed to the idol. On hearing it, the possessed one takes up a handful of rice from a vessel in which it had stood as an offering, and flings it with wild demoniac action towards the crowd of suppliants. He repeats the action with greater energy: the Mahajuns of the neighbourhood stand around him, and follow his example. All scatter rice towards the suppliants: all in the act of casting the grain, dart their fingers out with that sort of arrowy action which artists employ to represent imprecation on the part of witches. As the ceremony is repeated by greater numbers and with increased rapidity, it suddenly takes effect. Some one amongst the expecting crowd is observed to be in a convulsive tremor, and bellows out—"I am come! I am come!" "She is come—the goddess is come—the Waren is come," is immediately echoed on every side. The first possessed and the Mahajuns cease to fling rice. The members of the tribe turn towards the new recipient of Waren, and adore the numen present in him; and after a brief inter-

val, and some words from the Waren, directing the sacrifice of a cock or a goat, or enjoining on the tribe obedience to its warnings, the newly possessed returns to his natural state, unconscious of what has just passed, and the crowd separate, and return to their homes, well satisfied with the perpetuation of the oracle in their sept.

When the Waren has been thus once established, it is easy for the party to recall it at will, whenever consulted by any of his tribe or friends. He has only to burn an incense offering before a little idol of the divinity to hear a few beats on the drum, to close his eyes and mentally to invoke its presence, when straight the slight shivering of the limbs and shaking of the head is perceived, and, opening his eyes, he speaks in the person of the divinity. After a short time, perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, he again closes his eyes, gives himself a sudden shake, and then appearing to awake, generally asks, "What did the divinity say?"

In this mild form of Waren, it will be observed, there are no painful or violent symptoms of any kind—no convulsion beyond a tremor or shivering of the head and limbs; nothing, in fact, that can be referable to violent or previously-developed disease.

To the Guor Bramhin who gave the foregoing description, we read an account of the Delphic Oracle, which the inspiration of the priestess was attributed to a mephitic vapour supposed to ascend from a hole in the ground, beneath the tripod on which she stood. His reply was singular. "It is very true: there is always vapour required: without burning incense there is no Waren." Another person—the learned Bramhin referred to in a former note—said, "To bring on Waren at will, by certain means, of which the most universal are, beating the drum, burning incense or camphor, and *shaking the heads*." This last statement surprised us: we had been accustomed to regard the shaking of the head as an effect of the Waren, and asked was this so? He replied, "Waren is not one kind, nor are all pretended exhibitions of Waren real. There is questionably much of imposture mixed up with the system. Sometimes Waren comes and causes the shal-

of the head: sometimes the party* helps to bring on the Waren by shaking his own head(b). Listening to the drum, inhaling the incense, and shaking his head, he makes himself intoxicated, and then he loses his senses. I look upon the system, as now practised, with some suspicion. Of the cures foretold and other predictions made in the Warens, some come true, some false. Of seven predictions, perhaps five turn out false, and two true; but the two are bruited abroad, and the false are suppressed or forgotten." We have here, however, a very important remark to make—viz., that al-

though a sensible stimulant, like music, incense, &c., can be employed to excite the inspire, and bring on the oracular Waren, this state may be really and truly spiritual, and in the highest sense prophetic. For we read in 2 Kings, iii. 14, 15, that the prophet Elisha resorted to these sensible excitements, and that they brought on the prophetic crisis. "And Elisha said, now bring me a minstrel. And it came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him. And he said, thus saith the Lord," &c.

NOTES BY PROFESSOR BAL GUNGADHUR SHASTREE.

[a] "The Waren is always the afflatus of a secondary god, or attendant deity."

The opinion here referred to, is unanimously entertained among us. The deities manifesting themselves in the villages of the Southern Conkan have such names as Vitthul, Ruvulnathu, &c., which are unknown to our mythology. The deities themselves have stones or images to represent them; and these, though worshipped by the Shoodrus, are not much respected by the higher castes, and are regarded by all as inferior to the principal deity.

[b] ["The party helps to bring on the Waren by shaking his own head."] Shaking the head, as well as drums, burning incense, and a great crowd of people, is a very necessary preparation for possession in village oracles. I have heard a Gooruvu (or attendant on the idol) declare, after shaking his head for an hour, or more, that the Waren would not come on. This happens particularly when there is no great crowd of people. When the congregation is large, such a disappointment is scarcely ever known to occur. Again, as "the possessed goes on prophesying, the incense and the drum are both necessary. Sometimes stops suddenly, and directs, "Beat the drums—throw more incense." The common belief silently entertained is, that the Gooruvu is really possessed for some time in the beginning of the Waren; as the principal village deities always take care first to bring before him the most important interrogatories that concern the welfare of the community in general, or their own families, telling other supplicants to wait till they have received answers on more than twenty points. There is every appearance, for some time at first, of the man's losing his senses, and the answers given at this time having more of a supernatural character, are more depended upon; but as the consultation advances, he is restored to the equilibrium of his temper, and answers at random, producing sometimes a tendency to smile or laughter among those who hear him.

The belief of the people in these oracles is evidently becoming weaker every day. The common saying now is, "The tutelary deities are going to forsake us as we are becoming more sinful."

THE OCCASIONAL VILLAGE ORACLES—THE CHOLERA WARREN.

From the Waren which tabernacles the tribes, we ascend to that which is recourse to for the direction of

villages. The family Waren is inherited: the tribe Waren transmitted: the village Waren is summoned or

* This fact is confirmed to us by many European witnesses, and we have ourselves witnessed it at the late Dusura festival [1843].

sought for. The two former, once established in the person, continue their visitations more or less frequently through life. The latter may be only occasionally resorted to, and though supposed permanently to abide in connexion with the tutelary idol of the village, it is but temporary, as far as the particular recipient individual is concerned, and may, according to circumstances, be manifested in his person often, or but once in life. The village Waren in some form, occasional or established, is universally diffused throughout the Mahratta country, especially the Southern Conkan.

Almost every village has a small temple dedicated to Hunoomunt, or Devee (*a*). It has also its *Gramu-devuta*, or village deities, which, like the gods called Termini by the ancients, are often nothing but rude stones, set up on the boundaries, and consecrated by being covered with red pigment, to which the devout occasionally add a libation of oil or melted butter, and a garland of flowers. These simple offerings of a rude superstition abound everywhere throughout India. But in addition to these deities, which are common to all villages, some have special guardian divinities of a more personal character. Some of these, it has been conjectured, were originally deified ancestors or saints, male and female; but they now all pass for local or minor manifestations of the terrific divinities, Shivu and Devee, into which, indeed, all the deities worshipped by the mass of the common people throughout India, appear eventually to resolve themselves. It is not improbable that Fetish worship, or the religion of terror—the adoration of infernal beings, or the malignant powers of nature, disease, death, and fate—was the first religion of the aborigines of India, as it is to be found in many other uncivilized lands, before the arrival of the Bramhins; and that the latter embodied all these scattered representations of terror and evil, which they found pre-existing there, in the two great divinities before mentioned. Of the two, the female divinity is far more extensively worshipped by the peasants. Shivu is, indeed, Fate in the abstract; and among the higher and middle classes, the studious, the asce-

tic, and the speculative fatalists, his worship is extensive. But the popular mind seldom rises to abstractions; it adheres to the concrete. Now Devee is *Nemesis* in all her concrete forms. She is small pox; she is cholera, plague, death. She roams about the crags of the precipice; she lurks at the bottom of every whirlpool, tangles and well, like the ant-lion awaiting her victims. She is in the springing tiger, the falling tower, and the sinking ship; in the noose of the strangler, the knife of the sacrificer, the dagger or the poison of the murderer. Harpy—fury—fate—gorgon: Medusa—Atropos—Alecto: Pallida mors—Nemesis—Ate—Nemesis—Hecate: tiger-borne—boar-faced—horrid-tusked—blood-lapping—raw-flesh-tearing goddess—dreadful concentration of all that is malignant and terrible to the imagination of man! Such is the being who has, under various names, the chief worship of some fifty millions of the human race. In the village which she protects, she is often simply styled Gramu-Devee, or the village goddess. Sometimes she has one of her general names, such as Amba-ba (mater alma), Gouree (alma virgo), Doorga (accessu difficilis), Kali (atra); sometimes a more local name, and sometimes a special designation immediately connected with disease, such as Mata (mother-small-pox), Sitala-Devee (small-pox goddess), Jareemuree (cholera personified), Mur (mortality personified), Putukee (pestilence personified), &c. She is seldom worshipped in the villages under the more amiable forms of Parvati (monti-genita) and Bhuvanee (Isis), which occur so frequently in the poetical legends and philosophical myths of the Hindoos, and to which many temples in their cities and their neighbourhoods are dedicated.

Wherever a temple exists in a village to one of these guardian goddesses, it is generally under the control of the Patell, or village headman, and, though often a very small and rude structure, it occasionally has a small endowment in land, for the support of the establishment, consisting of a Poojaree, or priest; a Gooruv or sacristan, who sweeps and lights the temple; and musicians to attend on special occasions. These temples are the common scenes of the village or

des. Whenever any great calamity befalls the village—but especially during the periodical ravages of the small-pox, cholera, or other pestilence—the inhabitants call upon the Patell to consult the goddess, as to the cause of her anger; for these calamities are deemed the direct visitations of her vengeance, just as, in the first book of the Iliad, the pestilence is viewed as the effect of Apollo's anger against the Greeks—

Εἰ μὲν οὐ' Ὀυ'λόμπευ παρῆναι χρομένης πῆρ,
 ἤτοι' ἀπάνευθε νῆων, μετὰ δ' ἰὸν ἱερὸν
 αἰὲ δὲ πύλαι νηύων παίοντο θάμναι.

But, whereas Apollo only shot his arrows, Devee goes about like Tisiphone, herself entering the persons, and preying on the vitals of her victims. The Patell goes with the villagers to the temple. The priest and other ministers attend. Some one—generally a man or woman of low caste—is selected to receive the Waren of Devee. A black goat is sacrificed, incense is burned, drums are beat; the selected person agitates his head, with his hair loose, before the idol, and the Patell and priest supplicate the presence of the goddess. The Waren at length announces its presence, by frantic cries and convulsive motions. It is then interrogated, and states the cause of its presence somewhat in the following manner:—“I (the small-pox or cholera goddess) have come from such a village here, because the inhabitants of this

place have multiplied their sins, and neglected religion. If you wish me to go away, you must take four cocks or four goats (as it may be) to the north or south boundary of the village, and sacrifice them to me there; I will then go on to such a town.” Or—“I want four goats from this village; you must take them to such a boundary, and letting them loose, drive them over the boundary, and I will go over the boundary with them, and proceed to the next village.” The villagers obey these directions, and the disease, they assert, then diminishes, and gradually disappears. As panic has a great tendency to increase the fatality of contagious disease, the confidence inspired by these promises may have some real effect in mitigating its virulence, and leading to its cessation.

It sometimes happens that a particular person gets constantly habituated to be the receptacle of the Waren of the village goddess, when summoned on these occasions, and thus becomes, in a manner, attached to the temple. It then approaches to the character of a permanent local oracle, of which many exist in the Conkan, and of which a distinct description will be found in a succeeding paper.

In other villages, where neither regular temple nor vaticinator exists, the inhabitants obtain their end in another manner. At the outskirts of every town and village, and separated from it, is a small suburb, inhabited by the impure caste of Mhars, or Purwarees (Pariahs). Amongst this

* This practice presents a remarkable analogy to the scape-goat, that, in the Mosaic law, was set loose, and bore away the sins of the people.

The following is the Hebrew institution, as described in the 16th chapter of Leviticus, verses 7-22:—

“And he shall take two goats, and present them before the LORD at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation.

“And Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats; one lot for the LORD, and the other lot for the scape-goat.

“And Aaron shall bring the goat upon which the LORD's lot fell, and offer him for a sin-offering:

“But the goat, on which the lot fell to be the scape-goat, shall be presented alive before the LORD, to make an atonement with him, and to let him go for a scape-goat into the wilderness.

“And Aaron shall lay both his hands on the head of the live goat, and confess unto him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness.

“And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited: and he shall let go the goat into the wilderness.”

caste, above all others, is established the worship of Khundoba, and that of Mata and Muha Maree, the small-pox and cholera goddess. The women of this caste, moreover, are more subject to the natural Waren than any other; and it is encouraged and cherished among them as, under some circumstances, a mode of obtaining subsistence. When cholera or small-pox breaks out in the main village, and has advanced to an alarming extent, the inhabitants, sometimes of their own accord, send down to the Pariah suburb for any woman who may have this sort of Waren or Pythonic spirit, in order to consult her. At other times, she is not at first sent for, but breaks out into spontaneous vaticinations in her own hut, in the person of Devee, stating the reasons of her anger and her arrival, nearly in the same terms as the oracles above described. This gradually reaches the ears of the villagers and Patell, who anxiously send for her, and repeat the scene before detailed. The goats and other provisions, which she has demanded as an expiatory sacrifice, are carried with her, on a triumphal car, to the boundary, and there left with her, as the impersonified goddess. All then retire: no eye would dare to intrude upon the awful mysteries of the banquet which follows. We may safely conjecture that she quietly carries off the provisions to her own home, and that her vaticinations were originally directed towards this very end. This superstition is not confined to the ignorant villagers. Last year (1842), in the sacred and learned city of Nasik, when cholera was at its height, it was rumoured about that the Waren of the (cholera) goddess had appeared in the suburbs, in the person of a Mhar woman, and was prophesying. The heads of the Bramhin community sent for and consulted her. She stated the transgression of the city, and demanded, as an expiation, that a great quantity of flesh-meat and other provisions should be offered in sacrifice, and carried towards the north or north-east boundary of the town, and turned loose into the jungle, towards which she promised she would proceed along with them, thus freeing the city of her presence. This was accordingly done: all the provisions were placed with this woman herself (as being then the She-

kinah of the goddess), on a car hung with votive garlands of flowers, and solemnly conducted, with bands of sacred, though very obstreperous, music, towards the indicated boundary, where the car was turned loose into the jungle. A fortnight, however, passed, without any diminution of the pestilence. The learned again assembled, and came to the determination of sending a similar cart-load of sacrificed provisions out of the city towards all the four cardinal points. This was done with the same solemnity as the former procession. The bullocks, with the carts laden with provisions, were turned loose towards the four quarters, where it was expected the spiritual beings to be propitiated would come, in the form of jackals, vultures, and other beasts and birds of prey, to feast upon them.

It is not unusual for those villagers, who have no hereditary Waren among their own kin, to have recourse to these public oracles on the occasion of severe private sickness in their families, sometimes by going to the Patell, and, with his consent, going through the necessary formularies at the temple; more often by sending to their own houses for the individual, into whose person it has been usual to summon the public Waren, and getting him to bring it on there by invocation, music, or rites: or, where no Waren, temple, or habitual seer exists, by summoning from the Mhar suburb one of those sybils, who feel or simulate an hereditary Waren. The oracles so consulted, prescribe for the disease, and predict the cure. Their prescriptions refer chiefly to the sacrifice of goats and cocks; under the name of religious fasts and vows, however, they indicate regimen; and, under the designation of food-offerings to the gods, of which the offerer must always eat a portion himself, they sometimes administer medicine. Indeed this singular system, mixed up to some extent with magic, would seem to supersede, in a great measure, medical practice in the Mahratta villages. Except in the larger towns, no physician resides. The barber, indeed everywhere performs the surgeon's office in cupping, and a few other simple operations; and his wife, that of the midwife. Some traditional remedies also are known to all, such as the actual cantery—the blistering juice of

the milk-bush—the use of the bitter *neem*, the *kriyat*, and other plants. When these household remedies fail, the wise man of the village is consulted, for every village has its “wise man,” who is often really possessed of considerable knowledge of herbs.

When the wise man finds the complaint beyond his skill, he shakes his head, and says to the friends of the patient, “Devala bolivu”—“Send for the god”—just as the country apothecary, when a case begins to grow serious, calls in the physician (b).

NOTES BY PROFESSOR DAL GUNGADHUR SHASTREE.

(a) [“Almost every village has a small temple dedicated to Hunoomunt, or Devee.”]

In as far as this remark may have reference to the Conkan, where the village Warens are regularly to be met with, it would be proper to substitute Devee alone. Hunoomunt has very few, if any, temples of note below the Ghauts.

(b) [“Send for the god.”]

The ignorant quacks, who practise medicine among the natives of Bombay, and are known by the names of * * * * or doctors, frequently advise their patients to resort to magic. I have known several instances, in which a respectable practitioner of this class declared, “My remedies cannot take effect. The disease is caused by a devil. Send for a Bhuktu.”

FURTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE CHOLERA WAREN.

THE late Dr. John Malcolmson, Secretary to the Bombay branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, who met his death, like Victor Jacquemont, from fever caught in the ardent pursuit of scientific researches, in the fatal jungles of Western India, had, during the last few months of his life, taken a deep interest in the subject of Hindoo pythonism, and its relations to physical disease. To him we are indebted for calling our attention to the following remarkable extract from the preface of Dr. Kennedy's work on cholera, to which he first directed us, as strongly corroborating some of the circumstances noted in the foregoing sketch. It is valuable as an independent testimony to facts similar to those which we have detailed, and shows, moreover, that the analogy noticed above, between the cholera goat of the Mahrattas and the Mosaic scape-goat, is not imaginary; since it thus struck two individuals, wholly strangers to each other, writing of facts occurring in different localities, at very different periods of time:—

“Among the native population, superstition arrayed itself in its most disgusting and debasing attributes: reli-

gious ceremonies, rather as magical incantations than in the spirit of devotion, were everywhere resorted to. But if nothing further had been thought of than frivolous changes of apparel, or the wearing of amulets, there would have appeared little to condemn; but the ostensible, unconcealed object of every magic rite, is to purchase for the sacrificer, not an actual release from danger, but to transfer it to some less liberal sinner—the principle acted on being this, that the fiend of destruction needs a certain number of victims, and the supplicant cares little who suffers, so that he be permitted to escape. To refer to the particulars of these demoniacal proceedings, would be to weary my readers with offensive details; but I cannot pass over, as a singular coincidence with the Mosaic institution of the scape-goat* directed to be let loose in the wilderness, loaded with the curse of the sins of the congregation, the similar ceremony practised in some places here, of dedicating a buffalo to the spirit of the plague, and turning it loose into the woods. Wherever the poor brute directed its course, the population rose in a body to drive it back into the forests. It was not only supposed to be accursed, and bearing the curse and punishment for the people, but the pestilence was expected when-

* “See Dr. Mead on Plague, for a singular account of a human sacrifice under similar circumstances, and a most curious and learned note respecting it.—Dr. Mead's Works, 4to, 1762, p. 245.”

ever it was seen: nor was the district relieved from alarm until the devoted beast had been destroyed by tigers, or sank exhausted under the pitiless persecution which goaded it from village to village.

"This, however, was nothing compared to the conduct of some wretches of both sexes, who, affecting to be possessed by the demon of the plague, carried terror whithersoever they proceeded; and by their frantic gestures and language, had more the appearance of maniacs labouring under delusion, than impostors practising on the credulity of others; the more especially as avarice does not generally appear to have been the motive of their conduct, but rather the desire of notoriety, as it were, or that diseased state of mind which sometimes leads half-crazed individuals to extravagancies of conduct, for no apparent object but to attract attention.

"In the cantonment at Seroor, forty miles north-east of Poonah, and the old head-quarters of the Bombay Dekkan division, the very outbreaking of the disease was accompanied with a singular circumstance of the above character. A female, declaring herself to be an avatar of the fiend of pestilence, entered the bazaar or market-street. She was almost naked; but her dishevelled hair, her whole body, and her scanty apparel, were daubed and clotted with the dingy red and ochery yellow powders of the Hindoo burial ceremonies. She was frantic with mania, real or assumed, or maddened by an intoxication partly mental, partly from excitement from drugs. In one hand she held a drawn sword, in the other an earthen vessel containing fire (the one probably a symbol of destruction, the other of the funeral pile). Before her proceeded a gang of musicians, pouring forth their discords from every harsh and clattering instrument of music appropriate to their religious processions. Behind her followed a long line of empty carts; no driver whom she encountered on the road daring to disobey her command to follow in her train. Thus accoutred and accompanied, her frenzy seemed beyond all human control; and as she bounded along, she denounced certain destruction to all who did not immediately acknowledge her divinity; and, pointing to the empty carts which followed, proclaimed that they were brought to convey away the corpses of those who rashly persisted in infidelity. No ridicule, no jest, awaited this frantic visitant, but deep distress and general consternation. The outcry and clamour of alarm were not long in reaching the officers on duty—and the goddess was instantly apprehended and confined, and

her mob of followers dispersed. But, unfortunately, she was no sooner secured, than she herself was attacked by the disease; and, being less cautiously observed when under its influence, she contrived to escape, and was never afterwards heard of. Whence she came, or whither she went, remained a mystery; and this detestable delusion had a serious effect on the feelings of the mob.

"In the cantonment near Severndroog in the Southern Conkan, the same mockery was attempted. A band of impostors of both sexes, escorting a party of females, some of them young girls of ten or twelve years of age, were spoken of as being in the vicinity. These females were infuriated with intoxicating drugs, and, as it afterwards appeared, by the confession of one of them, had casually fallen in with those vagrants, and had been seduced by the love of novelty, or bribed by promises, or awed by threats, to join the party. Though the respectable natives of the district complained of the outrage to the officer who commanded the brigade, none dared, or none would reveal their actual place of haunt, nor was it discovered by his exertions. The object here was evident. The poor females, who personated the demons of disease, were the dupes as well as the mob, and their brutal companions were levying contributions, as they prowled through the country. They were immediately apprehended, and carefully watched until all were sober. The males were then publicly flogged in the bazaar of the cantonments; and the females, being cautioned of the consequences of future attempts at similar imposition, were set at liberty, after the whole gang had been exhibited and proclaimed through the neighbouring villages, as a set of miscreant wretches below contempt; and their dismissal was with ridicule and scorn, rather than serious punishment. The salutary example prevented the repetition of such disgraceful scenes, and saved that part of the country from much distress; but gangs of the above description continued to infest the Native States, and without doubt reaped a rich reward of their impudent impostures.

"In the Island of Bassein, which is the nearest to the continent of the Bombay cluster, there occurred a more tragical, but equally characteristic circumstance. An unfortunate creature, residing at the little village of the Duntoora Ferry, about forty miles from Bombay, was most inhumanly massacred. Either the malice of private enmity accused him of being possessed by the demon, or his own folly may

have induced him to assume the character, without his courage or talents being equal to carry him triumphantly through the part he had undertaken. After many secret attempts for his destruction, which should have warned him to fly for shelter to the closely-adjacent island of Salsette, he was finally assailed in open day by the whole population of the village; and, whilst a crowd of females, his mother, wife, sisters, and children, in vain threw themselves about him to protect him, their shrieks for mercy were disregarded, and the unhappy victim was beaten to death with blades before his own door; and his corpse, as a thing accursed, was towed far to sea, and sunk with heavy stones in deep water. Such an outrage could not pass unnoticed by the British magistrates; but the ends of justice, it is to be regretted, were defeated by the means: nearly one hundred people were arraigned for the murder, of whom many received sentence of death, and were of course all pardoned, after a short confinement."

We will take leave of the Cholera *Warren*, by remarking a singular fact, which will be found verified in many branches of inquiry, and many walks of thought, besides that with which we are at present engaged; namely, the extraordinary resemblance between the German and Hindoo minds, and the identity of their views and conclusions on many of the great mysteries of being; if, indeed, this identity be not an unacknowledged, perhaps an unconscious borrowing. Schlegel in particular is an example

of this; and in his case, at least, it may be considered as the result of a complete saturation with Sanscrit lore. Throughout his philosophical system, he takes of pestilence precisely the same view as the Hindoos, regarding it as a living power. Here is one passage, out of many, taken from his "Philosophy of Life":—

"What else, in general, is the wide-spreading pestilence, but a *living propagation* of foulness, corruption, and death?"

Again, his doctrine of the æther which permeates the nerves, and the body-of-light (*licht korper*) which constitutes the inner, immortal, psyche, or indestructible portion of the organization of man—in a word, his imponderable phantasmal body, a sort of material soul, distinguished alike from his external body, and his pure spirit, correspond exactly with the Hindoo notions of a sensitive and motive wind filling the wind-or-spirit-tubes, or nerves which descend from the brain to the feet, as fully described in the "*Moolu Sthumbhu*," and of a *subtle body belonging to the luminous world*, forming the kernel of the gross external body, which belongs to the outer material universe*—this luminous body itself constituting the tabernacle of a third and higher principle—the universal spirit. Indeed, his whole philosophy is so imbued with Hindoo ideas, that one is almost tempted to ask—is this a Bramhin or a Christian philosopher, to whom we are listening?

THE ESTABLISHED VILLAGE ORACLES.

FROM the obscure and irregular manifestations of Warren, which constitute the casual village oracle, consulted on emergent occasions in the village temple, or before the household god of the Patell, or the unsheltered idol which marks the village boundary—we may proceed to the established oracles: for, as intimated in a former paper, the occasional vaticination often grows into the permanent.

The family or hereditary Warren appears to be the basis of the whole system: a casual appropriation of this to the purposes of the community would seem to constitute the occasional village oracle: peculiar circumstances magnify and perpetuate the latter into the established shrine: all these conjoined, stand in a great measure towards the great body of the Mahratta peasantry, in lieu both of religious guide and bodily physician.

* The former is the *Sookshmu-dehu*, *Teju ubhimani*; the latter the *Sthoolu-dehu*, *Vishnu ubhimani*, of the *Viveku Sindhu*, *Deepu-Rutuakuru*, and other Hindoo psychological books.

The following account of the origin of the established village oracles, taken down in the words of a Conkanee Brambin,^(a) well conversant with the subject, will give an idea how such matters are thought of and managed in the Conkan, and also show, how all these varying developments may ultimately be traced back to the hereditary Waren :—

“ When any man has found favour in the eyes of the goddess Deveen, and she chooses his person for her tabernacle, she at first visits him in his own house. His body begins suddenly to shake—his breathing is oppressed—he hisses or roars out—he falls down or he leaps about, just as the Waren of the goddess may choose to *play* (*khelune*) in his body. SHE then tells his friends or relations to send for the Patell and other village authorities, as she has a message to deliver to them. On their arrival, she announces her name either as Deveen generally, or under that local appellation of the goddess to whom the village temple may be dedicated, or perhaps by some one of the many names under which she is worshipped, as the household divinity of the particular caste, tribe, or family, to which the man belongs. She informs the Patell that she intends henceforth taking up her abode in the village temple, and authoritatively demands admission. The Patell and other Mankurees (village authorities) always demur in the first instance, alleging their doubts as to the real character of the possession, hinting their suspicions that it is a devil and not the goddess, and demanding proof of her genuine divinity. The proofs insisted upon her are various. Sometimes the Patell lays on the ground five or six different flowers, and, selecting one of these in his own mind, says, ‘ If you be Deveen, tell me which of these flowers I am now thinking of.’ If the possessed points out the right flower, it is considered conclusive proof of the authenticity of the visitation, the man is forthwith admitted into the temple, and, thenceforward, on particular days in the week or month, according to the nature of the periodical visitations of the Waren, there is a sort of minor *Jatra*, or visitation, to the temple where this oracle is established. The priest or clerk of the temple spreads flowers and burns incense before him—the musicians strike up their music—the man invokes the presence—the Waren of Deveen again plays in his body, and all who have vows to make, oracular answers to seek, or maladies to cure, at-

tend—worship—lay down their coconut or gift in money—propound their several wants—intimate their vows, and receive their respective answers.

“ Whatever revenue is thus derived, goes to the treasury of the temple. The man, who has the Waren, does not touch one single ree: but the Patell and Mankurees pay him, from the treasury, such amount for his support as they may deem necessary.

“ In other cases, they try the reality of his pretensions by the body rather than the mind—giving him several severe cuts on the back with a whip or rattan—and, if he laughs at the flogging, they conclude the Waren of Deveen genuine.

“ If he fail in either trial, pointing out the wrong flower, or evincing the slightest sensibility to the flagellation—he is rejected as an impostor, or as one really possessed, but by a devil and not by a divinity.

“ But proofs far more severe are often demanded. The village authorities will say to the possessed, ‘ Well! you say you are Deveen (or Doorga, or Girja-Baee, or Muha-Kalee, as it may be); now, if you will show us a live tiger passing by, we will believe you and admit you to the temple.’ The possessed generally replies, ‘ I will not show you one now, but on such and such a day, at such a time, if you are at such a place, I will make a tiger pass by; but you must not kill it:’ or perhaps he will say, ‘ I will not show you a tiger; but, to-morrow, at such a time and place, I will make a boar or a leopard pass, provided you do not kill it.’

“ The proofs demanded are various: the aspirants often fail; but, till they satisfy the authorities, they are denied admittance to the temple. I have known a man, after his failure and rejection, wander about India four or five years, and at length return, and satisfy, and obtain admission from the Mankurees, who originally rejected him.”

On our intimating our scepticism as to the production of a tiger, or any other animal, and requesting him to lay aside all hearsay tales, and confine himself to his own positive personal experience, he made the following statement :—

“ At the village of Adiwulé, near the town of Rutnagiree, where the zillah court and collector’s office for the Southern Conkan are both established, is a man named Gunoo, who has in his body the Waren of Muha-Kalee [Magna-Atra, the most terrible form of Deveen].

He has for many years been admitted into the village temple, where, every Monday, the Waren comes upon him. On such occasions the temple, which is a very large one, is crowded with aspirants, devotees, and patients, from all the neighbouring parts—often as many as five hundred. They go to consult him even from Bombay. When I was lately there, I met ———, a clerk in the Small-cause Court. I asked him what brought him there. He replied his house was haunted by the spirit of a Caffree, who made such frightful noises at night that none of the females could get any sleep, and he came to consult the oracle of Muha-Kalee. We were then on the outside of the temple, and separated from it by a very dense crowd of several hundreds; but the Devasthanu (the man in whom the goddess dwelt), saw him in his mind, and called out to the crowd to fall back, and make way for the stranger from Bombay.

"This man, Gunoo, before his admission to the temple, had fulfilled the condition about producing a live animal; for I was present during the proceeding, and saw it with my own eyes. On the day when the Waren first seized him, and he sent for the village authorities, he announced himself as Muha-Kalee, and demanded installation into the temple; they told him plainly they would not believe him to be Muha-Kalee till he showed them the tiger on which that goddess is supposed to ride. He replied, 'I will not show you the tiger; but to-morrow, at such an hour and place, I will show you a troop of wild boars: you must not, however, kill any of them: one of them will of himself meet death.' The next day the Patell and Mankurees, and many others, myself among the rest, assembled at the place pointed out, in the verandah of a house on the outskirts of the village, and sent word to Gunoo to come. He came in his ordinary state, and, then, having arranged the apparatus of invocation (*mand ghaloon*), by spreading flowers, and burning incense, the Waren began to play in his body. On being questioned again by the Patell who he was, he replied, as on the previous day, 'Muha-Kalee.' The Patell said, 'Show us now the boars you promised.' He answered, 'You will see them pass a little after noon.' We sat waiting there for about two hours, when, as he had fore-

told, four or five boars rushed out of the jungle, crossed the road, and were soon out of sight; but the same evening some villagers brought in the body of one, which was found dead in a water-pit, not far from the village. From that day, now eight years ago, no one doubted the reality of Gunoo's periodical possession by Muha-Kalee."

Whatever may be thought of this story, which is a type of many others, it affords a very correct illustration of the belief and mode of thinking, universally prevalent on the subject, in Western India; and, whether all such narratives be set down as emanating wholly from deliberate imposture, or as the result of superstitious credulity, "plus some delusion, plus some illusion," plus the popular disposition to exaggerate the wonderful, they form an integral portion of the system of Waren, and could not be fairly omitted in any faithful delineation of it.

What seems most remarkable in these accounts is, that the possessed always evades those proofs, which would show the possession of *power* really supernatural, such as the immediate production of this or that animal, and substitutes for them others, which, at most, only demonstrate a certain limited faculty of prevision. Asked to produce a tiger on the moment, he cannot; but, in lieu, he promises that a tiger, a leopard, or a boar shall pass on some future day. Does not this look as if, unable to produce, he still possessed some capacity to foresee? In this respect, the system presents an exact counterpart to the phenomena, real or pretended, of second sight, and magnetic lucidity.

All such pretensions are accustomed to be treated as claims to some great supernatural gift, which cannot reasonably be allowed, and are, therefore, wholly denied, and set down to the score of imposture. But may not this view, which runs counter to the popular traditions of all countries, and compels us to reject some of the best attested facts in civil and ecclesiastical history, as well as in medical biogra-

* And yet we must now add (four years after the foregoing account was taken down), this very Gunoo, having failed in some of his prophecies, was driven out of the temple by the village authorities, as one whose possession was demoniac, and whose oracular deliveries were, therefore, unsafe. Dublin, 1848.

phy, be radically erroneous and one-sided? Is it not possible that those confused and limited perceptions of events beyond the present locality and hour, which are termed lucidity and second sight, are, in reality, a clouding darkness—a displacing of the primary and healthy vision; and, instead of forming a gift to be desired and prized, constitute, in truth, a visitation to be dreaded and deplored? May not such a perception of the remote in place or time, be real within certain limits, and yet be for man, a wrong, a diseased perception—as much a disturbance or distortion of his healthy relations with external things, as that loss or perverted sense of proper identity, which occurs in lunacy, in epilepsy, in some cases of hysteria, and in all genuine cases of Waren?

Nothing can be more certain than that persons in Waren lose the consciousness of their own identity for the time, and imagine themselves to be some other beings.

The same was the case with the possessed among the Jews and the witches of the middle ages: it is the case with the magnetic somnambulists of the present day.

But each, in announcing the name of this other presence, follows those associations, traditions, and beliefs, which have surrounded him from infancy, and are lodged deep in some recess of his imagination or memory.

The Jewish demoniac called himself Legion: had he descended to particulars, he would, in all likelihood, have given names connected with Jewish or Chaldean popular belief—if, indeed, the word Legion itself be not such—and applied to cases where the possessed displayed a muscular force, which it took many men's exertions to overpower.

The witch of Christendom named herself from the popular demonology of that day, as may be seen on consulting any of the annals of witchcraft.

We have conversed with several Hindoo demoniacs. All named themselves from the Hindoo mythology, amid which they were brought up. One asserted he was seven goddesses at once. (Magdalen had seven unclean spirits cast out; she was, probably, not an unchaste, but a hysteric or an epileptic female). The other died, as before stated, alleging he was the god Khundoba.

The magnetic somnambulist, too, condemns his ordinary self: he does not, indeed, speak as a person altogether external to that waking self, but rather adopting the language of pantheistic transcendentalism, which has, of late years, become so prevalent throughout Europe,* as a distinct and superior intelligence within—a being within a being. His sensibility and his consciousness seem double, and both appear to be transferred or reversed, like the polarities of a magnet, for the time being.

This corresponds with the notion of the Greeks regarding the two souls—one superior and rational, the other inferior and animal. According to all the published theories of the magnetists on this subject, it is the superior intelligence which is energising on such occasions, while the outward or inferior being is asleep. Yet, comparing their own facts with the notions of the ancients, they ought rather to admit, if there be any foundation for their belief at all, that it is the inferior or animal soul that is brought into activity during these crises. Plato maintains that the rational soul is without any power of prevision, which is a faculty of the inferior or animal soul, seated in the liver, on the polished surface of which, as on a magician's crystal orb, visions are depicted. Aristotle, too, writing on dreams, says, that prophecy, or the pythonic spirit, is demoniac rather than divine; for that men of vicious lives are often endowed with the power of foretelling

* Of late throughout Europe; but known in India for three thousand years, under the name of Vedantu—scientifically enforced in the supplementary chapters to the Vedus, called Oopunishuds, and still further illustrated in the celebrated philosophical and religious poem, the Bhugvut Geeta, translated by Wilkins. It is a curious fact, that the Germans, in whose language such a radical affinity exists to Sanscrit—that we must pronounce them originally of the same race as the Hindoos—should be now developing and spreading through Europe that philosophy, which was propagated in India by their kindred Bramhins three thousand years ago, and has ever since been professed by the greatest thinkers there.

future events. Now, the lucidity of the magnetic somnambulists, connected, as it is alleged to be, with the epigastric region, and the ganglionic or nervous centres in that vicinity, and confessedly developed in many persons of questionable character, corresponds, if with any part of the theory, with that which relates to the inferior or animal soul, in which there seems to be conveyed an intimation of the fact that these visions are the result of physical conditions.

All these speculations may be founded on a great truth, that a certain faculty of prevision, or more properly of displaced vision—more or less limited—more or less confused—is really the consequence of certain forms of physical disease. This is acknowledged in the well-known lightening before death. It may be the case in epilepsy—in aggravated degrees of hysteria, and other complaints, in which the healthy action of the brain and nervous system is disturbed. It may account, without resorting to the supposition of absolute imposture, though allowing for exaggeration, for many of the phenomena of second sight, of magnetic lucidity, and of the system of Warren now under consideration, all of which seem to be intimately connected with epileptic or hysteric tendencies. Nor should it be considered contrary to reason, that a certain insight into futurity—dim, and confused, and limited, but still real—should be the result of disease. In our healthy state, we do not know the future; and this ignorance is bliss. The being who made us, and knew what is best for us, has bound up our health and our happiness with ignorance of the future; and, except where direct revelations of the future are given by God, as standing proofs of truth, or for the benefit of the church—any change from that ignorance to knowledge must, instead of being regarded as a good, be, on just considerations, viewed as an evil; as much a result and proof of unhealthy action, as that exquisite sensitiveness of the nerves, or the ear, which occurs in some states of neuralgic or cerebral malady, and which is productive of so much suffering. Our healthy being is in the limited—the present. Our healthy action depends upon a defined and correct perception of identity, place, and time. Anything that con-

fuses or alters the relations of these phenomena to ourselves—that loses the finite in the infinite or vague—that merges a man's own identity in that of others—that confounds the remote in place with the near, and brings the future time in the present—must undoubtedly be abnormal, disturbance, disease. All these effects are produced, apparently, by whatever injuriously affects the brain and nerves—by intoxicating liquor in a low degree—by stramonium, bhang, and opium in a higher; by water on the brain, and by wounds in the head. These effects—the disturbance of identity, place, and time—are visible in all lunacy, whencesoever arising: and may not epilepsy and the higher forms of hysteria have a similar result? May they not disturb our natural relations of time or place, as they unquestionably do of personal identity? From all that we read of the past, as well as what we witness in the present day, we have reason to conclude that they do; and that to this disturbance may be traced—in perfect harmony with Plato and Aristotle, and without resorting to the theory, either of a true inspiration or of imposture in all cases—most of the well-attested examples of prevision which occur in the annals of pythonism, demonology, witchcraft, obi, second sight, mesmerism, and religious ecstasy; in the vaticinations of the sybil, the priestess of Apollo or Cybele, and the modern gypsy, lineal descendant of those Indian Pariah women, among whom the Warren is so prevalent; in the prophetic utterances of religious enthusiasts among Protestant sects—in the revelations of hysteric nuns, peculiarly predisposed to these forms of physical disease, from confinement, and the repression and extinction of those natural feelings and functions (accompanied, perhaps, by some abnormal metathesis), upon the derangement of which, the hysteria of European females is well known often to depend, and with which derangement, the demoniac possession and Warren of Hindoo females, it will be seen through these papers, is intimately connected; in the magnetic lucidity of France and England, and in the oracular Warren of Western India. That individuals of perfect good faith and sincere piety, may be deceived as to the origin of these visions, and that the visions themselves

often prove false, the history of religious enthusiasts too fully shows. What their enemies mistake for imposture, and their admirers for inspiration, should, perhaps, in truth be set down as the result of hysteria, epilepsy, or nervous disease. This theory will render clear to us the nature of many trances and ecstasies, recorded in religious biography. This will enable us to comprehend how a sincere and humble Christian female, a follower of Edward Irving, could prophesy that young Napoleon, then living, was soon to become Antichrist, as is related by Baxter. It will explain the history of the unfortunate Joan of Arc, and reconcile the anomalies in the life of St. Catherine of Sienna—now experiencing visions and seraphic raptures; now beset for years by sinful imaginations, terrors, and despair.

Of the singular illusion by which, on all these occasions, the party loses his or her own identity, and imagines him or herself another being—demoniacal or divine—more than one instance occurs in the course of these papers. The following, which took place very recently within our own knowledge, is curious in many respects.

A Bramhin, connected with the judicial department, had occasion to return lately, for a short period, to his native town in the Southern Conkan. A few nights before his departure, a messenger came to his house, to tell him that a Bhundaree of his acquaintance had been suddenly taken with the Waren of Deveen, and demanded urgently to see him. The man, who had thus sent for him, was a Bhundaree by caste, who had formerly acted as Bhoppee, or officiating priest, to the temple of Deveen, in the village of Keshelee,

in the Southern Conkan; but, for the last three years, had been living in Bombay. On the Bramhin's arrival in the house, he found the Bhundaree with that convulsive shaking of the body which usually attends Waren. On seeing him, the patient or possessed addressed to him the following singular speech—speaking, it will be observed, in the person of Deveen, and of himself as of a third person.

“You are going to the Conkan in a day or two; take **THIS FELLOW** with you. **HE** was happy and pure, performing **MY** worship at Keshelee; but three years ago **HE** came to Bombay, an impure island, an irreligious town, an extravagant place, full of gamblers; **THIS MAN** will be ruined here; for three years I am trying to get **HIM** away from here, but I cannot. I don't wish **HIM** ruined, for I am attached to **HIM**; do you take **HIM** back with you to Keshelee, and deliver **HIM** up to **ME** there.”

This speech must have been the reflex, in a peculiar form, of thoughts which had passed through his mind before; it reminds one of the upbraids which a drunken man sometimes utters against himself; and the best key, perhaps, to many of the psychological phenomena of Waren, magnetic somnambulism, and of elilepsy, will be found in supposing the brain affected in some manner analogous to its state in intoxication—though to a more intense degree.

When the man was informed on the following morning, of the scene of the previous night, he grew thoughtful and melancholy; but eventually prepared to obey the summons of his goddess, and actually accompanied the Bramhin back to Keshelee, paying all his own expenses on the road.

NOTES BY PROFESSOR BAL GUNGADHUR SHASTREE.

(a) [“The account given by the Conkanee Bramhin.”]

In the whole of the Southern Conkan, there is scarcely any village in which the Gramu-Devu, or Deveen, does not favour one of the Gooruvus, or worshippers, with a manifestation in his person. The usual designation of this kind of afflatus is “Uvusuru.” The oracles of some places enjoy greater reputation than others. The Talookus of Viziadoorgu and Malwun are chief seats of these manifestations.

Under the native governments, the oracles occasionally take the place of a judge or jury in criminal matters. Sometimes a suspected person is convicted by the voice of an oracle, and deadly quarrels ensue, when the supposed culprit happens to be innocent, or a practised offender. Cases are, now and then, brought before the magistrates in Bombay, in which the stolen property is recovered, in consequence of the effect produced by the prophecies of a Bhukta, under the influence of Waren.

I LOVE NOT NOW!

Take from me all thou once didst give—
 Thy smiles and tears—thy sighs—*that* vow—
 Nor longer in my bosom live;
 I loved thee once—I love not now!
 'Tis better in this wretched hour,
 To fling from memory ev'ry trace—
 Each shadow of thy broken power,
 And all memorials fond erase!

Haply, in after times, the wrong
 Thy fickle speech hath done to me
 May strike thy soul, as, borne along,
 Thou gaily sailest o'er life's sea;—
 And then, amidst the wreck of love,
 That will thy sinking hope surround,
 Some long-forgotten thought may move
 Thy fluttering heart with grief profound!

Ω.

SONG.

TO MY LADYE-LOVE.

I.

O! gowden are the locks,
 An' snaw-white is the broo,
 An' sweet the looks o' my dear luve,
 As o' the guileless doo:
 The fairest flowers o' yirth
 Blend in her smile their tints,
 An' her voice it is saft as the merle's sang,
 When eve frae the heeven glints.

II.

I gaze into the mirror
 O' her unclouded eyes,
 An' a' my fretting cares tak flicht
 Like craws across the skies;
 The thocht o' her, like thocht o' youth,
 Can mak' my heart, wi' joy,
 As bricht as were the broomy braes
 I clambered when a boy.

III.

An' O! mair deep down in my briest
 Her fairy image dwells,
 Than lie below the sughin' sea
 The shiny sillar shells;
 An' it sall keep, aye bleezin' there,
 The haly lowe o' luve,
 Till, 'neath the mools, it glows nae mair,
 An' daisies weep above.

W. G.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LI.

JAMES W. WHITESIDE, Q.C.

HE who writes a biographical sketch of an eminent contemporary, has a task to perform of more than ordinary difficulty. He labours under an embarrassment somewhat similar to that which the portrait-painter must necessarily encounter. However skilfully his colours are worked in—however delicately the rugged outlines are softened down, with the desire to impart a tone of harmonising beauty to the subject, and at the same time to preserve a faithful likeness—there will be found an abundance of critics ready to assert that the portrait is too flattering; while the original himself will, probably, be of an opinion the very reverse. Good-natured friends will say the picture is good, but it is far too handsome; while the subject will probably exclaim, *sotto voce*, “Surely I am a better-looking fellow than that!” Satisfied with having performed, to the best of our ability, a difficult and somewhat delicate duty, we shall leave the responsibility of finding fault to those sagacious critics, whose approbation we have no desire to gain.

Thousands and tens of thousands will read these lines we now pen, who have never seen—who may never see—the gifted advocate whom we present to their notice. It is for them we write.

In addition to the ordinary reader, there are other classes for whom the career of an advocate so eminently successful, is invested with an interest far deeper than even romance. To those who are still struggling up the height which he has gained, each passage of his history has a peculiar charm. They long to learn every incident that can be known about him; whether the friendly offices of others have contributed to lift him to his eminence; or if, destitute of that connexion which has assisted many, he have been the architect of his own fortunes; whether he had to encounter, in his early career, those difficulties by which, perchance, their own have been clouded; by what arts did he win the favour of the stern goddess whose smiles they have wooed as yet in vain; did fortune long frown upon him; had he to endure neglect, poverty, discouragement; were his hopes crushed in the morning of life; had he to brave the smile of contempt ill-concealed, or the derisive sneer not concealed at all. Did he surmount all these. Alas! how little do those who are not behind the scenes sympathise with the causes which inspire an anxiety that may well be called morbid. We have read somewhere that Lord Coke used to envy the ploughman, who, in the breezy spring mornings, went whistling past his window. What does the peasant, whose frame is braced into vigour by the freshness of the morning air, know of the long drudgery of weary years, spent in the acquisition of a hoard of dry, uninteresting knowledge, which may never be of any use—the sickness of hope deferred—the anxious waiting for an opportunity which may never arrive—the best days of life thrown away in the unwholesome air of crowded courts—the jaded spirits, the throbbing temples, the shattered nerves, the exhausted frame—anxieties, heartburnings, disappointments? What evil has the ploughman's life to be compared to these? And then when the moment comes at last which is to compensate him for all this years of toil, what is fame without health—what is gold when the capacity for enjoyment is gone? He has heaped up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them. And yet it may be even then his disappointments are not ended. Often, too often, in this unhappy country, do we see the earnest, honest man, who has spent his life in unremitting toil, who has worked his own way by his own exertions—who has never stooped to unseemly acts, nor compromised the character of his profession by trading in politics—who has never deviated from the straight though rugged path which leads to fame—although he stands foremost in the rank of his profession—though he is admired for his ability and acquirements, and esteemed for his private worth—how often do we see such a one neglected by those who are the dispensers of official patronage, while the political charlatan, the dishonest adventurer, the obscure practitioner, who has had recourse

James Whitehead

Dublin James M'Glashan. 1849.

to acts to which no man of honour would stoop—his inferior in every acquirement which can distinguish a lawyer, and every quality which can adorn a man—is flung over his head. Alas! it is true, too true, in Ireland, in the distribution of political patronage, merit is very rarely the test; genius, learning, wit, and eloquence are left neglected in the shade, while political tergiversation and profligacy, empty bluster and factious agitation, carry off the prize.

Should the visitor of our courts of law chance, in his wanderings, to enter the Queen's Bench, he may observe, seated in the front row, among his silken brethren, with a disorderly mass of huge briefs tumbled out of the bag which lies on the table before him, a man still in the prime of life, of pale complexion and slender form. His features are well chiselled and regular; the brow is broad and ample; the chin bold and prominent, indicating energy and decision; and the lips seem dry and parched, as if with incessant speaking. The casual spectator, observing him in a state of repose—which is a phase rare, indeed, in his existence—as he sits contemplating the brief before him, on the margin of which he jots down rapidly some observation, stroking his chin the while, with a kind of rapid gesture peculiar to himself, will remark, perhaps, nothing in his appearance to distinguish him from the herd of prosy veteran practitioners by whom he is surrounded; but when anything is said which is of interest to attract his attention, a sudden start—a gesture of animated energy—a gleam of intelligence, which lights up his whole face, and flashes from an eye which, when in repose, is not expressive, indicate the leading characteristics of his intellectual conformation. There he sits for a brief moment of his busy life in a state of comparative quiescence, when, from a little box at the top of the court, proceeds a voice—"James Whiteside, Esq.;" he turns round; his quick glance encounters the crier. "Nisi Prius Court," responds that oracle. He plunges into the crowd at the side bar, and Mr. Whiteside has vanished. See him, as with capacious bag, nervously clutched in both hands, with rapid strides, he traverses the hall. An eager solicitor, panting like time, as his tall form vanishes in the distance, makes a dive at him, holding out an oblong slip of paper, tied with red tape. Breathless, he reaches him. Mechanically the retainer is seized, and plunged into the recesses of the capacious bag. The next moment you will find him on his legs haranguing a city jury.

Such is the Mr. Whiteside of the forum. Change the scene—meet him in another place, and you would scarcely know him, so marvellously is he transformed. No trace of care is on the face of him whom you may shortly afterwards see, springing along the flags, with a gay and elastic step; trim and reasonable is his dress: glossy his hat, and placed with an effect somewhat artistic: his gloves are accurate; his boots unexceptionable; his neckcloth conspicuous in its tie. You would never suppose him, as he comes along, flourishing a cane in his hand, to be the patient, laborious, hard-working advocate, whom you have just observed; and yet it is the same—a chrysalis in the morning—a jovial butterfly in the evening—a lawyer in the forum—a gentleman in the street—but wherever you meet him—*both*.

As an advocate, Mr. Whiteside is without a rival at the Irish bar, and we very much question if Westminster Hall can produce his equal. His powers of oration are of the highest order. Vigorous and effective, he seems as if by a species of intuition to select, on the moment, that form of expression best calculated to convey his meaning. Every phrase is pointed and condensed—every period rounded off with a polish and elegance, the charm of which can only be appreciated by those who have heard him. His fluency is remarkable; and we have heard him throw off, without the least appearance of effort or premeditation, passages of an eloquence and beauty sufficient to make the reputation of a dozen. Without the sarcastic powers of Brougham, he has an infinite fund of humour, less polished, perhaps, than that of Bushe, but quite as effective. His action, although perfectly unstudied, is impressive, and not devoid of grace; it seems to be the natural offspring of the working of his mind. Although by no means deficient in argumentative power, as he proved in the discussion of the Presbyterian marriage question—for his perception is so quick and keen, that he can comprehend at a glance any legal proposition, and discuss it with ability—much of his forensic success must, doubtless, be attributed to that readiness and tact which is the most important

qualification of a *Nisi Prius* advocate. Not so subtle or so refined in the distinctions he draws as some of his competitors, his familiarity with the rules of evidence—his quickness in taking objections—his readiness in reply—his skill in the examination of witnesses, and his indomitable energy and impetuous eloquence—render him as troublesome as an opponent as he is powerful as an advocate. As a mere lawyer, his acquirements are varied and extensive—perhaps, sufficiently so to please the taste of fastidious and plodding pleaders or “stout-built equity draughtsmen,” whose dull intellect no gleam of fancy illumines. But these captious critics ought to know that it is impossible to be a great advocate without being a good lawyer. And it is absurd to conceive that any one possessed of such powers of mind—of a perception so quick, and intelligence so keen—could pass through the severe ordeal of study to which, as we shall presently show, he subjected himself, while preparing for his profession, or could have enjoyed a practice so extensive as he has for so many years, without having acquired a store of learning abundant and sufficient for the ordinary purposes of his profession.

But if from the forum we follow him into society, where his buoyant and happy temperament, his genial good humour, and his love of mirth, qualify him to shine, the gratification is very great. With the dusty habiliments of the profession, he throws off the sententious pomp of the advocate. Although possibly somewhat too loquacious for the taste of those who wish to have an opportunity of shining themselves, his boyish flow of spirits, and his gay and genial humour, are irresistibly attractive.

In regard of a punctilious observance of the rules of professional etiquette, his conduct is unimpeachable, and deserving of the highest praise. A practitioner more honourable or more thoroughly gentlemanlike never existed. Since his elevation to the rank of Queen’s counsel, we have known instances where he has refused to encroach upon the privileges of juniors, by drawing ordinary pleadings—an honourable punctilio, we are sorry to say, more honoured in the breach than the observance at the Irish bar; and we have never heard of a single instance where he has attempted to push the fortunes of a junior in the circuit to the exclusion of others. We wish his example in this respect were more generally followed.

Having thus presented to our readers the picture, we must give them the pedigree:—

Mr. Whiteside was born in the year 1805, in the glebe-house of Delgany, in the county of Wicklow, of which parish his father, the Rev. Wm. Whiteside, a gentleman distinguished by the variety of his literary attainments, was the pastor. He died early, leaving his two sons to the guardianship of a brother clergyman. The present vicar of Scarborough, a learned and accomplished divine, the success of whose collegiate course showed that he inherited the literary tastes of his father. One is the subject of our memoir. It not unfrequently happens, in the university career of those who are eminently successful in after life, passes without any remarkable indication of ability, while we have known some cases where the splendour of collegiate fame has so dazzled those who have earned it, as apparently to incapacitate them for the attainment of subsequent distinction.

The collegiate life of Mr. Whiteside was, however, not undistinguished—he gained various premiums in classics. Cicero and Demosthenes were his favourite studies; but we do not find that he distinguished himself highly in those severer studies upon which the minds of so many successful lawyers have been trained. In 1828, he removed to London, where he spent three years in vigorous and incessant study, and was called to the bar in 1830, although he did not commence to practice until November 1831. He was a pupil first, we believe, of Mr. Thomas Chitty, the eminent pleader, and afterwards passed into the chambers of Mr. Swanston, a gentleman well known to the profession, by his reports and admirable opinions on the judgments of Lord Eldon. During the period of Mr. Whiteside’s preparatory studies, he was also a sedulous attendant at the law class of

* The late Rev. James Whitelaw, Rector of St. Catherine’s, and author of “History of the City of Dublin.” Their education was superintended by an excellent and pious mother.

London university, where he carried off several prizes. The studies of this class were directed by Professor Amos, the learned editor of "Phillips on Evidence." At the debating society which met within its walls, he afforded early promise of those oratorical powers which he has cultivated with such success, and soon became so distinguished a member, that he was appointed to deliver the opening address. Mr. Robert Tighe, a gentleman remarkable for the variety of his information, and the elegance of his literary tastes, with Mr. Forster, the author of Goldsmith's life, and Mr. Napier (to whose sister he was afterwards united), were also members of the same society.

The following extract from an American publication, written by a student who had belonged to it, will be read with interest, as showing the impression which the young orator had even then produced upon his associates:—

"He was a frequent participant in the debates of the Law Society of that institution. It was there the writer of this, then a student of law, first witnessed and admired the brilliant displays of Mr. Whiteside's eloquence, which was the glory and admiration of the university, both of students and professors. In that society, which contained many young men of genius, some of them already much distinguished in England, Mr. Whiteside was admitted by all to be, by far, the foremost in eloquence and learning. His style of speaking was marked by intense enthusiasm, earnestness, and vehemence, and whilst the burning words rushed forth with the irresistible strength of a deep and impetuous river, his action, which nature and passion dictated, was far more appropriate and impressive than mere art could ever teach. Yet, in 'the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of his passion,' there was a grace and moderation of sentiment, and a chasteness of language and expression, which never made 'the judicious grieve,' because he never 'overstepped the modesty of nature.' His speeches often produced a mixture of fear, awe, and indignation, or if he touched the chords of ridicule, the audience was 'in a roar.'"

The industry and application of the subject of our memoir at this period to his legal studies will be found no unprofitable object of the contemplation to the student who is emulous to follow in the same path; he diligently attended to the sage advice of Littleton, which can never be too much admired—"Et sachez bien qu'ilz que un des plus honorables, et laudables, et profitables, choses en ce royaume, est durer le sciens de un pleder en accions realx, et personalx, et pur ce toy conseil especialment de mettr tout ton courage et cure ce d'apprendr." "We have seen an extract from a letter, containing a summary of the extent and variety of his pursuits.

"During the period he was in Mr. Chitty's chambers, he often drudged at his desk for ten hours a-day. Laboured assiduously upon every point which arose. He transcribed cases, wrote whole volumes of matter, analyzed Lord Coke's Reports, and threw off various literary papers in periodicals of the day, and besides all this, was a constant attendant and speaker at the debating society."

These papers here alluded to were doubtless sketches of eminent contemporaries, which from time to time appeared in the *National Magazine*, the *Literary Gazette*, and other Irish periodicals, now extinct. We have looked through them, and although we cannot fail to admire the indomitable energy and perseverance which, while occupied in pursuits so severe and harassing, left him no time for the cultivation of the lighter pursuits of literature, yet we do think many of his written compositions of those days, which have come under our notice, are distinguished by that rare excellence which characterises his speeches. His style is, however, always animated, often vigorous, and not unacceptably elegant and classical. Did our space admit, we could adduce in proof many examples; but a sketch of the late Judge Burton, in the second number of the *Magazine*, with other notices of Lords Abinger, Denman, Lyndhurst, Brougham, and Sir James Mackintosh, in the former periodicals we have mentioned, will be found to afford a tolerable specimen of those powers, which he has since had leisure to cultivate with greater success.

The late Dr. William Cummin, and Sir James Emerson Tennant, now Colonial Secretary for Ceylon, were among the friends with whom Mr. Whiteside, in early life, had the greatest intimacy. Having been retained as counsel by the latter gentleman in Belfast, we believe he was thus indebted for the opportunity of distinguishing himself on circuit, which very soon occurred, and which his previous indus-

try and talents enabled him to turn to good account. Accordingly, in a few years after he had joined the north-east circuit, we find by the newspapers of the day that he was in full business. His professional connection rapidly extended itself. Solicitors, with an intuitive perception of merit by which they are not uniformly distinguished, soon discovered in him that rare combination of qualities calculated to make a *nisi prius* advocate effective, and his bag was generally well filled with briefs. Among his earlier efforts at the bar, his defence of Sam Gray at Monaghan, of Hughes at Armagh, both of which we had an opportunity of hearing, were the most remarkable; and in a speech, we believe the very first he ever delivered at the Irish bar, upon an assessment of damages for a libel published in the *Comet* newspaper against one of the Directors of the Apothecaries' Hall, may be found many of the germs of his future excellence. Of his legal acumen and argumentative power we have also ample proofs. A point made by him in defence of a man charged with bigamy, raised the question of the validity of marriages between Presbyterians and Episcopalians, which was celebrated by ministers of the former's Church, which he discussed in the Queen's Bench, in an argument of great force and ability. This case went afterwards to the House of Lords, where the objection taken prevailed; and Lord Lyndhurst is said to have observed that nothing could be added to his argument. Mr. Whiteside's reputation as a lawyer was now so high, that in 1842 he received from the hands of Sir E. Sugden, the then Chancellor, a silk gown—an honour, we believe, unsolicited on his part.

Having thus rapidly glanced at the main features of his early professional career, we arrive now at a passage of Mr. Whiteside's history which proved a critical epoch of his life, and the turning point of his fortune. Seized upon with his usual felicity, it lifted him at once to eminence, and placed him, without a rival, as incomparably the first advocate of his time.

The task upon which we have entered is, as we have already said, of no small difficulty; still it is comparatively easy to describe the intellectual power of the successful lawyer or the accomplished statesman; to analyse the powers of his mind, to fathom the depth of his learning, or to measure the fertility of his resources; but when, passing from these, we turn to the orator, how inefficient is language to convey to the mere reader any adequate notion of his power. Grant us manner, vigour of expression, fluency, lucid arrangement—of all these a tolerably accurate idea may be given—but the magic of voice, eye, tone—the eloquence of expression, the pathos which thrills, the wit which sparkles;—when we come to describe them, we feel how far beyond the reach of language is their expression. When the voice of the orator is hushed, the charm is broken, and the speech which remains written can give no more idea of the thrilling power of that speech when delivered, than can the marble of the fire and vigour of the eye, or the cold and lifeless lips of the sources of his fame.

The events of those times, which produced one of the finest triumphs of modern oratory, have now passed into history; they are perhaps still too recent to enable us to appreciate to its full extent the momentous nature of the issue which was then to be decided. The great drama which had been played during a lifetime neared its close, and when the curtain rose upon the last scene of all, the picture was disclosed, so grand and striking that it will not readily be forgotten. The great agitator, he who for half a century had exercised an unbounded influence over the minds of his fellows, had been driven to bay; he had "put himself on the country;" and there he stood, a criminal at the bar of that court which had been the scene of so many of his forensic triumphs, in the presence of his judges, his associates in earlier life, and of a jury formed exclusively of his political opponents.

The court from an early hour in the morning had been crowded to the roof, and a hushed and solemn silence pervaded every corner, as Mr. Whiteside arose. It was truly a great occasion, and one well calculated to call into life his loftiest powers. Every eye was turned upon him, and he knew it;—the eyes, not of his own profession, not of his own country only, but of Europe. We saw that he felt the magnitude of his task—that he felt it in every fibre of his frame, which quivered with emotion, as slowly, but with perfect distinctness and self-possession, he uttered the few short and simple sentences which form the exordium of that remarkable speech. There were at that time in that court some

gentler hearts more tremblingly alive, perchance, than his own to the impression he would create;—to these that moment must have been one of intense interest—they might have felt fears as to the result—but we soon saw that any apprehension was groundless. We knew that the inspiration of genius was upon him—the lamp was lighted at the shrine: he had seized his audience, and played with their feelings at his will. They were subdued by the intense and concentrated energy of the man, by the impetuosity and power of his oratory: the soul of eloquence was flashing from his eyes, its inspiration was breathing from his lips; torrent after torrent of beautiful, terse, and pointed declamation burst upon the astonished court.

We shared the excitement of that memorable scene, and shall not easily forget its termination. A silence pervaded the densely-crowded court—so awful, intense, that the flakes of snow falling upon the roof could be distinctly heard. When he approached the close, so overpowered by his extraordinary exertions, that his strong, clear voice had subsided into a hoarse whisper—each accent, as it grew fainter, was caught up with breathless eagerness; there seemed some strange sympathy between the speaker and his audience: the very faintness of his words added a deeper and more impressive effect; and when, at last, after a magnificent burst of impassioned eloquence, he sank, completely exhausted, into the arms of one of his fellows, the triumph of the orator was complete, the feelings of those present, wound up to the highest pitch of tension, found vent in a burst of enthusiastic applause, which the court, apparently under the influence of strong emotion itself, found it difficult, for many moments, to subdue.

Of this speech, as of Erskine's in defence of Horne Tooke, it may be said that it will live for ever. To be estimated by those who are capable of understanding its merits, it must be regarded as a whole. The thread of argument is woven so artistically, throughout the whole fabric—the introduction of topics calculated to excite the sympathies of the jury is so dexterous—that it would be obviously impossible to convey, by detached passages, any adequate notion of its singular power and beauty.

Framed upon a classical model, which will be familiar to those who read it as an oration, it is complete in all its parts. The simple exordium—the narration of facts—the suggestion of motives—the enunciation of legal principles—the touching peroration—are linked together by a chain of argument. We prefer the peroration (if it can be called one) of the first day to that of the second. His exquisite allusion to the spirit which had animated the orators of Greece, his dexterous transition to the great men of later times, has rarely, never, been surpassed. At the risk of spoiling the effect of the whole, we must select a few passages, without which this sketch would probably be considered incomplete; but we assure our readers that, even then, they can form a very faint and inadequate notion of its power:—

“Of self-legislation the Irish are deprived; for self-government, it would seem, they are incompetent. It is a matter no less of surprise than of concern that the country which produced a Burke, the teacher of statesmen, the saviour of states, cannot now furnish a single individual qualified to share in the administration of the affairs of his native country. He is but a poor statesman who thinks the pride of a sensitive people can be wounded with impunity. You may say, gentlemen, and say with truth, that it is a matter of small moment who the individuals may be who compose the ministry of the day, provided the people are prosperous, contented, and happy. But are the people of Ireland contented, prosperous, and happy? Alas! a large portion of our countrymen are unhappy, discontented, destitute, pressed down by poverty. They look around for the cause of their misfortunes; they behold a country blessed by Providence with the means of wealth; the strong man pines for the daily wages of a sixpence; he strives with gaunt famine, in the midst of fields teeming with fertility and plenty. Is he seditious if he exclaims, in the language of indignant remonstrance, that he thinks a native parliament would give him the means of subsistence? Is it criminal for him to wish for the means of life? Is he seditious, if, knowing that his single voice would be unheeded as the idle wind, he joins with other men, wretched as himself, in a declaration of their common wants, their common grievances, and their common sufferings? Is he, or are they conspirators if they think a local parliament might, perhaps, give them those blessings for which they sigh? They think, perhaps erroneously, that a resident aristocracy, and a resident gentry, would prove the source of industry, and the means of wealth; they conclude, rashly perhaps, that it is not

morally right millions should be drained annually from the soil of Ireland by those whose tastes are too fastidious to permit them to spend one hour among the people who labour to supply their extravagance or their necessities ; they say, by the evidence of their senses, they know the value of a resident peerage and gentry by the happy results which flow from such residence wherever it exists ; they see their aristocracy absentees—the mischief daily and hourly increasing ; they think, perchance a native Parliament would induce them to return ; therefore, of the Union they demand a repeal. Are they conspirators because they do so ? They know and true it is, that the beauties of Ireland, if now she has any, are not sufficient to induce her nobility, or her gentry to reside. What are her rare beauties compared with the fascinations of the Imperial Senate, or the glittering splendour of a court ? Patriotism is a homely virtue, and can scarce thrive by absence, by an education, by a residence, by tastes, by feelings, by associations, which teach Irishmen a dislike not unmingled with a disdain, for their native country. They see and they believe that wealth is hourly diminishing in the country ; before them they think there is a gloomy prospect and little hope ; they look to their stately metropolis ; they see what a quick and sensitive people cannot shut their eyes to—the houses of their nobility converted into boarding-schools or barracks—their Stamp-office abolished—their Linen-hall waste—their Exchange silent—their University deserted—their Custom-house almost a poorhouse ; and, not long since, they read a debate, got up by the economists, as to the prudence of removing the broken-down Irish pensioners from Kilmainham to Chelsea, to effect a little saving, careless of the feelings, the associations, the joys, or the griefs of the poor old Irish soldiers who have bravely served their country. That cruelty was prevented by an exhibition of something like national spirit and national indignation. They see daily the expenditure of every shilling withdrawn from the poorer to the richer country, on the ground of the application of the hard rules of political economy, or the unbending principles of imperial centralisation. They behold the senate house of Ireland—the Union has improved it into a bank. That magnificent structure, within whose walls the voice of eloquence was heard, stands a monument of past greatness and present degradation. The glorious labours of our gifted countrymen within those walls are not forgotten ; the works of the understanding do not quickly perish. The verses of Homer have lived for twenty-five hundred years and more without the loss of a syllable or letter, while cities, and temples, and palaces, have fallen. The eloquence of Greece tells of the genius of her sons and the freedom it produced, and we forget her ruin in the recollection of her greatness ; nor can we read even now without emotion the exalted sentiments of her inspired sons, poured forth in exquisite language to save the expiring liberties of their country. Perhaps the genius had a resurrectionary power, and in later days quickened a degenerate posterity from the lethargy of slavery to the activity of freedom. We, too, in better times, have had amongst us men who approached the greatness of antiquity ; the imperishable records of their eloquence may keep alive in our hearts a zeal for freedom, and a love of country. The comprehensive genius of Flood, the more than mortal energy of Grattan, the splendour of Bushe, the wisdom of Saurin, the learning of Ball, the noble simplicity of Burrowes, the Demosthenic fire of Plunket, and the eloquence of Curran rushing from the heart, which will sound in the ears of his countrymen for ever. They failed to save the ancient constitution of Ireland ; wit, learning, eloquence, genius, lost their power over the souls of men. With a great exception, these our distinguished countrymen have passed away, but their memorials cannot perish with them ; while the language lasts their eloquence lives and their names will be remembered by a grateful posterity while genius is honoured or patriotism revered. Lastly, on the subject of the Union ; the Irish people say THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT HAS NOT ATTENDED TO THEIR PECULIAR WANTS, NOR REDRESSED THEIR PECULIAR GRIEVANCES. OUR CHARACTER, SAY THEY, HAS BEEN MISUNDERSTOOD AND SOMETIMES SLANDERED ; OUR FAULTS HAVE BEEN MAGNIFIED INTO VICES, AND THE CRIMES OF A FEW HAVE BEEN VISITED ON THE NATION. The Irish—the mere Irish—have been derided as creatures of impulse without settled understandings, a reasoning power, or moral sense. They have their faults, I grieve to say it ; but their faults are redeemed by splendid virtues—their sympathies are warm—their affections are generous—their hearts are brave. They have rushed into this agitation with ardour ; it is their nature, when they feel strongly, to act boldly—to speak passionately.—ASCRIBE THEIR EXCESSES TO THEIR ENTHUSIASM, AND FORGIVE. RECOLLECT THAT SAME ENTHUSIASM HAS BORNE THEM TRIUMPHANT OVER FIELDS OF PERIL AND GLORY—IMPELLED THEM TO SHED THEIR DEAREST BLOOD, AND SPEND THEIR GALLANT LIVES IN DEFENCE OF THE LIBERTIES OF ENGLAND. THE BROKEN CHIVALRY OF FRANCE ATTESTS THE VALUE OF THAT FIERY ENTHUSIASM, AND MARKS ITS POWER. Nor is their high spirit useful only in the storm of battle ; in the hours of adversity it cheers the almost broken hearts—lightens their load of misery, well nigh insupportable—

sweetens that bitter cup of poverty which thousands of our countrymen are doomed to drink. WHAT IS THERE TRULY GREAT WHICH ENTHUSIASM HAS NOT WON FOR MAN? THE GLORIOUS WORKS OF ART, THE IMMORTAL PRODUCTIONS OF THE UNDERSTANDING, THE INCREDIBLE LABOURS OF HEROES AND PATRIOTS FOR THE SALVATION OF THE LIBERTIES OF MANKIND, HAVE BEEN PROMPTED BY ENTHUSIASM, AND BY LITTLE ELSE. COLD AND DULL WERE OUR EXISTENCE HERE BELOW, UNLESS THE DEEP PASSIONS OF THE SOUL, STIRRED BY ENTHUSIASM, WERE SOMETIMES SUMMONED INTO ACTION FOR GREAT AND NOBLE PURPOSES—THE OVERWHELMING OF VICE, WICKEDNESS, AND TYRANNY—THE SECURING AND THE SPREADING THE WORLD'S VIRTUE, THE WORLD'S HAPPINESS, THE WORLD'S FREEDOM. THE HAND OF OMNIPOTENCE, BY WHOSE TOUCH THIS ISLAND STARTED INTO EXISTENCE AMIDST THE WATERS WHICH SURROUND IT, STAMPED UPON ITS PEOPLE NOBLE QUALITIES OF THE INTELLECT AND HEART. DIRECTED TO THE WISE PURPOSES FOR WHICH HEAVEN DESIGNED THEM, THEY WILL YET REDEEM, REGENERATE, AND EXALT THIS COUNTRY."

The electrical effect of the scene which followed the delivery of these magnificent passages was unprecedented. The audience were completely penetrated by the glow of his burning words—touched as if by magic. When we consider the vast variety and extent of ground over which the advocate had to travel—the complicated nature of the facts with which he had to deal, speaking ostensibly for the editor of the *Nation*, and having at the same time to argue on the effect of all the acts and speeches of Mr. O'Connell, we cannot but regard that speech as almost unrivalled in the annals of oratory. It is impossible, as we have said, to give an outline, far less an analysis, of the argument. It must be read altogether. Having selected a flower of rare oratorical beauty, we shall present our readers with a specimen of one of those flashes of gay and genial humour that enlivened it, which elicited shouts of laughter :—

"The ministry were called on to act against the meetings in this country, and they declined; they might have legislated and saved the country from confusion or convulsion. The preservers of the public safety decline to do so; they remain quiet until parliament breaks up. His Excellency, of whom I speak with profound respect, retires from Ireland for recreation, or for the cultivation of those elegant tastes for which he is so distinguished; the Lord Chancellor betakes himself to the banks of the Thames, to the charms of Boyle Farm, to muse on law, or dream of Pope; the noble Secretary for Ireland seeks some quiet dell, to lose, if possible, his unclassic recollections of Irish politics; the Attorney-General, escaped from the bustle of St. Stephen's to the tranquillity of home; Mr. Solicitor, calm as ever, is indulging in the most agreeable anticipations of the future; the Prime Minister is gone to Drayton; her Majesty to sea—Ireland is left, in the most comfortable manner possible, to go head foremost to destruction. A happier arrangement of things could not be made; life and property were consigned to the mercy of the conspirators, and the progress of the conspiracy advanced unheeded and unchecked. The meeting at Clontarf is announced: how shall I describe it? A black cloud hung on the declivities of the mountains; the political horizon is overcast; a dangerous activity on the part of the government succeeds a dangerous silence; couriers fly to the Irish officials. The crown lawyers prick up their ears and say—Here is sedition—where is his Excellency? Here is illegality—where is the Lord Chancellor? Here is matter of political expediency—where is the noble Secretary? What welcome news they brought who summoned our English functionaries to return to the seat of their Irish happiness! Meanwhile time pressed; Mr. Attorney grew ardent, Mr. Solicitor apprehensive; they were, I believe, seen together on the sea shore, straining their eyes towards the coast of England, and, in the agony of their expectation, exclaiming—

" ' Ye gods, annihilate both time and space,
And make two lawyers happy.' "

They come, they come—the privy council is assembled. I cannot state to you, gentlemen, what passed, or what was said, at the first meeting of that august body; the Robertson or Gibbon of future times may record. I can tell you what they do—they do nothing. The do-nothing policy prevailed, and on Friday they separated, having done nothing—with the happy consciousness that they had discharged their duty. Refreshed by sleep, they reassembled on Saturday. They consider—they compose—they publish; and the proclamation is issued at three o'clock, forbidding the meeting, for which meeting there were thousands on the march almost at that

very moment. The Commander-in-Chief receives his order, and prepares for battle; the cannon are loaded—the bayonets are fixed—the cavalry mount—and forth marches our victorious army, in all ‘the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.’ It was a gallant sight to see. The advanced guard, by a brisk movement, pushed on and seized Aldborough House. The light infantry, protected by cavalry, rush forward—the guns are placed in position—the Pigeon-House, bristling with cannon, looked awful; the police skirmished; and the Commander-in-Chief—what did he do? he did all that Julius Cæsar, under similar circumstances, could have done. It is stated that Sir Edward Blakeney, at one o’clock, rode down to inspect the troops—approved of what was done—rode home, and dined! and if he does not get a peerage for the happy deeds he did that day, justice will not be done to Ireland. Such a triumph was never achieved since the renowned day of Irish history, when Brian Boroihme girded a mighty sword upon his giant thigh, and at Clontarf smote the Dane.”

We do not think the peroration of the second day equal in beauty to that which concluded the first; but we shall give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves. The topic of free discussion had already been handled by the greatest forensic orator of modern times, in whose speeches there is nothing more remarkable than the quiet and subdued tone of their conclusion, as if he considered the victory as already won by his powers. Mr. Whiteside, however, reserved the most powerful as well as the most finished portion of his speech for the last, possibly in the hope of leaving in the jury box a topic which might excite the sympathies of all.

It is, however, comparatively easy, with the speech before us, now to criticise how it could have been better done, and put with more effect; but who among us could have *spoken* it. With undiminished power and splendour, and unfailing energies, he had reached the close, touching the hearts, if he failed to convince the understandings, of all who heard him; and gaining for himself a fame which will be imperishable in the annals of eloquence. It is idle to compare this with the other speeches made by his associates; none of them, with the exception, perhaps, of Sheil, came near the mark—although possibly with a prescience of its futility, even he avoided the semblance of argument, and in his conclusion appealed to the softer sympathies of the human heart. Mr. Whiteside’s had a higher and a broader aim. Both were beautiful, but neither effective: the eloquence of Demosthenes would not have moved that jury. A short extract of Mr. Whiteside’s conclusion is all that we can afford to give:—

“Gentlemen, the whole case is now before you, and is emphatically for your decision. You have seen the many instances where the crime of conspiracy was attempted to be fastened on Englishmen, in which English juries refused to convict. In that terrible book containing the State Trials of England, where the real history of that country is written, there are many instances of truth stifled, justice scoffed, and innocence struck down. . . . Even in the days of Cromwell, after he had waded through slaughter to the throne, and under the sacred names of liberty and religion trampled upon both, the tyrant found the virtue of a jury beyond his power. The forms of justice he dare not abolish while an Englishman lived; and we have it upon record that when, in the plenitude of his power, he prosecuted for a libel upon himself, there were twelve honest men found who had the courage to pronounce a verdict of not guilty, thus proving—I quote the words of a patriot lawyer, who, in reference to that immortal precedent, exclaimed, ‘When all seemed lost, the unconquerable spirit of English liberty survived in the hearts of English jurors.’ Gentlemen, the true object of this prosecution is to put down the freedom of discussion of a great public question. Viewed in this light, all other considerations sink into insignificance. A nation’s rights are involved in the issue—a nation’s liberties are at stake. What won, what preserves the precious privileges you now possess? The exercise of the right of political discussion—free, untrammelled, bold. The laws which wisdom framed—the institutions struck out by patriotism, learning, or genius—can they preserve the springs of freedom fresh and pure? No; destroy the right of free discussion, and you dry up the sources of your freedom. By the same means by which your liberties were won can they be increased or defended. Quarrel not with the partial evils free discussion creates, nor seek to contract the enjoyment of that greatest privilege within the narrow limits timid men prescribe. With the passing mischiefs of its extravagance, contrast the prodigious blessings it has heaped on man. Free discussion

aroused the human mind from the torpor of ages, taught it to think, and shook the thrones of ignorance and darkness. Free discussion gave to Europe the Reformation, which I have been taught to believe the mightiest event in the history of the human race; illuminated the world with the radiant light of spiritual truth. May it shine with steady and increasing splendour! Free discussion gave to England the Revolution, abolished tyranny, swept away the monstrous abuses it rears, and established the liberties under which we live. Free discussion, since that glorious epoch, has not only preserved but purified our constitution, reformed our laws, reduced our punishments, and extended its wholesome influence to every portion of our political system. The spirit of inquiry it creates has revealed the secrets of nature; explained the wonders of creation, teaching the knowledge of the stupendous works of God. Arts, science, civilisation, freedom, pure religion, are its noble realities. Would you undo the labours of science, extinguish literature, stop the efforts of genius, restore ignorance, bigotry, barbarism, then put down free discussion, and you have accomplished all. Savage conquerors, in the blindness of their ignorance, have scattered and destroyed the intellectual treasures of great antiquity: those who make war on the sacred right of free discussion, without their ignorance, imitate their fury. They may check the expression of free thought, which might, if uttered, redeem the liberties, or increase the happiness of man. The insidious assailants of this great prerogative of intellectual beings, by the cover under which they advance, conceal the character of their assault upon the liberties of the human race: they seem to admit the liberty to discuss, blame only its extravagance, pronounce hollow praises on the value of freedom of speech, and straightway begin a prosecution to cripple or destroy it. The open despot avows his object is to oppress or to enslave: resistance is certain to encounter his tyranny, and perhaps subvert it. Not so the artful assailant of a nation's rights; he declares friendship while he wages war, and professes affection for the thing he hates. State prosecutors, if you believe them, are ever the fastest friends of freedom: they tell you peace is disturbed, order broken, by the excesses of turbulent and seditious demagogues. No doubt there might be a seeming peace—a deathlike stillness—by repressing the feelings and passions of men. So in the fairest portions of Europe this day, there is peace, and order, and submission, under paternal despotisms, ecclesiastical and civil. That peace springs from terror, that submission from ignorance, that silence from despair. Who dares discuss, when with discussion and by discussion tyranny must perish? Compare the stillness of despotism with the healthful animation, the natural warmth, the bold language, the proud bearing, which spring from freedom and the consciousness of its possession. Which will you prefer? Insult not the dignity of manhood by supposing that contentment of the heart can exist under despotism. There may be degrees in its severity, and so degrees in the sufferings of its victims. Terrible dangers which lurk under the calm surface of despotic power. The movements of the oppressed, will, at times, disturb their tyrant's tranquillity, and warn him their day of vengeance or triumph may be nigh. But in these happy countries the very safety of the state consists in the freedom of discussion. Partial evils in all systems of political governments there must be; but their worst effects are obviated when their cause is sought for, discovered, considered, discussed. Milton has taught a great political truth, in language as instructive as his sublimest verse:—'For this is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievances ever should arise in the commonwealth; that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty obtained that wise men look for.' Suffer the complaints of the Irish people to be freely heard: you want the power to have them speedily reformed. Their case to-day may be yours to-morrow.—Preserve the right of free discussion as you would cling to life. Combat error with argument—misrepresentation by fact—falsehood with truth. 'For who knows not,' saith the same great writer, 'that truth is strong—next to the Almighty. She needs no policies nor stratagems to make her victorious; these are the shifts error uses against her power.' If this demand for a native parliament rest on delusion, dispel that delusion by the omnipotence of truth. Why do you love, why do other nations honour England? Are you, are they dazzled by her naval or military glories, the splendour of her literature, her sublime discoveries in science, her boundless wealth, her almost incredible labours in every work of art and skill? No; you love her—you cling to England, because she has been, for ages past, the seat of free discussion, and therefore, the home of rational freedom, and the hope of oppressed men throughout the world. Under the laws of England it is our happiness to live. They breathe the spirit of liberty and reason. Emulate this day the great virtues of Englishmen—their love of fairness, their immovable independence, and the sense of justice rooted in their nature; these are the virtues which qualify jurors to decide

the rights of their fellow-men. Deserted by these, of what avail is the tribunal of a jury? It is worthless as the human body when the living soul has fled. Prove to the accused, from whom, perchance, you widely differ in opinion, whose liberties and fortunes are in your hands, that you are there, not to persecute, but to save. Believe me, you will not secure the true interests of England by leaning too severely on your countrymen. They say to their English brethren, and with truth—'we have been at your side whenever danger was to be faced, or honour won. The scorching sun of the East, and the pestilence of the West we have endured, to spread your commerce, to extend your empire, to uphold your glory—the bones of our countrymen whitened the fields of Portugal, of Spain, of France. Fighting your battles they fell; in a nobler cause they could not. We have helped to gather your imperishable laurels—we have helped to win your immortal triumphs. Now, in time of peace, we ask you to restore that parliament you planted here with your laws and language, uprooted in a dismal period of our history, in the moment of our terror, our divisions, our weakness—it may be—our crime. Re-establish the Commons on the broad foundation of the people's choice; replace the peerage, the Corinthian pillars of the Capitol, secured and adorned with the strength and splendour of the crown; and let the monarch of England, as in ages past, rule a brilliant and united empire in solidity, magnificence, and power. When the privileges of the English parliament were invaded, that people took the field, struck down the monarchy, and dragged their sovereign to the block. We shall not be ready to imitate the English precedent; we shall revere the throne while we struggle for a parliament, its surest bulwark. That institution you prize so highly, which fosters your wealth, adds to your prosperity, and guards your freedom, was ours for six hundred years. Restore the blessing, and we shall be content. This prosecution is not essential for the maintenance of the authority and prerogative of the crown. Our gracious sovereign needs not state prosecutions to secure her prerogatives, or preserve her power. She has the unbought loyalty of a chivalrous and gallant people. The arm of authority she requires not to raise. The glory of her gentle reign will be—she will have ruled, not by the sword, but by the affections—that the true source of her power has been, not in the terrors of the law, but in the hearts of her people. Your patience is exhausted. If I have spoken in any degree suitably to the subject, I have spoken as I could have wished; but if, as you may think, deficiently, I have spoken as I could. Do you, from what has been said, and from the better arguments which may have been omitted, to be suggested by your manly understandings and your honest hearts, give a verdict consistent with justice, yet leaning to liberty; dictated by truth, yet inclining to the side of accused men, struggling against the weight, and power, and influence of the crown, and prejudice more overwhelming still; a verdict to be applauded not by a party, but by the impartial monitor within your breasts; a verdict becoming the high spirit of Irish gentlemen, and worthy the intrepid guardians of the rights and liberties of a free people."

The result of this memorable trial is too well known to need any comment here; but this speech was the key-stone in the arch of Mr. Whiteside's fortune. Attorneys flocked around him, and retainers flowed in from all directions. He was, upon several occasions, taken as special counsel to circuits other than his own; and what was possibly the highest tribute to his powers, he was personally requested by Mr. O'Connell to argue the motion for a new trial—a task of much difficulty, as well as delicacy, which he performed with ability and manliness. This continued strain upon his powers proved too great for a constitution naturally delicate, and overtaken by incessant toil; he was seized with an illness so severe as to oblige him to recruit his health by a relaxation from professional labours, at a time, too, when the gates of office seemed opening to receive him. Repose from toil, and a removal to a milder climate, were recommended. He proceeded, accordingly, to Italy, when, after a residence of two years, he has returned, with physical energies recruited, and, as his recent efforts have proved, with his mental powers as active, brilliant, and vigorous as ever.

These years of travel were not, however, spent unprofitably in that classic land, so rich with the spoils of time. His leisure hours were amused by collecting materials which have since been published; and notwithstanding the assaults of some reviewers, his work on Italy has been most successful. The first edition, within a few weeks after its appearance, was rapidly sold off, and another is now published. There are few instances on record of eminent lawyers being successful in the field of literature; their ordinary avocations are of a nature to unfit them for its cultivation.

The duties of a professional life are so multifarious, and so harassing, that it is impossible for any one occupied by them to keep up with the history of foreign countries, or to be familiar with their ever-shifting fortunes: facts new to him, to others must necessarily be familiar; and if Whiteside's "Italy" is obnoxious to these censures, to counterbalance them it has many merits. It contains much rare and valuable information upon the various judicial codes, which are examined and discussed with the experience of a lawyer, and the sagacity of a statesman. His style is always lively and animated. There is a freshness and a graphic power in his descriptions, which show that if the graver duties of his profession did not occupy his time, his powers are of versatility sufficient to enable him to attain high eminence in another field, in which so many of his brethren have made such signal failures.

It is very unusual that after so long an absence from the duties of his profession, a lawyer should at once resume the position he had occupied; but no sooner had Mr. Whiteside's return to this country been made known, than the full stream of business once more flowed in upon him. Upon his own circuit especially, where his absence was felt, his reappearance was hailed with delight, as well by the public as by his associates, with whom his gay and buoyant spirits make him an especial favourite.

We come now to the Clonmel trials, which must be so fresh in the recollection of all our readers, as to require no preface. Mr. Whiteside was retained for Messrs. Smith O'Brien and Meagher, and although it would be impossible to surpass the speech we have just been discussing, yet his defence in these cases was in every way worthy of his former fame; and to judge by contemporary reports the triumph of the orator was not less complete, and the effect upon his audience almost unexampled. Of the two speeches delivered by him upon those occasions, we prefer that in the case of O'Brien, which is characterised by many of those appeals so touching and so passionate which distinguished his defence of O'Connell. His speech in defence of Mr. Meagher was more remarkable as an argument; and for clearness of statement and lucid arrangement of detail, as well as logical power, cannot be surpassed. This brilliant display of forensic ability was, however, in vain. The facts could neither be gainsayed nor contradicted; and although the defence was most ingenious and skilful, it was uphill work from the first. The defence set up for Mr. O'Brien was, that his intention had not been to levy war, but to avoid arrest. Not having the good fortune to hear the gifted advocate upon this occasion, we are unable to offer any observations of our own upon his performance, but we shall give a short extract from a contemporary of the press:—

"It was a beautiful and sustained piece of logic, with one leading thought, developing one intent, pointing to one object, and clearly distinguishing that intent and that object amidst a heap of accusations and a host of circumstances. . . . The character of the speech might have been anticipated from the nature of the cross-examination; but even the mode of examination, able and ingenious as it was, could afford little idea of the exquisite tact with which delicate points were touched; of the inevitable force with which discrepancies and contradictions were made manifest, of the playful wit and graceful raillery with which absurd allegations and puerile details were ridiculed, of the indignant and stinging sarcasm with which meanness and hollowness were scourged, of the passionate outbursts with which treachery and injustice were denounced, or of the no less touching and heartrending appeal with which the matchless address was closed. Not one hostile passion did the advocate raise against his client or his cause, not a prejudice did he wound, not a scurrility did he pain, not a conventional etiquette or propriety did he outrage. The judges have nothing to cavil at, the crown has nothing to resent. It was exquisitely judicious and full of tact. At times not the most indifferent spectator, attracted by the merest curiosity, could seem to enjoy the blunder of a witness, the humour of the cross-examination, or the wit and playfulness of the advocate more than Mr. Smith O'Brien; but when in his magnificent appeal this gifted lawyer alluded to the time-honored family, to the venerable mother, to the youthful children, to the fond and trembling wife, who clung to hope, and would give her heart's blood to save the object of her youthful affection—then and then alone—pride, and strength, and firmness gave way, as with one sweep, and the brother, the son, the father, the husband, burst into a flood of tears, that welled up from his full heart. His nearest relations were convulsed with agony; persons bowed their heads and wiped the fast flowing tears from their eyes; the judges were nearly

overmastered by the emotions of men, and every eye and heart in the assembly paid its silent homage to the power of the advocate."

We think this enthusiastic encomium fully justified by the following extract—the only one our space permits us to give—of this powerful speech:—

"I have observed upon the evidence, and considered, so far as my humble ability would permit, the great question involved in this solemn trial—namely, the guilty intent of the prisoner. . . . Where can he expect a temperate consideration of his motives and entire political career? His hope must alone be where the law has placed it—in the honour, the integrity, the discernment, the humanity of a jury. A rampart of defence that jury was designed to be to accused men, prosecuted for political conduct or political excesses, by the weight and power of the crown. Judges must be unbending—juries may regard the frailty of human nature. Juries—sprung from the people—should cast the ample shield of their protection around their fellow-subject, where they can believe his heart, his motive, and his purpose were not guilty, equivocal although certain of his acts may be. Such the high office designed for you in that famous constitution, whose foundations have been laid in the deepest wisdom—which has been through successive ages cemented by the patriot's blood, and consecrated in the martyr's fire. Your countryman, your fellow mortal, is in your power. The boast of British law is, that it abhors the shedding of human blood—yield to its benign principles, to the generous impulses of your nature, and stand between the prisoner and his grave. Review his life. From his mother's breast he drank in a love of country—from a father's patriotic example, the passion grew to a dangerous height. He has indulged, perhaps, a vision, to the peril of life, that Ireland might be a nation, and you her guides to wealth and greatness. In his childhood he heard that the Union with England was carried by corruption. He heard it from an Irish senator whom money could not purchase—whom a title could not bribe—who gave his honest vote, and would have freely given his life, to save the perishing constitution of his country. That father recounted to my client what Plunket, Bushe, and Grattan spoke on the last memorable night of our national existence—how he had been persuaded by the gravity of their arguments, transported by their eloquence, and borne away by their patriotic ardour. His youthful imagination, fired by a sense of Ireland's wrongs, dwelt on the days when we had a gentry and a senate with intense constancy, and the passion grew that *he* might restore a parliament to the land he loved. . . . His true offence is, that he courted for *you* what is England's glory, and blessing, and pride. Deeply he may have erred in pursuit of this darling object—will you avenge his misdirected patriotism by a dreadful death? You may do so, and no earthly inducement will tempt me to say, if you pronounce the awful sentence of guilty—that you have not given the verdict conscience commanded. If his countrymen condemn my client, he will be ready to meet his fate in the faith of a Christian, and with the firmness of a man. The last accents of his lips will breathe a prayer for Ireland's happiness, Ireland's constitutional freedom. The dread moment that shall precede his mortal agonies will be consoled, if, through his sufferings and his sacrifice, some system of government shall arise—such as I aver has never here existed—wise, comprehensive, impartial, and, above all, consistent, which may conduct to wealth, prosperity, and greatness, the country he has loved, not wisely, perhaps, but too well. Would to God Mr. Smith O'Brien were my only client. The future happiness of an honourable, ancient, loyal family, is here at stake. The church, the bar, the senate, furnish relatives near and dear to this unhappy gentleman, who, although they differ with him in political opinion, have hastened to give to him brotherly consolation this melancholy day. Ireland has been the scene of their benevolent exertions—the source of their joy, their pride; her misery has been their affliction, her gleams of prosperity their delight. With broken hearts, should you consign the prisoner to the scaffold, they must henceforth struggle on through a cheerless existence, labouring in sorrow for the land they love. A venerable lady, who has dwelt amidst an affectionate tenantry, spending her income where it was raised, diffusing her charities and her blessings around, awaits now, with trembling heart, your verdict. If a verdict consigning her beloved son to death, that heart will quickly beat no more. Alas! more dreadful still—six innocent children will hear from your lips whether they are to be stripped of an inheritance which has descended in this family for ages—whether they are to be driven, fatherless and beggared, upon the world, by the rigour of a barbarous and cruel law—whether they are to be restored to peace and joy, or plunged into the uttermost depths of black despair. There is another who clings to hope—hope, may it be blessed in you! Her life's blood would be gladly shed to save the object of

her youthful affection—you will not consign her to an untimely grave! In a case of doubt, at the very worst, let a father's pity be awakened—a husband's love be moved. Let justice be administered—but justice in mercy. In no pitiful strains do I seek compassion for my client, even in this case of blood. I ask it solemnly, in the spirit of our free constitution—in accordance with the rooted principles of our common law. In this great cause between the subject and the crown, those great principles ought to shine out in glorious perfection. A verdict of acquittal, in accordance with those divine doctrines, will not be a triumph over the law, but the triumph of the law. When the sovereign seals, by her coronation oath, the great compact between the people and the crown, she swears to execute, in all her judgments, justice in mercy. That same justice you administer—no rigorous, remorseless, sanguinary code—but justice in mercy. Where, as here, the crime consists in the intent of the heart, and you can believe that intent not treasonable, or even doubtful, then, by the solemn obligation even of coldest duty, you should yield to mercy. In nothing, though at an immeasurable distance still, do men on earth so nearly approach the attributes of the Almighty as in the administration of justice. Divine justice will be tempered with mercy, or dismal will be our fate. As you hope for mercy from the great Judge, grant it this day. The awful issues of life and death are in your hands—do justice in mercy. The last faint murmur on your quivering lips will be for mercy, ere the immortal spirit will take its flight to, I trust, a better and a brighter world.”

We must now bring to a close our sketch of this distinguished advocate, who has recalled to the memory of their surviving contemporaries the palmy days of Irish eloquence. Those great men, whose names reflect such lustre upon our history, have passed away from the scene of their labours and their triumphs—they have perished; but the genius which inspired them has lived. Flood, and Grattan, and Curran, and Bushe (who spoke with the lips of an angel)—all, all are gone, but their memory is enshrined in the country of their affections; with the land which gave them birth, it is linked in imperishable association:—

“ These patriots through a general doom,
Have swept the column from their tomb;
A mightier monument command
The mountains of their native land;
There points the muse to stranger's eye,
The graves of those who cannot die.”

Like the prophet of old, the mantle of their genius has descended; and from that dim and unknown shore, which lies far away beyond the range of mortal ken, we could imagine these departed spirits looking down upon this distracted land—the country of their birth, their passion, and their glory—how great would be their joy to see that it has fallen upon a successor not unworthy of their fame. How much greater could they know that his heart is animated by the pure and lofty patriotism which inspired their own.

We must now take our leave of Mr. Whiteside. In the prime of his years and the full flush of fame, it is not likely he will be left much longer labouring in the ranks of that profession of which he is so distinguished an ornament. He will soon be called upon to enter a higher sphere than any he has yet occupied. His step may be even now on the threshold. Will he, when surrounded by “the fascinations of the imperial senate,” maintain in august assemblies those great truths of which in the forum he has been the intrepid advocate? Will he pass unscathed through the perilous ordeal of political life, or will the impetuous enthusiasm of his ardent nature wither under the smiles or quail before the frowns of power? Will he remain great, brave, and true, in her varying fortunes to that country whose storms have lifted him to fame, identifying himself with her interests, and assisting in her regeneration? When these storms have passed away, when the cloud which has lowered above her fortunes shall have been succeeded by a serener sky, will he defend her character, and shield her fame, in high places, with the same triumphant eloquence with which he has vindicated innocence and baffled oppression; or will the intrepid advocate subside into the adroit politician? A new page in the history of his country has opened before him: in what characters shall some future historian inscribe his name there? The past is illuminated with the names of those great men who have preceded him: shall the future derive lustre from his? Gifted with their powers, will he follow in their footsteps? Fawning not upon power, nor yielding to faction, nor dismayed by clamour, shall that fame be his, which shall endure when bronze has mouldered, and when marble has crumbled into dust?

THE POOR LAWS, POTATO DISEASE, AND FREE TRADE.

THERE can be no question that from the beginning of the year 1848 the state of this country has assumed a very disastrous aspect. A renewed and extensive failure of the potato crop has added greatly to the sufferings of the poor, and increased the perplexities which have involved all other classes of society. The burthen of poor rates has become intolerable to a people who have been themselves the principal sufferers from the loss of their crops; and the prospect of the aggravation of the pressure during the ensuing year from the continued and increasing distress and destitution in the country, has paralysed the energies even of the most sanguine and the most resolute. The peculiar evils of the present system of poor laws in Ireland, and their great inaptitude for such a country, has also naturally tended to check all exertion to prevent an increase of the rates, as the most active and well-disposed proprietor finds that all the employment he can give to his poor is of little avail without an extensive co-operation among his neighbours, which it is, from various causes, impracticable to attain, while the ill effects of a system by which such vast numbers are fed upon public doles have, it is too plain, only increased their indolence and indisposition to earn their bread by manly exertion. This system, continued in one shape or other since the Labour-rate Act was passed, while it is fast swallowing up all private property, has, at the same time, produced incalculable evils, in rendering the mass of the population listless and dead to every feeling of independence, an effect peculiarly disastrous in the case of the Irish peasantry. Altogether the prospects of the country are most gloomy, the very opposite to those which a well-ordered state should exhibit.

Various attempts have been made to arrest our downward progress, and to correct the system of legislation that has been inflicted upon us. With this view, and with the very desirable ob-

ject of raising a national spirit in the country, the Irish Council was, in the summer of 1847, founded by a few men of great talents and of sincere and patriotic intentions. It failed, however—from what causes it would now be useless to inquire. The Council of National Distress and Safety, composed of such of the Irish members of parliament of all political parties as chose to attend, was not productive of any better results. All the principal grievances of the time were in both these societies enlarged upon, and formed the theme, with many, of eloquent declamation. The vast sums expended under the Labour-rate Act upon useless works—the increasing burthen of poor rates—the decay of manufactures and of productive industry in general, and the blundering legislation of the Whig government were not forgotten, but, we are constrained to believe, with a secret determination on the part of many who held this language to take no step that would effect the removal of that government.

While these fruitless attempts were made to bring some relief to the pressing evils of the country, the distress of the people, combined with the astounding political events on the continent of Europe, emboldened the leaders of disaffection to excite rebellion, and, as a mode of remedying the grievances of the people, to introduce confusion and a total prostration of the rights of property, which could have ended in nothing but massacre and bloodshed. We certainly give the present government full credit for their activity in preventing an actual outbreak; but we must, at the same time, express our deep conviction that their general policy and legislation towards this country could only have the effect of adding fuel to the flame of discontent and disaffection. Where there is a country in which landlords are without rents, tenants overburthened and crippled by taxation, and a people demoralised, and at the same time in distress and penury, is it to be wondered that they

should become the prey of traitors and of agitators who are only wanting in courage to become traitors.

Whilst we are writing, a new association has sprung up, the object of which is to procure a periodical session of the Imperial Parliament in Dublin. This scheme has also had its origin in the disgust generated in the public mind by the mischievous course of recent legislation; but we cannot conceal our fears that it will be found only a delusion, calculated to distract attention from the real source of our misery, while it will serve the purposes of corrupt men, who will endeavour to maintain their popularity by a noisy agitation for a project which they know is not likely to meet the support of any English party in the imperial parliament, and will, therefore, never bring them into any real collision with the ministry. Like the Irish Council, this society consists of men of every political hue; and we greatly lament that in, perhaps, the necessary constitution of this body there should be found an opening through which fraud and imposture may rear its deformed head, while all the crying evils of the land are still left undressed.

While we thus pass in review the various abortive attempts that have been made to raise us from our wretched condition, it is far from our intention to engender a feeling of apathy or despair in the public mind. On the contrary, our great object is to direct public attention to the real source of the disastrous legislation that has been pursued to meet the calamity with which we have been afflicted. It is time for the country to look the question boldly in the face. It is now become abundantly manifest to all who do not wilfully shut their eyes, that the occurrence of the potato disease was made the pretext only for an entire change of the commercial system from one of protection to free trade. Instead of the adoption of efficient measures of an extraordinary character, to meet an extraordinary emergency, Ireland and its calamity only served the objects of those who had long contemplated the entire overthrow of protection to domestic industry in all its branches; and, in fact, occupied but a subordinate place in the thoughts of statesmen. In any

respect this mode of dealing with our calamity has been mischievous in its consequences to us. It was a very invidious position for Ireland to be placed in, that the whole of the protected classes in England should attribute to us their defeat in the struggle, and the very prominent and marked part which the great majority of the Irish members took in the total destruction of the protective system has only recoiled on themselves and their constituents, and been the fruitful source of all the injurious legislation under which we have since groaned. Mr. O'Connell had for some years seceded from parliament, under the allegation that Irish members could effect no good for their country in an Imperial Parliament; but the moment the repeal of the corn-laws and the other measures of free trade were proposed in 1846, he went over to London, and arrayed all the Irish members over whom he had influence, the representatives of an entirely agricultural country, in direct hostility to the English agricultural party, and thus, with strange inconsistency, the corn-laws were destroyed by a man who never ceased to attribute the wretchedness and poverty of Ireland to the loss of protection to her industry, as resulting from the Act of Union. It is in vain to pretend that there was any opposition from any quarter to the most effective measures to meet Irish famine, even to the temporary suspension of the corn-laws; but there was the strongest opposition to an entire permanent change of policy, and to the laws that were carried for the abolition of protection. So far from free trade and political economy being a remedy for the famine, it is now generally allowed, that the most effective measures for its relief were those adopted in 1845, by the formation of depôts of food throughout the country, by the agency of government; but this mode of relief was in violation of the principles of political economy, and was abandoned by the Whig government on that ground, in 1846, and this abandonment was one principal ground of their having recourse to the new poor-law, as the only alternative, when they refused any longer to use extraordinary means of providing food for the people. Political economy was also an obstacle to the

employment of money on railways, or any other productive investment which would have given to the people bread, without their being a burthen upon the poor rates.

Thus almost all the remedies provided by the legislature to meet an abnormal state of things, arising from a sudden calamity, were founded upon principles applicable only to the ordinary state of society, and accordingly they were greatly deficient. There was great loss of life from famine and pestilence; and although the relief afforded was far from being effectual, the expense entailed upon an impoverished country was vastly increased by the refusal of government to interfere with the course of private trade, and the necessity thus arising to purchase food from the private importers who, in defiance of all the theory of free trade, were the real monopolists during the year of famine. The Labour-rate Act, which has also saddled us with such crushing burthens, was likewise supported upon a principle ready cut from Adam Smith, and that science which now excludes every other idea from the minds of our ruling statesmen. This was plainly avowed by the prime Minister himself, in a late debate on a motion introduced into the House of Commons, with the view of enforcing the application of any future relief loans for Ireland to reproductive works. On that occasion the waste of money expended under the Labour-rate Act was strongly urged, but every argument was met by Lord John Russell by the notable dogma, that government could not go into the labour market and employ the destitute on useful works. Breaking stones and filling ditches were the only works that do not interfere with the private employment of labour, and to carry out this principle of abstract science, Ireland is mulcted in overwhelming taxation.

The repeal of the corn-laws, at the dictation of the Anti Corn-Law League, was the first strong manifestation of the absolute sway of the new principles of political economy. A most plausible picture was then drawn of its advantages to Ireland even, and a great parade was made of the removal of the police tax from the county cess to the consolidated fund, to enable the farmers the better to

encounter foreign competition. How grossly has the expectation of reduced taxation been falsified. A poor rate, amounting, in most cases, to a fourth of the annual value of the land—in many, to one-half—in not a few, to the whole value, and a greatly increased county cess, are pretty sensible evidence of the folly of all such expectations. The great majority of the Irish members, led on by the late Mr. O'Connell, turned the scale in the House of Commons in favour of the destruction of the corn-laws: he was influenced by the feeling often avowed by him—a desire to break down the English aristocracy; but Ireland, perhaps, has only met with a just retribution, in being itself reduced to misery and desolation. Instead of uniting firmly with the English agricultural party to resist the encroachments of the Manchester school, Ireland led the van in an assault upon the landed interest; and any party in the House of Commons to guard the interests of that extensive portion of the population, which derives its subsistence from agriculture, was completely broken up, and through that breach entered the New Poor-law, the Labour-rate Act, the Temporary Relief Act, and all that train of destructive enactments which, while they completely impoverish and cripple the landlord and farmers, must necessarily disable them from employing the artisan and the labourer, and thus leave him to destitution and starvation. Often has the principle been asserted in Ireland, that the famine was an imperial calamity, and should be borne by the whole state. If this principle, contended for by men of all parties at the great Rotundo meeting of peers and commoners in 1847, had been admitted by the legislature, it would have gone a great way towards alleviating our distresses; but, after the conduct of the Irish members on the corn-law question, was there any prospect of the English agricultural members or their constituents enduring taxation to relieve a country which had left them to struggle in future, unprotected, against foreign competition? No other conduct could naturally have been expected from them, than that they should join in the outcry raised in England against the endless burthen of Irish poverty, and vote for the new

poor-law, and all the catalogue of confiscating legislation; and thus is the failure of the Rotundo meeting to produce any effect, though so influential from its numbers and respectability, easily accounted for. It is true that Lord Stanley succeeded in carrying several important amendments in the Poor-law Bill in the House of Lords, which would have greatly mitigated its pressure; but the fatal effects of the conduct of the Irish members on the question of the corn-laws rendered it impossible for any of his political friends in the lower house to join in the attempt, and Ireland was left to bear the full severity of the ministerial policy; no English member would undertake the unpopular task of opposing a measure which was held forth as, in future, relieving England from the burthen of Irish poverty. We would call upon our readers to consider the effect of the conduct of our own representatives, the majority of whom, we boldly say, have brought upon us all the evils of recent legislation. They have sacrificed the interests of Ireland to aggrandise the great capitalists of Manchester, and this they do with the view of enjoying the smiles and favour of the Whig ministry; they have completely abandoned and betrayed the representatives of the landed interest in England; they have suicidally thrown the whole weight of their influence into the scale in favour of Cobden and Bright, who merely used the potato famine as a pretext to carry their own views, and the consequence has been not merely the repeal of the corn-laws, but what every man of common sense, who is acquainted with the workings of party in the House of Commons, must have foreseen, the total disruption of any party in that house to protect the landed interest, both in England and Ireland, from injurious legislation. It is one of the most absurd assertions that ever was attempted to be pawned on a besotted people, that the 105 Irish members have no influence in the legislature. This is every day in the mouths of the repeal members, and instilled by their press; and it is well calculated to serve the designs of corrupt men, who wish to combine the two objects of keeping up agitation and at the same time of withdrawing public attention from their parliamen-

tary conduct, as being not worthy of regard, from the alleged inability to effect any good for Ireland. Behind the dust thus raised by agitation, there is scarcely a repeal member that does not drive a profitable trade with ministers for his vote, since the day that his vote on the corn-laws brought them into power, and they are become completely indifferent to the ruin which the principles and policy of the government have brought on the country, whose interests they were elected to represent. A feeble opposition made by them on a few isolated points, is but a wretched compensation for all the mischief which their general support enables them to effect, while it has greatly increased the indignation and contempt which their utter abandonment of the agricultural and Protectionist party in parliament has given rise to. What independent English member would feel any heart to propose any measure to benefit Ireland or its impoverished people, when he reflects on the treatment which Lord George Bentinck's Railway Bill received from the Irish members?—who unanimously approved of it one day, but after a visit to the minister, two-thirds of them either voted against it, or absented themselves at the division, and those the very members who clamour loudest on the fertile topic of Irish poverty and starvation. Who would not feel disgust, when he sees the Irish representatives make such a barefaced sacrifice of the public good to their own private views, and for the future discontinue all attempts to serve her?

But it really seems to be the settled purpose of the majority of our representatives to excite the animosity of the English members, and particularly of that party among them with whom our common interest should induce them to make common cause, and to provoke them to hostile votes against Ireland. In the last session, the same system of conduct was pursued, which could only have the effect of preventing the formation of any party to protect the interests of the agricultural population. If we examine their votes, they would only increase the irritation which they had in previous sessions raised. The period for which the income-tax was imposed on England was about to expire, and its renewal was

opposed by the agricultural party in England as very onerous upon the farmers who had now lost all protection. In this opposition they were joined by the urban population; but the Irish members, whose constituents are not subject to the tax, came down to the house in a body, and were the principal means of imposing an unpopular tax upon England. It may be said that the revenue could not bear so large a loss: but the question really raised was between direct taxation and the indirect taxation of customs and excise; and the income-tax was supported as essential to a free-trade policy. Were free-trade and political economy such boons to Ireland, that her representatives for them should excite a prejudice against their country in the breasts of Englishmen, by imposing an unpopular tax upon them? Could there be a worse method devised of obtaining a mitigation of the pressure of the poor-law in Ireland? It is very well if it does not procure us the blessings of the income-tax, in addition to other taxation.

The votes of the majority of the Irish members for the repeal of the Navigation Laws, is also calculated to inflict irreparable injury upon Ireland, by exciting the hostility of a most influential class, the shipping interest in England, in addition to the agricultural body which we have already alienated. What benefit have Cobden and the Manchester capitalists conferred upon us that we should alienate every other class by supporting their favorite theories? But the most marked instance of the disastrous conduct of our members occurred when the scheme of ministers for the relief of the West Indies was in agitation. Their whole plan was very distasteful to all parties in the House of Commons, was strongly objected to by the West Indian interest, and was only carried by a small majority of fifteen; but a part of the scheme, which went to admit rum at a greatly diminished duty, was greatly objected to by the Irish distillers and farmers, and a deputation was sent to London, to organise an opposition against it. They did their utmost to obtain the support of the Irish members, a meeting of whom was held in London, and they appeared to be unanimous in their opposition to the scheme. The plain and only ef-

fectual course open to them was to join in the general opposition to the whole measure, and thus to turn the ministerial majority of fifteen into a minority; but this course would not have suited the views of those who find their account in supporting ministers, and accordingly, the greater part of the Irish members either absented themselves or voted with the majority and contented themselves with an ineffectual opposition to that part which related to the rum duties, when they must have known that they would be thoroughly beaten; and thus they have contrived at once to sacrifice the interests of Ireland, and to excite the hostility of the powerful West Indian interest. And these are the representatives who shortly before in Dublin ostentatiously vowed to prefer Ireland to the support of any ministry.

We have now gone through a wearisome detail, but we have thought necessary to bring in review before our readers the whole conduct and proceedings of the majority of the Irish members, because it is highly important that the public should see to whom is due the miseries which legislation has brought upon us. The course of proceeding of the Irish members has been such, from first to last, as not only to render impossible the existence in the House of Commons of any party capable of protecting the interests of the agricultural population of the empire, but they have gone to the length of provoking the hostility of the landed interest in England—an absurd extravagance of folly, which nothing but the frantic hatred to England, so disastrous to this country, but so long and sedulously instilled by agitators could have produced.

The repeal of these laws which protected the Irish farmer in the growth of his wheat and oats, and other grain crops, was very little alleviation of the famine, even at its height; while the principles of political economy on which that repeal was founded, and which forbid any interference with the course of private trade, was absolutely a most serious aggravation of the public distress. At the height to which prices rose during the year of famine corn would have been admitted at the nominal duty of one shilling under the old sliding-scale; whereas under the scale which ceased only on the first

of last month, the lowest duty was four shillings for wheat, and so ill adapted was the scale for famine prices that it was suspended for a period of some months, the very session after its enactment. The experience of the last three years shows, that the main substitute for the lost potatoes is Indian meal; and the only funds the country has to purchase this food, either for the pauper population or the rest of the population, are derived from the sale of their corn and stock, from which the people must not only buy food but pay their rents, poor-rates, and taxes, now so grievously oppressive. It is useless at present to discuss the question, how it is the people of Ireland cannot generally eat the corn of their own country; the fact is so, and there is no prospect of any change for years to come. It is certainly an advantage to the poor to have Indian corn cheap, but quite the reverse as to other grain. Under the pressure of taxation, and the loss of the potato crop, the country has nothing to fall back on as revenue to its inhabitants, but a high price for corn and cattle. The inhabitants of the large cities and towns are altogether dependent on the rural population, and it is impossible for the merchant, the shopkeeper, or the tradesman to survive, unless the farmer, the rural labourer, and the landlords are well supplied with money. All the expenses and burthens of the famine must be borne by the funds produced by the sale of the native produce of Ireland, and we must contend that it is a total delusion to suppose that a low price for that produce is an advantage in meeting those expenses and burthens, or in enabling the country to feed its pauper population. Let us contrast our present wretched pauperized condition with the period of the war, when wheat reached the extraordinary price of £4 per barrel. The farmers and landlords were able to employ the labourers, and were good customers to the inhabitants of the towns; and, as far as Ireland was concerned, it never was so prosperous, nor its people better fed, although during that period there were sometimes rather extensive failures of the potato. We are aware that such high prices are not now attainable, nor desirable, for the whole empire, and that complaints are now generally directed,

not against low prices, but against the overwhelming burthen of taxes; but really the practical question is, are prices remunerative, or is there any probability of succeeding in an attempt directed against taxation *alone*? We are convinced that any such attempt will be a great waste of the nation's exertions.

In a mere endeavour to get rid of or lessen the burthen of poor rates, all parties in England will only see a desire to throw our pauperism upon them, and all their prejudices will be awakened. The Queen's speech has no doubt intimated the probable intention of granting a committee to inquire into the Irish poor-laws; but this has always been found a convenient method of getting rid of a disagreeable subject, and at the best is not likely to lead to any relief for some years to come, as the whole of the session would be consumed in the inquiry. Most of the plans also that we have heard of for modifying the poor-law system, are surrounded with great and perhaps insuperable difficulties. It has been proposed to equalise the burthen, by rendering all other kinds of property, in addition to land, liable to rates; but it is not likely that the heavy incumbrancers upon Irish estates will bear with patience such an alteration of the Irish poor-law, which has never yet been attempted in England, and which would subject them to a burthen never anticipated. It would greatly increase the objections to the investment of capital in Ireland, and would even lead to the foreclosure of mortgages, and a pressure for the payment of debts, so that the Irish proprietors might find such an alteration of the law but a very questionable amelioration. We cannot but see that the present government are in no position to grant any substantial relief: their principal supporters, the representatives of the large towns in England, have been the foremost to fasten the new poor-law upon Ireland, and after the conduct of the Irish members upon the corn-laws, the Protectionists will never join in any mere struggle against the abuses or defects of the poor-laws. The only effectual course open to the Irish people is to join their forces to the Protectionist body in the House of Commons, and then the greatest results will follow.

Instead of the Irish members being viewed as the enemies of every interest in the empire, and particularly of the agricultural body, a strong, united party would be formed, capable of protecting the agricultural population from mischievous legislation; and is there not every motive that can influence men for doing so? Will the landed interest of Ireland, including both landlords and tenants, allow themselves to be crushed? Prices are clearly not remunerative, for they cannot possibly enable the farmer to pay the burthens to which they are subjected. It is perfectly monstrous that every expectation of a reduction of taxation, held out to the agriculturist at the time of the repeal of the corn-laws, should be signally, nay, outrageously falsified, and yet that all protection should be withdrawn. On every side we hear of farmers sinking under the pressure of the times—unable to meet their engagements, and surrendering their farms; and thus the only means of support of the mass of the population is failing them.

We have given every attention to the doctrines of Adam Smith, and endeavoured to become reconciled to his views on the subject of the corn-laws. His leading argument against protective duties, appears to be their interference with the freedom of trade, and that if a nation be unable to compete, unprotected, with other nations in the department to which its industry has been turned, it is better it should turn to some other employment in which it has a natural or acquired advantage. We are, however, wholly at a loss to conceive to what other employment the bulk of the Irish people is to turn. If we allow ourselves to be victimized by the theories of any philosopher, however exalted, we deserve our fate. We have often heard it announced that we were a nation of eight millions, and were too great to be neglected, or our interests sacrificed; but after all our boasted importance, if we allow ourselves to be ruined by the votes of our own representatives, we deserve the contempt of the whole world. If we permit them quietly to abandon our interests for the sake of their own private profit, we will richly earn the derision of mankind. Hitherto their votes have escaped attention amidst the distractions of trai-

torious conspiracies, which have so diverted public attention from the proceedings of parliament. The prevailing tendency among the Irish to undervalue the influence of their members in parliament, although it is notorious that their votes have turned the scale on the most important questions of public policy, during the last quarter of a century, has also greatly contributed to withdraw the public mind from the proceedings of our representatives. Added to this is the constant propensity of the people to have their heads so filled with visionary schemes of nationality, that they never turn their attention to anything practicable or attainable; and the advocacy of any of those visionary plans of Repeal and of Rotatory Parliaments, and the thousand and one bubbles that fill the air, cover a multitude of political sins. While our population are thus staring, they neglect their own private business, as well as their most important public interest, and they are no little better than a nation of paupers.

As an instance of the continued proneness of our countrymen to indulge in impracticable speculation, we are tempted to refer to a proposition which we lately saw made in a letter in the public press, coming from a gentleman of station, namely, that the Irish members should combine to restore Sir Robert Peel to office. We do not pretend to pronounce whether the statesman shall ever again hold the reins of government; but we are sorely puzzled to understand how, in the present state of parties in the House of Commons, the Irish members could effect his restoration. Sir Robert Peel has not more than one hundred followers in that house; and we are wholly at a loss to conceive by what process of arithmetic the combination of the Irish members with them could give him a majority, so as to enable him to resume office. The Whigs are not likely to join in a vote for their own expulsion; they were never very quick to take a hint, even from their adversaries, to abandon office, least of all did any one hear of their volunteering to resign. Neither have we seen the slightest disposition in Sir Robert Peel's former supporters, the Protectionists, to restore him to office; on the contrary, it is quite plain that they much prefer the continuance of the

present ministry in place, and will join in no vote which has for its object or effect his return to power. But while such a project seems wholly out of the power of our representatives, the visionaries and enthusiasts, who are the bane of our unfortunate country, never once contemplate a junction of the Irish members with the Protectionists—a union which, from their numbers, would be effectual. Many of the Irish proprietors are still horrified at the idea of protection, so contrary to all their notions of theoretical perfection. The plight of our Irish farmers, so ground down and ruined by taxation, among any protection, seems quite to shock their nerves; and any union with a party who still feel favourably disposed to such a policy, and who, if necessary, would restore it, is quite distasteful to our Irish political doctors, who seem only to follow the prescriptions of the famous physician, Sagarado, and to think that nothing is wanting to us but a steady perseverance in a plan of copious depletion. Poor-laws and county-cess accumulate, and though there is but a light crop of corn, and an extensive loss of the potato crop; under the new free-trade policy, prices are likely to be lower than they have been for years back, and the patient is absolutely sinking from exhaustion, farmers, landlords, and labourers pauperised; and yet still to cry with many of our landed proprietors is free-trade, a little more cooling and hot water, and all will be well.

It is time for us to descend to the regions of common-sense: we address ourselves especially to the gentry, and

to those who have any property to lose. The time is propitious for them to exert themselves. Agitation, which had ripened into rebellion, is for the present prostrate; and the influence of property will be more felt and respected by our representatives in parliament, than heretofore. While every other class is depressed and impoverished, the landed proprietors are chiefly marked out for destruction; surely, at such a time they will not lie down in indolence and apathy. If in every county they exert themselves to force their representatives into a faithful discharge of their duty, a party may yet be formed in the House of Commons, capable of protecting the landed interest of the empire. This is the great point to be looked to: unless a strong and united party of this description be formed without delay, we see nothing for the landed proprietors of Ireland but utter confiscation and ruin. Let all their energies be directed to this end, and they may be saved. They have plenty of opportunities on grand juries, and at public meetings, of causing their opinions to be heard; and if there be anything like the unanimity which the crisis demands, our Irish members will see the necessity of altering their course, or else forfeiting the confidence of their constituents for ever. But we hope our gentry will take warning; no half measures will now do; no mere petitions against the labour-rate act and poor-laws: these are mere symptoms of our malady. What is wanting is a strong agricultural party, which will deliver us from the thralldom of Manchester politicians.

THE SEAMEN OF THE CYCLADES.

CHAPTER I.—HYDRA AND THE HYDRIOTES.

It was sunset in the Egean, and volumes might vainly be written in the attempt to convey to the mind all the teeming beauties pervading earth, and sea, and sky which are embodied in those few words. It is a spectacle never to be forgotten if once beheld, and still less, is it to be imagined, even faintly, from a mere description. Perhaps those only who have watched in wonder the unspeakable beauty which the last mournful smile of fading life imparts to the face of the dying, may form some idea of the indescribable loveliness of that scene, when gliding over the pure waters of the soft, blue sea—the expiring sunbeam passes on from isle to isle, lingering on each one as with a farewell kiss, and growing fainter, like a living thing that fades and dies for very sorrow.

But it was over—this glorious pageant had passed from earth—already the night wind had arisen sad and low, and went its way, singing the dirge of the departed day, over the still, mirror-like ocean, whose reposing waves seemed to tremble as it approached. As the darkness closed in, an imaginative mind might have discerned a strange, yet beautiful, analogy between the earthly landscape and the heavenly scene, for sea and sky were both alike, but oceans of intensest blue; and while above in the ethereal lake, the stars were floating like golden islets, below the fair expanse was studded with those fairy islands of the Cyclades, each one most lovely, and yet most unlike, and which cluster so near to one another that you may pass on, reading, as it were, those pages in Nature's book of beauty, and behold one sparkling in the morning sun, and the next bathed in the flood of noon-tide light, and a third radiant with the tender hues of even. But the starry isles became brighter and more glorious in proportion as the scenes of earthly beauty faded and grew dim, like the brightening of celestial hopes for man in the evening of his days,

when the shadows darken round the mortal life.

For some time the whole scene was buried in the most profound repose and solitude; the heavens, wrapt in silence intense and unbroken, seemed to hang in contemplation over the beautiful world, and no living sight or sound disturbed the solemn triumph of the deepening night. Suddenly, just as the rising moon shed a long stream of light across the waters, like a shining track, to link the sea and sky, a small and slender bark shot, like an arrow, from the darkness, lingered one second on that silver path, the moonbeams glancing on its sails, and on the glittering arms of the crew, and then, vanishing away into the shadows beyond, sped onward in the direction of the nearest island. At a distance one might have fancied it was but a sea bird that had sprung over the sparkling waters to sport with the moon's shine, so rapid and graceful were its movements; but it was, in fact, one of those strange-looking little vessels called *misticos*, whose name is to this day connected in the eastern seas with deeds of darkness and of mystery. They are long, sharp boats, drawing little water, with two large lateen sails, and they skim the wave with incredible swiftness, although always carrying two or more guns, according to their dimensions, with a considerable number of men. They are in every respect admirably adapted for the purposes of piracy, and are not only invariably manned by regular and established corsairs, but are continually made use of by the most lawless adventurers for all purposes of rapine and murder, whenever a hidden booty has to be carried on, or blood to be shed in secret.

The crew of the light-winged *mistico* that now flew through the darkness over the calm breast of the Egean were evidently of this latter class. Their dress was that much worn by the seamen in all parts of Asia Minor; the loose jacket and wide trowsers, con-

at the waist by a scarf, and the red cap, round which was twisted a handkerchief of gay colours, whence their long black hair escaped, and streamed in the wind. Their faces, bronzed by continual exposure to that tremendous sun, were darkened till they seemed almost to have a claim to African blood; but they were, in fact, of a class which belongs to no country in particular, or rather, which appertains to all; for in every nation we find men, belonging as to a race set apart, laws from the common humanity, and, by a fatal familiarity with crime in every shape, from the very first age of their neglected infancy to the fruition of vice in their reckless adulthood, have become utterly dead to the better impulses of our nature, and governed solely by their riotous passions, their souls branded with stains terrible and dark, hurry through a mad career to a violent death, causing their steps on earth to be tracked in bloodshed and desolation.

These were all armed with cutlasses, pistols, and the long Turkish dagger, which does such deadly execution, and in this respect only was there any resemblance between them and a person of totally different appearance, who was evidently only a passenger on board of their suspicious-looking vessel. He was a man of about forty, handsomely clad in the full Greek costume; there was even a scrupulous nicety in the details of the dress, which was the more remarkable, as he had by no means the Grecian cast of countenance, but possessed, even to a singular degree, the physical characteristics of the Tartar race, while the expression of his features seemed to intimate fully that he shared in the various qualities attributed to that wild people.

We should have to enter on an interminable metaphysical discussion, if we opened the question, by what law certain peculiarities of countenance seem linked to certain moral features in the character; and whether the child born with a particular caste of face, is of necessity condemned to the evil dispositions which are invariably found to correspond to it; but it is an undeniable fact, that the small eyes drooping inwards, and the flat nose of the Tartar are never to be found separate from a degree of low moral depravity, which no other expression of counte-

nance seems so well calculated to represent. Even the dark faces of the lawless crew, lit up with fierce and stormy passions—whose lips opened not but with a volley of imprecations, whose wild eyes continually glared on each other with suspicious hate—even they were less repugnant to the eye than the sneering face, full of malice and cunning, of the stranger.

Yet, even on that countenance, so expressive of cold-blooded cruelty, and all things most abhorrent to the mind, a benign and soft expression could pass, like a sunbeam over a sterile rock, when he looked down on a child that was laid on a carpet at his feet. It was a young boy, small and fragile, wearing a splendid Turkish dress, and with a countenance which is frequently seen among the Eastern children, where the solemnity of premature thought has given additional beauty to the symmetrical perfection of feature they so often display. Unlike as they were, the one as evidently all guilelessness as the other was full of meanness and depravity, none but a father could have cast that look of love on the young child, whose fair head was pillowed on his knees, and to whom, from time to time, he murmured a few words of passionate endearment, which were as little in accordance with his cold and bitter expression, as the Turkish language in which they were spoken, with the dress which he wore.

Meanwhile the dark island, towards which the *mistico* was rapidly steering its course, began to detach itself from the surrounding darkness, and soon rose up before them abruptly, like one single gigantic rock. In a moment they were gliding stealthily beneath the vast shadow which it cast on the waters, and veering round a rapid turning in its precipitous cliffs, passed through a small opening, which a practised eye could perhaps alone have detected in that faint light; in an instant the great rocks, so dark and rugged, closed in behind them, and they seemed to have entered on another world altogether. A moment before, and the *mistico* had been gliding, as we have said, over the moonlit sea, whose far expanse lay beneath the sky as a mirror, wherein the young moon might look upon her own fair face, broken only here and there by the soft outline of the distant hills, while

the light waves, rippling against the rock-girt island, broke into a thousand fragments, glittering with phosphoric light—and now the boat lay, its sails idly flapping, without one breath of the fresh breeze which had borne it hither, on the still, black, waveless bosom of a vast circular basin, which was encircled by huge rugged cliffs of a dull grey stone, so barren and sterile, that no trace of vegetation was anywhere visible. Not a ray of light could find access to the dark waters, where the shadows of those great rocks mingled in one deep blackness; but directly facing the entrance the moonbeams fell on a fantastic pile of buildings, rendered conspicuous from their whiteness, and which seemed to cling, in the most singular manner, to the bare face of the cliff, spreading over the rocks in all directions. Below these might be distinguished a considerable extent of shipping, which sufficiently indicated that the pirate bark had entered into the harbour of Hydra, the little, rugged, sterile island, which at that period (the year 1822) was, as it is now, the centre of the maritime power of Greece.

It may, indeed, be truly said, that to Hydra the Hellenic people owe their freedom; for nothing but the determined courage, and singular nautical skill, with which the hardy natives of this isolated rock opposed the common enemy by sea, could have saved their country, at the crisis which was impending at this stage of the revolution. Certainly the astonishment of the Turks is not to be wondered at, when they first discovered that it was from this barren rock alone that had issued those swarms of dauntless, resolute foes, whom they vainly had opposed with all their stately fleets; but this singular island is far more thickly peopled than at first sight could be supposed possible: and the male inhabitants are, it may be said, exclusively seamen; indeed it was by no means an inapt expression of Ibrahim Pasha's, when he saw Hydra from a distance, and, shaking his hand towards it, exclaimed:—"Ah, little England, how long wilt thou escape me!"

The crew of the *mistico* had now taken to their oars, by which means these accommodating barks are as often propelled as by their sails, and were creeping stealthily along in the shadow,

close to the shore; they made for the town, but long before they reached it, at a sign from the Greek, they ran into a little dark creek, and drew the boat up beneath a projecting rock, where it lay entirely concealed. As soon as they touched the land, the stranger sprung to his feet, and began to hide the arms which he wore in various parts of his dress; he then turned to the child, and lifting him in his arms, he held him closely embraced for a few minutes, and the dark, stern face was once more lit up by a smile of tenderness, as he looked into those clear eyes, and pressed his lips to the pure unruffled forehead.

"My lord and father," said the child, still speaking in Turkish, "pray you let me go with you."

"Not to-night, light of my eyes," answered the father, and those gentle words sounded strange in his harsh discordant voice.

"Oh, when will you return?" continued the boy, clasping his little hand round the strong, nervous arm.

"When there shall be light on the summit of that huge rock, you will know that it is sunset once again," said the Greek, "and then will I come to you, my bird." Again embracing the child, he replaced him gently on the cushions, and was preparing to spring from the boat; but the young boy shuddered violently, and grasped his dress as he passed.

"Father, stay!" he exclaimed. "Why do you thus go forth in the dark still night, when all men sleep?"

"Child! what mean these prying questions?" said the stranger, with a frown which rendered his face almost hideous. The child met the stern angry look with a mournful expression in his dark eyes, and, without speaking, passed his hand over the hilt of the dagger which his father had hid in his breast, and then fixed a steady inquiring gaze on his face. The Greek smiled, but it was a smile to which the fiercest frown was preferable, and answered at once—

"No, child! not to-night; at least I have no such purpose now."

"Ah, then," said the boy, with a sigh of relief, "to-morrow I shall again be able to kiss this hand without horror."

He pressed his lips to his father's hand as he spoke, and, releasing his

sank back on the carpet. The Greek turned round, and stretching out his arm towards the crew, said, in a voice of thunder—

“Pethia (children), you know what shall be the reward of this child’s safety, but you also know the price of his blood!”

“We know it,” shouted the men, as with one voice; and the Greek, apparently well satisfied, leaped on shore, and in a moment more was lost to their sight among the rocks. Treading his way over the stones with some difficulty, he soon entered the town, and, appearing at once to throw off all design of concealment, he walked boldly on through the streets. It is, however, only by courtesy that the streets of Hydra can be termed such, for they are in reality but rough and precipitous staircases, hewn out of the rock, and conducting with the most intricate turnings and windings, to the houses, that rise one over the other, more like the unsteady erections which a child produces with a pack of cards, than the habitations of ordinary mortals.

It seems, indeed, incredible that this extraordinary spot should ever have been chosen as a residence by any portion of the human race, for it lies sterile and solitary, exposed to the full glare of the burning sun, which everywhere has baked the scanty soil to the consistency of stone. There is not an inch of level ground in the whole island. The power of vegetation is almost extinct; while the scarcity of water is so great that the requisite supply is obtained from a neighbouring island; yet nowhere is there to be found a race more cheerful, hardy, and contented, than the natives of Hydra. They rank high among the islanders (whose distinctive peculiarities differ as much as the outward appearance of the various islands) for courage, honesty, and truth—this last most precious quality being so extremely rare among the inhabitants of the Cyclades, that it may be doubted whether they even consider it a desirable virtue.

The Hydriotes are a fine, bold, sturdy race, more stout in limb than handsome in feature; and any deficiency in their personal appearance is by no means improved by the frightful costume it has been their pleasure to adopt. The dress of the men consists principally of a huge garment of

dark blue cloth, which, it seems, was originally destined to form a wide petticoat, but having seceded from that more feminine class of robe, is now tied in at the knee, and has become as uncouth and unseemly a portion of attire as can well be conceived. The costume of the women is nearly as ungraceful, especially the head-dress, which consists of a great cushion fastened down by several handkerchiefs wrapped round the head.

The stranger continued rapidly to ascend to the upper part of the town, guiding his steps by the light of the moon, which in that bright clime sheds a radiance scarce less clear than the beams of day. He paused at length, when he had reached the gate of one of the largest and handsomest houses in the town. The Hydriotes, who are a wealthy people, are necessarily forced to assemble their best resources for comfort within doors, as it is scarcely possible even to walk out in their stony little isle, and they often render the interior of their dwellings quite luxurious. These are all built on the same plan, consisting of one story, with a flat roof; and some of the richer inhabitants are at the trouble of conveying a quantity of soil from Poros, which they spread on these terraces, so as to form a little garden on the house-top, which has a very singular effect within. The principal apartment, and that always inhabited by the family, is a vast hall, furnished with long divans and Persian carpets; and when it has been duly watered, so that the stone floor exhales a refreshing coolness, and draws out the odour of the orange trees, which are ranged round it in large vases, it would not be easy to find a more pleasant drawing-room. The door which opens to the street is never closed; so that the family may have the amusement of watching the passers-by, while themselves are equally exposed to the gaze of all without.

The house before which the stranger now stood was that of Athanasi Ducas, who had the double reputation of being one of the richest and most powerful men of the island, and possessor, at the same time, of a more beautiful wife than it had fallen to the lot of any other to obtain in their usual system of matrimonial negotiations. Such a man could not fail to be a very important personage just at

this juncture; for in the various phases of the Greek revolution, the nature of the conflict changed with the shifting scene, and one or two scattered islands of the Egean were now the point to which was turned, not only the exclusive attention of the Ottoman empire, but the eyes of all Europe.

The year 1821, which had been ushered in with the first wild din of the clashing chains, as the Greeks, at length starting from their long sleep of lethargy, sprung up with one accord to shake them off, had now closed, leaving the Turks as much astonished as exasperated at the small progress they had made in quelling the universal revolt, which they expected to crush in the bud with the most perfect ease. In the spring of the year 1822, they began to find it necessary to adopt some decisive measure for stemming the tide of this fierce rebellion, which raged higher and higher with every unexpected success of the conquering slaves. The death of Ali Pasha had thrown the country into a state of confusion, which completely paralysed their efforts in the provinces, and they were so continually harassed on the coast by the pertinacious attacks of the Hydriote vessels, that they finally determined on commencing operations by sea, for they were well aware that if they could succeed in their intended attempt at the destruction of the three naval islands, Hydra, Psarra, and Spigia, they would so utterly have cut off the resources of the Greeks, that they need strike no other blow to reduce them at once to their former submission and slavery.

The sultan had, therefore, appointed Kara Ali to the command of the fleet, as Capitan Bey, a man of undoubted courage and talent, whose proceedings at this period will sufficiently illustrate his character, without pausing further to describe it. His force as yet was comparatively small, but he expected almost immediately to be reinforced by a powerful squadron from Alexandria. Meanwhile, the inhabitants of the three devoted islands were no less active in preparing for a noble defence. It was evident that nothing would ward off the approaching struggle. The resolute and noble heroism of the islanders, who had sold all they pos-

sessed, in order to assist in fitting out their vessels, and were now equally determined on devoting their lives to the cause of freedom, was of a nature to be destroyed with their existence only; whilst the imperturbable obstinacy of the Turks is most amusingly displayed in the answer which was given by the Divan to some attempt on the part of the foreign powers to conciliate matters:—"My positive, absolute, definite, unchangeable, answer," said Pesteff Effendi, "is, that the Sublime Porte does not accept any proposition concerning the Greeks, and will persist in its own will for ever and ever, even to the day of the last judgment!" After this stubborn announcement there was no alternative but to fight, and the combined forces of the various islands, amounting to a fleet of some sixty sail, were now rapidly preparing for speedy action, under the command of Andreas Miaulis, whom they had appointed admiral.

There was another circumstance which had heightened the horror of the island Greeks against the enemy almost to madness, and confirmed them in the unlimited sacrifice of life, and, indeed, of every earthly hope, in the attempt to revenge themselves. At the time of which we speak, scarce yet had died away over the blue Egean, so smiling and so tranquil, that awful wail—that mighty cry—the mingled tones of one great agony, which awoke not only an undying echo in the heart of every Greek, but resounding far away, to every shore in Europe, had carried with it the dismal tidings of an event not yet forgotten there, as an atrocity unprecedented in the annals of war. In the commencement of this ill-fated year, never had the glowing spring of Eastern climes found a richer or a fairer spot whereon to lavish all its wealth of beauty—its sunshine (and its perfumes—than the bright green isle of Scio! but long before that spring had brightened into summer, that sweet, luxuriant garden, the beautiful home of a happy, tranquil people, lay blood-stained, blackened, and defiled—one vast ungainly heap of thousands of corrupting dead; and a deed, never to be forgotten or forgiven, had awakened the dread spirit of revenge in every heart that revolted against the tortures their countrymen

had endured. Notwithstanding the desire of the Greeks, since the massacre of Scio, to come to an encounter with the enemy, before the arrival of the squadron from Egypt rendered the destruction of their islands nearly inevitable, their movements had been greatly retarded by the critical position of seventy Sciote hostages, whom Kara Ali had retained on board of his magnificent flag-ship, because they included in their number the bishop and heads of the clergy, whom he forced to negotiate by letter, for the capitulation of various towns whose central position in the unhappy island placed them nearly out of his reach.

The devotion of the islanders, as we have said, had extended both to life and property, and Athanasi Ducas, amongst the number, had nobly devoted the whole of his fortune to the manning and equipping of three large vessels, which now lay nearly ready for service in the port.

The stranger had paused before the door, and remained concealed in the shadow, attentively examining the party assembled in the hall. Athanasi himself, a fine, bold-looking Hydriote, sat, with somewhat of a lordly air, in the centre of the room, seemingly buried in profound thought, from the assiduity with which he used his perfumed combologi—a long string of beads, which the Greeks consider an indispensable aid to reflection, and which they are to be seen continually rattling through their fingers, although they are in no way connected with their devotional exercises. The vacant cushions on the floor around him showed that he had been holding a sort of levee in the course of the evening; but the lateness of the hour had dispersed the guests, and there was no one with him now but his wife and her attendants, who were occupied, seated on the floor, in stripping of their leaves an enormous quantity of roses scattered on the carpet beside them, and which were destined to form the delightful “*confiture de roses*,” that is considered so necessary a delicacy in every house.

Soultanitza, the rich Hydriote’s wife, well deserved the reputation of beauty she had acquired. She was indisputably beautiful, not only from her perfection of form and feature, but from the unequivocal evidence in her speaking eyes

and expansive forehead, of a higher order of intellect and a nobler mind than it is generally given to a Greek woman to possess. The peculiarity of her costume showed that, contrary to all rule, Athanasi had actually married her from a due appreciation of her personal value; for she wore the dress of the women of Naxos, and nothing but some very rare quality on the part of the lady, or a disinterested affection, still more rare, on the side of the husband, can induce a Hydriote to choose a wife from among the natives of any other island.

Two beautiful children slumbered tranquilly on the knees of an old withered woman, whose countenance was remarkable from the permanent wretchedness which it displayed. Theophani had long been the attendant of the noble Phanariote family of C——; and when they, at Constantinople, had fallen one by one, as victims to an inexorable power, she had returned to this island, of which she was a native, to resume a life of servitude, and wonder how she, the aged, helpless creature, should have lived on through her misery, when the beautiful nursling she had loved so well, whose brief existence was now but as a dream in her own long life, had flown to her rest from the very first shock of the mortal tempest that assails us all—the universal and unconquerable human sorrow!

When the stranger Greek had minutely examined these several persons, he emerged from his concealment, and, advancing to the door, asked if this were the house of Athanasi Ducas. Soultanitza rose, and, answering in the affirmative, invited him to enter. He did so with the usual salutations, and Athanasi, perceiving that he was a total stranger, examined him keenly, while he desired him to be seated, and prepared to entrench himself in the impenetrable reserve which the suspicious character of the Greeks has taught them so readily to assume. There was a silence until the lady of the house had herself served the guest with coffee and sweetmeats, followed by two young girls, one of whom poured rose-water over his hands, while the other bent towards him, offering for his use a napkin embroidered with gold, which she carried on her shoulder. The attendants then

retired, and Soultanitzza resumed her occupation, seated with all deference behind her husband, while Athanasi patiently waited till his guest should speak, as he could not, without violating the laws of Eastern politeness, ask the purpose of his visit till he thought proper to communicate it. The stranger seemed much less at his ease than it is customary for a Greek to be at all times, and in all circumstances; for no people are certainly so perfectly exempt from the embarrassments of modesty. At last, however, he spoke—

“I bring you news from Psarra, Kyrio Athanasi.”

“An order from the admiral!” exclaimed the Hydriote. “I know he is cruising about in that direction; do you bring me a message from him?”

“Precisely,” said the stranger, with a lurking smile; “I bring you both an order from him and a message, announcing strange tidings. The Capitan Bey, with all his fleet, is at this moment steering direct for Hydra!”

“Impossible!” exclaimed Athanasi, starting from his seat. “Why, only two days since, Isolani, the Naxiote, was here from Scio itself, to announce that Kara Ali lay with his vessels moored in the harbour, having determined to attempt no attack on the islands till the fleet from Egypt should join him; and yet more, that as the Ramazan commences to-morrow, all action was to be suspended till their impious fast be concluded. Surely you are mistaken, Adelphe; the Capitan Bey—accursed be his name, and may his father have no rest in his grave!—thinks of nothing else just now but torturing the Sciote hostages, to make traitors of them if he can!”

“Such may have been his amusement two days since,” said the stranger, softly; “yet is there no mistake, *phile mou* (my friend). The hostages are still on board of the flag-ship; but I tell you Kara Ali and his men-of-war are even now bearing down upon this isle: were it not for contrary winds, perhaps, your own eyes even now might have convinced you of the truth.”

“This is most strange,” said the Hydriote. “What do they think of it at Psarra?—what are Miaulis’ orders to me?”

“It is, indeed, strange, and you will

be yet more surprised, when you hear what they think of it at Psarra,” said the Greek, evading the last question. “We shall not be overheard?” he continued, glancing round suspiciously.

“Assuredly not,” exclaimed Athanasi, bending eagerly towards him; “there is only my wife here; but speak low—what is it?”

The stranger fixed his small, black, wily eyes, whose piercing brightness gave them an expression like those of a snake, with a keen, scrutinizing gaze on the face of the Hydriote, and speaking very slowly, he seemed attentively to mark the changes on his countenance, which his words produced.

“There is a rumour at Psarra,” he said, “how far true I know not, that the natives of some of the islands, Hydriotes and others, had become so convinced of the folly of attempting to combat the Turkish admiral (whose fleet, though now incomplete, already comprises various men-of-war, each one three times larger than any of our vessels), that they have determined on coming to a sort of compromise.”

The stranger paused, continuing to look anxiously in the face of his listener. Athanasi did not move a muscle of his countenance.

“Kai istera (and then),” he said, inquiringly.

“And then,” continued the visitor, “this report says, but doubtless it is all false, that these islanders, feeling that their destruction would also ensure that of Greece, had thought they would, in the end, better serve their country, our beloved country, by receiving from the Ottoman Porte an enormous sum of money, of which the harassed land stands greatly in need, and in return agreeing quietly, not communicating with our brethren on the mainland, to—to deliver up these islands, without bloodshed, to the Capitan Bey, who is now steering hither to become thus easily possessed of Hydra.”

The stranger had uttered all this with marked hesitation and caution, as though perfectly uncertain of the effect of his words, and at the same time intensely anxious to penetrate the feelings of his companion on the subject. The brave and honest Hydriote gave him no room to doubt his sentiments one moment; he had listened

patiently and silently to the subtle speech of the stranger; but when he concluded, springing angrily to his feet, he exclaimed, his eye flashing and his cheek glowing with indignation—

"You said that, doubtless, this most vile report was false! I tell you it is so, because I would stake my life that there breathes not in all Hydra—no, nor in all Greece—one traitor base enough to connive at a plot so infamous; and if there were, I tell you, though the coward were my own soul's brother, I would slay him as I would a venomous snake! I speak as I know that every Hydriote would feel. It is not true. Some other lure brings Kara Ali hither; these islands harbour no perjured traitor; but let him come, and he shall learn, when his neck is crushed beneath the feet of Greeks, that they were made to triumph over every foe, and not to bow before the slippered Moslem!"

"Kalo, kalo (good, good)," said the stranger, speaking for the first time without reserve or hesitation; "let us say no more, it matters little why the admiral comes here, if you are so ready to oppose and conquer him." And a glance of deadly hate seemed to shoot from his eyes as he spoke, which, though unperceived by Athanasi, did not escape the quick eye of his wife. "Doubtless, it is all true, as you say," he continued; "but listen now to Miaulis' orders; you have three ships preparing for service—are they nearly completed? You see there can be no more delay."

"Give me two days," said the Hydriote, "and all under my command shall be as ready for the struggle as now my hand and heart."

"It is well," said the Greek; "this, then, is Miaulis' command—as soon as they are equipped, you are to sail out to meet him and the remainder of the fleet, in order thus, with your full force, to oppose the entrance of the Capitan Bey among the Cyclades. Your course is simple; you are to steer direct for Scio from this island, so as to meet Miaulis before you encounter the Turks, who come from thence."

"What! am I not to join him at Psarra?"

"No! He will, ere this, have sailed to strike across the path of Kara Ali; with a fair wind, you will meet him in a few hours."

"It is a dangerous plan," said Athanasi, musingly. "I am as likely to meet the enemy as to join the fleet; but it is enough, these are our admiral's orders, you say, and the brave Miaulis shall not be more ready to call his follower to danger or to death than I to obey the summons."

"He will rejoice to hear of such a willing obedience and noble disregard of peril," said the Greek, with the same covert smile; "and now I must embark without delay, to carry back your answer; but doubtless we shall meet again, Kyrio Athanasi, in the battle—it may be, in the thickest of the strife, where I know your courage and your zeal will lead you."

"The Panagia will it so," said the Hydriote; "and then, phile mou, side by side, shall we deal a speedy death on our abhorred foes. Brave Greek, I see how you grasp your dagger at the thought! But stay—how comes it you bring me no token from Miaulis? I cannot take orders from a stranger."

"Will not this suffice?" said the Greek, as he whispered low the watchword of the Heteria, or Sacred Alliance, which was known only to the initiated.

"Enough, enough, my brother—say no more," exclaimed the Hydriote.

"I go, then," said the stranger; "for the boat lies waiting, and the wind is fair for Psarra. May your years be many! May you hold your children's children on your knees!" And this, the customary form of farewell in Greece, was uttered with a certain irony which the Hydriote was now too much blinded to perceive. Not so his wife, however. In the East her sex have not the privilege of joining in the conferences of men, or even of hazarding an opinion on matters which are not within the range of their domestic duties, a custom which might certainly be advantageously adopted in more civilised countries, where women, by an undue interference in affairs which are beyond their province, too often paralyse their sources of real usefulness in the retirement of their allotted sphere. She had, therefore, listened in profound silence to this conversation; but no small part of the stranger's evident embarrassment had been caused by the intense gaze of her large black eyes, which she had held immovably

fixed on his face, and from whose penetrating look he vainly endeavoured to escape. She had noted every change on his countenance, and especially the glance of hate with which he glared for one moment on her husband, as the open-hearted Hydriote incautiously denounced vengeance on the Turkish admiral; and, as the dialogue proceeded, her eyes seemed to dilate, her cheek grew deadly pale, whilst the flowers fell unheeded from her hands. When the parting salutations were over, and the Greek had left the hall, she sprung with one bound to her husband's side, and exclaimed almost incoherent in her terror—

"The Panagia keep you, my Athanasi! you are betrayed—follow this man! arrest him! he is a Turk!"

"A Turk! trelathakes (you are mad)!" replied the Hydriote, "did you not hear him use the watchword of the Heterists?"

"His spies have taught it to him! Oh, husband, be persuaded or you are lost! Yes, lost to Soultanitzza and to Greece for ever! I know him! I have seen him long since at Naxos, with his blood-stained hands! Oh, even now I seem to hear the shrieks of those he tortured—it is Diamantis, the Moslem captain!"

"Diamantis, do you say! the craftiest, the cruellest —"

"Yes; and this plot of which he spoke himself has doubtless planned, and soon will execute!"

"Right, right," exclaimed Athanasi; "if this indeed be Diamantis it must be so."

"It is he! He came to win you over and betray you," shrieked the wife.

"May our children live! but I will yet arrest the perjured villain," cried the Hydriote; "he shall yield his secrets to me—Hydra shall be saved—and, by my father's head, this sword shall render powerless the hand, the traitor hand I clasped in mine!"

These broken sentences had been uttered so rapidly that when Athanasi

flew to the door in pursuit of the disguised Turk, he could still perceive him standing in the street, and seemingly uncertain as to what course he should take.

"Soultanitzza, look," exclaimed the Hydriote; "it must be a spy indeed; he lied in saying he would sail for Psarro; he turns towards the mountains! but I will follow him! my thrice beloved, farewell!"

As Athanasi sprung into the street Soultanitzza suddenly uttered a faint cry, and grasping his hand, exclaimed, imploringly—

"Oh, Athanasi mou, you would go to peril and to death—I know, I feel it—must you leave me?"

"What words do you utter," said the Hydriote, pushing her rudely from him; "is this an hour for woman's weakness; whose wife are you, to weep such coward tears when your husband gives his life with pride and joy for Greece!"

"But you know not where you go," said Soultanitzza; "how shall I bring you aid if you should not return."

"At the hour of noon to-morrow, if you have heard no tidings of me, collect our friends, and seek me."

He darted from her as he spoke, for the traitor Turk had already disappeared, and he now followed him on a narrow pathway, which led out of the town into the interior of the island. Soultanitzza watched him till his figure was lost in the darkness; then she bowed her head on her hands and wept, for there is a peculiar instinct allied to a strong affection, which seems ever to give warning of the suffering or danger of those we love; but in a few minutes she dashed away her tears, and lifting up her eyes, which were full of a holy and beautiful expression, rarely to be seen in the face of an Eastern woman, she gazed for a moment on the sky, sublime in its unspeakable repose and purity, and then slowly making the sign of the cross, she re-entered the house.

CHAPTER II.—THE LIGHT OF THE BLIND MAN'S LIFE.

THE beautiful wife of Athanasi, the Hydriote,* was a singular combination

of great natural timidity, and of that calm and lofty moral courage which

* This noble woman is no imaginary character, and the details of her eventful life which follow are, with little variation, strictly true, but too many of her relations yet live to admit of the real name being given.

is the offspring of a resolute will—that high and noble quality, never born with us, and only to be obtained by severe mental discipline, which can enable the same frail being, who shivers and trembles at the flashing lightnings and the growling tempests of an angry nature, to look up with steady eye and silent uncomplaining lips, to meet the terrors of those mortal tempests far more dreadful, whose black can break the heart and blast the soul, whose dreary and portentous clouds can blot for ever from the horizon of existence the sunshine of joy and love, and the star of hope and life. There is more of bravery in the determinate endurance, the unflinching self-command, founded on a principle, which can nerve the bravest and the fondest, to start from the calm repose of prosperity and peace, when the growl of *that* storm is heard afar, and make ready for the struggle with their destiny, than in the recklessness of animal courage, which rushes to a death of violence on the battle-field.

Soultanitzza knew not how perilous a thing it is to love any human being so intensely as she loved her husband. Such an affection makes the pathway of life one of peril and of dread, where precipices yawn on every side, and pitfalls are beneath the flowers, and serpents in the grass; for the sleepless vigil of such a love detects the shadow of danger round the being they cannot shield, though vainly the powerless hands may wound themselves in the endeavour, and a moment which may bring sorrow or sickness to that dearer one, can hurl them down to an abyss of misery! It would seem as though each had enough to bear in the heavy load, that birthright of humanity, which, more or less, is laid on all who are partakers of this mortal life, without so mingling their existence with that of another, that they must needs carry their burdens also!

But Soultanitzza was one of those beings rarely to be met with anywhere, and still more rarely among the sensual and egotistical nations of the East, who receive with life itself the fatal gift of uncontrollable sympathy with suffering. wherever it is to be found, and who, though no pain or sorrow purely personal can move them for one moment, are, by this means, marked and

sealed from infancy for the endurance of continual misery, when viewing that misery in others; inasmuch as the very air of this our world is impregnated with sighs, and the dews of heaven themselves have scarce fallen bright and pure on earth before they are mingled with repining tears! Such a disposition, combined with the profound and devoted affection which Soultanitzza bore to her husband, might have tended to destroy the happiness of both, had it not been for the calm and systematic resolution of which we have already spoken, and which enabled her with steady gaze to watch the advancing billows when they threatened to overwhelm her in the ocean of life, and ever with steady hand to probe the wounds of her own spirit.

Soultanitzza would have been surprised, perhaps, had any one told her that such a character was hers, for though unconsciously more enlightened and cultivated than most of her countrywomen, the young Naxiote lady had not enjoyed greater intellectual advantages than those which, in the Isles of Greece, are supposed sufficient for the education of her sex—an amount of instruction which scarce would place her on a level with a well-educated peasant of our own country.

She now sat down, calmly to view the position of matters, involving, perhaps, the life of one so dear; that the disguised stranger was the celebrated Captain Diamantis, she had not a doubt, for there are circumstances by which a face, once seen, may be for ever impressed on the mind. She remembered him when quite a child, at Naxos, at a period when he had been sent to quell a disturbance there, arising from causes of which we shall have occasion to speak hereafter; and never could the image of the ferocious Turk, with his blood-stained hands, as she herself had said, depart from her memory, when, exulting in his horrible task, he had trodden down the people beneath his iron foot, as men crush a helpless worm. Years had gone by since then, and his name had become linked with images of anguish and dismay to every Greek. Throughout the revolution, the Greeks were, alas! by no means guiltless of deeds of needless cruelty towards an unprotected enemy, which but too often woke a spirit of the direst vengeance, in addition to the natural anti-

pathy which the Moslems felt towards them. Some such occurrence had inspired Diamantis with a deadly hatred to the whole Hellenic people, which he failed not to exercise on every individual whom the fortunes of war could place within his power. Throughout the Levant he was known and detested; the echo to his voice was ever a cry of agony, and the singular craftiness and cunning of his character rendered him, yet more than his cruelty and heartlessness, a most dangerous foe.

Soultanitzza now endeavoured to recall the details of his conversation with her unsuspecting husband, in order that she might separate the truth from the falsehood, which her woman's wit had discovered in the speeches of the treacherous enemy. That there did exist a perfidious plot to betray Hydra into the hands of the Turks, was evident; and that Diamantis had at first sought to ascertain the possibility of enlisting Athanasi in the ranks of the traitors, equally so. The obvious conclusion was that he had also spoken the truth in stating that the Capitan Bey was even then approaching the devoted island to receive it from the base hands that would sell it to him; but she saw clearly through the wily attempts of the Turk, when he perceived that the honour of Athanasi was invulnerable, to inveigle him into an inevitable destruction, by delivering a pretended order from Miaulis, which, if obeyed, would infallibly conduct him, with his three unprotected vessels, into the very clutches of the enemy.

The panic of instinctive fear which had seized Soultanitzza when her husband left her, now became a well grounded terror, when these reflections led her to perceive the undoubted danger he was even then incurring. Diamantis, instead of turning to the sea-coast, had taken the path which led to the mountain; doubtless he was hurrying to some hiding-place, the nest of the conspirators, to join their infamous consultations. Athanasi had followed him, and if he were discovered! She shuddered at the almost certain doom to which he must infallibly fall a victim, and her first impulse was to fly for help, and follow on his track; but she remembered his command to await the noon of the following day, and not till then to take measures for his rescue, an order which he had probably given

in his uncertainty as to how many of the Hydriotes were engaged in this base conspiracy, since their number might include even those he believed his friends. But at all events the wife of the Hydriote would never have dreamt of disobeying his commands: she made no attempt to escape the terrible suspense of the next few hours, but, slowly rising, she drew the carpet on which she sat out on the open terrace, and placed herself there that she might watch with sleepless eyes the solemn march of the purple-robed night across that glorious sky, and count, by the rising and setting of each star, the hours of her agony.

Long and dreary was the vigil of the patient wife. She was not philosophical enough to find, as many have done relief from her bitter misery in the reflection that alike in our deepest sorrow as in our most reckless joy, slow and surely the inexorable hours are leading us on, unheeding, to that mansion where the smile of gladness shall expire beneath the coffin-lid, as certainly as the beating heart, when crumbling into dust, shall cease to ache! But Soultanitzza, as she sat watching the flashing of the falling stars upon the opaque blue of the cloudless heaven, beguiled the weary time by indulging in an Eastern superstition, which asserted that if a wish can be uttered aloud in the brief moment of the meteor's flight it must infallibly be fulfilled; and again and again, during that sudden, inexplicable radiance, which would seem to be the sole existence of these wandering stars, she breathed out her fervent entreaties for her husband's welfare.

They passed at length the soft, silent hours of that long, sad night—they had accomplished their mission with mercy, bringing to the guileless the sweet sleep of innocence—to the weak and the broken-hearted a passing oblivion of their sorrow, and to the spirit struggling in a mortal's agony, but sustained by an immortal hope, the intense repose of a brief reparation from all things earthly. They had unlocked the treasury of the past, and called upon the grave to give up her prey to the visions of departed joys, and the spirits, it may be, of the dead themselves had come stealing round the haunted pillows of those who still loved and still remembered! They passed those soft, mild hours, and as the go-

geous day ascended from the quivering bosom of the sea, in a moment the darkness was lifted from the fair earth, like the veil from a beautiful face, and once more the sunbeams, sweeping on from isle to isle, awoke each one to sunshine and loveliness, like those far better rays of a more glorious sun, bringing the light of life to a benighted world.

It seems a strange, unnatural feeling, the first time that we are tempted to shrink from the sweet light of day, when some unexpected and heavy load of sorrow has taught us a lesson which we must learn at length, that fair as in this world, and bright as may be the sunshine, which is the smile of nature, still from out of the gloom of our own soul, deep shadows can steal to desolate and darken all. Never had Soultanitzza cast so mournful a glance towards the glowing east, the golden cradle of the dawn, as on this fatal day. It was morning, and her worst fears were realized. Some great evil must have befallen her husband, or he would long since have returned to tranquillize her; but she was faithful to his commands, and patiently she sat, while the scorching sun rose higher and higher, and the burning rays fell unheeded on her defenceless head. At last she perceived by the shadows that in an hour more it would be noon, and rising instantly, she re-entered the house. First she took from under her husband's pillow a bag, containing a considerable sum in drachmes, for in this primitive hiding-place he kept the greater part of his money, and then she proceeded into the room where her two young children were playing at the feet of their aged nurse Theophani. As Soultanitzza drew near, the old woman looked up into her pale, mournful face, and exclaimed in a querulous tone, "Ach distichia (woe is me)—more sorrow, more tears, more blood!" "Yes, Theophani, these darlings," she said, bending over the little child that had nestled in her bosom—"these darlings, perhaps, even now, are fatherless, and I go to make them, it may be, orphans altogether!—to you do I trust them—oh, watch over them!—to you do I consign them!"

"And why to me?" exclaimed Theophani, almost fiercely; "can I save them?—could I save her, my foster-child, who was so lovely and so

good, that she was called the Pearl of the Bosphorus?—could I bring her back, when she went to lie down in her father's grave? Oh, Agbios Dimitris, why did Greeks ever seek to be free?—why could they not live and love, though with chains about their necks? Where are our young men and maidens that should so have lived and loved? Distichia, distichia, the young and brave have gone to find a bloody tomb, and the beautiful eyes, that only should have looked on sunbeams, are sealed up by the cold damp clay!"

"Your words are true, good Theophani; but we are helpless women, and we must submit. I go," continued Soultanitzza, embracing her children almost frantically. "Athanasia is in danger: I must go, if not to save, at least to perish with him! Keep watch, in pity, over these, my treasures!"

"I have told you that I cannot save them," said the aged woman, on whom the memory of past misfortunes had left so profound an impression; "but I can give my life for them!"

"It is enough," said the devoted wife, perceiving that it was nearly noon, and rushing from the room, she endeavoured to redeem, by her energetic haste, the forced inactivity of the last few hours. From house to house of Athanasia's numerous friends she flew, telling all that had occurred, and imploring them to hurry with her in search of him. They rallied round her instantly, all the more readily agreeing to her request, that a message had arrived from Miaulis that very morning, to announce that, by the treachery of some of the conspirators, the whole plot—said to have been organised by no less than seven hundred persons—had been discovered, and rendered, of course, abortive, by the strong measures instantly taken by the admiral.

The details of this base confederation remain to this day shrouded in mystery; but the Capitan Pasha, who had, in truth, sailed for Hydra, had already altered his course on the failure of the intrigue, and had once more retired to Scio, to await the reinforcement of his fleet, before proceeding to the destruction of the islands. So completely, indeed, had the entire conspiracy been crushed, that nothing now remained for the friends of the Hydriote, but to seek

him, in the faint hope that he might not yet have fallen a victim to the vengeance of the disappointed plotters. Soultanitzza could do no more than to show them the path by which the disguised Turk had unwittingly led his pursuer, but this clue was a sufficient indication, as this sheep-track led directly to a rocky and mountainous part of the island, well known to be full of caverns and grottos, any one of which was well adapted to be the hiding-place of the conspirators.

They were aware that as Athanasi and his enemy had started on foot, the place of their concealment could not be very far distant; and as soon as they had left the town behind them, they dispersed in all directions, and commenced so vigorous and well-designed a search, that it could scarce fail to prove effectual. Night fell, however, before the slightest trace of the unfortunate Hydriote could be obtained. They visited various caves, and found in several of them the still warm ashes of great fires, which had evidently been lit the day before by persons lurking there. That these were the conspirators they had no doubt, and their prompt flight showed that they had become aware of the discovery of their perfidy; and as the dark hours wore on, without the appearance of any human being, the friends of the brave and devoted Athanasi could no longer conceal from each other, or even from the miserable wife, their conviction that he had too surely met the doom they dreaded, and that in all probability the base enemies had even carried their vengeance on the corpse itself, if they indeed had murdered him, by consuming it in the flames, as had already been the case in several instances.

But still Soultanitzza, tearless though despairing, implored of them to search with her yet a little longer, and she flew over the rocks, unconscious of fatigue, calling frantically on that beloved name, to which, perhaps, no living voice should ever more respond. In pity to her wretchedness, the Hydriotes spent the long night in this unavailing search; but when day dawned once more, after vainly trying to persuade her to accompany them home, they stole away, one by one, each thinking that the other would remain with her, till the unhappy wife was left altogether alone with her

great misery. She looked up to heaven when she saw that all had deserted her, and implored that help which faileth never; then weeping, exhausted, broken down, as though the burden and the woes of many years had passed over her since the day before, she resumed the search that seemed so hopeless.

It is not a sentimental fancy to say, as we before remarked, that there is a peculiar instinct allied to a powerful affection, and in this instance it did not fail the devoted wife. Twice had she explored a dark ravine that seemed particularly adapted for the purposes of concealment: the third time, as with the unconquerable constancy of her great love, she dragged her wearied feet over the sharp rocks, her ear caught the echo of a faint moan, which none could have detected from the sighing of the breeze, save her to whom that voice was sweeter than the music of the spheres. She turned, guided by the sound, which was repeated at intervals, and perceived that she had formerly passed, unobserved, the entrance to a natural cave, over which the shelving rock protruded so as to exclude the light. But Soultanitzza needed no other light but that of her own faithful love, to guide her steps to her husband, and no better witness than her own true heart, to tell her that the indistinct form, crouching down at the extremity of the cavern, was that of Athanasi, alive and alone.

He did not seem to perceive her approach; but in an instant she was on her knees beside him, grasping his hands, and kissing them again and again, whilst she poured forth her feelings in the impassioned and figurative phrases of her native Greek, which, more than any other language, seems to admit of reiterated and varied expressions of affection. At the sound of her voice, Athanasi started, and seemed about to clasp her in his arms, but suddenly pushing her from him, he hid his face in his hands, and moaned aloud.

"Athanasi," exclaimed Soultanitzza, "speak to me—what means this?"

He returned no answer, but dashing his head against the wall, remained uttering groan on groan. For a moment Soultanitzza became speechless with undefined terror; the despairing tones of her husband's voice wrung her heart with the conviction of some horrible, though unknown, evil. Still

clinging to his arm, she said imploringly—

"In the name of the Panagia, I entreat you, speak to me! Amaun amaun! you are wounded—dying!"

"Not dying—not dead! Oh that I were," he murmured, in a hollow, broken voice. "Leave me alone—why do you torment me?"

"Oh, husband, whom I bear upon my heart, how can it be that I should torment you? Do you not know me—do you not see me?—it is I, your wife! Look up, zoi mou (my life)—lift up your eyes, and you will see that it is Soultanitza."

"Woman, do you mock me?" exclaimed Athanasi, fiercely, and at the same time shaking her off with a violence which caused her to fall back against the rock. She uttered a faint cry, as he threw her from him, and he instantly exclaimed, in a remorseful tone—

"Ah, distichia, what have I done?"

He held out his arms towards her, though still keeping his head averted.

"Athanasi," said Soultanitza calmly, as she rose, "I entreat you to tell your wife what has happened: surely they have made you lie beneath the full moon, till the deadly light has bewildered your brain; or is it some terrible misfortune which has changed you thus?"

"You *will* know it, then, unhappy wife—my torture and your misery," cried Athanasi. "Come, then—come, and you shall see it all!"

He rose—he seized her by the hand, and dragged her from the cave; and even in the midst of her terror and deep anxiety, Soultanitza wondered to see how strangely he stumbled over the stones, and seemed to fling himself against the walls, apparently unconsciously. They emerged from the cave; the full glare of the morning sun streamed down upon them both; but Soultanitza turned her gaze in an agony of anxiety upon her husband. A handkerchief enveloped his whole head; he tore it off, and turned his face toward his wife. Her eyes uplifted, to catch the first glance of his, met, in their stead, the horrible vacancy of the dark cavities, hollow and sightless, which alone showed where they once had been! They had blinded him—his enemies had blinded him for ever! At sight of that dreadful face, distorted by pain, and the fearful

method to which they had resorted in the infliction of their cruelty, a cry wild and despairing burst from the lips of Soultanitza, and rang over the mountain; then instantly falling at his feet, she clasped his knees, and laid down her head in the dust, as though she could not bear to look upon the light which he was never more to see, whilst Athanasi, lifting up his hands to the bright sky, that smiled in vain for him, exclaimed—

"Oh, sun, where are you?—I feel your heat, but cannot look upon your glory! Oh, wife, are you at my side, indeed? for I hear your voice, but never again shall gaze upon your beauty! Aghios Nicholas! they were enemies, indeed, who spared my life, and took the light thereof!—who threw me back into a world, to all others bright with the summer gladness, and to me, dark even now, and dismal as the grave, for which I well may barter it!"

Already had Soultanitza felt that she was weakly failing in her duties as a wife, if, for one moment, she allowed her agony, at sight of her husband's sufferings, to render these more bitter. She rose, and driving back the gushing tears, which rendered her eyes dim, like his own, inasmuch as they were evidences of that tender sympathy which was henceforward to make this earth as dark to her as to the sightless man, she took his hand, and said, composedly—

"Athanasi mou, you often called me, in better days, the light of your eyes, and now shall you learn that these were not vain words! My soul is darkened for ever, because you no more can see the sun in heaven; but yours shall be bright and peaceful, because I can look upon it! You must take me now to be another self, and while I live, to guide, to soothe, to comfort you: our enemies shall rage in vain, to find how they have failed in their revenge! You are wearied and in pain, my thrice-beloved; come, let us go home."

Then guiding gently by the hand the unhappy man, whom physical pain had now utterly subdued, Soultanitza led him away, thus entering at once upon the heavy task of unwearied devotedness she had imposed upon herself, and which was to end with life alone.

It was not till after Athanasi had enjoyed a few hours' tranquil

slumber, his disfigured head reposing on the knees of his wife, to whom he clung, like a sick child to his mother, that he was able to give any account to her, or the friends who thronged to his house on hearing of his misfortune, of all that had befallen him. He had followed, he said, on the track of the disguised Turk, quite unperceived by him, till they reached the cavern in which Soultanitzza had discovered him: he had even entered the cave, which was in total darkness, behind his enemy, and there a long ray of light, streaming through another aperture, showed that there was an inner grotto, in which the conspirators were assembled round a blazing fire. Diamantis joined them, creeping through the opening on his hands and knees, while Athanasi, crouching down in the shadow, remained almost breathless, listening to the conversation which ensued.

He at once ascertained what we have already stated—that there did, in fact, exist a plot for delivering up Hydra and the other islands to the Turks, in which several hundred persons were implicated, many of whom—to their shame be it spoken—were Hydriotes and Psarriotes: but at the same time that he became aware of the existence of the conspiracy, he learned, also, that it had been rendered abortive by the discovery of their intentions, and that, terrified by the active measures which the primate of Hydra had taken for the punishment of the traitors, the greater part of them had already left the island, while these now present were but a remnant who had assembled to consult as to their future plans. This information, so unwittingly given to Athanasi, was for the benefit of Diamantis, who, but just arrived from Scio, was as yet in ignorance of the failure of the intrigue.

Athanasi sat greedily drinking in every word that was spoken, and became so intent, as he listened to the details of this vile conspiracy, that he was not aware of the entrance into the outer cave of two other members of the league, who had arrived later than the rest. Although well concealed from the party within, he was, of course, at once exposed to the observation of these, and before he had time even to attempt concealing himself, he was discovered, seized,

and dragged into the presence of the assembled traitors. Athanasi shuddered as he told of the yell of rage which followed the discovery of a spy of the scores of daggers that in an instant gleamed bright in the fire-light and menaced his unprotected breast; but he shuddered yet more, when he told of one whom he would not name except to Soultanitzza, for in the traitor he had recognised the soul's brother to whom, by the sacred rite of the church, he had been bound in a fraternal tie, stronger far than that of blood; and who, throwing himself between him and his infuriated enemies, had pleaded for his life, with an energy which obtained at least a momentary delay. Several men held him down on the ground, whilst the others consulted as to what was to be done with him, and fiercely discussed the question of life or death. All, save the one, were for dispatching him instantly; but he, though a traitor to his country, would not perjure himself from this oath he had taken before the altar, at all times, and in all places to defend the life of his adopted brother, even with his own; and as he was an influential member of the league, his opinion had considerable weight. They were, besides, obliged to admit the truth of his asseveration that so far from gaining anything by the murder of the richest and most powerful of the Hydriote captains they would, in fact, but draw down upon themselves a vengeance still more terrible than that which would, in probability, be the fruit of their discovered treachery. At last, Diamantis with the same soft voice and lurking sneer with which he had deluded the unfortunate Hydriote, proposed, as a happy medium between clemency and imprudence, that they should put the eyes of the wretched man; that, in giving him his life, they considered it harmless to themselves, and could thus never recognize or denounce them! This proposition was received with unanimous applause, and instantaneously carried into effect, notwithstanding the efforts of Athanasi's friend to save him. When the horrible deed was done, the conspirators flung their victim into the outer cave where his wife had found him, and themselves dispersed to seek for safety in a secret flight from Hydra before the dawn.

It is needless to dwell upon the rage and horror of the listeners at this recital, nor the deep vows of vengeance which rose from many lips, although Athanasi had no male relation who could claim the hereditary right to be the avenger of blood to his family. Nothing, however, could be done at present, for the messenger of the Greek admiral had announced, that as the Capitan Bey had retired with his fleet, and would not engage in action till the fast of the Ramazan was over, it was advisable that the Greeks should employ this interval in gathering together the miscellaneous vessels which were to compose their fleet, ready for a determined attack, as soon as their preparations should be

somewhat more advanced, and, above all, some treaty ratified by which the safety of the Sciote hostages might be ensured. One by one, therefore, the friends of the unfortunate Athanasi retired from his house, leaving that motionless group as they had found it when they entered—the blind man with his face buried on the knees of his wife, and Soultanitzza gazing down upon him with a depth of tenderness which it is not well upon this earth to feel for any mortal being, whose hand may grow chill and damp with the dews of death, even while we clasp it in our own! or, more bitter still, whose heart may turn cold to us, even while the warm life-blood yet rushes through it!

CHAPTER III.—THE ANATHEMA OF THE MOURNERS OF SCIO.

THE night was far advanced—already for several hours that majestic queen of darkness sat enshrined within the midnight skies, veiled in transparent shadows, with the world sleeping at her feet, and each hour had served to deepen her solemnity—to render her repose more breathless and intense—to purify more utterly, as it were, the earth from the foul mists that exhale from it by day! Over that earth, bathed now in the soft ethereal beauty of her moon-lit hours, her fiat had gone forth, “Be thou still,” and it was still like an obedient child, hushed beneath the mild glance of the parent that broods over it in love. Scarce does it heave beneath its living load of human suffering and human crime, those two great spectres that stalk over its fair bosom, ravaging this home so beautiful of a race so wayward—desolating its green bowers and peopled vales, whence rise the murmur of its eternal wail, in which prayers and curses are so strangely mingled! But the moonbeams passing over its surface, like holy thoughts over a troubled soul, have lulled it into a semblance of rest, deep as the expression of a settled resignation on a mournful countenance.

There is more of living movement above than below; there the great moon rolls in lonely majesty through the flood of liquid blue, quenching the stars with her superior glory—all, save one that, pale and wan, follows in her wake, as though constrained by some fascination to mingle with the brightness that absorbs its own sweet light! And be-

neath the vivid radiance, clear and pure, of that soft moon, lies Scio—Scio! the green and flowery isle, so lovely once, with its rifled gardens and its ravished homes, beautiful in its desolation as a fair face in agony. Upon its undulating shore, alone perhaps unchanged, whose sands in the moonlight seem strewed with silver-dust, and whose light waves moan as though remembering how their waters had been tinged with blood, there is a sight which those still living who beheld it yet remember nightly in their dreams.

Upon that beach, each ghastly face up-turned as though in solemn appeal to the distant sky, lie seventy dead corpses and more!—they are linked together in bands of ten or twelve by the long silk scarfs which girded their waists, and their distorted arms show how they stiffened into death, bound to each other in a horrible, unwilling embrace, from which they never shall be released. On the breast of each one the self-same wound in the self-same place testifies of the slow, premeditated design which thus destroyed them; and the bodies, as though in mockery, are disposed in a circle round that of one who only had the privilege of perishing alone, and seeking his grave, man's last possession, undivided with another! He is an aged man—his face serene and pale as the moonbeams that gleam upon it—his priestly robes all soiled and stained—his mitre, fallen from his lifeless head, declare his rank—he is the bishop, and those who surround him

the hostages of Scio, whom, having obtained from their forced intervention the submission of the inland towns, Kara Ali, the Capitan Bey, had that day reconducted to their native shore, and there murdered in cold blood!

And there they now lay, seventy dead men, their corpses bleaching in the moon-light; whatever they had been—husbands, fathers, sons—the joy, the hope, the stay, of beings who yet lived—they now could be no more. The life which God had given, man had taken; the human enemy had linked himself with the corruption of the grave for the destruction of the Maker's handiwork—he had done his part, and now must the worms complete the task! So they lay upon the moonlit shore, those seventy corpses, sleeping their awful and mysterious sleep, while but a little distance from them the glancing lights show the stately Turkish fleet riding at anchor on the still bosom of the waters, where the princely murderer reposes on his silken cushions, soothed into rest by the sweet songs of his slaves; but it may be that he could have envied the dead men, whose slumber was visited by no such dreams as lurked on his luxurious pillow! And now on that death-haunted shore a low muffled sound is heard which scarce disturbs the solemn silence—a dark mass detaches itself from the scattered ruins of the once gay city, and slowly, with noiseless tread, a great multitude descends from the hill to the scene of blood.

The women are all veiled, and walk like midnight phantoms, in their long white garments, silent and mournful; the men hold their heads bowed over their folded arms; and the weight of their one great sorrow lies so heavy upon each and all that it absorbs all evidence of individual misery. They advance—they draw near to their beloved dead, and that mournful crowd sways too and fro in its silent agony as though a strong wind swept over it—they approach and gather in a circle round the ghastly ring of corpses, and so gaze down upon them, pale and motionless as they; there is not a sound, not a sob, not a groan, though for each still cold heart amongst those dead, whose beating is for ever hushed, some one among the living there, was crushed and wrung, and yet they dared not lift up their voices to wail

for them, because of the dreaded enemy who lay so close at hand, whose slumbers were so light! Here and there, like snow-flakes falling round, white masses might be seen to sink convulsed upon the ground, but no hand was laid upon the cherished dead by those who so often had embraced them living—they stood aloof and looked upon them!

It was not to weep for their departed that the Sciote mourners had come hither in the cold, still night, or to sanctify, with the last offices of love, the forms that were so dear, and make ready their last couch. This they dared not do—not even the cold remains might be their own, whence their enemies had ravished the redeemless life! It was a part of the sentence of the wretched hostages, that the bird of prey should feast upon their flesh and the withered skeletons crumble amongst the sand, still linked together, chained even in death! and the living slaves could not so much as shelter them from this last profanation but they gathered round them, and that vast multitude moved as though with but one soul, uncovered their heads, raised one hand to heaven, and stretched out the other towards the stately vessel, where the Capitan Bey slept beneath his silken tent; and the lifting up their voice, low, deep, and firm, the Sciotes pronounced, with one consent, a dreadful, solemn anathema against the murderous Kara Ali. They cursed him “in the light and the darkness—in sleeping and waking in the strife of war, and in his tranquil home; they cursed him in his boyhood that the evils of mortality might hold on it—and in his soul, that eternal pains might seize it—in hope, that it might fail him—in joy, that it might shun—in love, that it might betray in friendship, that it might deceive in life that it might be his torture and in the grave, that he might find no rest.” And when the dread sentence of their vengeance had gone forth, they shrouded their heads, their mantles once more; they turned uttering no farewell to the dead, whose faces, serene in the mysterious resignation of death, the cry for tributive justice had passed—they turned, silent and solemn as they came. Again their muffled tread fell noiseless on the blood-stained sands—the dark mass mingled on

more with the dark ruins—and all was still.

It might have seemed that quiet night as though the bitter anathema had risen unheeded to the tranquil heaven, and died unheard over the moonlit waters. But it was not so. The doom of Kara Ali, then yet concealed among the secrets of the future, showed how the curse of the Scioite mourners had been registered above! A few hours more, and the dawn came forth from the east in its chariot of fire, as it sped over the heavens, chasing the shadows before it, the cannon of rejoicing resounding from the Turkish fleet, announced that the long fast of the Ramazan was over, and the day of their great festival arrived. On board of the flagship there were to be two-fold rejoicings; for during the long period of the Mahomedan Lent, all active proceedings against the rebel Greeks had been suspended, and now they were about to compensate their unwilling inaction by the speedy destruction of the three devoted islands. Kara Ali had ascertained that Miaulis, with his fleet, was about to sail towards Scio, in order to encounter him, as the Greek admiral was anxious to bring on the engagement before the arrival of the Egyptian squadron. To-day, therefore, had been chosen by the Capitan Bey for the consecration of a new banner, which he believed was to be borne before him to successes yet greater than those which had hitherto attended his military career.

The ceremony was about to commence. Kara Ali, dressed in the most gorgeous robes, his head bound with a cachmere shawl, which was fastened by one single enormous diamond, sat beneath his canopy of state on the quarter-deck. His tent was formed of the most costly Eastern stuffs, surmounted by a golden ball. The richest Persian carpets lined the interior, and every luxury that Oriental voluptuousness could devise was gathered together within that little space. The vessel was a fine three-decker, and the crews from the surrounding fleet had assembled round it in boats, and crowded on the deck, as the sun rose and bathed in its splendour the whole glittering scene, so singular a contrast to that which the pale beams of the moon had lightened. Conspicuous amongst those who surrounded the Capitan Bey

was the traitor Diamantis, with his young child by his side. He had thrown off his disguise, and resumed the Turkish dress, and now stood at his place as secretary (in other words, as chief spy) of Kara Ali.

The stately Imaum, with his sombre robes and solemn step, wearing the green turban, which proved his descent from the prophet, now advanced in front of the admiral, leading in one hand a snow-white sheep destined as a sacrifice, and holding in the other the sacrificial knife. Then he bowed himself seven times before the rising sun, and the thousands all around bowed down like him, and the haughty Capitan Bey bent his jewelled forehead in the dust. When they arose, the next in command to Kara Ali, at a sign from him, unrolled the heavy silken folds of the gorgeous banner, emblazoned with the silver crescent, and inscribed with a verse from the Koran. Then the Imaum, turning again to the east, uttered the solemn "Allah Il Allah," which, in Turkey, seems the very cry of nature itself, proclaiming that God is God, so strangely does the simultaneous voice rise up at dawn from every quarter.

The Imaum next poured forth a long extempore prayer, which included a recapitulation of the admiral's past successes, and a brilliant prophecy for those which were to come. When he had concluded, an astrologer, who had been engaged in taking an observation, came forward, and announced, that, by a singular coincidence, this hour, which had been fixed on for the ceremony, was precisely the most propitious that could have been chosen. Nothing could exceed the solemn stupidity that reigned in the countenance of this functionary; and as soon as he had terminated his oration, the Imaum proceeded to sacrifice the sheep, plunging his hand into the warm stream that gushed from its throat, he imprinted on the splendid banner a sanguinary mark, which was the fittest seal of its dedication to the purposes of war. He then lifted it high over his head, and waved it in the air; and instantly from the surrounding vessels the cannons pealed forth to announce the completion of the ceremony, and the sounds of rejoicing and of exultation echoed loudly over the peaceful shore, where but a few hours before had risen the solemn voice of that tremendous curse!

A FEW PLAIN WORDS TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND RESPECTING THE PRESENT
STATE OF NATIONAL EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

WE believe the British people to be lovers of truth and justice. We know them to be subject to great delusions. They have sometimes, at the instigation of evil counsellors, countenanced a course of policy alike unwise and inhuman; neither founded upon the fear of God, nor having respect to the best interests of men. But it is our deliberate opinion, that their errors, even when most fatal, have been those of ignorance and inadvertence, not of fixed design; that their intentions were good, when their measures were evil; and that it only required a fuller knowledge, and a juster appreciation of the bearing of facts, to produce in them such a reaction of opinion as must lead, in its results, to substantial justice.

It is under the influence of such a conviction we at present invite the attention of our readers to the present aspect of National Education in Ireland. We rely upon the honesty of the British public; we believe that they are open to conviction; and that nothing more than a plain statement of the facts of the case can be necessary to convince every impartial man amongst them, that the system at present in operation is not one calculated to produce any lasting benefit to the country; that in England, while the national system has the Scriptures for its basis, in Ireland such basis is rejected; and that while, in the former country, Dissenters of all denominations may partake of its benefits, in the latter the vast majority of the clergy of the Established Church are excluded from them.

In Ireland, the benighted condition of the community was first cared for by the Protestant portion of the people. To their spontaneous liberality and benevolence it was owing that schools were established, having for their object the inculcation of sound morality and useful knowledge—and this with as scrupulous a view to the avoidance of all peculiarities which could, by possibility, excite alarm or give offence, as was at all compatible

with the principle, that education, to be truly useful, should be based upon the word of God. This part of the case is thus stated by Mr. Napier, one of the members for the Dublin University, in his admirable speech upon Mr. Hamilton's motion in the House of Commons, on the 21st of August last year:—

“Now, what was the course which was adopted in Ireland before the establishment of the National Board? The practice was, that in every school in Ireland there was a Bible class, and all the children capable of reading with advantage took their places in this Bible class—so soon as their proficiency in reading qualified them to read with profit, they were advanced to this Bible class, in which the Scriptures were daily read. The rule was, that the Scriptures should be read, but everything of a controversial character was carefully excluded, and all catechetical instruction; nor were either the Roman Catholics or Dissenters required to be taught in the formularies of the church; but that a Bible class should exist, that was required. There exists in this country a very large society, and a very noble one—the British and Foreign School Society, presided over by the noble lord at the head of her Majesty's government. The noble lord, the Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, in stating the principle of that society, on a recent occasion, said, it was a principle which he held dear and sacred, that ‘this principle was founded on the entire sufficiency and the universal use of the Word of God.’ And, I think, I cannot give a better statement of the nature of the principle of the education that existed in Ireland up to the establishment of the National Board in Ireland. The principle is also stated by Lord Stanley in these words—‘The determination to enforce in all their schools the reading of the Holy Scriptures, without notes or comment, was undoubtedly taken with the purest motives—with the wish once to connect RELIGIOUS with moral and literary education; and, at the same time, not to run the risk of wounding the peculiar feelings of any sect by catechetical instruction or comments, which might tend to subjects of polemical controversy.’ There is the principle of

whole system that had been adopted previous to that time."—pp. 21, 22.

That the Roman Catholic portion of the Irish people had no objection to an education which had the Holy Scriptures for its foundation, the following extract, from a separate report presented by two out of five Education Commissioners, in 1827, will, we think, satisfy most of our readers:—

"We feel strongly that the unexpected improvement which has taken place within a short period in the education of the peasantry of Ireland, ought not to be apprehended, before any of the means by which it has been produced shall be destroyed or endangered. In our second report there appears 11,823 schools, a greater number than there is to be found in any other country, considering the population. About twenty years ago, the Scriptures were not read in 600 schools; at the time of our second report they were read in 6,058 daily schools, and 1,954 Sunday schools. It is further very worthy of remark, that of the 6,058 daily schools in which the Scriptures are now read, only 1,879 are connected with any societies whatever, whether those aided by the government, or those supported by individual contributions. In the remaining 4,179 schools the Scriptures have, of late years, been adopted by the voluntary choice of the conductors and teachers, the latter of whom are generally dependent for their livelihood upon the pleasure of the parents of their pupils, a signal proof that there is no repugnance to scriptural instruction among the people, and not less an illustration of the effects silently produced by the example and competition of better institutions upon the common schools of the country; any experiment ought to be considered as an accompaniment to those means which experience had proved to be useful, and not as leading to the suppression of any tried instrument of good."—pp. 23, 24.

This Mr. Napier calls a very important statement, and one which cannot fail to make a deep impression upon every well-constituted mind. The system which had, until then, been in operation, although in many respects defective, was still producing most beneficial results. It was superintended by men of the highest respectability, from motives of the purest benevolence, who had gone, at least, to the extreme verge of liberality, in compliance with the prejudices of the Ro-

man Catholic population. And that it was acceptable to that class generally, appears from the admitted fact, that, at the time when the present National Board was established, *three hundred thousand* Roman Catholic children were in attendance upon scriptural schools.

It may, perhaps, be admitted, that of the children thus educated, many departed from the Church of Rome. The scriptural light which was thus let in upon them may have, in many instances, told against their Romanist convictions. Perplexing questions may have been propounded to their priests, such as may have caused these worthies to tremble for their future domination. And, accordingly, it is not at all surprising, that, at this period, a strenuous opposition was raised by the Romish priesthood against the scriptural schools, and every engine of priestcraft employed, for the purpose of intimidating the government into a compliance with their demands, and rousing and exasperating the passions of the people.

Hence the origin of the National Board. It was a concession of principle to clamour the most outrageous, and a sacrifice of truth to expediency the most unwise. Contrary to notorious facts, it was assumed that an united education could not have a scriptural basis; that in Ireland there must be a certain accommodation to the prejudices of the Romanists, in order to secure their attendance upon the National Schools; and the result very speedily demonstrated that, as far as the object thus aimed at was concerned, this sinful compromise was vain and delusive.

It is now universally admitted, nay, triumphantly proclaimed, that National Schools, in the hands of Roman Catholics, are conducted strictly upon Romanist principles, and made subservient to Romanist objects. The following extract from *The Tablet*, adduced by Mr. Hamilton, in the debate of the 21st of August, already referred to, is decisive upon this point:—

"In corroboration of this opinion, and, indeed, as the best commentary upon the working of the National System, he would ask permission to read a short extract from the *Tablet* newspaper. It appeared some time ago, but it seemed

so much to the point that he had it laid by. The writer states, 'the apparent or outward success of the National Board is referred to as a precedent for the mixed education of the Provincial Colleges. It is difficult to imagine how any one who is tolerably acquainted with the facts, and is even slightly imbued with the elements of reasoning, can use such an argument as this. It was only the other day that one of the most intelligent supporters of the Board said to us, "I approve of the National System, because in fact, it gives us Catholic schools, this is the real truth." In every parish in Ireland, any number of individuals, and the priest among the rest, can establish a school, appoint their own masters and teachers, call it a school, say the *Ave Maria* whenever the clock strikes, and get aid from the National Board. We have seen this state of things in the south of Ireland with our own eyes—we have seen it in Dublin under the nose of the government, and we have witnessed, with much edification, the smile of serene contempt which often accompanies the utterance of these words, 'Oh, we pay no attention to the rules of the Board.'"—p. 10.

The same may be said of schools in the hands of the Presbyterians; the advocates of the system who belong to that body justifying their adhesion to it, because, as they contend, it enables them to impart to their children what they call an excellent Presbyterian education.

And why cannot the clergy of the Church of England avail themselves of it, when, by so doing, they might be enabled to use it for their purposes, even as the Romanists and the Presbyterians use it for their own?

Simply, because by subscribing to the conditions of the Board, they would be consenting to a principle which authorises, nay, commands, a disparagement of the Holy Scriptures. This they conscientiously feel that they could not do unblamed. When Holy Scripture is put into the category of prohibited books, the Romanist is not offended. Because he maintains that, in its interpretation, it is to be over-ruled by tradition, and by the decisions of the Church; and that it is to be received only so far as it is conformable to the opinions of all the early fathers. This disparaging view of the word of eternal life, the creed of Pope Pius IV., which every Ro-

manist is bound to receive, and which every Roman Catholic priest, upon his induction into a benefice, swears that he fully believes, renders it with them a matter of no difficulty, if, indeed, it does not make it a point of conscience, to regard the insult thus offered to the Holy Scriptures with indifference, if not with satisfaction. But not so the clergymen of the Church of England; and, until the adhesion of the Synod of Ulster took place, we had thought not so the ministers of any Protestant communion. However, we leave others to answer for themselves. We content ourselves with saying that the vast majority, we might say almost all, the worth and the piety of the Church of England in Ireland unite in repudiating the principle which would place the Word of God upon the same level with Milner's "End of Controversy," and impose the same restrictions and the same qualifications upon the admission of the one, as it would be only right and proper to place upon the admission of the other.

It is because the clergy of the Established Church conceive, that in consenting to receive aid from the Board, they would be impliedly subscribing to such a principle, they are voluntarily excluded from its benefits, and prefer rather to tax their own poverty for the education of their poor children, than become responsible for the observance of a regulation, which thus reduces to the level of a mere human composition the great title-deed of their salvation.

Let that rule be rescinded—let the Holy Scriptures be struck out of the list of prohibited books, and, objectionable as the present system is in other particulars, the vast majority of the Church of England dissentients would no longer refuse to avail themselves of its advantages.

They say to the government, "You respected the erring conscience of the Romanists, when you refused to make the Holy Scriptures the basis of your system of national education; still more did you show respect and favour to that body when you allowed their objections to the Scriptural extracts agreed upon by the commissioners, and intended for use in all the schools. Only show some respect to our conscientious convictions, by not insisting

upon our subscribing to a principle which we abjure—that it is expedient to exclude, by a positive regulation, the Holy Scriptures as the basis of all sound knowledge. We ask you not to adopt them as such basis; that would be to give Roman Catholics offence; but why ask us to reject them as such basis, when by so doing we must be equally offended? Why not deal equally with both? Why not say to each, we will neither adopt the Protestant principle to please the one, nor the Romanist principle to please the other? Let the Roman Catholic, if he please, reject the Scriptures in the schools of which he is the patron, and let the Protestant adopt them in his own. Let the Board expunge the obnoxious regulation which sanctions the rejection of the one, while it censures the adoption of the other; and then, whatever objection we may have to the system in general as, in many and important particulars, greatly defective and erroneous, we can have no objection, as individuals, to receive aid by which our principles would not be compromised so long as our children were not debarred the benefit of a sound religious education.”

The Presbyterian minister says that under the Board, as at present constituted, he can give his children a good Presbyterian education; and he does so while he swallows the rule which puts the Bible into the list of prohibited books, and regards it in the same class with any work of controversy. The Church of England clergyman says he cannot do that; if he accept of a system at all, he must accept it in good faith; and, if he consent to receive aid under it, his tacit approval of its printed regulations must be taken for granted; and therefore it is that he declines to avail himself of educational funds, when he could only do so by tacitly consenting to a rule which would compromise his fidelity to his Divine Master. Let the Board, as we have stated, rescind that rule, and leave all who apply for aid to adopt or reject just as much of it as his conscience allows; that is, *let them give a triumph to neither party*, and we promise them a rapid subsidence of the hostility with which a vast proportion of the established clergy at present regards their system.

This view of the case has been put

so very well by Mr. Hamilton in the speech before referred to, that we cannot withhold his words from our readers:—

“But then it may be said, if the rules of the Board admit of the Roman Catholic clergy establishing schools, in which their own peculiar tenets are taught, why cannot the Protestant clergy do the same? Of course that argument would abandon the principle of united education altogether, in which case it could scarcely be denied that it would be better to have a confessedly separate system, than one which, being really separate, professed to be united; but the case of the clergy of the Established Church and of the Roman Catholic Church was different. There was no principle which stood between the Roman Catholic clergy and their acquiescence in the rules of the National Board. It was not one of their principles that the right to use and read the Scriptures was inalienable on the part of every human being; and that to seek to abridge or to countenance the abridgment of that right was sinful. Though they required a religious, they did not require a scriptural basis; and there was nothing to offend their conscience in sending away a Protestant child, when about to teach the Roman Catholic children their own peculiar tenets. But the position of the Protestant clergyman is different. He holds that the education of all children should be based altogether on the scriptural principle—that it should not be supplementary or ancillary to moral and literary instruction—but that it should be the predominant feature, and pervade the whole system of education. Holding as he does the Protestant principle of the supremacy and sufficiency of the Holy Scripture, he holds that it is the right of every human being to make it his study at all times and in all circumstances; and that it is his duty, as a Christian minister, at all times to uphold and enforce that right. He, therefore, cannot, without violating his principles, be a party, directly or indirectly, to excluding any child from Scriptural instruction. This is their objection to the system, that it compromises the Protestant principle, and that in connecting themselves with it, they would be themselves compromising that principle in a country, and under circumstances, in which it is peculiarly their duty to uphold it.”—pp. 10, 11.

If, however, the government are resolved to maintain the system as it at

present stands, and not to remove this offensive rule, we ask for a separate grant for educational purposes, by which the Church Education Society in Ireland may be sustained. What is the objection to this? Why, that it would interfere with the great experiment now going on for the purpose of establishing a system of united education in Ireland! Was ever such mockery? United education! A system which is at present, in its practical working, as many-coloured as are the parties who are partaking of its advantages! United education! Where the Presbyterian in the north contrives to give a good Presbyterian education to his children; while the Romanist in the south gives a good Romish education to *his* children!—Where the monk in his convent, the nun in her cloister, are furnished with funds which they employ to indoctrinate their pupils in all the dogmas of the Romish faith; and nothing is authoritatively excluded but the free use of the unadulterated word of God! An united education! Why, it is patent to the whole world that this system has been an apple of discord, not a rallying point of unity, and, so far from having produced union where there was before division, it has produced division where before was union! Let not, therefore, such idle mockery be any longer made an excuse for insult and injustice. If any proposition was ever yet clearly proved to demonstration, it is that this system has utterly failed as a system of *united* education. Let its advocates, if they please, denounce the Established Church as a nuisance or a grievance which should be abated, but let them no longer, upon false pretences, deny to its members educational advantages, which to every other sect or faction, no matter how erroneous their faith or how unscrupulous their practice, are freely and even abundantly accorded.

Our attitude is sufficiently humble, our petition is sufficiently moderate, when we ask for the Established Clergy in Ireland no more than the same amount of consideration which has been already conceded by government to Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in England. *They* objected to the English national system, as the clergy of the Established Church in this country do to the Irish; and their objections

have been allowed. They now obtain *a separate grant upon their own terms*. And we put it to every man of common candour and common honesty, can there be any justification of a course, which respects the erroneous objections of Romanists in England, while it spurns, with insult and contumely, the well-founded objections of Church of England Protestants in Ireland, which says to the one, you shall have what you want, although the Scriptures are to be excluded; and to the other, you shall *not* have what you want, because the Scriptures are to be received? Well has Mr. Napier put the case, in the following pithy words:—

“ But the petitioners say, *we object to this system*. The reply, however, is—‘ No matter; if you concur with us—if you go against your conscience, you will get help; if you do not, you will have no assistance—you will get nothing; if you violate what you know to be your conscientious opinion and paramount duty, you may then look forward to the certainty of aid and the prospect of government preferment; you may then reckon on having a full share in the public grant; but if you obey the dictates of your conscience—if you act according to your judgment—if you concur in opinion with some of the wisest and the best of men, you shall have no assistance from us; but, on the contrary, you will be abused or ridiculed as bigots by certain liberal members of this house—the will be the reward of your conscientious scruples.’ And such is the manifest result to every Irish clergyman and to every Protestant layman who opposes this system of national education; that, while we see the Roman Catholic clergy permitted to carry out their conscientious views, and dissenters allowed to carry out their views—we see the clergy of the Established Church stand before us in the anomalous position which I have described. I put this to the house—I put it to every Roman Catholic—I put it to every dissenter—I put it on the principle of common sense—I put it on the principle of common equity and of common justice—are you to have several sects in Ireland to all of whom you give what they require, and you give to all these on the principle of allowance for conscientious objections, while there is one body of men who have also conscientious objections, but which they refuse to recognise. There are certain parties, all of whom profess to have conscientious views, and you protect the

in those views ; but there is one party who are to remain behind, and they are to be disregarded ; and, in alluding to that party, I need not now dwell on their faithful loyalty and manly moderation at the present crisis in Ireland—I speak of the loyalty of the Protestants of Ireland—that faithful body, of whose value and importance in Ireland to England and British connexion, the noble lord at the head of the government cannot but be conscious—is that body of men which comprehends so many of the bishops, the clergy, and the laity of the Established Church in Ireland—are they to be neglected ? Are their conscientious scruples, are their views to be disrespected ? are their claims to be disregarded ?”

But another ground of objection to a separate grant has been taken, upon which we shall say a few words. By such a grant, it is said, such churchmen as have already signified their adhesion to the National Board would be offended ! Indeed ! Offended, that the conscientious objections of their brethren have not been overruled ! The very avowal of such an objection is in itself a startling fact, and may well admonish us of the times in which we live, and of our “perils amongst false brethren.” Oh, but, it is said, the government have already been at considerable pains to establish the present, as a system of *united* education ; and if a separate grant were made to the Church Education Society, churchmen would no longer connect themselves with the board, and even of those few who have already done so, many might fall off when they found that they could obtain aid for their schools under the auspices of a more congenial institution. That is to deny the grant upon false pretences ; for never was any pretence more false than that the present system is, or ever can be, a system of united education ; and to admit, moreover, that unless a pressure be placed upon the consciences of Church of England Protestants, they never will, generally speaking, give in their adhesion to the National system. Now can this be otherwise described than as a mode of tampering with their principles, and corrupting their integrity ? Is it not saying, we will do everything in our power to wring an assent from them to our views ? If it be not accorded by their will, it shall be extorted by their poverty. It is true, we place no such

pressure upon Romanists in England, but we may, with perfect impunity, trample under foot the conscientious scruples of Protestants in Ireland. Is this, we ask the people of England, in whom alone, under God, our hope now is, an attitude which any government, fairly representing them, ought to take towards the Church of England Protestants in Ireland ?

But still more ; not only is the boon of a separate grant to be denied upon such grounds, but the patronage of the Church in the hands of government is to be so administered as to exclude from any participation in its benefits the overwhelming majority of Churchmen who are opposed in principle to the present National Board. Let the following case, adduced by Mr. Hamilton in his place in parliament, on the 21st of August last, speak for itself—

“He was constrained to say that not only was no encouragement given to the cause of Scriptural education in Ireland—not only were the Protestants and clergy of the Established Church—the only class of her Majesty’s subjects to whose conscientious opinions, with regard to education, no consideration was paid—not only were they the only class to whom toleration in respect of those scruples was not extended, but the clergy of the Established Church who entertained those conscientious objections, were excluded from all government favour and patronage. This was a serious charge, and one that he would be sorry to make lightly, especially after an answer he had recollected hearing from the noble lord at the head of the government, in reply to a question from Lord John Manners in the last parliament. But he (Mr. Hamilton) had seen letters written by the private secretary of the lord lieutenant to clergymen, in which their opinions were asked on the subject of the National System—and an intimation given that preferment would be conferred only upon those who supported that system. The correspondence between Mr. Villiers Stuart and the private secretary, in reference to Mr. Thacker, had been before the public. The case was altogether a very peculiar one. There is a vicarage in the county of Kilkenny with hardly any income, and a rectory with a small income. They had usually been held together, and constituted a benefice of about £160 a-year. The vicarage was in the gift of the bishop, the rectory of the crown. It was considered desirable

that the vicarage and rectory should be united by act of council, and permanently be made one benefice. In order to unite them it was necessary that the person having the vicarage should resign it, that both being vacant, they might legally be formed into a union; and then the crown having the patronage of the rectory, would have the presentation to the united benefice. Mr. Thacker, therefore, to facilitate this arrangement, resigned the vicarage, and it was united with the rectory. Mr. Villiers Stuart, a supporter of government, and then member for the county, applied to the lord lieutenant to appoint Mr. Thacker to the benefice. He afterwards writes thus to Mr. Thacker:—‘I have received a note from the private secretary of the lord lieutenant, in which he asks me to ascertain your opinion respecting the National System of education, the lord lieutenant considering it his duty in all his nominations to Church preferments to require an unequivocal support of that system.’ Mr. Thacker returned for answer that he was conscientiously opposed to it. The private secretary of the lord lieutenant thereupon writes as follows to Mr. Villiers Stuart:—‘His Excellency most sincerely regrets that he is unable to comply with your desire to have Mr. Thacker appointed to the Union of Whitechurch; but that gentleman having so unequivocally and conscientiously declared his opposition to the system of National education, it would be a violation of the principle by which the lord lieutenant has been guided, if he were to relax. I add, by desire of the lord lieutenant, his request that it may be conveyed to Mr. Thacker, that he entertains no objection to him individually, as from all he has heard, and from his conscientious avowal of his opinions, he considers that gentleman to be entitled to the highest respect.’ Mr. Villiers Stuart adds for himself—“I cannot express the deep disappointment the whole parish feels at the loss of such a pastor.” He (Mr. Hamilton) had a high respect for the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he felt that to his ability and firmness the safety of the country might in a great degree be attributed; but he would appeal to the noble lord—he would appeal to the House, and to the justice of the English public, is this tolerable? In England, continued Mr. Hamilton, you extend toleration to all classes of dissenters in matters of education. You depart even from a Scriptural basis and principle in favour of Roman Catholics. In Ireland if a clergymen upholds the principle which every clergyman from one end of England to the

other maintains, however highly recommended, however efficient, however pious, however beloved by his parishioners, he is proscribed by the government because of his conscientious opinions, and the Protestants deprived of the services of such a pastor. Is this doing justice to the Church in Ireland?”

Now, we ask the intelligent people of England, is this to be any longer endured? We ask them, will they aid in promoting a mis-called system of united education in Ireland, by the corruption of the worst, and the proscription of the best, of the Irish clergy? We know it is in vain to address any such language to those by whom the Church is hated, and to whom the government education project may be recommended, because by its means the establishment may be destroyed. But such are not a majority of the honest and truth-loving people of England; and we call upon the friends of scriptural education to persevere in reiterating their reasonable demands, until their case, in its truth and in its fulness, is known through the length and breadth of the land; and we have no more doubt that the day of their triumph will come, than we have that the reflecting people of England are lovers of truth and justice.

In conclusion, we would briefly observe, that the Irish education question has been, from the first, a sal bungle. It was undertaken by Lord Stanley, with a *bona fide* intention of securing for all classes of her Majesty's Irish subjects a good moral and religious education. But he did not then sufficiently comprehend the entire subject, or estimate, in all their magnitude, the difficulties by which his projects were surrounded; and, accordingly, the scheme, in its early stages, was a compromise, which sometimes assumed the character of a juggle; and, to use a phrase of his own, the aim of the commissioners would seem to have been, how they might best “thimblorig” the Holy Scriptures; how they might say to the Protestant “See! it is here!” and *presto*, in the same breath, to the Roman Catholic, “See! it is not there!” And the end was, that the one was to be cheated with the shadow, while the other was possessed of the substance. It was first to have a colour of religion, without the reality,

which colour was gradually to become
-rinescent, until it now has no colour
at all; and every patron of every
school may stamp whatever colour he
pleases upon his own fractional portion
of the system.

Our intelligent readers do not require
to be told that as are the patrons, such
must be the schools. If the patrons
are haters of British rule, or open or
secret fomenters of sedition, the schools
no matter what the system professed, or
the rules enjoined) may be easily turned
into seminaries of treason. The fol-
lowing shows in what proportion the
patrons are to be found amongst the
different denominations of professing
Christians:—

"The appendix to the fourteenth re-
port of the Commissioners of National
Education in Ireland, contains two re-
turns, commencing p. 173, of the num-
ber of schools in each county, and the
names of the patrons, distinguishing the
vested from the non-vested schools.
The names of the patrons having been
compared with the lists of the clergy of
the different denominations, the follow-
ing is the result:—

	No Patron.	Poor-houses.	Suspended.	Lay Patrons.	Cler. Patrons.			Total.
					Church of England.	Presbyte- rian.	Roman Catholic.	
Established Church	7	12	361	11	23	960	1374	
Presbyterian	2	101	620	85	361	1545	2714	
Roman Catholic	2	108	12	981	96	384	2505	4088

"About 2 per cent. are under the
patronage of the Established Church; 9
per cent. under that of the Presbyterian Church;
and 24 under those of the Roman Catholic
Church, and 24 under the patronage of
laymen.

"The appendix (p. 21) contains also
a return, from which it appears that the
religious denominations of teachers du-
ring the year 1847, were as follows:—

Established Church	9
Presbyterian	37
Other Dissenters	3
Roman Catholics	175

Here we have 2,505 schools under
the patronage of Roman Catholic
priests, and in the immediate manage-
ment of schoolmasters entirely in
their confidence. Have recent events
thrown no light upon the animus of
that body so as to leave no excuse even
for blindness itself to mistake their real
character? And can any sane man
doubt how such a state of things must
operate in such a country as Ireland?

The system has now been in opera-
tion for nearly twenty years, a time
amply sufficient to judge of it by its
fruits. Have the results corresponded
with the expectations of its framers?
Has any good been done anywhere by
the erection of national, commensurate
with the evil which has been done
everywhere by the discountenance
shown to Scriptural schools? Let
this test be fairly applied, and if a
favourable verdict be given, we are
content that our objections should be
regarded as ill-founded.

We do trust that our excellent Uni-
versity members will again, and speedily,
bring this subject under the considera-
tion of the House of Commons. Let
them not be dispirited by defeat; al-
though outnumbered, they are not
overcome. Already they have both
most admirably done their duty. By
many in the house, and by multitudes
out of the house, the question was
never understood until they caused it
to be known in all its bearings; and
they have only to persevere as they have
commenced, to secure a final victory.
Their adversaries have succeeded but
too well, by persevering and unscrup-
ulous hardihood of assertion, in re-
presenting them as antiquated and nar-
row-minded bigots. Let them only
evinced a similar zeal in a better cause,
and the day is not far distant when
they will have their reward, in the
triumph of the only principle which can
ever ensure the moral progress, the
social amelioration, and the progres-
sive prosperity of Ireland.

THE CLOSING YEARS OF DEAN SWIFT'S LIFE.*

THIS is a volume of no ordinary interest. To the medical inquirer it gives such details as can be now recovered of cerebral disease, extending over a period of fifty-five years—the particular symptoms described by the sufferer himself—for the most part, in confidential letters to intimate friends—that sufferer the most accurate observer of whatever came within his reach, of any man gifted with the same degree of genius that has ever used the English language as a medium of communication, and the man of all others who has, on most subjects, expressed himself with such distinctness, that we do not remember, in any case, a doubt as to the precise meaning of a sentence in his works, although those works are on subjects which actuate and influence the passions, and although he has often written in a dictatorial tone of authority, which of itself provokes resistance, and therefore forces readers into something more than the unquestioning indolence in which we are satisfied to look over most books. Mr. Wilde has given us Swift's own account of Swift's distemper. But the interest of this volume is not to the medical inquirer alone. The relation of intimate friendship in which Swift and Stella lived for some five-and-twenty years, and the mystery thrown over it by a number of idle guesses which have found their way into the biographies of Swift, have led Mr. Wilde to other inquiries, in themselves not unamusing. He has brought together, from obscure and forgotten sources, some of the explanations which were given of parts of Swift's conduct, by persons who had peculiar means of information as to some of the circumstances of the case. Mr. Wilde has given us two portraits of Stella, neither of which had been before engraved; and the volume is closed by a number of poems, found in the hand-

writing of Swift, and some of which are probably of his composition, in an interleaved copy of an old almanack, lent to Mr. Wilde for the purposes of this essay.

The history of this volume is this:—Dr. Mackenzie, of Glasgow, writes to Mr. Wilde to learn whether there is any record of Swift's disease known, either to Mr. Wilde or to the readers of the *Dublin Medical Journal*, a work edited by Mr. Wilde. It occurred to Mr. Mackenzie that there might be something preserved on the subject either in the deanery or in Trinity College. The first part of Mr. Wilde's book is a reply to this question, and was originally published in Mr. Wilde's journal.

Of the disease itself, Mr. Wilde gives us Swift's own description:—

“Swift, writing to Mrs. Howard, in 1727, thus describes the commencement of his complaint: ‘About two hours before you were born’—consequently in 1690—“I got my *giddiness* by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time, at Richmond; and when you were four years and a quarter old, bating two days, having made a fine seat, about twenty miles farther in Surrey, where I used to read—and, there I got my *deafness*; and these two friends have visited me, one or other, every year since; and, being old acquaintance, have now thought fit to come together.’ Overloading the stomach, in the manner described, and catching cold by sitting on a damp, exposed seat, were very apt to produce both these complaints—neither of which, when once established, was likely to be easily removed from a system so nervous, and with a temper so irritable, and a mind so excessively active, as that of Swift's. From this period, a disease which, in all its symptoms and by its fatal termination, plainly appears to have been (in its commencement at least) *cerebral congestion*, set in, and exhibited itself in well-marked periodic attacks which,

* “The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life; with an Appendix, containing several of his Poems hitherto unpublished, and some remarks on Stella.” By W. R. Wilde, M.R.I.A., F.R.C.S. 8vo. Dublin: Hodges & Smith, Grafton-street. 1849.

year after year, increased in intensity and duration."—pp. 8, 9.

While living in the country, and with his mind comparatively at ease, he made but few complaints. It is probable that his disease gave him but little trouble while at Laracor; but whether it did or not, we have little opportunity of any knowledge, as few of his letters are dated from his passage. He had not formed at that time his acquaintanceships and friendships with the great persons, in passages of his letters to whom we find these personal notices of his health; and Stella and Mrs. Dingley were living in his immediate vicinity, so that there are no letters to them of that date. Swift was a shrewd observer of human nature, and dwelling on his deafness and giddiness to those who suffered from similar ailments, seems to have been a piece of skilful flattery. We have not time to look over the correspondence for the purpose of proving this; but the reader, who turns to his letters to Mrs. Howard, will find instances illustrative of what we mean. In the journal to Stella, we find the following entry:—"I have no fits of blindness, but only some little disorder towards it, and I walk as much as I can. Lady Kerry is just as I am, only a deal worse. I dined to-day at Lord Shelburn's, where she is, and we con ailments, *which makes us fond of each other.*" In another entry in the same journal, we find this—"Did I ever tell you that the Lord Treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? He always turns the right, and his servants whisper to him that only. I dare not tell him that I am so too, for fear that he should think that I counterfeited to make my court." In one of Swift's letters to Archbishop King, we find him saying—"I have been so extremely ill with my old disorder in my head that I was unable to write to your grace." And in a letter of King's to him, inadvertently quoted by Mr. Wilde as a letter from Swift to King, we find King complaining, in Swift's temper, of having much the same symptoms as Swift is perpetually describing. In the journal to Stella, we find Swift again recurring to the effect of corroboration being created by identity of suffering—"I was this morning with

poor Lady Kerry, who is much worse in her head than I. She sends me bottles of her bitter, and we are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same. Do you know that Madam Stell? Have I not seen you conning ailments with Joe's wife and some others, sirrah?" Mr. Wilde must have looked back almost with envy on the golden harvest of blighted ears that presented itself to the physicians of that auspicious time.

"It is remarkable that several of Swift's friends suffered from symptoms somewhat similar to his own. Thus Harley, Gay, Mrs. Barber, Pope, Mrs. Howard, Lady Germain, Arbuthnot, and others, all suffered from what is popularly termed a 'fulness of blood to the head.'"—p. 37.

Swift's deafness was of the left ear. Towards the close of life, at one time his left eye was fearfully affected. "About six weeks ago, in one night's time, his left eye swelled as large as an egg, and the left Mr. Nichols thought would mortify. * * * Five persons could scarce hold him for a week from tearing out his eyes." This is Mrs. Whiteway's language, who adds—"He is now free from torture; his eye almost well," thus showing that but one eye suffered. In many passages, where he speaks of tottering, we find nothing to fix the fact of whether the one side was affected more than the other; but this, too, is established by a passage which Mr. Wilde quotes from the journal to Stella—"My left hand is very weak and trembles, but my right side has not been touched." It seems plain, then, that there was paralysis of the left side.

It would seem, from several passages, that Swift took too much wine and that he poisoned himself with snuff—"By Dr. Radcliffe's advice, he left off bohea tea, which he had observed to disagree with him frequently before." We suspect, therefore, that in this luxury he had indulged too much.

Mr. Wilde does not think there is any evidence of Swift's being subject to epileptic fits, as is stated by many of his biographers. The mistake, if it be such, he thinks, arises from the frequent recurrence in his letters of

"fits of giddiness," &c. The language is equivocal, and we think there is something to be said for the interpretation put upon it by non-medical readers. Take this sentence, for instance:—"I dined with the secretary, and found my head very much out of order, but no absolute fit; and I have not been well all this day. It has shook me a little."

We wish we had room for extracts from this most interesting volume. It is really a wonderful thing to see, after an interval of a century, a scientific man inferring the true character of a disease, that baffled the eminent men of Swift's own day:—

"In answer to a recommendation of Mr. Pulteney's on the subject of physicians, the Dean, in his answer of the 7th of March, 1737, writes: 'I have esteemed many of them as learned and ingenious men: but I never received the least benefit from their advice or prescriptions. And poor Dr. Arbuthnot was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case, but could not remedy it. But to conquer five physicians,' all eminent in their way, was a victory that Alexander and Cæsar could never pretend to. I desire that my prescription of living may be published (which you design to follow), for the benefit of mankind; which, however, I do not value a rush, nor the animal itself, as it now acts; neither will I ever value myself as a Philanthropus, because it is now a creature (taking a vast majority) that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a wasp, a stork, a fox, or any other that you will please to add.'—p. 40.

Nothing can be more affecting than the exhibition of the gradual decay and deterioration of the instruments by which the mind acts. Insanity, in the proper sense of the word, Mr. Wilde does not regard as having existed in Swift's case. There was the weakness of old age, and the childishness that accompanies it. He would, at times, utter incoherent words and syllables. "But," says

Mr. Deane Swift, writing to Lord Orrery, "he never yet, as far as I could hear, talked nonsense, or said a foolish thing." There was a long period, we believe of more than a year, in which he was wholly silent, with but one or two recorded interruptions. A negligent servant girl blew out a candle in his chamber, and the smell offended him; she was told by him she was "*a nasty slut*." A servant man was breaking a large, stubborn coal, and he told him, "*That's a stone, you blackguard*." On another occasion, not finding words to express something he wished, he exhibited much uneasiness, and said, "*I am a fool*." When insanity is spoken of, it is not possible to be very accurate, and we suppose that in denying the existence of insanity in this case, Mr. Wilde does not, in reality, mean very much more than Hawkesworth had long ago expressed. "Some intervals of sensibility and reason, after his madness, seemed to prove that his disorder, whatever it was, had not destroyed, but only suspended, the powers of his mind." The question is, after all, but one of language. Mr. Wilde has shown, almost to demonstration, that Swift's was organic disease of the brain; and many writers—we believe, among others, Dr. Conolly—would say that in this consisted *insanity*, calling mere functional disease "*mental derangement*." In Swift's life and conduct—in his caprice—in his violent passions—in his oddities—even in his vindictive patriotism—in his misanthropy, whether it be regarded as a pretence or a reality—in the morbid delight with which he dwells on disgusting images, we see very distinct traces of incipient disease. We exclude from our consideration, in coming to this conclusion, the language of his epitaph in St. Patrick's Cathedral, breathing resentment—"Hic depositum est corpus Jonathan Swift, *ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit*." We exclude the strange humour exhibited in the half-serious bequests in his will.

* "We know of at least eight medical men who attended Swift at different times, viz., Sir Patrick Dun, Drs. Arbuthnot, Radcliffe, Cockburn, Helsham, and Gratten, and Surgeons Nichols and Whiteway." We doubt the fact of Swift's having been attended by Sir Patrick Dun; and do not know on what authority Mr. Wilde's statement of the fact rests.

We exclude a hundred well-authenticated extravagancies of conduct, some of them accompanied with circumstances which could not but be felt as intolerably insulting to his best friends, because all these things are consistent with states of mind, which no one calls by the name of insanity except in metaphorical language, but when conduct, intelligible on any ordinary principle, exists, and when we have the additional fact of organic disease of the brain, we think it is hypercriticism in Mr. Wilde to fall out with the application of the term insanity, to a case so circumstanced.

An interesting part of Mr. Wilde's work is an account of the examination of the head of Swift, in 1835, by Surgeons Houston and Hamilton. About the middle of the last century, frequent floods of the Poddle river, and the insufficiency of sewers to carry off the superabundant water, occasioned much injury to St. Patrick's Cathedral.* One of the last acts of the Dean was an effort to remedy this; and when he directed that he should be buried in Ireland, he requested that his body should be deposited in any *dry* part of the cathedral. "It is remarkable," says Mr. Wilde, "that the continuance of damp and inundations, in the year 1835, was the cause of his remains being disturbed."

It would be altogether out of the province of this journal to follow Dr. Wilde in his account of the details of the examination. Dr. Houston, describing the head, says—"The bones cannot be regarded as free from indications of previous chronic disease. There are certainly no marks of cancer or of fungus growth on any part of the head, but the condition of the cerebral surface of the whole frontal region, is evidently of a character indicating the presence, during life, of diseased action in the adjacent membranes of the brain." Some doubt for a while entertained of the remains examined by Dr. Houston being those of Swift at all. The phrenologists did not like the head—it did not accord with any of the then theories; but that the head was Swift's, there could be no doubt.

Among other proofs is this, that it exhibited the marks of a *post mortem* examination made immediately after his death:—

"What the exact recent appearances were we have not been enabled to discover. If they were known to, they have not been handed down by any of Swift's many biographers. We have made diligent search among the newspapers and periodicals of the day, but have not been able to discover anything further than that which is already known, viz., that his head was opened after death, when it was found that his brain was 'loaded with water.' To this may be added the tradition of old Brennan, his servant, who, according to Dr. Houston, on the authority of Mr. Maguire, boasted, 'that he himself had been present at the operation, and that he even held the basin in which the brain was placed after its removal from the skull. He told, moreover, that there was brain mixed with water to such an amount as to fill the basin, and by their quantity to call forth expressions of astonishment from the medical gentlemen engaged in the examination.'"—pp. 60, 61.

Wilde gives a profile view of Swift's cranium from a drawing by Mr. Hamilton, and then tells us—

"In its great length, in the antero-posterior diameter, its low anterior development, prominent frontal sinuses, comparative lowness at the vertex, projecting nasal bones, and large posterior projection, it resembles, in a most extraordinary manner, those skulls of the so-called Celtic aborigines of Northern Europe, of which we have elsewhere given a description, and which are found in the early tumuli of this people throughout Ireland."—p. 62.

The way in which Mr. Wilde, from concurring pieces of evidence, has elicited some of the details of this remarkable case, can scarcely be exhibited without quoting his own language. The following passage remarkably exemplifies his sagacity:—

"After the Dean's death, and subsequently to the *post mortem* examination,

* Mason's "History of St. Patrick's."

a plaster mask was taken from his face, and from this a bust was made, which is now in the Museum of the University, and which, notwithstanding its possessing much of the cadaverous appearance, is, we are strongly inclined to believe, the best likeness of Swift—during, at least, the last few years of his life—now in existence. The annexed engraving accurately and faithfully represents a profile view of the right side of this bust, the history of which it is here necessary to relate. This old bust, which has remained in the Museum of Trinity College from a period beyond the memory of living man, has been generally believed to be the bust of Swift; but as there was no positive proof of its being so, it has been passed over by all his biographers, except Scott and Monck Mason, the former of whom thus describes it: ‘In the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, there is a dark plaster bust or cast of Dean Swift. It is an impression taken from the mask applied to the face after death. The expression of countenance is most unequivocally maniacal, and one side of the mouth (the left) horribly contorted downwards, as if convulsed by pain.’ He further adds: ‘It is engraved for Mr. Barrett’s essay;’ but if it was, it never appeared, and has never before been published either with or without Barrett’s essay.* Sir Walter has greatly exaggerated the amount of contortion which the face exhibits; on the contrary, the expression is remarkably placid, but there is an evident drag in the left side of the mouth, exhibiting a paralysis of the facial muscles of the right side, which, we have reason to believe, existed for some years previous to his death, for we find the same appearance (though much glossed over by the artist), together with a greater fulness, or plumpness, of the right cheek, shewn in a very admirable marble bust of Swift (probably the last ever taken), in the possession of Mr. Watkins, the picture-dealer, of this city. Here, then, we have another and a very important and well-marked fea-

ture in this very interesting case, brought to light above a hundred years after death. But before we proceed with the evidence adduced by the bust, it becomes necessary to prove its identity, which, until now, could not be done satisfactorily. Upon the back of this cast, and running nearly from ear to ear, we find two lines of writing, greatly defaced, and a part of the upper and middle lines completely obliterated.† This much, however, can still be read:

“ ‘Dean Swift, taken off his . . . the night of his burial, and the f . . . one side larger than the other in nature. . . . Opened before. . . . The mould is in pieces.’ ‡

“ Still this proof was inconclusive; but a deep indention running nearly parallel with the brow, shews us where the calvarium had been sawn, and the pericranium drawn over it subsequently, and this indentation accurately corresponds with the division of the skull found in Swift’s coffin, in 1835, thus proving uncontestedly the identity of both: they also correspond in the breadth, height, and general outline and measurements of the forehead, allowing about three-sixteenths of an inch for the thickness of the integuments. Posteriorly, however, the bust and skull do not correspond; nevertheless this fact does not in any way militate against our argument, but rather tends to strengthen it, for upon a careful examination of the bust, it is at once manifest that all the posterior part is fictitious, and evidently finished out, and modelled in clay, and afterwards the plaster rasped down according to the eye of the artist, as may be seen in the annexed engraving. It was made in two parts, and the difference in surface between the hinder part and the smooth, polished, anterior portion, at once stamps it as fictitious. There is no ear upon the left side, and that upon the right was evidently taken off the body separately, and afterwards fitted into the bust. That it was a cast from the ear of Swift, the reader has only to

* “In Nicholl’s edition of Sheridan’s Life and Writings of Swift, we find a full-face portrait of the Dean, said to have been taken the night after his death. It was this, perhaps, led Sir Walter into the error we have alluded to. Mr. M. Mason supposed, but without adducing any evidence to support his assertion, that the engraving in Sheridan’s Life of Swift was taken from this bust. We are inclined to believe Mr. Nicholl’s statement that the engraving was made from a picture taken after death.”

† “We are indebted to Mr. Ball, the able director of the museum of the University, for permission to publish this drawing which was made by Mr. G. Du Noyer, and cut by Mr. Hanlon.”

‡ “The original mask remained in the Museum, T.C.D., till within a few years ago, when it was accidentally destroyed.”

look at Lord Orrery's portrait, or any of the busts of the Dean, to be convinced,

for Swift's ear was of a very peculiar formation.

This bust, like the skull, is quite dentulous; the nose slightly turned to the left side, and the *left eye* much fuller and prominent than the right: in fact it is comparatively *sunken and collapsed* within the orbit. It is well known that Swift had remarkably large, full, and prominent blue eyes. We may, perhaps, account for the hinder portion of the bust being constructed in the manner I have described, by the fact of the Dean having a quantity of long, white hair on the back of his head, which his attendants would not permit to be either removed or injured by taking the mould."—pp. 63-67.

We find Mr. Wilde expressing surprise "that Swift did not become deranged years previously. . . . But that Swift was either mad in middle life, or mad or imbecile in late years, as tried and tested by the meaning and definition of these terms, as laid down by the most esteemed authors, has not been proved." In all this we differ from Mr. Wilde. We think it would be difficult to frame any definition of insanity which would exclude such a

case as Swift's. The mere fact of the logical powers still existing in unimpaired vigour, is little to the purpose; for we are not quite sure that one of the characteristics of insanity is not the self-willed and disputative temper that disregards every consideration of time, and place, and circumstance. When there is conduct such as Swift's, and with it organic disease of the brain, we think it approaches to certainty that the two are connected; and from a very early period, we think Swift had ground enough to predict, as he did predict, the melancholy termination of a disease which we cannot call by any other name than that of insanity. This is, however, after all, a mere question of words. We agree in Mr. Wilde's description of Swift's case, and if the existence of some morbid delusion, irresistibly overbearing reason, be necessary to constitute the notion of insanity, we do not think that any such delusion existed.

Mr. Wilde tells us that there is a general belief that Swift was the first patient in his own hospital, "al-

though," as he adds, "it was not erected for several years after his death." Mr. Wilde refers this popular belief to a careless expression of Lord Orrery's. Speaking of Swift's state after 1742, he says—"His rage increased absolutely to a degree of madness; in this miserable state, he seemed to be appointed as the first proper inhabitant of his own hospital, especially as from an outrageous lunatic he sank afterwards into a quiet speechless idiot, and dragged out the remainder of his life in that helpless situation."

We think the fact of Swift's marriage with Stella has been too easily believed. It was first published by Lord Orrery, many years after Swift's death. The evidence on which the report rests has been examined by Mr. Mason in his "*History of St. Patrick's*," and we cannot but agree in his conclusion that the balance of probabilities is greatly against any ceremony of marriage having ever taken place. Mr. Wilde believes the fact of a marriage, and that on the day of its celebration it was communicated to Swift that both he and Stella were children of Sir William Temple. The circumstances of Swift's birth render the fact of his being Temple's son impossible;* and if there were any object in examining the evidence as to Stella, when the case as to Swift is disposed of, as to her too it is, above measure, unlikely. She and her mother were both brought from Lady Giffard's house to Temple's, and Stella was educated under Lady Temple's care—a fact in itself, perhaps, not inconsistent with the supposition which Mr. Wilde countenances; but assuredly her mother, were the story of her being Temple's mistress true, would not be allowed to reside in the same house with Lady Temple in any capacity whatever. We think if there was any deeper mystery in Swift's not marrying than the absorbing passion of saving money, and the fear of the expenses that marriage would bring with it, it most probably was his consciousness of lurking insanity, which he feared to transmit to children. His uncle, Godwin Swift, had died in a state not very different from that in which the last

years of Swift's life were passed; and as Mr. Mason reasonably suggests, Swift might have known in his family other instances of the same malady, of which we have now no record.

An interesting document, for the first time published in Mr. Wilde's book, is Stella's will. It is in her maiden name—on our theory, she had no other—but this incident has been laid hold of by Swift's biographers as a proof that she felt impatiently towards him. So far from this, we agree with Mr. Wilde that the will must have been drawn up by Swift himself, or under his immediate directions. In both Swift's will and hers, certain of the bequests are given only during the continuance of the present Established Episcopal Church as the national religion of the kingdom. This alone would, as Mr. Wilde says, point to one author of both wills.

It is quite impossible in a notice of this kind to bring forward all that is new in Mr. Wilde's remarkable book. A very interesting part of it is his criticism on the portraits of Stella. The picture in Mr. Berwick's possession, which Scott believed to be genuine, is disproved by its having brown, not black hair. Mr. Wilde himself gives us two, which have not been before engraved—one a medallion painted on one of the walls at Delville—Delany's residence—which tradition calls a portrait of Stella; another—and this manifestly the picture of a very beautiful woman—engraved as the frontispiece to Mr. Wilde's book, answers every description of Stella, and is confirmed (as far as there can be confirmation of such a kind) by the skull of Stella, as exhibited in 1835. It was in the possession of the Fords of Woodpark, where Stella had been some months in 1723, "where," says Mr. Wilde, "it was probably painted."

"It remained, along with an original picture of Swift, at Woodpark for many years, with an unbroken thread of tradition attached to it, till it came, with the property and effects of the Ford family, into the possession of the Preston family. It now belongs to Mr. Preston of Bellinter, through whose kindness we have been permitted to engrave it.

* "Swift's parents resided in Ireland from before 1665 until his birth in 1667; and Temple was residing as ambassador in Holland, from April, 1666, to January, 1668."—*Scott*.

The hair is jet black, the eyes dark to match, the forehead high and expansive, the nose rather prominent, and the features generally regular and well-marked. Notwithstanding that it has not been highly worked by the artist, there is a 'true cast of thought' and an indescribable expression about this picture, which heighten the interest its historic recollections awaken. She is attired in a plain white dress, with a blue scarf; and around her bust a blue ribbon, to which a locket appears to be attached; and she wears a white and red rose. It is a very good full-sized oil painting, and matches one of the Dean, which is likewise preserved in the same family. It may have been painted by Jervas, who was a particular friend of Swift's." —p. 120.

Mr. Wilde's volume closes with a number of political poems, some of them very spirited, which have been found in Swift's handwriting; but as among them are some transcripts from well-known poems of others, it is impossible, from the single circumstance of their being in Swift's handwriting, to infer anything as to the authorship. Many of them are, however, very cu-

rious, and some of them may be, and probably are, Swift's.

To the future biographer of Swift this volume will be truly valuable. There is not a page of it that does not supply much that is new. Its great value is, no doubt, the accurate examination of a very singular case of disease, exhibited with such perspicuity of detail, as even to be interesting to readers who would, in ordinary circumstances, lay aside what would seem at first to be a mere professional essay. But in addition to this its great merit, there is the illustration which it throws on every part of Swift's life, and the refutation which it contains of many popular errors. Scott's life of Swift is an exceedingly amusing romance, weaving together whatever he found related of his hero by any one and every one. We, however, agree with Mr. Wilde in thinking Mr. Mason's "Life of Swift" the best that we have. Mr. Wilde's own volume in every point of view in which we can consider it, is a most valuable addition to the literature of his country.

A.

CEYLON AND THE CINGALESE.

BY ONESIPHORUS,
AUTHOR OF "CHINA AND THE CHINESE," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

PLAYING CRICKET ON THE GALLEFACE—GOVERNMENT SERVANTS FORBIDDEN TO ENGAGE IN AGRICULTURAL PURSUITS—APPOINTMENT OF NON-LEGAL MEN AS DISTRICT JUDGES—OPINIONS THEREON—SLAVE ISLAND—DINNER AT THE QUEEN'S HOUSE—DESCRIPTION OF GUESTS—COLONY FAMILIARITY AND MANNERS.

"Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit."

"THE idea of men in a tropical climate playing at cricket; the bare idea causes me to dissolve. What would become of me, were I to perpetrate the reality?"

"Don't be so lazy, Otwyn; you a soldier, and complain of fatigue; remember that exercise is good for the health, and if we mean to enjoy that great earthly blessing, we must take some trouble to obtain and retain it."

"All very true, Whalmer, I am a soldier, but my business is to stand the fire of balls from guns, not to run after them on a cricket-ground; or to storm *batteries*, if required, but not necessarily to be a *batter*. It is my duty to attend to a soldier's work; I am bound to endure fatigue, in the fulfilment of my duty, and to wield a sword; but it is neither my duty, nor pleasure, to scamper from wicket to wicket with an unwieldy weapon in my grasp, which is denominated a cricket-bat; and if health be only obtainable and retainable through these violent measures, in my humble estimation the remedy is worse than the disease."

"Bad logic, Otwyn; however, let us go a little nearer to the players. I see Dighton on the ground; we will join him, and he will tell us who the players are. How are you, Dighton? I want you to tell me the names of the players. Otwyn is in a state of excitement at the idea of men playing at cricket out here."

"No wonder; it really appears a monomania in those who consent to perform such an operation, with the thermometer at eighty-eight."

"That's right, Dighton, I am glad that you coincide with me; the corporeal exertion required to play cricket is great at all times, but out here it would be, to me, unbearable."

"Who is that large man, rather *embonpoint*, who is bowling so lustily and vehemently?"

"That is A. B., the queen's advocate; he is a famous fellow at cricket; and ill-natured folks say that he attends more to that game than he does to crown business."

"I must confess that, at this moment, his costume is not very legal, nor his manner very sedate; no waistcoat, jacket, or braces, a broad-brimmed pith hat, covered with white cotton, and he is hitching up his trowsers every instant, to prevent their falling quite down; that is not very dignified—ah! but there gleamed forth the lawyer's spirit. Did you see the advantage he endeavoured to take of the batter?"

"No, I did not observe; but as the batter is J. S., the merchant, who is a knowing one himself, they are very fairly matched; so with them it is regularly diamond cut diamond."

"With what force the ball has struck that man—he seems hurt, I fear—who is he?"

"That is the manager of the bank, a decent sort of a fellow enough, and a very good cricketer. I don't think he can be much hurt, though, as he continues his game."

"I am glad of it; but what pleasure can you two fellows take in looking at men tearing about, streaming with perspiration, after a ball. For my part, I think those mad who voluntarily undergo such exertion, and those next mad who stand to look at them."

"If you wish it, Otwyn, we will take a stroll—shall we? for I confess that I begin to weary of gazing at their energetic movements."

"Ha, my boy, if you tire of doing

the looking-on part of the affair, why should you have bullied me for declining to perform the operative. I say those men ought to be pronounced *non compos mentis*, incapable of managing their own affairs; their property should be made over to the non-cricketing portion of the community, and they should be placed in a lunatic asylum for the remainder of their natural lives, the inmates of which asylum should be supported by voluntary contributions."

"You are very hard upon them, Otwyn, but in my humble opinion the only objection to be urged against the cricketing is, that it is played upon the race-course in public, and it does not seem very consistent for the Queen's advocate to be doing his best in court at four o'clock to hang a man, and to be playing cricket at five o'clock, before the greater part of the population of Colombo; it derogates from his position to be seen playing like an overgrown boy. Cricketing is a manly game, and very conducive to health, and no objection could exist, if the game were indulged in on their own premises; and as A. B., J. S., and several other members of the cricket club, have large compounds belonging to their houses, they might play there for ever and a day, without drawing upon themselves unpleasant animadversions."

"I admit the objection you urge is, in the main, a correct one, and cricket had better be played in their own grounds, if it be necessary to be played for the sake of health; but a man needs some relaxation, after being in a crowded, heated court all day, and the mind naturally endeavours to shake off that which has occupied and wearied the mental powers. We are so constituted, that we seek in a novel course of excitement rest from the preceding; for, as all thinking men allow, change of employment is rest."

"Agreed; only let the relaxation be in conformity with a man's age and position in society; and though *totus mundus agit histrionem*, I do not like to witness the characters, assumed by the actors in life's drama, unduly sustained."

"You are very right, Dighton," said Otwyn; "but what I complain of out here is, that few appear to know their real position, for the most of them

want to play the principal parts, whilst those who have a right to these characters, by some strange caprice, will place themselves upon a level with the subordinate personators."

"I believe, Otwyn, from what I have heard, that in all colonies the same faults will be found to exist—namely, too close an amalgamation of the different grades of society, and this proves most distasteful to men of education and refined habits."

"I cannot tell what it may be in other colonies, but all I know is, that here it is unpalatable enough to me. Take, for instance, my regiment, the Ceylon Rifles. Some of the fellows are half-castes, nearly as dingy as that croaking crow, who call themselves Dutch and Portuguese descendants, are brother-officers of mine, and these fellows give themselves airs of importance, as they are my senior officers, try to assume and presume over me, as their junior and inferior officer. These animals, who have never been out of the island, are half educated men, with most contracted ideas. What congeniality can subsist between them and myself? None in the world. I do not mean to assert that there are no educated, gentlemanly men in the regiment; there are many, but they are Englishmen. Mind, I speak of the Burghers or half-castes, Dutch and Portuguese descendants, as they call themselves. I should like you, Whalmer, to see Vanderstrutz swaggering about. Don't you remember the old Burgher at Galle, who shaved so close in changing the sovereigns? Well, Captain Vanderstrutz is his son. Is he not grand? It is perfectly ridiculous to see this hectoring, broad-shouldered, stuffed brute, swaggering about, talking of being in the Queen's service, &c.; and remember that he is the son of the man who changed our gold at Galle, and who will retail out two yards of calico, or a bottle of beer; but this fellow is my senior brother-officer, whom I must obey, and to a certain extent associate with. I am so disgusted with the whole thing, that I have written to my father to see if some exchange can be effected, and I have no doubt, with his interest, it will be arranged; at all events, if this arrangement cannot be effected, I have made up my mind to send in my

papers, and return home, as I would rather sweep the streets in England than be under the control of, or be compelled to associate with, these Burghers."

"I feared, Otwyn, that you would not like a colonial regiment for many reasons; but your father will be able to effect some arrangement as to an exchange. I believe none of us like, or are calculated for, a colony; nevertheless, I must stop and work my way up; but had I known, before leaving England, what a colony was, nothing could have induced me to enter one; but as I am here, here I must remain. Dighton and Tom are the best off—one is a merchant, the other meaning to turn coffee or sugar planter; consequently they are their own masters, and independent."

"That's true, Whalmer, but even to a merchant a colony is not always agreeable. The mode of doing business is quite different from the method adopted at home; there is less honesty of purpose evinced from one to the other, or, as a lawyer would say, a good deal of *sharp practice* going on. Then look at many of the mere adventurers who have come out here, got goods consigned to them, term themselves merchants, and consider themselves upon an equality with the oldest and most respectable firms. No, no; I, as an English merchant, and honorable, straightforward man, state distinctly, that a colony is a very pleasant residence for the upstart trader; but to the merchant, who takes his own position in the mother country, as a gentleman and honorable man, it is not a peculiarly agreeable place of abode."

"We have the opinions of a military man, civil servant, and merchant—what says the agriculturist?"

"That you all know I abominate the place, and I have some doubts about settling here, more particularly since I find that land is put up at one pound per acre; and when an estate can be formed where there is a facility for land or water carriage, they tell me it will fetch a much higher price even than that."

"The time to have bought land was when it was sold at five shillings per acre, before this governor's time. Did not the government servants enrich themselves by buying the land, and

forming estates? My partner told me that these gentry used to agree amongst themselves not to give a higher price, or bid against each other. There was some gross jobbing before Sir Colin Campbell's time; the government people used to neglect the crown business, for which they were handsomely paid, to attend to their estates? Then a bother used to arise for the *ready* to work the estates with, and these gentry were compelled to borrow money at a high rate of interest, giving a mortgage on the property. Perhaps the estate did not turn out well under their management, the interest of the borrowed money could not be paid, the mortgage would be foreclosed, and the estate would pass into the merchant's hands, under whose judicious direction it would become most lucrative."

"But this governor very properly has caused all this to be done away with, as the government employés are forbidden to engage in agricultural pursuits, and are required to devote their whole time to the duties of their several offices. Although I regret, for your sake, Tom, that land cannot be purchased at five shillings per acre, I think the governor is to be commended for setting a high price upon crown lands. In fact, this colony has now a surplus revenue; and when Sir Colin Campbell came here, he found it a burthen to the mother country."

"My partner has mentioned to me the determined resistance which every member of the colonial government here offered to the governor, in carrying out and enforcing the requisite reformation necessary for the well-doing of the colony, as the civil servants were compelled either to give up their appointments, or their estates; and if they retained the former, they were obliged to do the work attached to each peculiar office. This did not suit these gentlemen, and Sir Colin was abused through thick and thin; but as the home government supported the governor's views, these gentlemen were eventually necessitated to knock under, and sing small."

"Quite right that they should be compelled to do the work they are paid for; but there is one reform I am absolutely astonished that Sir Colin Campbell has not wrought, namely,

the appointment of legal men to the benches of district courts and courts of requests: this is a crying evil, and ought to be remedied."

"Indeed this is very bad; and suitors suffer severely from men holding these appointments who have not made the law their study or profession. When this objection has been urged, the reply has been, that if suitors are dissatisfied with the decision of these judges, they have the power to appeal to the supreme court, which consists of the chief justice and two puisne judges, who are legal men. But then the unnecessary delay and expense entailed by this mode of procedure is very great, which many of the suitors are totally unable to incur, and are, therefore, compelled to abide by the decision of a judge who knows nothing either of law or equity."

"These are the most outrageous appointments that ever were heard of. Surely, where the interests of the community are concerned, and so large an amount of property is at stake, it should be the care of the government to appoint none but efficient legal men. Many, very many, barristers of talent and long standing, both at the equity and common-law bars in England, would be glad to accept these district judgeships; for the profession is over-crowded at home, and would bear thinning. Thus the mother country, as well as the colony, would be benefited by the appointment of men educated for the legal profession; for, as Lord Brougham most justly remarked, the practice of the bar, to the many, does not offer the riches of Golconda, so as to induce talented, qualified men to refuse employment under the crown, for the uncertain practice of the bar, where few only obtain great practice or fame."

"There are more than two thousand barristers in England—how few of their names are ever before the public; and many men of brilliant minds, who are well versed in the intricacies of their profession, never have an opportunity of displaying their talents, knowledge, or eloquence, in a court. It is clear that no barrister can hope to succeed in his profession unless he has good connexion with solicitors. The solicitor can get employment without the barrister; but the latter requires the intervention of the

solicitors before he can hold a brief, or draw a pleading; and with the usual inconsistency of human affairs, it is considered *infra dig.* for a barrister to court a solicitor, or ask for business; in fact he would be cut by his brethren were he to seek employment from the class of men upon whom he is dependent. I speak thus feelingly," said Whalmer, "having a brother at the equity bar, as clever a fellow as ever put on wig and gown; but who never has held, and, I fear, never will hold, a brief, solely because he has no solicitor who will give him an opportunity of showing to the world what he can do."

"But surely, Dighton, there must be some English barrister, or legal man, on the district benches."

"Out of thirty-four district courts and courts of request, two only have legal men, Europeans, on their benches (one is a barrister, and the other a writer to the signet), five of the other benches are filled by men who have received a legal education in the island, and several of these are half-castes, or Burghers, whilst the remaining courts have judges who never opened a law book until they had these appointments; consequently, they are totally unfitted for their position; and I believe the information that I have obtained on this subject to be as accurate as it can be, where changes are constantly taking place. The most efficient district judge has been Robert Langslow, a member of the common-law bar, who was sent out after the inhabitants had petitioned the home government that a legal man might be appointed to the district court of Colombo. Langslow performed his duty unflinchingly and sedulously, and administered the law to the satisfaction both of Europeans and natives. Somehow or other he incurred the displeasure of members of the colonial government, and Langslow was charged with slowness in the administration of justice, want of control of temper, and several other minor puerile misdemeanors, and he was suspended from the duties of his office, and eventually dismissed the government service, although English merchants of high standing in the colony, who had been suitors in his court, and numberless natives, stated their entire satisfaction at the mode in which Langslow had ad-

ministered the law, and that they had never seen any undue exhibition of temper on the bench, and petitioned that he might be reinstated in his office. Langslow returned to England to seek redress at the hands of the home government, but after lengthened delays, in the teeth of satisfactory evidence as to his capability and control of temper, the dismissal was confirmed, and Robert Langslow, no longer a young man, had to seek to regain his connexion and practice, which he had given up for this appointment. It is no easy task for a man to begin the world on the wrong side of forty—more particularly with energy and spirit crushed by disappointment."

"Poor fellow," said Otwyn, "I feel for him acutely, but I know too well that it is generally futile to attempt to get reinstated in an office by the home government, after a colonial one has dismissed a party, for the Home Government feel bound, if possible, to support the acts of the colonial government. Hulme, the chief-justice of Hong-Kong, is a rare and fortunate exception. The governor suspended him—Hulme came home, sought, and obtained redress, by being reinstated in his office. This was a fortunate thing both for him and the colony, for a better judge and more humane man never sat upon a bench."

"I don't like all this party spirit, or living among such a set; let's change the conversation; and, Dighton, as you seem to know everything, can you tell me why this is called Slave Island?"

"When the Dutch had possession of the island, the slaves belonging to the government used to reside here, a certain space being enclosed, round which their huts were built, and this was surrounded by a high wall, the gates of which were locked on the slaves at night."

"Did they make slaves of the natives of Ceylon?"

"Yes, of many belonging to the lower castes—then they also imported them—and that is how you find so many descendants of the Caffres and other nations in the island. We forbade the importation of slaves in 1799; the year after, we declared Ceylon a king's colony, and some years after, slavery was abolished throughout the island."

"Thank you, Dighton; you have acquired a great deal of information since you came here, and impart it most readily; but as we have to be at the Queen's House by half-past seven o'clock, it is time to return home, and make ready 'our august persons.'"

"It is hardly worth while to expend our breath in saying good-bye, as we shall so soon see each other again."

"Come, Gus, let you and I toddle this way, while Dighton and Otwyn walk the other."

Half-past seven arrived, and with it many of the invited, to the Queen's House at Colombo; while some who thought to prove their right to be considered *ultra* fashionable—they certainly were extremely impertinent—did not arrive until nearly eight o'clock. The governor entered the drawing-room of the Queen's House exactly at half-past seven o'clock, and ought to have found the whole of the guests assembled. The aids-de-camp had been doing the honours before Sir Colin Campbell entered the room, and were talking to various groups dispersed about the room and verandah, which consisted of military men in uniform, civilians, and merchants, in the ordinary dinner dress of Europeans. The ladies present were the wives of the various gentlemen, and the toilettes of these fair dames were neither particularly fashionable nor *fraîche*; all their dresses had a *colony* look. Their hair was badly arranged, and those who wore caps or turbans looked as if they had taken a siesta in them, as they appeared crushed and *chiffonné*. In short, the women did not look either well dressed or elegant, and their appearance did not accord with the spacious, brilliantly-lighted rooms, or to the gay uniforms of the military men. The governor was in the full-dress uniform of a general officer, wearing several orders and medals, and was a remarkably handsome man, between sixty and seventy years of age, well-built, but not tall, with hair completely silvered by the hand of time, and his bearing was that of a perfect gentleman and soldier: his keen piercing eye glanced round the room, as he bowed to the ladies, and, addressing one of his aids-de-camp, inquired if the whole party had arrived. Being answered in the negative, a slight shade of dissatisfaction passed

over his brow, and he seated himself near a group of ladies, and entered into conversation with them. Our quartette were standing talking to an aid-de-camp, when Whalmer said—

"It seems to me rather cool for folks to keep the governor waiting for his dinner."

"Nothing, when you are used to it out here; sometimes they neither come nor send an apology, but constantly the last guest will not arrive before eight o'clock."

"By Jupiter!" said Atkins, "if I were governor, they should go without their dinner—at all events, by not getting it here, for not one moment would I wait after half-past seven: it is absolutely impertinent to be after time."

"Who is that pretty little woman the governor is now talking to?"

"That is Mrs. Codd; she is that surly-looking fellow's wife: he is a member of council."

"And a brother merchant of mine," said Dighton; "he came out here as an understrapper, or clerk, to the firm of which he is now the head—made himself useful—they raised his salary—partners died—he was taken into the firm as junior—the senior partners one by one dropped off, and he has stepped into their shoes."

"These are the chaps a colony visits. But I suppose all the guests are arrived, as the governor is giving his arm to Mrs. Codd, to lead her down to dinner. There are several military men here, surely their wives take precedence of a merchant's."

"Not if he is a member of council; there stands a lieutenant-colonel's wife, but she must follow in Mrs. Codd's steps."

"Rather galling that, I should think, to both the lieutenant-colonel and his lady."

"Indeed it is; but military men, and government servants, lose rank strangely in a colony, unless they are on the staff, or A.D.C.'s. Would you believe that I have heard of a merchant who said publicly that we fellows at seven-and-sixpence per diem were merely sent out here to protect them? Let us follow, now; there are no ladies for us to take down, so we will sit together at the bottom of the table. Just observe how awkwardly Mrs. Codd seats herself; she does not conduct herself as if she had been accustomed to

good society; neither has she. Her father was a captain of a vessel, of about one hundred and fifty, or two hundred tons, that came out here with some goods consigned to Codd and Craig; and I suppose the skipper thought that as he had a large family he would try to get one daughter off his hands at all events, and so he brings this Mrs. Codd, then Mary Burns, with him. Codd saw her, took a fancy to her pretty pink-and-white doll's face, offered himself, and, I need hardly say, was most readily accepted, both by father and daughter, who had never dreamed of so good a match falling in their way; and, behold, Mary Burns, who never expected to be mistress of more than one dirty drab of all works, now, as Mrs. Codd, has twenty servants at her beck and call, carriages, saddle-horses, &c., and, what is most gratifying to her feminine vanity, and most galling to the women, who would not condescend to visit in the same house she did in England, takes precedence of most of the ladies out here, as she is Mrs. Member of Council."

Now began the clatter of knives and forks, and the innumerable remarks invariably heard at a dinner: "Let me advise you to try this, it is very good"—"A glass of wine; champagne or hock"—"Thank you, I will take beer to your champagne"—"Did you get your letters by the last mails"—"Bad news, Ceylon coffee is falling—sugar is going down—some one in the house ought to take it up—slave-grown sugar should not be admitted; it is very prejudicial to our colonies," and such like; and as this sort of conversation would not interest any one, save residents in a colony, where the principal topics of conversation were the arrival of mails, prices of sugar and coffee, we will just glance round the room. The dining-room is exceedingly large, but the length is disproportionate to the width; punkahs, nearly the whole length of the room, are suspended from the ceiling; and as we have a vivid recollection of the astonishment with which we gazed on these singular machines, we will describe what a punkah is like. In the first place, a frame of wood, considerably longer than wide, is covered with white calico, to the bottom of which is attached a deep frill, flounce, we believe, is the correct feminine term; this is suspended from the ceiling

by strong ropes, while to the centre of the punkah is attached a very long rope, passing through a pulley, which is pulled by a man stationed outside the dining-room, by which means the punkah is kept in constant motion. The utility of the fril—flounce, we stand corrected—is to catch the air, as the punkah waves to and fro, over your head, and very necessary and pleasant is the artificial breeze thus created by the waving of the punkah, when the thermometer ranges from eighty-six to ninety-eight. There is the slight drawback, that your careless servants are quite sure never to look at the ropes by which the punkah is suspended, to see if they are not worn by the constant friction caused by the pulling of the punkah. It is very, very, very hot indeed—you call out to the punkah puller—"Pull the punkah strong, you lazy nigger"—he gives an energetic pull—one in right good earnest, as much as to say, does that please you; smash—squash—down will come the punkah on the dinner-table, destroying the glass and crockery, making most awful uproar, and, worse than all, utterly destroying your dinner. This assuredly does not please you; but even the downfall of a punkah causes different passions to take possession of the human breast. If it takes place in your own domicile, you rave at your head servant about his carelessness, laziness, and stupidity—vow that you will make him replace all that is broken—stamp, fret, fume, working yourself up into both fever and fury. But should this disaster occur at a friend's house, you view it with almost stoical indifference and tranquillity, the equanimity of your temper is not in the least degree ruffled; quietly rising from the table, taking your serviette to wipe off your waistcoat the contents of the curry-dish, which, with some chicken cotelettes, and a claret-jug, have been deposited by the fall of the aforesaid punkah, in your lap; you draw forth with great deliberation—"What—a—horrid—bore, but like these blacks, so insufferably indolent, neglecting their business in every way." Whilst the host is insanely profuse in his apologies for the mishap, you quietly slip away, and finish your dinner, where you can find one. But such a digression is unpardonable, and we absolutely must avoid such, as much as in our

power lies; therefore, we will at once return to the dining-room and dinner-table, at the Queen's House, Colombo. The dinner-table is most brilliantly and profusely lighted by numberless wax candles (by the way, light from wax candles is the most becoming light in the world, whilst gas is alike destructive to the sparkling of eyes and jewels); each candle enclosed in a cut-glass shade, the top of each shade being covered with a perforated tin, to exclude, as much as possible, from the candle, the draught caused by the punkah. On the table is an exceeding handsome service of silver dishes, vases, ornaments, &c. A magnificent epergne is in the centre, on which an inscription states that it was presented to Sir Colin Campbell by the inhabitants of a colony of which he had been "the beloved and respected governor;" and this is filled with many-coloured exotics of dazzling hue. The fare is fit to be served on these costly dishes, and monsieur-le-chef, the governor's Parisian artist, has condescended to bestow attention in the preparation of various appetising viands, spread on the table. The clatter of the knives and forks has ceased, and the dessert is placed upon the table; what a gorgeous pine-apple!—what delicious mangoes!—what magnificent bananas!—what luscious custard-apples, with numerous other tropical fruits, are spread in trim array on the table. The servants withdraw, and, to our surprise, scarcely a guest partakes of these tempting-looking, cooling fruits—and, may we ask the reason? Certainly; because fruit, eaten in the evening is apt to cause cholera. We see you push your plate from you with avidity, on which you had bisected that luscious custard-apple, and were preparing to devour the same with great gusto. You will not run any risk, will you? Quite right, too; wait until morning, and then you may indulge your gourmandise with impunity. But the governor speaks—

"Will you take any more wine, Mrs. Codd?"

"No, I'm obliged."

She bobs her head to another lady, and away they walk, as if they were half-asleep, or had a pound of lead tied to each heel. Having reached the drawing-room, they whisper in couples or trios. Let us count them: there

are nine womenkind; two are on that sofa, three on that couch, two standing talking in that corner, and the remaining two sitting close together on the ottoman, whispering. Each group or party, as they converse, look askance at the others, as if their conversation were of them, or suspected those they gazed at were abusing them, which, doubtless, they are. Leave women alone for making each other uncomfortable, when they choose, they give such spiteful glances from the corners of their eyes; then you hear a horrid little *snigger*—for it cannot be dignified with the name of a laugh, or grin—then a sneer, as the woman they are casting looks towards them; and, if she attempt to sit on the same sofa with them, will rise, and sail off to another part of the room, tossing their heads to express their indignant surprise at the liberty taken; and you may hear, in a suppressed, snappish tone—“Very odd person, indeed;” “Do not know her;” “Not in our set;” “She is not at all *bien mise*, or *laide*.” “What can the men see to admire in her doll's face?” Dear reader, were we women, we assert that we would rather stand a broadside from a seventy-four, than pass through the ordeal of sneers and covert ill-nature to which some pretty creature is subjected by those who are older and uglier than herself; between the time of the ladies' departure from the dining-room, and the gentlemen's arrival in the drawing-room. Presto! there is a change in the weather the moment the first creaking varnished boot is either seen or heard—the butler bringing in coffee will sometimes cause a change—but a young unmarried man's arrival produces an entire convulsion of nature. No more black looks—no whispering—in short, *no nothing that is disagreeable*—but smiles and cordiality usurp the place of black looks and sarcastic sniggers.

The change we have described was wrought, in a very modified degree, by the arrival of the governor from the dinner-table, who was followed by those menkind who had imbibed a sufficient quantity of wine. Coffee and tea were now handed round, and the ladies began conversing with less spite and venom, as the men came and joined in their conversation. An A.D.C. went across the verandah, and spoke to

Whalmer, who immediately walked to where the governor was seated.

“Young Otwyn has been telling me, Mr. Whalmer, that Captain Devereux, who is expected out with his regiment, is married to a cousin of your's, the daughter of my old friend and comrade in many a hard-fought battle, Colonel Whalmer; I shall be very glad to see her; she was a most lovely child, and I remember well the grief of her mother at her father's death, and the consolation little Constance was to her. It seems but yesterday, but it is—yes—quite twenty years ago since he died.”

The governor's brow was thoughtful for a moment, as memory recalled the past. To all the human race, both high and low, the memory of the dead is sacred, and the mention of their name will cause a temporary gloom.

“Yes, sir, to my great surprise I have heard the —— Regiment is ordered out here, and I am much obliged to your Excellency for the kind manner in which you speak of my cousin, Mrs. Devereux; but I fear that she will not like a residence in Ceylon, or find it agreeable.”

“We must try, Mr. Whalmer, to make it as agreeable as possible to Mrs. Devereux, and I am sure that it will give my daughter great pleasure to contribute, in every way to the comfort of my old friend's child.”

“I cannot express my thanks to your excellency for your extreme kindness, for which I am sure both my cousin and Captain Devereux will be exceedingly grateful.”

“Mrs. Devereux was the loveliest child I ever saw, and Otwyn tells me she is as lovely a woman.”

“Her presentation at court, sir, caused a sensation; for even the ladies admitted that my cousin was the loveliest bride who had been presented last season.”

“Well, well, we shall see what our ladies out here will think of Mrs. Devereux. I hope the ship will arrive before the birth-day ball, as I know that young ladies, married or single, like dancing, and an opportunity of displaying their pretty dresses, and we have not many balls out here. I hope that Mrs. Devereux and yourself will like Ceylon; as for her husband, he *must*, for soldiers are bound

to like the station they are ordered to. Good evening, Mr. Whalmer."

And the governor held out his hand to Whalmer, who respectfully bowed, saying—

"I can only again thank your excellency for all your excessive kindness."

Sir Colin Campbell then spoke to several of the guests, and quitted the drawing-room at the usual hour of half-past ten o'clock; when the guests, who had remained till that time, took their departure, apparently in a great hurry to get away, although not so speedy in performing this operation as those well-bred folks who set all ordinary rules of society at defiance, by leaving the room before the governor quitted it.

"Come, you three fellows, to my room," said Otwyn to our friends, "and you two join us," looking at two A.D.C.'s, and the party filed off to Otwyn's dormitory, in the Queen's House. "There are not six chairs, so some of you must sit on the couch, whilst, as Dickens says, 'I will make the bed the chair, and I will be chairman.'"

"You have got good quarters here, Otwyn, and you have all the sea breeze, that blows so freshly over the ramparts; so your room is delightfully cool."

"Not bad, my boy; more especially as Sir Colin Campbell has given me leave to remain as his visitor until I hear from my father, which is very kind of him, indeed."

"I do not know," said Whalmer, "a man who, apparently, has more kindness of disposition than Sir Colin Campbell; his appearance is so prepossessing, too; his style of conversation—in short, he is a thorough gentleman, every inch of him—and looks what he has proved himself to be—a brave soldier—just the sort of man fit for a governor."

"Not if you believe the local press, for they abuse the governor most furiously, and invectives are lavished upon all his acts; and I can assure you," said the A.D.C., "it is most painful to Sir Colin Campbell's personal friends to hear the undeserved, insolent abuse which is lavished on his venerable head."

"The insolent rascallions," said Dighton; "if I were his son, I would

make the writers of the abuse swallow the effusions of their venomous pens; but who minds what they say, or write either? Sir Colin's only fault is, that he is too kind and forbearing. To see the brutes here to-day; their mode of addressing the governor was insolent in the extreme; when speaking to him, never dreaming of saying sir, or your excellency. This familiarity is most unbecoming, when addressing a man of his rank—why his very age ought to ensure respect."

"I was much struck," said Whalmer, "at the total absence of all knowledge of etiquette, or *les convenances de société*, displayed by the guests: none rose when the governor entered the room—none save our party, and you A.D.C.'s, gave him any appellation when they addressed him, and several outraged good breeding, by quitting the room before Sir Colin Campbell left it."

"Colony manners, my boy," said the A.D.C. "You are fresh; but this is nothing when you are used to it. The English folks in a colony think they have a right to be asked to the table of the governor, and when in the Queen's House, to behave as they choose. Many men will sit guzzling, long after the governor has left the dinner-table, though all will allow Sir Colin gives good wine, and plenty of it. One of us A.D.C.'s is obliged to remain at table as long as a guest thinks fit to sit. Would you believe it, these animals will frequently leave the table, and walk out of the house, without going into the drawing-room at all."

"The ill-mannered pigs. If I were governor, I would soon bring such folks into proper order: if they could not behave like gentlemen, they should neither sit at my table, nor disgrace the Queen's House, by setting foot inside the door—at least as guests."

"I am afraid you would be very unpopular as Governor Atkins; but I wonder what sort of women are coming out in the Mary Bannaher?"

"I know there is one most elegant, highly-educated woman, my cousin, the wife of Captain Devereux; and I should hope, for her sake, the wives of the officers are nice women, or a three months' voyage must have been most unpleasant to Mrs. Devereux."

"Let's hope, for our own sake,

there are lots of nice women on board, but not all appropriated ; for I know two or three chaps who are on the look-out for a nice wife : every officer who has a daughter worth having is regularly besieged by aspirants to her hand, and she gets married directly ; if she is a nice girl, it is her own fault if she does not. We all run wild after a well-educated girl, for these colony born and bred women are not palatable to fellows fresh from England."

"The women out here do not seem either very pretty, very pleasant, or very intellectual."

"We have some few nice women out here," said an A.D.C., "but very few. Let a woman be as nice a creature as ever was born or educated, she is sure to fall into the habits of the rest of her sex, if she be out here two years, and her whole day is passed lolling on a sofa, *en dishabille*, being fanned by her ayah, hearing her gossip and lies ; or else in receiving or paying morning visits, when more gossiping scandal is indulged in, or in reading some trashy novel. No intellectual employment is attempted, and in the evening she dresses herself as fine as she was slatternly in the morning, and drives round and round the Galleface, staring at every one, more particularly if it is a face she does not recognise, criticising the dresses and bonnets of her own sex, and wondering how their husbands can afford to supply them with all this finery out of their pay, and feels quite sure they are over head and ears in debt, most considerably forgetting her own delinquencies, and how she has assisted her husband to incur debts which preclude the possibility of his returning to England. These ladies occasionally ride, as almost all keep their saddle horses. You see them lolling on one side in their saddles, leaning on their stirrups, the hand resting on the crutch of their saddles, listless, and apparently almost too indolent to hold the reins or keep their seats : add to this flirtation, not always of the most innocent nature, and you may form some idea of the life of an English, Scotch, or Irish woman, in a colony or presidency, where the assumption of importance by the fair sex would be contemptible, were it not ridiculous."

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"They can't beat the men at attempting to assume a position which does not belong to them ; but the picture you draw, I believe, from the little I have seen, to be quite a true one."

"What will Constance do, Tom, with such women for companions ? I am sure that she neither could, nor would, associate with such women ; their habits and ideas would be perfectly repugnant to her, in every way. Is it not time for us to be wending our way homewards ? it is nearly twelve o'clock. Dighton, my dear fellow, be sure to send me word at the Cutchery the moment the Mary Bannaher is in sight, for we must go on board to greet my cousin and her husband."

"Rely on it, Whalmer, that I will let you know, and you shall have our boat if you like."

"You are a good fellow, and I am much obliged to you for your kindness in offering the loan of your house to Devereux, until he can get one to suit him."

"Don't talk stuff, Whalmer, I shall be the gainer, as it will be very pleasant to see a lady presiding at my table."

"I hope Mrs. Devereux will arrive before the birth-day ball ; she will eclipse all our colonial belles—won't they be envious, if she be as handsome as Otwyn describes her to be ?"

"I do not know what his description of her may have been ; but she is as clever as she is lovely, and as highly educated as she can be ; few women can compare, either in person or mind, with Constance Devereux."

"And she sings and dresses so well, and dances so nicely, all the men admire and like her," said Otwyn.

"And the women, as a matter of course, hate her. How envious the darling creatures are of their own sex. We menkind ought to feel highly flattered, as it is *pour l'amour de nos beaux yeux*, that they thus *clapper-claw* mentally, and occasionally physically, each other, for our sakes."

"Come, Tom, we must go. What a funny fellow you are, and what strange words you do use. Dighton, don't forget the Mary Bannaher."

Good night, and good night—*exunt omnes*.

2 E

MY UNCLE THE CURATE.*

"How shall my story open?" is the anxious inquiry of every novelist. A summer sunset—a winter storm—an extract from a letter, announcing some death or marriage that varies the relations of some half dozen members of one or two families, of whom the reader as yet knows nothing, for the best of all possible reasons, that they as yet have no existence, except as phantoms before the eye of the author—phantoms, too, whose evanescent being is of so very doubtful a character, that they are perpetually changing their shape and colour—mocking the imagination that creates them—fading away utterly into absolute nothingness, except when the mental eye is distinctly fixed on them; and yet, at times, possessing attributes of such intense reality, as to throw into shade everything we class with actual existences. Fiction has a truth of its own, and in its own world a reality which must not be violently or rudely disturbed. It has privileges which even we reviewers must endeavour to respect. The novelist, we must remember, is communicating to us a secret; he must be allowed to tell it in his own way. We are not to anticipate, or we are pretty sure to go wrong, and thus be punished for our rudeness. We are not to indulge in commentary; for he has the right to address every person who would interrupt him in the language of a privileged person—

"I am a blessed Glendoveer,
'Tis mine to speak, and yours to hear."

This being so, how is a novelist to be reviewed? Is he to escape altogether?—is the reviewer to be silent? We plainly have no right to tell his whole story; as plainly is it impossible to comment on it with any effect, except we suppose it already known to our readers. Thus narrative and comment being, in a great measure, excluded, we can do little more than give our readers some general notion

of the kind of entertainment which they are likely to meet; and with which they will, almost as soon as these pages can meet their eye, have the opportunity of being supplied by the thousand circulating libraries of the empire.

The story, of which, after all, we must tell more than we could wish, is one of Irish life and manners; the scene, for the most part, in one of the wildest districts of the north of Ireland; in a part of the county of Donegal, in which, from accidental causes, with which the novelist has no proper concern, Celtic manners and habits still linger. The fortunes of the family of an educated clergyman, who has a church-living in this wild and secluded region, are the subject of this domestic romance. His sister is married to the curate; and hence the title of the book. The curate, *Hercules Woodward*, is uncle-in-law to the young *Spensers*.

Mr. Spenser, the beneficed clergyman of our romance, is an Englishman, whose life is passed among his books; in his library are all his enjoyments. He has a sickly and troublesome wife, who, as most of her time is passed in her bedroom, is more heard of than seen. She is a second wife, with a family of young children, of whom, fortunately, we hear less than of their nursery maids and governess—the latter one of the most important characters in the book—not, indeed, the heroine, yet a heroine indeed. There are two daughters and a son, the children of a former marriage; the daughters marriageable, and the son of an age when it is fit to think of sending him to college.

The plain business, then, of the author is to get husbands for these young ladies, and provide a proper education for the young gentleman. The husbands are imported from England, and the heir eventually of this branch of the house of Spenser is sent to England for his education.

* "My Uncle the Curate;" a Novel. By the Author of "The Bachelor of the Albany," and "The Falcon Family." 3 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1849.

Mr. Spenser, the rector, is a Whig—an amiable, indolent man. His curate and brother-in-law is a Tory, somewhat of an ultra-conservative; both right-minded men, attached to each other—their political predilections not very strongly brought out. Mr. Spenser's indolence is contrasted with the jealous activity of the curate; its effect is chiefly seen in the sort of life which goes on within his own house. His sickly wife, the victim of self-indulgence, is the natural prey of her waiting maid, and of a young man, whose ostensible position is that of a governess to a young brood of orphans, who have not yet escaped from the nursery. Her real occupation is that of learning all the secrets of the house and the neighbourhood. She is a cunning, restless mischief-maker. With the group of which she is the governess we are wholly unconcerned, as she seems to be; for they scarcely make their appearance on the stage at all. We must allow the author himself to describe the residence of the Spensers:—

"There existed some twenty years ago, and probably still exists, a parsonage in the county of Donegal, and parish of Redcross, situated close to the water edge, on the shores of a small but beautiful arm of the sea, which resembled, just at that place, one of the many romantic lakes or pools which abound in the Welsh highlands. The parsonage (a comfortable house, containing accommodation for a large family, but with no great architectural pretensions) stood on the northern side of the creek, or fiorde (as such inlets are called in Norway), so that it enjoyed a southern exposure, beside being very well sheltered on the north and north-east by a lofty range of hills, whose steep rocky sides, strewed with patches of wild vegetation (delicious browsing for sheep), rose like a wall over it. In the westerly direction, where the hills were least precipitous, a copse of oak and birch crept from their base to the very summits; and towards the east, or to the front of the parsonage, a high point of rock, which stood boldly into the water, was crested in a very imposing manner with a group of pines, or trees of that species, whose tops were fired at mid-summer with the sun's beams, long before their golden track was visible upon the bosom of the lake. A few acres of green sward—the natural turf improved by not much manual labour—filled up the space between the house and the

beach, consisting of a narrow strip of sand, which, not being itself often encroached on by the waves, manifested equal forbearance to the lawn, which it seemed to skirt with silver. From the front of the parsonage the view was exquisite, for it not only commanded the loch itself, with its picturesque banks, distinguished by their air of idle grandeur, but the additional prospect of a not very distant mountain range beyond, one of whose numerous peaks was nearly of a sugar-loaf form, and domineered superbly, with its fine dark-blue cone, over the less ambitious parts of the chain."—Vol. i. pp. 43-45.

The rector, his son *Sydney*, and his daughters *Arabella* and *Elizabeth*, sat enjoying the scene. An excursion to a neighbouring island was planned for the next day. There was something ominous, however, in the sunset-clouds, which predicted the storms that seem perpetually lurking to interrupt our best-arranged parties of pleasure. There was something, too, of the kind of terror which an experienced novel-reader is apt to feel in the tone in which it was communicated by Sydney to his sisters, that he had asked his friend, Mr. Dawson, to be of the party. The sisters are both distressed by the communication. It, however, affects the second daughter, Elizabeth, who is described as a radiant brunette of eighteen, with peculiar alarm. While they are arranging the project for the next day, the proper hero of the book makes his appearance:—

"Hercules Woodward stood six feet three inches in his stocking-feet, and he was broad and brawny in proportion. . . . He had the honestest though roughest set of features imaginable; a face as massive and strongly marked as those which sculptors assign to river-gods, a high bald forehead, bushy, reddish whiskers, and good-humoured but powerful eyes, over which a pair of enormous brows beetled, with an endeavour, not always unsuccessful, to give them a ferocious aspect.

"Such was his person. His dress was very much in keeping with it. He wore a short frock, or rather jacket, of dark-blue cloth, not much finer than frieze; it was something between a sailor's jacket and a shooting-coat. His trousers, very wide and very short, were of strong grey plaid, the coarsest of the kind that is called shepherd's, and his waistcoat was from the same piece; a black silk handkerchief loosely

encircled his hirsute throat; his feet were furnished with shoes such as men wear in snipe-shooting, and his head was provided with a low-crowned and broad-brimmed glazed hat. . . . It was difficult enough to believe that he was Mr. Spenser's brother-in-law, but it will be harder still to credit what is equally true—he was also his curate!" —Vol. i. pp. 55, 56.

It will save trouble if we transcribe the author's account of the young ladies of the parsonage:—

"Arabella was tall, fair-haired, with delicate and very handsome features; her figure was also very good, her carriage distinguished, but haughty; and the same expression, mixed with something of petulance and scorn, was visible in her eyes and on her lips. . . . She was a woman without passions and without a heart. Elizabeth Spenser was not so tall as her sister, but, though younger, she was even more mature in appearance; somewhat rounder, promising in a short time to be as robust as well as a beautiful woman. Her hair was a dark brown, and nature had been prodigal to her of that loveliest of female ornaments. Her eyes were dark also, only more grey than black. The nose was slightly aquiline; it made her countenance a commanding one; and the expression of her mouth, too, was a further indication of energy and self-reliance. Yet the best part of her loveliness was that with which her mind irradiated her person, as the beauty of a lamp is shown by the pure bright flame within it."—Vol. i. pp. 73–75.

It is pretty plain that Elizabeth is the author's favourite.

The curate's business at the parsonage is chiefly for the purpose of dissuading the party from their intended water excursion. He is weather wise. Virgil himself could not tell the signs of a coming storm with more unerring accuracy than Hercules Woodward; but never was prophet listened to with more of distrust and incredulity, than the curate was doomed to experience. The voyage was, however, interdicted absolutely by Mr. Spenser, to the great annoyance of his son.

The curate returned to his own home. "I trust," said Mr. Spenser to himself, as he walked back to the house, "that Lord Bonham's friends are not at sea, or that they will get into port before the gale rises."

Who is Lord Bonham?—who are Lord Bonham's friends? Lord Bonham is an Irish absentee—the owner of a large estate in the neighbourhood of the parsonage, and the patron of the living, which is worth about eight hundred a-year. The friends about whom the parson's anxiety is at the moment awake, are two Cambridge students, who are making a vacation visit to the north of Ireland. (These, *Vivyan* has accidentally some connexion with the particular district in which the Spensers are located, he has a small estate there, the rents of which are received for him by a respectable person, with whom we are destined to form an intimate acquaintance, as he is also Mr. Spenser's tithe proctor.

The Mr. Dawson, whose name our readers may remember as a friend of Sydney Spenser's, was a dissolute young man of broken fortunes, who lived in a sort of Castle Rackrent on the coast. Castle Dawson was separated by wild and dreary mountains from the parsonage and the village of Redcross, in the vicinity of which the curate lived. Dawson's estate was eaten up with debt; he still, however, contrived to maintain a kind of divided possession with receivers of the Court of Chancery, sequestrators, and ministers of the law of all kinds. He perversely fancied himself in love with Elizabeth Spenser. His visits to the parsonage had, however, been interrupted by his owing a tithe arrears which, to the surprise of the rector, he now expressed a wish to pay, and requested that the agent, a tithe-proctor, should be sent to receive it. Randy M'Guire is forthwith dispatched to Castle Dawson, and he takes the opportunity of, at the same time, visiting the tenants of Vivyan, for the purpose of collecting his rent. Randy was not the agent, but his deputy. The agent resided in Dublin, lounging about the clubs, "being too fine a man to collect rents in person, particularly the rents of a small estate."

M'Guire was a coward. In the district where his operations were carried on, there was no conspiracy against either rent or tithes; but there was actual rebellion against the landlord and the parson in other parts of the island, Donegal was not without its rumours of approaching war.

Randy had to ask for his tithes more than once; and, even as to rent, he did not see in the tenants the zeal for its payment to which he had been accustomed. His best friend was the priest, who had his eye on the "chaps" that would agitate the parish. It was some comfort to Randy that, on the morning he rode to Castle Dawson, Sydney Spenser chanced to be the companion of his road. As they passed the ruins of an old fortress that was called "the Black Castle," Sydney amused himself by suggesting fears of danger to the fancy of the nervous old man. At last they came to where their roads parted. Randy stopped at a little inn opposite the avenue to Castle Dawson to receive Vivyan's rent, reserving his visit to Dawson for the following morning. Sydney rides to Castle Dawson.

He is received by its master with a confused and bustling welcome. Still there is something that shows his visit is ill-timed. We have said that Dawson, was in every respect, a scoundrel. When Sydney came, there were with him two associates, whom he had brought from England, and whose immediate occupation was assisting Dawson in plundering the castle of some pictures and books that had belonged to a former possessor of the place, and which, being of some value, were proposed to be replaced by some worthless substitutes.

To communicate such a purpose to Sydney is, of course, impossible. The difficulty is got over by bluster, and bustle, and falsehood. The ruffians are presented as a valuator sent down from the courts, and a wandering artist. Sydney is made to drink deep, and at the close of the evening play is proposed. There are no cards. Sydney recollects that Randy, who is at the little inn, is likely to have a pack in his pocket, and one of the ruffians walks to the inn for the purpose of getting them.

Randy was weary, and had retired to his den early. He had received Vivyan's rent, and was anxious to count the notes. There is scarcely any passage in the book which more strikingly illustrates the power of our author in that mixed style of description, which is the charm of Scott's manner, and in which sentiment seems and but seems to prevail over what is

properly observation. There is not a page in these volumes that does not show the author to be a thoughtful, right-judging, and benevolent man. Those who read the book for the mere story will not be disappointed, for the story is skilfully interwoven, and happily told; those who read it for its incidental pictures of society in a land where society itself is a picturesque anomaly, will be amused and gratified; but the character and value of this book, and of its author's former works, is of a far higher stamp than arises from such merits as these. These are but the frame-work—the necessary and carefully wrought frame-work of what we find in his novels. The author of fictions such as we are now engaged with is, in reality, educating such minds as he influences in much the same way as Spenser or any of our great allegorical poets. The education is in what constitutes our proper humanity.

The picture of Randy reckoning his money is perfect:—

"The passion for money was illustrated strikingly and curiously in the character of the little tithe-proctor. Randy was remunerated for his services with a fixed salary, and he was scrupulously honest and punctual in making over to his principals all the sums he received; but he delighted inconceivably in the mere act of receiving. The mere sight and touch of the money—the mere flapping of the wings of Plutus passing ever so fleetly over him, gratified his disinterested covetousness inordinately. The uncleanest rag of a bank-note—the filthiest dress that ever filthy lucre wore—a tattered old note, which he was not even to retain possession of, perhaps, for half a-day—thrilled with rapture his little yellow palm, made his fingers quiver, and his eyes dance and glitter. So far his avarice was sensual, almost the only sensual luxury the poor old man was acquainted with; yet at the same time, was there ever so pure a form of the love of money? For it was not for himself he grasped it; if he was rapacious (and it was only the fear of Mr. Spenser's displeasure that kept him from being a Verres in his line) it was not with the slightest view to his own profit, but simply out of a strong affection for the sight of the paper or the coin itself. Mammon had never a sincerer worshipper. Mammon did little for poor Maguire; housed him poorly, clothed him sparingly, put scarce a pound of flesh on his bones, fed him

grudgingly on herrings and potatoes, varied only with eggs and rashers of bacon, supplied his extraordinary length of nose with only a penny-worth of snuff weekly; yet was the devout little old proctor more loyal to his false god, than many a Christian is to the true and bountiful divinity who clothes him in soft raiment, lodges him in a palace, and feeds him daintily thrice a-day.

"No sooner had he climbed the steep narrow stair-case, or more properly ladder, which led to his familiar roost, than closing the door he squatted himself down on a rough-hewn deal chair, over his twinkling farthing candle (a peeled rush dipped in the melted fat of sheep) to reckon out his money, and perform the necessary little operations and tendernesses towards it, previous to vesting it respectfully in the old black-leather case, which (as we have seen) he always carried in a privy pocket wrought into the breast of his coat, on the inner and left side, so as to be as near his heart as possible.

"One by one he took up the notes delicately and reverently, as some great scholar and editor in the Vatican might handle a fragment of a lost decade of Livy discovered in a state of extreme decay, dropping to pieces like tinder. Then he very gently smoothed down every piece of bank paper separately; no lady's maid ever handled a berthe of the costliest point more daintily."—Vol. i. pp. 216-219.

Randy is next day robbed of this money, and of a sum received at Castle Dawson. But we anticipate. Sydney is led into play, and is a winner. He at last is got to bed; and then commences the spoliation of the pictures and articles of vertu at Castle Dawson. The sale of the pictures at Castle Dawson had been directed by the Court of Chancery, but no provision had been made for their being valued by any competent judge; and this omission suggested to Dawson the easy fraud in which he was now engaged.

Never did Lapland witch or wizard brew a more convenient storm than that which was predicted by Hercules Woodward; and the weather that followed was favourable—marvellously favourable—to all the purposes which we must suppose present to our author's mind, when he first sketched the young ladies at the parsonage. And the rain after the storm was as good as the storm itself. It rained

cats and dogs, and lieutenant-colone—it really did! We wish we had Griffith's map of the district, to learn all about lakes, and bogs, and river or that our author had given names to his localities. Well, we must do without them, and get on as we best can. But how shall Lieutenant-colonel Dabzac and Mr. Trundle get on, who are riding during the stormy sun to a dinner-party, and find a bridge which they have to cross, the only one for many a weary mile, broken down by the violence of the flood. Trundle is Lord Bonham's agent; is busy with a hundred plans for the improvement of Ireland; and the Whig parson is as good a name as he can get to present a memorial, praying the imperial parliament for thirty millions to develop the resources of Ireland. More he feels it not reasonable to ask, but he will not take. Lieutenant-colonel Dabzac is an Orange Lieutenant-colonel. He is one of the Ulster magnates; will rule all things with a big hand. The Whig parson views him with what our author describes as natural antipathy. Not so his elder daughter. He is the very man for her. A week of variable weather keeps him a willing prisoner at the parsonage. There is rain enough for some two or three days to confine the parties to flirtation within doors; and then the sky brightens; and we have out-door rides, and finally an excursion to the magic island, of which we have before made mention. The winter in-door amusements are varied by occasional readings of essays by Mr. Spenser; for indolent as he is, he is by no means an inactive author. We have from him a pleasant chapter, entitled "Directions to Governesses," and a philosophical romance, emulating Gulliver's journey to Laputa, describing the country of Higgledy-Piggledy:—

"The island is so called from the Higgledies, who constitute the small and wealthier part of its population, and the Piggledies, who constitute the greater and poorer portion.

"Up to the beginning of the present century, the island had a sort of legislature of its own, not extremely unlike the British Parliament in form, called the National Harem-Scarem. Marvellous things are recorded of the Harem-Scarem of Higgledy-Piggledy, which

the Higgledies kept all to themselves, with all its profits and honours, in order that the Piggledies, by their efforts to get into it also, might never want a motive to keep the country in its normal state of uproar and disorder. At length a more powerful neighbouring state, the Whitelanders, envious of the prosperity of the people of Higgledy-Piggledy in the possession of this inestimable domestic treasure, determined to rob them of it, and actually committed the robbery about the beginning of the present century. To the Higgledies this was perhaps a serious blow, but the Piggledies might have been expected to have rather rejoiced than grieved at it. The contrary, however, took place. The Piggledies have been howling like savages from that day to this for the restoration of their native Harem-Scam, an assembly into which they were never suffered to put their snouts."—Vol. i. pp. 354–358.

Such was the island of Higgledy-Piggledy; and what the whole island was on a large scale, every village in the island was in little.

Redcross, where our curate lived, was itself a type of all the rest. It was an ancient corporate town, and this kept up a distinction between the classes of inhabitants: all, however, were idle and lazy—all doing nothing—all expecting everything to be done for them:—

"The Protestant population belonging to the Established Church consisted of a grocer, a publican, two tailors, three policemen, and four revenue-officers, with their respective complements of wives and children. The Presbyterians numbered one shoemaker, two blacksmiths, a baker, a carpenter, and a wheel-wright. There was one Quaker, who met in his own house; and the rest of the burghers of all trades and vocations, a vast majority of the entire population, were Roman Catholics, principally M'Swynes, with the few O'Goarties, races of old renown in the country, but generally at feud with one another."—Vol. ii., pp. 16, 17.

The efforts of the Spensers and Woodward to civilise these people are told us in a description of the spinning-schools, and other educational institutions, which they superintend. Dabzac bears everything except the extraordinary conduct, as he esteems it, of Spenser's asking the parish priest to dinner:—

"It was a chapter of Irish history to mark how the colonel looked at the priest just as if he was a dog, or the priest of a religion in which a dog was the divinity. Father Magrath, on the other hand, eyed the colonel with the defiant air of a man who felt that he represented the people, and that the cause of the people was 'conquering and to conquer.' The intense enmity with which they regarded one another was, indeed, the means of keeping the peace between them; for, feeling that any converse must inevitably lead to a warmth of altercation incompatible with good manners, particularly in ladies' company, they refrained, by mutual consent, from holding any intercourse whatsoever."—Vol. ii., p. 34.

The report of the tithe proctor's having been robbed has already reached the parsonage; and Mrs. Spenser has made her husband write to the chief secretary, to obtain military protection in this lawless state of the country. "My Uncle the Curate" suspects that Dawson himself has something to say to the adventure. Sydney has not yet returned. Is a visit to the island to be delayed till his return? No, say the young ladies, for he will bring Dawson with him; and Dawson, at all times detestable, could never be less welcome than at the time of Dabzac's visit. So to the island they go; the Spensers in a smart cutter of their own—the Woodward in a stout, well-built smack, called after Hercules's fat wife, the "Caroline."

It is a glorious day. The young Spensers—a younger brood than those with whom we are chiefly concerned—are all alive with joyousness. Their cousins, the Woodward—for the curate's fat wife is the rector's sister—trained to bolder and harder habits, scamper over rock and mountain. They are startled at the sight of a Newfoundland dog, and they soon find that there are other visitors on the island. Lord Bonham's friends, for whose safety the late storm had made Spenser anxious, have taken possession of the spot, and are making themselves as comfortable as they can with stores from their pleasure-bark, which has escaped with as little real injury as if a Prospero and Ariel had again combined to array incidents of but seeming danger, and hasten on the destinies of these summer mariners. As surely as Arabella is made for our lieutenant-

colonel, and our lieutenant-colonel for Arabella, so surely must Elizabeth find a lover blown to her by this most propitious storm. She and Vivyan meet for the first time on the enchanted island. But another of her lovers makes his appearance at the pic-nic—no other than Mr. Dawson, who, with Sydney, follows the party. We learn, in the course of the day, that Dawson is about to become M.P. for the borough of Rottenham.

Acquaintanceship, of course, grows out of the incidents of the day, and, on a visit to the parsonage, we have the following playful description:—

“ ‘Now you shall hear, Mr. Vivyan, how well our Echo understands the state of Ireland.’

“ Then the rector proceeded to catechise the nymph as follows, taking care to pronounce the final words of each sentence in a sufficiently loud tone.

“ What is the chief source of the evils of Ireland? *Echo*—Land.

“ What is the state of Munster?—*Stir.*

“ What are they doing in Connaught?—*Naught.*

“ Why don't they reclaim their morasses?—*Asses.*

“ Should we not incite them to industry?—*Try.*

“ Inform us what the derivation of Erin is?—*Erinnys.*

“ Then the curate, with his stentorian lungs, proposed the following interrogatories, shaped with a view to show that the Echo was of his way of thinking:—

“ What would you give the Catholics?—*Licks.*

“ Who best deserves a fat rectory?—*Tory.*

“ But the Echo answered questions of another kind, equally to the satisfaction of the company; for, on being asked

“ ‘In what wine shall we drink the health of Colonel Dabzac?’ the airy tongue replied, with the same promptitude and sharp distinctness—‘*Sack.*’”—*Vol. ii., pp. 108, 109.*

• The manners of the people of Redcross are necessarily the subject of some attention to the English visitors. The rector insisted they were improving—slowly, very slowly, however. He scarcely succeeds in proving that there is any change for the better:—

“ It was an unlucky day for the poor citizens of Redcross, for, as the party rode through that part of the town,

which the M'Swynes principally occupied, and where the houses were generally thatched, a most diverting and surprising scene presented itself. The inhabitants were observed, some perched like birds, others lying on their faces, upon the roofs of their humble dwellings, for what purpose the Englishman tried in vain to conjecture.

“ ‘It is an Oriental custom,’ said Markham, ‘and perhaps confirms what I have heard stated, that the Irish are of Eastern and Hebrew origin.’

“ The Spensers smiled at this learned solution, but Vivyan naturally wondered how they could enjoy this house-top recreation in such a high wind.

“ ‘Why don't you come down,’ he asked, ‘until the gale abates a little?’

“ ‘On the contrary,’ said Mr. Spenser, ‘they will never come down while the gale lasts; if they did, their roofs would be blown into the air.’”—*Vol. ii., pp. 136, 137.*

Dawson has been pitchforked into parliament by a knot of priests and attorneys. Dawson swallows pledges with less difficulty than Rabelais's hero, who fed every day upon windmills:—

“ He pledged himself to dismember the British empire without a scruple, and would have entered into an equally solemn engagement to repeal the law of gravity and dissolve the universe, with just as little remorse of conscience.

“ As to his patriotism and public spirit, they were hereditary; he prized his country too highly to sell her for a trifle, and he thought it the indefeasible right of an Irish gentleman to have a parliament of his own, wherein to carry his jobs. The last generation had driven their parliamentary trade in College Green, and he saw no reason why the present should be forced to do their dirty work at Westminster;—so far was Dudley a thoroughly sincere repealer.”—*Vol. ii., pp. 245–247.*

We have told of the fears of Mrs. Spenser, and how they led her to wish for military protection at the parsonage. This was refused; but, through some interference of Dawson's, for the purpose of ingratiating himself with Mrs. Spenser, a party of police were sent there, to the great annoyance of Mr. Spenser. The scene in the ante-chamber of the Chief Secretary of Dublin Castle is a very amusing one, and has the appearance of being a sketch from some actual realities:—

"There were circumstances connected with this first act of Mr. Dudley Dawson in his parliamentary character which incline us to describe it in some little detail.

"He excited not a little attention as he swaggered one day about five o'clock into the waiting-room of the Castle, generally thronged about that hour with officials having appointments on business, deputations, suitors, claimants, expectants, political quacks hawking their sovereign remedies for all manner of public disorders and social evils, news-mongers, outrage-mongers, vote-mongers, pamphleteers (dirty fellows, some of them, in more ways than one), reporters, messengers, loungers, tattlers, idlers, and spectators. It was capital to overhear the different little groups into which the assembly was divided whispering together, and mutually despising and abusing one another as hirelings, place-hunters, and Castle-hacks. Mr. Trundle was there with his address to the Crown and enormous chart of Loch Swilly, determined to see the Chief Secretary, who, upon his part, was equally determined not to see Mr. Trundle. A Mr. Fosberry was there also, as great a bore in his way as Trundle, with his pockets full of samples of all kinds of guano, liquid and solid. He perfumed the ante-room in not the most agreeable way.

"A well-known, clever, and popular attorney, Tom Conolly by name, was there amongst the rest, having some little business of his own to transact, and beguiling the time before his interview with poignant jests and humorous anecdotes, keeping a large circle in fits of laughter. Conolly was the shrewdest, cleverest, pleasantest, jolliest limb of the law that ever the sweet south, whence he came (and which alone could have produced him) contributed to the hall of the Four-Courts. He had fun enough to make a dozen funny fellows, and he knew more law than all the place-hunting barristers put together. His electing talents were matchless;—craft, daring, good-humour, with a strong voluble court-house elocution—a Machiavelli in the committee-room, a Wilkes on the hustings. His broad round face was as full of sensible drollery as the part of one of Shakspeare's clowns. It was intensely Irish; its music, if faces are musical, played 'Patrick's-day,' or 'The Boys of Kilkenny,' audibly. He looked comedy, and he spoke farce—the comedy, Goldsmith's; the farce, O'Keefe's. His lips quivered with mirth, and he had an eye for the

hole in every man's coat, or could pick one at his pleasure.

"There was incessant ringing of bells, the Chief Secretary's bell, the Under Secretary's bell, and other bells, which kept such a jangling as was never before heard, except in a Flemish town, or in Mr. Spenser's house, when his wife was hysterical. Tom Conolly pretended that he knew by the bells what the result of each interview was. If a bell rang sharply and waspishly, the last person introduced was no favourite; the Secretary was provoked by his application, and impatient to get rid of him. If it rang steadily, and not immediately after the bowing out, an impression had been produced, and the claim was worth consideration. All this time the messengers and junior clerks were bustling to and fro, some with red boxes, some with black, some with bundles of papers, some taking cards and letters from those in waiting, and promising to hand them in at the very first opportunity. Dawson arrested one of the messengers, and said, in an authoritative tone, that he wanted to see Lord —

"'Impossible, sir, to-day,' said the ready fellow.

"Dawson blazed up, and presenting his card, ordered the messenger to hand it instantly to the Chief Secretary: adding, so that the whole ante-room heard him, 'I'm a member of parliament.'

"Everybody looked at the self-advertised legislator, and Conolly, who was acquainted with everything and everybody, soon made it known who Dawson was, telling stories of his father and grandfather, and the Dawson nose, which forced his audience to hold their sides.

"'Now, Mr. Dawson, this way.'

"'Mr. Dawson,' said the Secretary, without sitting down, 'I was sorry to be under the necessity of refusing Mr. Spenser's application for a military force; indeed, he wanted some pieces of cannon, which was quite out of the question; but, to the extent of a small detachment of police, I have no objection to comply with his wishes and yours. As long as I hold office, the clergy shall be protected, and whenever you have any favour to ask on their behalf I shall be always happy to see you, either here or in London.'

"As he made this speech, he bowed the member out of the room as adroitly as if he had studied the rules Mr. Taylor gives in his 'Statesman' for putting an abrupt end to official conferences."—
Vol. ii., pp. 249-260.

The machinery of the novelist is very much the same as that of actual life. The passions and intrigues of servants, and their unsuspected contrivances to carry out some small objects of their own, disturb the arrangements of your imaginary Spensers and Woodwards, no less than similar interferences with our happiness in real life. Miss M'Cracken, the nursery governess, has humbled herself to being the mere toady of Mrs. Spenser. She poisons her mind with every malignant vapour of report that circulates through the village, and stupifies her frame with laudanum, prohibited by Mrs. Spenser's physicians, but clandestinely procured and administered by Miss M'Cracken. She it is who suggests to Dawson the means of conciliating Mrs. Spenser; and Dawson's energies are kept awake to the carrying out every object of Miss M'Cracken, by his strange passion for Elizabeth.

The party of police sent down to the parsonage soon complicates the story, by making Miss M'Cracken herself a sort of an heroine. A young policeman, the son of a respectable family, wins her heart. He loses his place in the police; but, through Dawson's interest, gets an appointment in the excise. Miss M'Cracken fears that her prey may escape, and her mind is given to the object of getting the family to Dublin. This is easily managed. Threatening notices are written, in a tone of furious patriotism, and determinate resistance to tithes—written by Miss M'Cracken herself; but, between Mrs. Spenser's fears and the alarm excited, the family leave the parsonage for Dublin.

Sydney is sent to Cambridge, chiefly to save him from the contamination of Dawson's society. Dawson had, however, already taught him to contract debts in the little village of Redcross, and the lessons there learned are repeated on a large scale at Cambridge.

A number of concurring circumstances seem to fasten on Sydney the guilt of having robbed the tithe-proc-

tor. His own exceeding weakness, in not stating the facts of his debts in the village, and of having paid some of them with money won at play from one of Dawson's associates, and which proved to be part of the spoil taken from Randy, leaves little doubt of his guilt. The disentanglement of the web in which accident and the frauds of Dawson have involved him, is the chief business of the latter part of the story.

We must not tell all our author's secrets. Hercules must, no doubt, die an archdeacon, or something of the kind; but how this is brought about we know, and will not tell. In fact, we have already told too much of the story; but as we have said, no analysis can give the faintest conception of the real merits of this novel.

We wish we had more room for extracts. The chapter entitled "Dawson in Parliament," is excellent. Tom Conolly reappears, and his comments are at least as amusing as those with which he delighted the strange circle in the antechambers at Dublin Castle. Serious distress arises to the rector and his family from Sydney's Cambridge doings, and these are among the most affecting passages of the book.

Our author seems to hold the pen of a rapid writer. This is decidedly his best novel. We trust soon again to meet him. He is plainly a young writer, and we anticipate from him higher things, as he gradually acquires from the acknowledged excellence of these volumes, and of the "Falcon Family," more entire confidence in his own powers, and feels more full assurance, than it is possible any one but a writer familiar with the effects which his works produce on the public mind can feel, of the entire sympathy of his readers.

As to the story itself, we close our account of it with Scott's verses at the close of Rokeby:—

"Time and Tide had thus their sway,
Yielding like an April day,
Smiling noon for sullen morrow,
Years of joy for hours of sorrow."

A.

THE TIMES, THE POOR-LAW, AND THE POOR-LAW COMMITTEE.

THE *Times* continues to appear with unabated vigor and virulence in the case of "the new Irish Poor-law," versus the landed interest in Ireland; and adheres to the interrogatory system in the advocacy of its cause, and in the defamation of its purposed victims. On the report of an inspector, who describes the condition of an Union overburdened with pauperism, the "leading journal" pronounces Irish landowners "guilty of the famine," "they traded in misery and debasement—the vile speculation came to a national bankruptcy—who so proper to lose by it as themselves? If their estates should pass into the hands of others who will render a better account of them? *that is no more than their crime deserves.*"

This is at least a plausible defence for the severity of a crushing rate. The parties upon whom it has been justly inflicted are suffering but the penalty of their offences. They had neglected the duties and abused the powers confided to them as owners or occupiers of the land. For their own base gains and their own opprobrious profit they lent themselves to a ruinous subdivision of farms, and thus afforded facilities for an increase of population with which the resources of the country could not keep pace. "Such a system," the *Times* pronounces, "amounted to a crime." "Should they" (landowners) "complain that the measures now adopted by the legislature to alleviate the present distress, and to prevent its recurrence, *have a penal character*, they will not receive much comfort from this side of the channel."

We are not rash, we trust, in discerning here something like a coincidence in, if not an adoption of, the views put forward in our last number. We there described the principle on which the "new Irish Poor-law" could be defended, as one in which mercy and punitive justice meet together. Contributions are demanded in order to feed the hungry, penalties are ex-

acted, in order to punish the transgressor. Such is now the defence made for the poor-law by its leading advocate. If, in feeding destitute cotters, it reduce landowners to pauperism, it only inflicts a punishment commensurate to their misdeeds—"they were guilty of a crime" and they suffer for it.

Happy in having, thus far, an indirect approval of our views, on the part of the *Times*, we are encouraged to hope that we may be further favored, and that our complaint against the indiscriminate severity with which the poor-law scatters its inflictions may also be ratified with the adversary's approbation. Measures "of a penal character" are defensible on two grounds, necessity and justice. Good, is the proper end and aim of legislation. Where it inflicts evil it can excuse the act only on the plea that it was inevitable, or that it was just. A suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act is excusable because it is necessary—the penal severity of the poor-law should have a character of retributive justice. But punishment, to be just, must presuppose crime. If it be excessive, or irrespective of offence, it is cruelty, or vengeance—the visitation of an enemy, not a judge. And such, we contend, is the penal severity of the Irish poor-law, visited alike upon the upright and the offending, disproportioned to the offence it, without proof, presumes—and most oppressively and ungenerously inflicted, in many instances, in which it is clear, beyond all possibility of gainsaying, that there has been no offence whatever to suggest a plausible excuse for it. We complain of this as of a grave injustice. The poor-law punishes Irish landlords for crimes of which none of them *have been proved guilty*, and with which, it admits of proof positive, *the far greater number of them are not chargeable.*

We can remember well, when we anticipated from the administration of the poor-law, results of a far more salutary nature than it has served to realize.

We were not unaware of the many objections to which it was on principle liable, but we hoped for ample compensation in the light it was to let in on the social condition of Ireland, and especially on those momentous relations which arise out of the occupation of land. We were not ignorant of the varieties to be found in the landlord species and genera, and we trusted that the facilities of the Poor-law Unions for making them known to the country had not been provided in vain. We looked to the Workhouse test as a criterion by which landlord as well as pauper was to be tried, and we fondly hoped (such is our constitutional weakness or strength), that the evil which we knew must follow from the operation of an unwise and unjust law, would be recompensed by the great advantage of bringing bad landlords under the influence of public opinion, and discriminating broadly between the real "pests of the farm" and the many benevolent and self-denying proprietors, who have been, under circumstances of much discouragement, nobly thoughtful of their duties. We complain that this essential distinction has not been made; we blame the authors and officials of the poor-law for the neglect. We pronounce their neglect a crime. They have inflicted punishment (in many instances worse than death) where there was no delinquency proved against the sufferer. It is imputed as a *crime* to certain landlords that they have spread pauperism over the land by hiring out to the laboring poor such scanty accommodation as enabled them to exist. It is surely not a *virtue* in the poor-law that it has still further augmented pauperism by an *indiscriminate infliction of penalties* on all whose possessions it has been able to reach, making the alleged misconduct of a few the pretext for ruining many to whom no similar misconduct has been imputed. It was "a crime" in landlords to afford too readily the shelter of a roof, and the accommodation of a patch of ground, because by such pernicious indulgence pauperism was encouraged. Assuredly it is not to the praise of the poor-law that it has banished industrious farmers and benevolent landlords from their homes, and that it attempts to provide, without discrimination, for the idle, profligate, and helpless, by an indiscriminate confiscation of the properties of

good men and bad—the thoughtless and the provident.

It does not lessen our disapprobation of the poor-law functionaries, that they are daring in their aspersions of the owners of land. This is but an aggravation of the neglect we complain of. Men set in authority who will not inquire into the conduct of any class of persons, should be abstemious in their remarks upon them. To give currency to the vague representations of inspectors, who charge *some landlords* with improper conduct, and impute to them improper motives, is to give a character of deeper criminality to the very censurable omission of which we complain. A body is calumniated when some of its members are stigmatised, and no effort is made to exempt the pure and good from suffering under the censure. The Commissioners should have enjoined silence on their "inspectors," or should speak with authority themselves. *Landlords*, as the *Times* affirms on the "inspectors' authority, have committed a crime. It is in the power of the Commissioners to ascertain who are the criminal parties; but while justice would be benefited by distinguishing the innocent from the guilty, faction will obtain its ends better by leaving the two classes confounded under the same vague accusation. The Poor-law Commissioners leave them thus confounded. This is their crime. We believe it to be fouler in its character, and more fatal in its consequences, than the worst which has been ascribed to the rapacity of the landowner. And the punishment for it awarded by the state is doled out in the form of honours and emoluments. We earnestly wish the *Times* would direct its inquisitorial prerogative upon this delinquency. A few interrogatives would be well expended upon it. What is the duty of the Poor-law Commissioners? Upon what principle are their penal benevolences to be extorted? Are they instructed by the state to punish innocent and guilty alike? If they are, let us hear no more of those charges or calumnies against landlords. They are superfluous and irrelevant. If, on the contrary, the argument of the *Times* is uttered in a spirit of honesty—if the penalty of the poor-rate is designed to act as a punishment on ill desert—then the *Times* should change

its course, and instead of inveighing against landowners, in terms which seem to imply that all who suffer deserve their afflictions, it should pour out its indignation on the Poor-law Commissioners, and compel them to respect their duties. The *Times* would protect the British public, on the plea that it was not to be held responsible for the trespasses of offending landlords in Ireland. Why not enclose within the same protection all, whether in Great Britain or Ireland, who are alike irresponsible. Why call upon an Irish landlord rather than an Irish annuitant, or than any other man in the empire, to submit to a penalty of which he has not incurred the forfeiture. Why not call upon the Poor-law Commissioners to put the accused upon their trial, and to distinguish between the convicted and the innocent in their apportionment of a most oppressive burden?

A social revolution, we are instructed, is in process at this moment in Ireland, and the cost at which it is to be carried out the *Times* would impose upon our landed interest:—

“It is better for all parties that cottiers and squatters should cease to be in Ireland. But as the landlord is responsible, first, for the over population, and then its reduction by famine, disease, and banishment, we trust he will be spared his portion of the expense. It is the British public to pay the heavy costs of the social revolution, and restore the landlord back his land in lieu of paupers and rates?”

We are inclined to hope that the shimmering of justice which we discern in this passage is not illusion, and that we are at liberty to interpret the argument as if it insisted simply on the great maxim of old, the “*summius tribuito*,” exacting from all parties such an amount of poor-rate as shall bear a due proportion to their natural liabilities. The question would run thus, if so interpreted:—Why shall landlords in Ireland pay less to the maintenance of the poor than they deserve to be mulcted for their misconduct in inducing pauperism? or why shall the British public pay more than their due portion? In short, the question would be:—Why shall any individual be punished more lightly or more heavily than his deservings? This appears to us to contain the

spirit and substance of the interrogatory and argument of the *Times*, and thus understood, we proceed to answer it, having something to say by way of extenuation on behalf of offending landlords, and constrained to say some little, by way of claim, even on “the British public.”

The crime of which certain landowners are declared guilty is that they traded in land, as merchants and manufacturers are permitted to trade in their various commodities, and that (having no more care for those whose payments they received, than brewers or distillers have for the many whom their beverages have reduced to misery and crime) they are now justly punished for their past indifference. We do not think that a conclusion like this ought to be left dependent on angry declamation. There are shades of distinction which ought to be taken into account, and the landlord who, in the easiness of a kindly nature, permitted the poor to multiply on his estate (and possibly to his great loss), ought not to have his case confounded with that of the rapacious and hard-hearted tyrant who has had no thought of the wretched, save

“To wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By *any* indirection.”

One man allowed the subdivision of farms because he compassionated a father bent on making what he thought a fair provision for a child; another, because he would grant a shelter to the houseless; a third, because he desired to swell his rent-roll; a fourth, because he would strengthen his political interest; a fifth, and sixth, and seventh, might be found, whose pleas in defence or in mitigation would be various as their characters and circumstances. It is sufficient for our purpose to have adverted to the distinction. Punishment for crime implies moral evil. It cannot be apportioned under such circumstances as we have noticed without careful inquiry. Many a landowner, whose estate is covered with poor, has been guiltless of evil purpose—unsullied by dishonest gain in a process which has ended in very general calamity; and while we would not place him in the same rank with the landlord who has a truer and a more efficient sense of his duties, and who is (in fact as well as in intention) free from offence, we would

not confound him with the covetous and inhumane, who have augmented their own stores by taking advantage of the poor—who have derived wealth and power from that maladministration of their affairs by which they have wrought much evil to the country. Poor-law commissioners appear to have paid no attention to these important distinctions. They should be constrained to observe them, and so to adjust the scale of taxation that in its penal character it should mulct each individual in the proportion of his violated responsibilities.

As to the question “why the British public should pay the heavy costs of our social revolution,” we are free to confess we know but one reason—the fact that they have caused it. The Poor-law is their infliction upon Ireland. It was enacted and carried into effect against the will of the Irish people and their representatives. It was enacted and carried into effect for the advantage of “the British public.” We know no other reason than this for charging upon that “public” the *whole cost* of their revolutionary experiment. But we would not inflict upon them so heavy a burden. We require no more than this—that Great Britain shall contribute to the Poor-law, regarded in its aspect of benevolence, according to her ability, and that, as a penal infliction, she shall bear such portion of the penalty as she shall have been convicted of meriting.

And this is no small part. Great Britain has been responsible, directly, for the government of this country for half a century. A generation has grown up since her power to govern us was established and organised: if she impose upon the unoffending posterity of unwise landlords the penalty of their sires’ transgressions, ought not she, the accomplice in those misdeeds, defray her portion, and that a

large one, of the costs. Who is there at this day unacquainted with the truth, that the act of 1793,* which gave the elective franchise to Roman Catholic freeholders, gave scope, and purpose, and impulse, to the subdivision of the soil? Who is ignorant that, although the act was carried in an Irish parliament, it was conceived and formed in the cabinet of Great Britain? And who, knowing this, will deny that “the British public,” thus proved to be an accessory before the fact, shares in the responsibility of those through whose agency the pauperism of Ireland has been augmented? It is true, the pertinency of an argument like this may be disputed, on the plea, that, although the act of 1793 was shaped by the British ministry, and was made law by the will of the British sovereign, its imperfections and its ill results are chargeable on that legislative body in Ireland who should have known better than to vote for it. But, whatever may be said of Irish improvidence and corruption, Great Britain received and united Ireland into partnership with her, when this law was in force. Great Britain looked on, while for twenty-eight years it remained in active and most baleful operation—nay, more, during these eight-and-twenty eventful years, Great Britain stimulated the bad law into more pernicious activity, placing a large amount of patronage at the disposal of Irish members of parliament, whose services the minister of the day could command, and thus, indirectly, bribing landowners to subdivide their estates, for the purpose of increasing their political interest. The memory of a state of things like that of “the Forties” will not soon fade away—the memory of times when places in the constabulary, the revenue, the post-office, the militia, were regularly tariffed, and the number of votes which was to be

* *Lords’ Committee, May 6, 1825.*

EARL OF KINGSTON.

“Does your Lordship conceive that the desire to give the benefit of the elective franchise to voters has contributed essentially to the subdivision of land?”

“I think the land is very much subdivided, to make voters, by middlemen who hold large quantities of land. . . . I know it is so with me; I give them a very good house for a shilling a year, which I would not do unless it was to make them freeholders. I state this to show the very great reluctance which these poor men would have to give up that by which they are benefited to carry Catholic emancipation, by which the lower classes could not be benefited, in my opinion.”

the purchase of an ensigncy or a company was as well known as the regulation price of a commission at the Horse Guards. Well, but it may be said, they who had these advantages in times past must not complain if they are made to smart for them now. They who had these advantages! The empire had them—her enemies were discomfited because of them. How many a fiery spirit went forth with England to her battles, whose admission into her armies was purchased at the ruinous cost of this justly-condemned subdivision of the soil. In truth, Great Britain had its full share of the benefits accruing from such a system, and ought to bear her part in repairing the mischief it has wrought.

The "British public" must be considered as having incurred a further responsibility. The years 1824–1825 were memorable, among other reasons, for parliamentary inquiries into the state of Ireland, prosecuted by committees of Lords and Commons. By the proceedings of these committees, much information was obtained as to her condition, and perhaps there was

no one subject upon which there was a more thorough correspondence in testimony than on the evils of subdivision and sub-letting of lands.* The immediate injury, the imminent danger attendant on these practices, was made plain by a mass of evidence which it would seem impossible to resist. Defects in the law of tenure were also shown for which appropriate remedies were sought, as of indispensable necessity, and perhaps the then attorney-general, now Lord Plunket, never concerned himself in any work of legislation more likely to prove of salutary effect than in his amendment of the law of sub-letting. His amendments became law; but they did not remain law. The British public—or that party or faction which acted for the British public—substituted the legislation of Mr. O'Connell for that of Lord Plunket, gave back to the middleman his former advantages, and baffled the patriot hope of raising our country above pauperism. Thus has Great Britain been an accessory before the fact, and an accomplice in the practices which are now condemned so

* *Commons' Committee, April 13, 1825.—Digest of Evidence.*

THE REV. T. COSTELLOE.

"Besides those who hold small farms on leases, there is an inferior class, who are occasionally (for about twelve weeks in the year) employed as labourers. This class consists of those who rent a house and a quarter of an acre of land, and who endeavour to procure a subsistence by taking more land (perhaps a quarter or half an acre) on what is called the con-acre system. The rent paid for this is generally a guinea an acre, the land being such as has been grazed for some years, and then given out for potatoes."

J. LESLIE FOSTER, ESQ.

"The middleman, residing on the property, watches with great jealousy the under tenantry—keeps an account of the stock in their possession—follows them to the market, and takes care that they shall not have the power to divert the produce of their farms to any other object than his advantage. He is often the factor and vender of such produce; he obliges the tenantry to deal with him on his own terms; and one great source of dissatisfaction in the south of Ireland is the incorrectness with which the accounts of the middleman are kept. He leaves to the unfortunate tenantry only what satisfies the commonest wants of nature, and sometimes occasions their ruin by permitting them to be distrained for rent which they had paid to him, but which he had not paid up to the proprietor in fee. Where the tenant held directly under the head landlord, his comforts were much more regarded, and in general the rent was less exorbitant, and the mode of exaction less oppressive."

Such is many an Irish middleman, as his character is to be gathered from the testimony of the learned judge and the Roman Catholic clergyman. Why has the class to which he belongs had the benefit, which it would seem as if the principle of the poor law, reserved for the occupying farmer?

We long since suggested the necessity of making a distinction, were it but for the sake of decorum, between the trader in land and its cultivator. While the one was probably entitled to the deduction from his rent which the poor law allows in abatement of the rate, we could see nothing in the circumstances or merits of the other to challenge for him a similar privilege. But the contrivers of the poor law thought otherwise.

strongly by her "leading organ," and for which such a terrible retribution has been inflicted by her legislature. She has been a patroness of pauperism—that is, of the schemes by which pauperism has been promoted in Ireland; is it not fitting that she shall bear her part in relieving it?

And the "British public" should bear their part in mitigating the severity of a law, which, for their own benefit, they have inflicted upon a reluctant people, and which, framed as it is, is ill-adapted to the country in which it is to be administered. Disguise the purposes of it as we may, we cannot conceal from ourselves the truth, that eminent among them was the design of checking the immigration of the Irish poor into the rich plains and cities of England. The desire and the design was natural, and would have been unexceptionably just but for one incident. Where our wealth has been allured, it is not just that our poverty shall be forbidden to follow. However just or unjust, absentees, annuitants, mortgagees, abstract their rents and charges from Ireland, as they have done for ages; the poor, as never was the case till now, are to be provided for from the poor remnant of property left to the landed interest here. This is a relief to one part of the British empire; is it not just that the portion relieved shall contribute of its abundance to the wants of the poorer portion labouring under its newly-imposed burden. By amendments on the poor-law, carried out in favour of the "British public," there appeared to their credit in the year 1838, as compared with 1834, when the amendments were resolved on, a reduction of expense exceeding two millions of pounds sterling, and at the time when England was thus delivering herself from an oppressive burden, she adopted the determination to make Ireland suffer under it. Is it not reasonable that she should help us?

It ought to be remembered, to the credit of Irish landowners, that, until the poor's rate became an intolerable burden, and the debasing tendency of the poor-law became manifest, there was little complaint against the new imposition. At first there was something like an assurance from the state that the law should be administered in mercy towards the rate-payers, as well

as the pauper. There was a kind of compact that the land should support, at the utmost, a hundred thousand inmates of the hundred and thirty work-houses, and that no out-door relief should be given. The cost of maintaining these establishments would amount to about five per cent. on the valuation of rateable property, which would be, we may boldly affirm, twelve per cent. at least, on the net income of our landed proprietors. Heavy as the imposition was, it was not strongly complained of. It seemed to be circumscribed within intelligible limits. It was possible, by retrenchment and economy, to meet existing engagements and make provision for the new rate. So long as this state of things endured, the landed interest was patient and uncomplaining—perhaps too much so. They had, however, a good reason for silence. While they saw multitudes in danger of perishing for want, it was creditable to them to be mindful of their duties; and it was not discreditable to have trust in the legislature that it would sanction no unworthy invasion of their properties and rights. This trust was rather too credulous and confiding. Their rights and properties have been invaded. The principle of Communism has been affirmed and carried into effect against them. It has been pronounced, that, at their cost—at their sole cost and charge—the whole pauperism of Ireland, able-bodied and decrepit, idle and disposed to labour, profligate and well-conducted, shall be supported in their adversity, or sustained in their vice. This is now the law in Ireland—a law which, within its two years' tyranny, has caused more misery and abasement than (we would mercifully hope) even its contrivers could have anticipated—a law which, with professions of mercy towards the poor and justice towards the more prosperous, holds out to the one class encouragement to vice, and confounds the good and the evil of the other class in indiscriminate ruin. Shall we be told that "the British public" to whom this desolating infliction is ascribable, ought not to give of their abundance to the mitigation of its horrors? What is the argument of the *Times* for leaving Irish landlords to their fate? That they were responsible for the pauperism which is to be relieved at their cost. Well

let it be granted that the argument is just, if the assumption be grounded—let it be affirmed that wherever the assumption is false, the argument is inapplicable. Why shall Irish landlords, who have incurred no such responsibility—who have inherited no such responsibility from indiscreet ancestors, or who, having inherited or acquired an over-populated property, manfully addressed themselves to the onerous duties it imposed on them, and by strenuous exertion and patient self-denial, raised the condition of their country, and rescued their lands from pauperism—why, we repeat, are they now extinguished, because a neighbouring proprietor has abused his privileges, and some ignorant official has thought it convenient to draw one line round two dissimilar estates? It is to the purpose that wise and good landowners and occupiers refuse to “join in their challenges” with parties whose cause is not of like nature with theirs. The Poor-law tribunal does not allow those privileges which are held in other courts, the indefeasible rights of British subjects. “I believe,” said Sir Robert Peel, in the debate on February 9, “one of the greatest evils in Ireland at present, is connected with the administration of the poor-law.”* Who will say that a law most unjust in principle, inflicting, as it does, heavy punishment on innocent as well as guilty, and administered in a manner to deserve this severe censure, does not make it a duty of those who framed the law, and selected the agents through whom it has been ill administered, to assist in redressing the wrongs it has wrought, and mitigating the hardships of those who suffer under it? “Slay them all, the Lord will know his own,” is not in the spirit of British institutions. There may be Abbots of Cîteaux here and there, who would

with much complacency make Ireland a Beziers, and devote its landed proprietors to the extinction of civil death, in the hope of profitably succeeding to their possessions; but their views are not congenial with the British character; and when it has been made manifest that the law to feed the able-bodied poor of Ireland is a law to wrest from good landlords property and power which they have never abused, we are not without a hope that the worst evils of the poor-law will be corrected.

“I believe,” said Lord John Russell, on February 12, “there are many good landlords (in Ireland), whose conduct is deserving of every approbation, and whose exertions during these last few years have been very great indeed. But with respect to the bad landlord, before the introduction of the poor-law, he did nothing but receive the rents of his estates,” &c. &c. As a corrective to this state of things the poor-law has been introduced; and the noble lord, the premier, has the indiscretion or the confidence to refer to this monstrous system as a remedy. “Such *was*,” he says, “the conduct of the bad landlord, *but he cannot be so at present*.” Why can he not? Because,” observes the prime minister, “whether he live in Ireland or not, whether he perform his duty or not, a rate is levied from him for the support of the destitute on his property, and in those parts of Ireland where are left those poor people *whom his conduct contributed to fix in the state in which they had so long existed*, and before we fixed in Ireland an enlarged and extended poor-law.” The thought conveyed in this passage *might* be expressed in clearer language; but, indeed, the thought itself, if we have been enabled to decipher it, is affected by a radical confusion, which imparts, of necessity,

* A curious instance of the manner in which the effect of the poor law may be modified by the administrators of it came recently within our knowledge. A certain inspector or commissioner took upon him to order the commencement of out-door relief in a district, and under circumstances, in which many persons, not ill-advised, thought the order premature. Not so the idle and the poor. As soon as the proclamation of out-door relief was noised abroad, claimants were found to seek it. It happened, however, providentially, that vacancies occurred in the workhouse, so that there were guardians wise enough to continue them—vacancies not by death, for the bills of health were excellent, but by the voluntary releasement of some pauper inmates. The claimants for relief were met by an offer of admission into the house, and, of ninety-five who presented themselves, there were even only who took the test and became inmates of the poorhouse.

its own character to the medium through which it is interpreted. It seems to be this. Before the enactment of the poor-law, bad landlords, by their own misconduct and neglect, had produced pauperism in the country; and they are now compelled to do right, by being made amenable to precisely the same taxation which is laid upon their unoffending neighbours. And does the premier think that this indiscriminate punishment ought to be the remedy for any evil? Is he, or are his advisers, so unacquainted with the agricultural statistics of Ireland as not to know that his imagined remedy is, in many an unhappy instance, an aggravation of the evil, or a contrivance which renders it more inveterate. We will try the noble lord's argument by applying it to the condition of an electoral division, of which we can speak from our own knowledge. In one part of this division rents are excessive, and pauperism abounds. The old adage, "beggars cannot be choosers," is exemplified in it; and thus the outcasts of improving properties find shelter in this, where they are frequently enabled to serve out the term which entitles them to relief. The rate on the division is, accordingly, very heavy, but the excessive rents have not fallen. The owner of land, whose rent continues to be three pounds per acre, pays no higher poundage than he who demands, for land of the same quality, less than a third of the rent. What is in this case the tax upon those parts of the division where rents are low, and pauperism unknown? *It is a "rate in aid" of the rent-roll of the rapacious landlord.* He pays, if it can be gathered from his pauper tenantry, six shillings in the pound as poor-rate; but has indemnified himself by exacting, from wretches at his mercy, forty shillings in the pound on the fair rent of his land. And we are to be told that the law which enables him to persist in driving this abominable trade, is a law of protection against the evil habits of bad landlords.

It may be said that the evil of this exhausting *remedy* will correct itself. In process of time the grasping landlord will be constrained to submit to necessity, and, in the impossibility of extorting the old rents, to desist from the attempt at obtaining them. All

true! But when will this euthanasia have arrived? When good landlords are ruined, industrious farmers in the poorhouse or the United States, and when the land, which has been bought up at wholesale prices, and at a discount ruinous to the seller, by joint stock companies in England, is in process of being retailed to that new proprietary, if such can be found, to whom Sir James Graham and his confederates profess to look for the regeneration of our misgoverned country. Such is to be, as regards all estates of men, the completion of the social revolution in Ireland.

In furtherance of this social revolution two parliamentary committees are now sitting. It is not necessary to remind the indignant reader of the elements which compose them. An incident, however, in the debate on February 12, as reported in the *Times* of the 13th, we cannot pass over:—

"On the question that Mr. Bright's name be added, Mr. Taylor objected to the nomination of a delegate of the Manchester school."

And a debate having arisen—

"Mr. Bateson, after some prefatory observations, said he had heard it whispered that Mr. Bright and some of his friends had made arrangements for the purchase of a considerable amount of landed property in Ireland, *as soon as it should become sufficiently depreciated*" (a laugh) &c., &c.

"Sir George Grey," in reply, "hoped that the whisper which the honourable member who spoke last had heard relative to the honourable member for Manchester being about to invest capital in Ireland, would prove to be correct (hear, hear). That in itself was a good reason for placing the honourable member on the committee," &c. &c.

"That, in itself, was a good reason for placing the hon. member on the committee." That hon. member, *if the "whisper" be correct, as the home secretary hopes it will prove*, designs to invest capital in Ireland, by making purchases of landed property, "*when it has become sufficiently depreciated.*" Such is the whisper which Sir George Grey hopes may prove correct; and the purpose it surmises is a good reason for placing the man who entertains it on a committee where his exertions

can accelerate the progress of events in bringing to pass that state of things which it is his desire and interest to accomplish. "Ex uno disce omnes." From the declared qualification for membership, judge the character of the committee. A member of parliament has made arrangements for purchasing Irish property, *when it has been sufficiently depreciated.*" The committee, for which such arrangements constitute eligibility, is a *committee for the depreciation of Irish property.*

We can test this conclusion by an illustration:—An Irish proprietor, let us suppose, is on trial for his life, or for his revenues: a challenge is made by his counsel, who objects to the having a juror sworn, on the ground that "he has made arrangements for becoming possessor of the panel's property after his decease." We ask what would be the feeling of a court in Ireland, or of the "British public," if Chief Justice Blackburne or Doherty on our bench here, or Denman, or Wild, or Tenterden, in England, had couched a dictum in the style of the home secretary, and affirmed that the arrangements and intentions of such a party constituted a good ground for placing him on a jury. We scarcely think that Jeffries or Scroggins would have dared to give utterance to the felon sentiment. *It has been spoken, unrebuked, in a British senate.* We do not think (and this we affirm in perfect sincerity) Sir George Grey capable of the vile-ness it would seem to imply: he spoke inconsiderately; but it is an evil day in England when a minister of the crown can be chargeable with such inconsiderateness, and when there was no friend at hand to warn him of what he had said, and no friend to the principles of justice to utter a stern protest against it in the name of an insulted parliament.

The avowed principle of eligibility for membership in the Poor-law committee is in keeping with the measure reported as having been already submitted to its supervision. We extract from the *Times* of February 12 the following too significant presage of evil:—

"We have all along admitted that the system of 'grants' is not yet at an end. It is, however, we believe, the in-

tenation of government to supersede it, if possible, by a new provision in the Poor-laws. Instead of grants for particular districts from the Consolidated Fund, which are, in fact, 'rates in aid' from the whole empire, it will be proposed, that when the rates of a particular union for one year rise above a certain amount—say 10s. in the pound—the excess shall be defrayed out of a rate collected for this purpose from the whole island."

Such, we have reason to believe, is, in substance (the maximum amount of rate, it appears, is not so high), the scheme already proposed to the parliamentary committees by her Majesty's ministers. Lord John Russell has given dread note of preparation. He has said (see *Times* February 13):—

"I do look forward with hope that that transition may be brought about without any great loss of life. No doubt it will be attended with very considerable loss of property. Indeed a very considerable loss of property has already taken place."

And this contemplated destruction of property is to be visited upon loyal subjects by the operation of the laws. It is a new thing to find ministers of the crown not only exonerating themselves from obligations to which the constitution pledges them, but avowing the determination to make the laws themselves instruments of evil, where (ever until now) their influence, in theory at least, has been salutary. It is among the best-established maxims of constitutional law, that allegiance and protection are reciprocal—that loss of life, liberty, or property, is to be ranked among the penalties of transgression, and that obedience to law should have its reward in preservation of life, liberty, and property. The legislature is now to be called on to invert this maxim—to lavish rewards on the idle and ill-affected, as well as on the helpless poor, and to heap wrongs and penalties on well-deserving proprietors. It is indisputably an imperative duty to save life where it is possible; but although not so important, it is an equally manifest duty to protect property also, and the minister or the legislature who, to feed a hungry man in Galway, will reduce a laborious farmer in Antrim to beggary, rather than impose a tax so slight that it could scarcely be felt, on the millionaire of Manchester, is teach-

ing a lesson more perilous to the welfare and stability of states than has ever been learned from Chartist or Repealer.

Under the operation of the poor-law, "very considerable loss of property has already taken place." There is worse, Lord John Russell threatens, to come. Confiscation is to take its course in Ulster, in order that Connaught may be relieved without inconvenience to "the British public." Are, then, the men of Ulster excluded from the body to which that name is given? Are the men of Leinster denied the privilege of the name? Are the best parts of Munster, Leinster, Ulster—and in Connaught, too, there are spots which pauperism has not desolated—are all these not parts of the British empire? Is the object of legislation, the avowed object, to reduce the best parts of Ireland to the condition of the most wretched. Is the promise, by which Ireland was won to make a surrender of her power, thus daringly broken? Is the legislative union repealed? So, in truth, it would seem. At this moment Mayo and Galway are ready for Mr. Bright and Co. Investments, however, would be safer in Ulster, but as yet they would be more costly. And so, the Legislative Union is to share the fate of the Habeas Corpus Act, and to be placed under temporary suspension, until property has become *sufficiently depreciated* in the North, to invite members of the Anti-corn-law League and the Poor-law Committee, to make their purchases.

We hope to return to this subject in our April number; but, in the meantime, we would urge upon the people of Ireland generally to be up and doing. At least, let strong protests be uttered against the further deterioration of our poor, and of the

classes to be ruined for supporting the poor in idleness. The rate in aid, it is said, is not to be enforced until the union-rate has reached a set maximum. So it is for the present; but let the principle be once affirmed, and who is to direct the application of it?

Let those in Ireland who have possessions which they would transmit to their posterity, and who have ever trained their children in loyal principles, remember these two stern truths. Protection is now denied to property: Ireland is declared not to be an integral part of the British Empire: taxes are imposed upon the righteous owners of property in this country, which, it is acknowledged, must reduce them to utter destitution: England, it is pronounced, will bear no part in the burden of them: monied property in Ireland shall share a similar exemption—landowners and land occupiers alone are to be ruined. For poverty which the great majority of them could not have prevented—which it never was in the power of them or their predecessors to prevent, they are to be reduced to beggary. There is no precedent for such iniquity as this in the whole course of British legislation, and even in the enormity of it there is hope. It is not in the spirit of the British character. A faction adverse to the landed interest has been enabled, by agitation and intrigue, to overbear for a while that sense of impartial justice which has in it the essence of political wisdom. The voice of truth may yet be heard with good effect. We trust it will soon speak with authority; and have good hope, that when we return to this subject we shall have to offer congratulations to our readers on the wisdom, and the power, and the loyalty, with which "the North has spoken out."

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THE Editor of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, finding it quite impossible to read and answer the innumerable communications sent to him, gives notice that he will not undertake to read or return MSS. unless he has intimated to the writer his wish to have them forwarded for perusal.

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NINEVEH.*

HOLY Scripture informs us that the first city built after the flood was Nineveh; but whether by Ashur, according to the text, or by Nimrod going out into Ashur's land of Assyria, according to the marginal reading of our translation, appears doubtful. In such a balance of authority, we incline to reconcile Scriptural with profane history, by adopting the reading which refers the foundation of the city to Nimrod. Nimrod, we are told by Moses, was a mighty hunter: tradition adds that he was a potent magician; and profane history traces all the idolatry of the world to his city gates. For, if Babylon was the mother, Nineveh the parent city, may be not inaptly called the grandmother, of idolatries. Here, surrounded by a land teeming with abundance, in the midst of subject and tributary nations, mankind first fell from the wholesome simplicity of labour, into that luxurious idleness which has so often since wrought the downfall of states and kingdoms, though no other earthly monarchy has had a catastrophe so splendid as illustrated the last days of the city of Sardanapalus. For fifteen days, if we may credit Ctesias, the vast funereal pyre, heaped up in the inner courtyard of the Assyrian's palace, continued burning—king, queen, minister, court and harem, gold, silver, precious stones, stuffs, furniture, and equipage, consuming together in one prodigious blaze of splendour and riches. The world has not since witnessed a luxury more magnificent in

life and death; nor has any other sensualist left mankind an epitaph so impressive—"Sardanapalus, the son of Anacyndaraxis, built Tarsus and An-cyale in one day; but is now dead."

We have spoken of the natural fertility of the Mesopotamian plain. The land about Babylon, in Herodotus's time, commonly yielded two hundred fold of cereal products. This, however, was not the spontaneous exuberance of the earth, but the effect of irrigation, by that multitude of canals, the remains of which still intersect the soil over all the ancient sites of Assyrian and Mesopotamian greatness. Was the same toil necessary when mankind first selected these abodes? and, with the necessity for toil so great—for the river did not, like the Nile, annually soil their fields; but they had, themselves, by canals and scoops, to raise and apply the water, by the labour of their hands—how did they so speedily lapse into national indolence and effeminacy? Had the alluvial plain of the two rivers presented the same arid aspect it now does, it would have offered little inducement, in the way of an easy production of food, to those before whom "the world was all to choose." For now it is overrun with wild tamarisk and acacia, arid even to yellowness, and glittering with saline efflorescences, which crackle as they break in the rays of every morning's sun. Yet the abundance of bitumen which probably offered the principal temptation to the builders of Babel, in fixing the site for the city, argues a salt and ungenial

* "Nineveh and its Remains. With an Account of a Visit to the Chaldean Christians, Christians of Kurdistan, and the Yezidis or Devil-worshippers; and an Inquiry into the Manners and Arts of the Ancient Assyrians." By Austen Henry Layard, D.C.L. London: Murray. 1849.

quality in the soil, and which could only be washed out of it by irrigation, from the first. For such appears to have been the chief use of the application of the waters of these rivers; just as we hear in our own time of the method pursued in reclaiming tracts recovered from the sea, where the area within the embankment is treated with repeated doses, as it were, of river flooding: the object not being so much to secure any deposit of soil from the fresh water so let in, as to extract the salt already deposited there by the sea water before it had been shut out. So that unless we suppose that salt quality to have been imparted in comparatively recent times to the Mesopotamian region, we may conclude that it was rather from its facilities for building the place was selected, than from any extraordinary fertility in the production of the necessaries of life.

The facilities for building were, indeed, very great. There was everywhere a soil which needed but the application of water to assume the consistence of unburnt brick. A sun hot enough to perform the office of a drying-kiln shone every day of the year. Fountains of bitumen bubbled up in the midst of the materials which only awaited the application of that natural mortar to assume any structural form the builder might desire; reeds for binding the courses of that kind of masonry fringed the river, throughout the alluvial tract; and forests capable of supplying timber for the largest constructions, clothed its banks above, and needed only to be felled, to be brought down from the mountain country by a natural and spontaneous carriage. All the materials for a considerable edifice might be prepared and erected in a week. Hence it is that we may reasonably give some credit to what is told of Semiramis, that, having laid out the boundaries and general plan of Babylon, she divided the interior into lots, and assigned them to their several occupants, with injunctions that each should be built upon within the year, and that these injunctions were complied with. We have already seen the boast of Sardanapalus, that he had built two cities in one day. Alexander and Timour both affected the same kind of royalty in the expeditious creation of new cities to adorn their conquests. But the Egyptian pasha justly

rebuked the pride of Timour, who reminded him that his mud-walled city, that rose from the earth in a day, in a day would sink back to it, while the cities of the western world, slowly built, were built to last for ever. And now, strange to say, it is the very suddenness of their decay which preserves what still remains of the brick-built cities of Ninus and Semiramis for the explorations of modern curiosity; for the sun-dried bricks, crumbling down into a fine bituminous paste, and sinking back over the ruins of their own foundations, have formed mounds impermeable by the air, and under which the lower chambers of many royal edifices still exist comparatively unharmed, after having lain, as it were, hermetically sealed for periods of two, and three, and possibly even of near four thousand years.

We had heard, from time to time, of caves and passages in these mounds of disintegrated brick-work, which in so many quarters of the Chaldean and Mesopotamian plain rise like precipitous islands over the desert level, claiming, in the traditions of their respective localities, to represent the tower of Babel, the tomb of Nimrod, or the palace of Semiramis. With the exception, however, of the Birs Nimrod, near Hillah, on the Euphrates—supposed, and with much semblance of reason, to constitute the remains of the great temple of Belus, mentioned by Herodotus—these mounds appear to be debris of forts and palaces rather than of tombs or temples. From Herodotus's description of the temple of Belus, we may conclude that it resembled very closely the staged pyramids of Mexico and Yucatan. The chain of analogous structures may be traced by the shores of the Indian Ocean across the Pacific. Some traces of a formation of this kind are alleged to have been visible on the Birs Nimrod early in the last century; but the description of Herodotus was probably more vividly before the writer's imagination than the actual outline of the ruins, which at present, at least, consist of a shapeless mound of crumbled brick, out of which an angle of a tower-like structure, built of brick of a superior description, and of extreme hardness, rises to a height of forty or fifty feet. The entire height is not above two hundred and fifty feet, but from the vastness of the level plain surround-

ing it, the object arrests the eye with an effect due to much greater dimensions. It has been remarked of all these mounds that, seen on the horizon, they appear of a bulk much greater than they really possess, presenting in this respect a singular contrast to the Egyptian pyramids, which at a distance make an appearance by no means commensurate with their actual magnitude. The difference of form has doubtless a good deal to do with these differences of apparent size; but the main cause is probably to be sought for in differences of atmosphere. It is certain that a mountain of two thousand feet under our skies, makes a more imposing show than a mountain of five thousand under the sky of Italy. The tower of Babel itself has been held by many learned men to have been erected merely as a landmark; and they read the passage in Genesis not as in our version:—"Go to, let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad;" but, "Go to, let us make us a sign, lest we be scattered abroad;" meaning, say they, lest our flocks and herds should stray out of ken on these interminable plains. But whatever may have been the motive to undertake it, the work was not accomplished, and we have no conclusive or even cogent reason for believing that any of the existing monuments actually marks the site of the attempt.

Mounds of a similar description to the body of the Birs Nimrod (though they all differ from that monument in wanting the tower-like nucleus) occur throughout the plain on both sides of the Euphrates, and extend on the east to, and beyond, the Tigris. Here, on the Assyrian or eastern bank of the river, at a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles north of Bagdad, opposite and below Musul, are situated the four great masses of this kind, which modern investigation seeks to identify as marking the four angles of the outer wall of Nineveh. We are told that the city had a circuit of one hundred and eighty stadia; it may be sixty-four, or it may be thirty-two of our miles; and the mounds of Kouyunjik and Khorsabad on the north, and Karamles and Nemroud on the south, appear to mark the limits of a parallelogram of about that extent, taking it at the larger measurement, stretching along the eastern bank of the Tigris for a

distance of about eighteen miles in length parallel to the river, with an average breadth towards the Assyrian hill country of about ten miles.

These vast dimensions will probably surprise the reader, who may reflect that he has here the ground-plan of a city twice as long and broad as London. But we must recollect that the cities of this region of the world are, as at present in Persia, very openly built, with gardens and spacious areas, and that the houses do not exceed one story; so that, for a population amongst whom, in the ninth century before Christ, were a hundred and twenty thousand souls who did not know the right hand from the left, by whom we may reasonably understand infants, a space of ground of that compass might not be inconsistently large; and we may also remember that Jonah advanced a day's journey into the city before he proclaimed his message; for that "Nineveh was an exceeding large city of three days' journey." So that on the whole, the dimensions assigned by taking the four mounds in question as the four great bastions of the city wall, are not so excessive as at first sight they might appear; though, looking at the map, we own it does impose an effort on the mind to imagine all that vacant space, which gave room for the armies of Heraclius and Chosroes to join battle without impediment to the evolutions of half a million of combatants, covered with streets of houses, with palaces and temples, and surrounded by a continuous rampart of twice the extent of the present *enceinte* of Paris. Babylon, we are told, was a perfect square; and the most probable identification of existing ruins with its site, assigns one such great mound to each of its quarters. Nineveh was an irregular oblong, and, probably enough, may have had a similar arrangement of its principal buildings; but all traces of an intermediate wall are now lost, and the space within the supposed boundary is as desert as that without.

We would here recur to a speculation glanced at in a former paper on the cemeteries of Etruria. Is this nitrous quality in the soil of these primeval habitations of mankind, in any way consequent on the excess of population that once swarmed in the plains of Shinar? Does Babylonia,

in her present desertion, pay the natural penalty of having too greedily engrossed to herself the life of the world, in the first prolific multiplication of the post-diluvian family? Is this decay of the "exceeding great city of three days' journey" a physical reaction by which nature compensates the other habitable lands of the earth for Nineveh's early usurpation, and conversion to unprofitable luxury, of the labour which God designed for the soil at large? And have we thus in these naked and unwholesome solitudes, the attestation of God's earliest displeasure against centralization in excess—against the attempt of the rich and idle to withdraw themselves from the society of those whose labour they command; against the impiety of denationalization, and the idolatry of wealth? For to what end is this very plain made memorable in the history of man, by the division of man's speech, and the impulse given to the separate families of men to go forth and found states and cities of their own, if it be not to illustrate the law of God, that he will not suffer the nations of the earth to have one metropolis; but that, by language, by instinct, and by the preparation of regions suitable for each, he has decreed the earth, in every part of it, to participate in the culture and presence of man; of the rich and splendid, as well as of the poor and humble; of the intellectual as well as the manual labourer; of the heads as well as the members;—in a word, that everywhere there should be a complete society; and that all attempts to engross those benefits for one locality to the exclusion of others, when they pass a certain limit, shall for ever result in a confusion of the political, as signal as that of the religious, Babylon?

But it is time that we should approach one of these mounds, and inquire what it is that Mr. Layard or M. Botta have found it to contain. We may take that of Khorsabad as a sample of almost all the rest. Judging from Botta's drawing of the mound, it presents the appearance externally of a low, flat-topped mountain of nearly half a mile in length, and of a height varying from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet. Its sides, of about the steepness of the earth-works of a modern fortification, are furrowed with water-courses and with ravines, the traces

probably, of former excavations; and on the summit is built a considerable village. A pyramidal mound rises, at the south-western angle, to a height of about fifty feet above the general level of the top; and around it spreads the plain as flat as the surface of the sea. With the exception of the village, the same description will apply to the mound of Nemroud at the southern extremity of the site, at the junction of the Zab with the Tigris—the scene of Mr. Layard's principal excavations. Cutting down through the soil of mouldered bricks which covers their tops, to the depth of about ten feet, the excavators have come, at several points of all these mounds, on courts and chambers communicating with one another by doorways, the piers of which are constituted of those monstrous figures of leogriffs and homotaurs, with the general character of which the reader is, perhaps, already familiar. The roofs of those apartments having fallen in, we can only judge of their uses and former appearance, by emptying them of the fine bituminous soil which, as we have observed, has filled and sealed them through so many ages. The resources at the command of Mr. Layard did not enable him to remove the masses of earth from the central areas of those apartments; and he had to content himself with clearing passages along the surface of the walls, leaving the mounds of rubbish in the middle spaces untouched. By this means he disclosed the decorated side-walls of a great number of halls and chambers, the floors of which appear to lie at a uniform level of from twenty to thirty feet under the present upper surfaces of the mounds. The question here naturally presents itself, were these apartments originally erected on the surface, or were they designedly constructed underground; if we may use the word "underground," meaning within the body of the artificial mound, though still high above the level of the surrounding plain? Judging by the ground-plan, we should conclude that they were constructions of the latter kind; for all the interspaces between chamber and chamber, exceeding greatly the thickness of anything designed as a partition, appear to be of solid brickwork, and there is no trace of windows. This view is further supported by what we read of the subter-

anean chambers of Semiramis; as well as by the fact, which we find noticed in Vincent, that the Turkish inhabitants of Musul are still in the habit of constructing underground apartments as summer chambers, in which they escape the fierce heats of the sun. These heats are so vehement during some months, that no one goes out of doors from an hour before sunrise till after sunset; and give a reasonable show of credibility to what Plutarch relates of the rich Babylonians of his day sleeping, for escape from the violence of the heat, in tubs and cisterns of water. Were, then, these apartments temples or treasuries, or sepulchral chambers, or underground summer palaces? We apprehend their number and decorated character preclude the first supposition; and although their decorations are not inconsistent with sepulchral purposes, there has, as yet, been no discovery of any interment or sarcophagus in any of them; and if they had been for either one or the other purpose, they could hardly be supposed to have been furnished, as they evidently were, with ceilings of timber. Of the purposes suggested, therefore, the last seems the most probable; and in adopting it, we may, perhaps, be safe in concluding that the apartments were thus elevated above the plain, for the purpose as well of escaping the damp level of the river, as of obtaining means of light and ventilation; while the mass of solid masonry beneath and around them might serve, at all times, to preserve an equability of temperature.

We have already spoken of the homotaurs and tauro-griffs, which form part of every principal portal. Looking at these singular combinations of different animal forms—bull, lion, man, and eagle, fused together—one instantly recurs to Ezekiel's vision of the beasts, which he saw by the river of Chebar, and knew for the cherubim of the mercy-seat, the same which were set of old to keep the way of the tree of life in Paradise. Ezekiel's beasts also were compound forms, partaking of the man, the bull, the lion, and the eagle. The erudite and ingenious Faber, while as yet we only knew of the separate worship of these animal forms, and had heard of nothing in Gentile mythology approaching to their

compound figure nearer than Cerberus or the minotaur, perceived the strong probability that it was the patriarchal tradition of such beings which had originated the singular reverence paid in pagan worship to bovine, leonine, and aquiline figures of the deity. We can well imagine with what astonishment and pleasure, not unmixed with awe, that great and ingenious scholar, if he were now alive, would look on these Ninevite sculptures, realising so strikingly as they do his conjecture, that Nimrod had begun man's postdiluvian idolatries with some depravation of the patriarchal worship, in this particular of the paradisaical cherubim. Omitting the earlier steps of his argument, we shall borrow the passage in which, with wonderful justness and cogency, he suggests the conclusion which these discoveries now so strongly tend to confirm:—

“ Thus, on the one hand, Noah and his family must have been well acquainted both with the forms of the cherubim, and with their use in the religious service of the antediluvian church; and, on the other hand, either in the life-time of that patriarch or in the age immediately subsequent to his death, that system of idolatry which has diffused itself with so much uniformity over the face of the whole earth must have commenced in the postdiluvian world about the era of the building of Babel. The knowledge, therefore, of the cherubic symbols has been brought down chronologically to the rise of pagan mythology after the flood. Now, the cherubim were used in the worship of the true God; and they united, in one compound hieroglyphic, the forms of a man, a bull, a lion, and an eagle. Hence, when idolatry sprang up among those who must have been acquainted with the figure of the cherubim, the presumption is, that they would employ, in the worship of their demon-gods, the very same emblems which had been rendered venerable by long consecration to the service of the true God. With this presumption the fact perfectly accords. In every quarter of the world, the bull, the lion, the eagle, and the man, have been accounted sacred symbols. This uniform veneration of them must have proceeded from a common origin; that common origin can only be found in a period when all mankind formed a single society; the existence of that single society cannot be placed later than the building of the tower; consequently, the first veneration

tion of those symbols cannot be ascribed to a more recent age than that of Nimrod; but in that age, which was marked by the commencement of a mythological system, that was afterwards carried into every region of the earth by them of the dispersion, the form of the cherubic hieroglyphics must have been well known. Since, then, genuine patriarchism and the rise of idolatry thus chronologically meet together—since the latter seems evidently to have been a perverse depravation of the former—since the three animal figures which entered into the compound shape of the cherubim are the very three animal figures which have been universally venerated by the Gentiles from the most remote antiquity—I see not how we can reasonably avoid the obvious conclusion that, in whatever manner the pagans applied the symbols of the bull, the lion, and the eagle, they were borrowed, in the first instance, from those animals as combined together in the form of the cherubim."

These figures also tend, if not to confirm, at least, curiously enough to illustrate another conjecture hazarded by some writers, that the tower of Babel was designed, not only as a high place, but as a species of mimic paradise. These interpreters suggest that instead of reading "let us build a tower which shall reach to heaven," we ought to read, "let us build a tower which shall serve as a heaven;" for, say they, it was an evident folly for men to seek to scale heaven by a tower built in a plain, when the mountains were in sight, from the summits of which they had but lately perceived how immeasurably distant from the firmament were even the loftiest high places of nature. But it would have been a natural and intelligible way of perpetuating the patriarchal tradition

of the splendour of the presence of God dwelling between the guardian cherubs, within a sacred precinct, to prepare an elevated spot such as the summit of a tower, the approaches to which might be guarded by objects presenting the traditionary forms of the cherubim, where a perpetual flame might imitate the divine *shekinah*, and hanging gardens surround the whole with the semblance of a terrestrial paradise. Indeed the daring Nimrod—not the unlettered, sordid Nimrod, the hunter of hares and foxes, but the learned, mystical Nimrod, the pursuer of the transcendental forms of archaic mythology*—insists, with many arguments, that the tower of Belus, erected by Nebuchadnezzar was, in structure and in use, a typical paradise of this very kind, with its appurtenances of hanging gardens and quadruple water-courses, representing the four rivers which went round the garden planted eastward in Eden. We would by no means be taken as vouching Nimrod's theory; but every one must be sensible that the occurrence of sculptured figures, so strongly recalling the cherubic traditions, within buildings standing on the site of the city of Nimrod, and still preserving his name, gives, at least, a strong claim on attention to any suggestion tending to connect the chambers which they guard with purposes savouring of patriarchal worship.

Of all the speculations which suggest themselves in connexion with these figures, this certainly is the most fascinating. But we must not overlook its difficulties. These chambers, whatever may have been their uses, were apparently ceiled over with roofs of timber, a feature inconsistent, we should suppose, with the character of

* As often as we take up the mystical volumes of Algernon Herbert, we are reminded of the visions of Orion and Hercules, seen by Ulysses, driving their phantom game before them in Hades:—

" Orion next, huge ghost, engaged my view,
Droves urging o'er the grassy mead, of beasts
Which he had slain, himself, on the wild hills,
With strong club armed of ever-during brass.

A dreadful belt
He bore across his bosom, thronged with gold:
There, brodered, shone many a stupendous form—
Bears, wild boars, lions, with fire-flashing eyes,
Fierce combats, battles, blood-shed, homicide:—
The artist, author of that belt, none such
Before produced, or after."

a high place, whether designed as a mimic Eden or a mimic Ararat. Then we are to remember that, unless the text of Ezekiel has been (and possibly it has been) corrupted, the true cherubical figures had each four heads, whereas these creations of the Ninevite chisel, monsters though they are, have but one head each—that of an eagle sometimes, but usually that of a man. Again, the beings described by Ezekiel had the general likeness of the human figure; but the bodies of the Ninevite monsters are mostly of beasts—bulls or lions. Strong, therefore, are the resemblances, and inviting is the speculation, which would lead us into these antiquarian paths of Paradise, there remain other suggestions of the probable uses of the figures, which cannot well be left undiscussed.

The predominance of taurine forms suggests Egyptian associations and the worship of Apis, on the one hand, Persian analogies and the Mithraic bull-sacrifice on the other. The cyclical mythologists affirm that these taurine idolatries refer to the sun in the zodiacal constellation of the bull, and had their origin in those early times, when the entry of the sun into that sign coincided with the vernal equinox; and some will have it that, at the procession of the equinoxes, carried back the great lamp of life from sign to sign, his worship has assumed new forms corresponding to each change of the vernal constellations. Thus they would suggest that Apis, typifying the sun in Taurus, preceded Ammon, typifying him in Aries, who again preceded Dagon, symbolizing him in Pisces; to be followed, we suppose, if Gentile idolatry had not been stayed in its fantastic career, by some unknown representative of the celestial Waterman, in whose aquatic house the vernal year will presently commence.

The theory requires periods too extended for the received canons of chronology; but it offers a key to the modes and successions of idolatrous worship which is not to be lightly cast aside. The Persian festival of Nawrooz would really appear to have been instituted to commemorate the sun's transit at a particular period from Aries into Pisces; and a theorist eagerly bent on cyclical evidences might plausibly enough suggest, in

connexion with the same epoch, the first appearance of the man-fish, Oannes in Babylonian tradition, and the rise of fish-worship in the rites of Derceto, Dagon, and the other piscine idols of Syria.

Of all the forms, however, under which eastern idolatry has disguised the worship of the emblematic parent of mankind, that of the man-bull, so conspicuous in these ruins, is the most prevalent, as well as the oldest. Apis in Egypt, Aboudad in Persia, Nandi in Hindostan, the abductor of Europa in the romantic mythology of Greece, the taurine great father, meets us at every turn through these labyrinths of mysticism. In the Zend-Avesta, it is a being of this kind who preserves the life of the world during the deluge; acting, in the Magian mythology, the various parts of Adam, Noah, and sacrificial mediator. Making every allowance for imitation and forgery, it seems quite unreasonable to ascribe to fabricators of the sixth, or any other century of our era, the invention of that part of the fable, which is found illustrated by monumental remains of the age of Darius; for, we apprehend there can hardly be a doubt that the homotaurs, which form the piers of the gateways at Persepolis, have reference to the Aboudad, or man-bull of the Magian writings; and the whole scheme and details of the Mithraic bull-sacrifice look manifestly to the same origin.

This man-bull of the Zend-Avesta is the object of a particular liturgy, which the curious may read at large, either in Perron's translation, or in Bryant. We extract a few sentences:

“Address your prayer to the excellent Bull; address your prayer to the pure Bull; address your prayer to the rain, the source of plenty; address your prayer to the Bull, become pure, celestial, holy; who has never been engendered, who is holy. When Dje ravages the world, the water spreads itself on high—it dissolves into a thousand showers of rain. Let envy, let death be upon the earth, still the water smites envy, which is on the earth; still it smites death, which is on the earth. . . . When the water renews itself, the earth renews itself; the trees renew themselves; health renews itself; he who gives health renews himself. . . . The water drives away the serpent, drives away falsehood; it drives away the uncleanness, corruption, and

impurity, which Ahriman has produced in the bodies of men."

Coupled with this is a prayer to the moon which preserved the seed of the bull during this purification of the earth by the waters of the deluge. It seems no unreasonable stretch of the imagination to understand by the moon the ark, and by the bull the life of the world; and indeed, if proofs were needed, all antiquity would vouch it. Such, in fact, is the express statement of the Persian myth, that the first created being on earth was such a compendium of all animal and vegetable life; that, when poisoned by Ahriman, there issued from his tail and marrow one hundred and fifty grains bearing plants, and twelve species of trees; apples and other fruits from his horns; the vine from his blood; and out of his right foreleg came Kaiomars, the first articulately-speaking man. In like manner the bull of the Mithraic sculptures is seen sprouting into forms of vegetable and animal growth under the knife of the sacrificer. But these concrete forms of life typified the Deity in all Eastern mythology; especially during those periods of destruction by alternate deluge and conflagration to which they imagined the earth to be subjected at certain intervals. The Deity then resolved himself into the simplest forms of life; and under those forms they worshipped him. Now, if the homotaurs of Persepolis be compound types of the Deity, of this kind, and derived from a source still further eastward, what shall we say of those of Nineveh? They are almost identical in design, and are employed in the same manner as ornaments of the portals of a palace or temple. The two discovered at Persepolis by Sir Ker Porter, were not sufficiently significant by themselves to excite much speculation; but when we find the same forms in a site so much older, and so much more immediately connected with diluvian traditions, repeated so frequently, and with so evident a purpose, on all the great doorways of these Assyrian buildings, the myths of the Zend-Avesta assume a new importance, and we are compelled to ask ourselves, are these the Aboudads and Taschters of Magian story; and if so, was it here, on the spot where the true

history of the deluge ought longest to have been preserved, that it was first corrupted, and that these monsters, realizing its corruption, were first devised, to send out error and confusion to the rest of the world in legends of superstition and forms of idolatry? Whatever difficulty may attend the solution of these questions, the identity of the taurine figures discovered at Nineveh with those which flank the portals of Darius at Persepolis, and the manifest bearing of the latter on the sacred books of the Persians, give us cause to regard with additional suspicion the charge of recent forgery, which we every day hear reiterated against Hyde's collections.

In connexion with these last speculations, the classical reader will probably revert to the tale of Aristæus and his bees; perhaps, if mystically inclined, to Samson's riddle, and the generation of those swarming forms of life from the rent lion of Timnath. But, after all, the majority of our readers will probably rest best satisfied with the reasons for this species of idolatry assigned by one who knew mankind well, and had seen in his own person a greater variety of forms of superstition than most travellers since the days of Herodotus—one also who, in an age of thick geographical darkness, had the true notion of the earth's rotundity, and foresaw all that Columbus, and a great part of all that Galileo afterwards established:—

"And of ydoles thei sayn also that the ox is the most holy best that is in erthe; and paycent and more profitable than any other. For he dothe good ynow and dothe non evylle. And thei knowen wel that it may not be withouten specyalle grace of God; and therefore maken thei here God of an ox."—*Sir John Maundeville.*

We have now suggested everything that strikes us in reference to these guardians of the portals of the Ninevite chambers; and leaving them, whatever they may be—cherubim, solar symbols, or Magian idols—for the further examination of more competent inquirers, we shall accompany Mr. Layard in a cursory survey of the apartments within:—

"The interior of the Assyrian palace must have been as magnificent as im-

ing. I have led the reader through the ruins, and he may judge of the impression its halls were calculated to make upon the stranger who, in the days of old, entered for the first time the palace of the Assyrian kings. He was ushered in through the portal, guarded by the colossal lions or bulls of white alabaster. In the first hall, he found himself surrounded by the sculptured records of the empire. Battles, sieges, triumphs, the exploits of the chase, the ceremonies of religion, were portrayed on the walls, sculptured in alabaster, or painted in gorgeous colours. Under the pictures were engraved, in characters filled up with bright copper, inscriptions describing the scenes represented. Above the sculptures were represented other events—the king, attended by his eunuchs and warriors, receiving his prisoners, entering into alliances with other monarchs, or performing some sacred duty. These representations were inclosed in coloured borders, of elaborate and elegant design. The emblematic tree, winged bulls, and monstrous animals, were conspicuous amongst the ornaments. At the upper end of the hall was the colossal figure of the king in adoration before the Supreme Deity, or receiving from his hand the holy cup. He was attended by warriors bearing his arms, and by the priests or presiding divinities. His feet and those of his followers were adorned with groups of figures, animals, and flowers, all painted with brilliant colours.

The stranger trod upon alabaster slabs, each bearing an inscription, recording the titles, genealogy, and achievements of the great king. Several doorways, formed by gigantic winged lions or bulls, or by the figures of guardian deities, led into other apartments, which again opened into more distant halls. In each were new sculptures. On the walls of some were projections of colossal figures, armed men and eunuchs following the king, warriors laden with spoil, leading prisoners, or bearing presents and offerings to the gods. On the walls of others were portrayed the winged priests, or presiding divinities, standing before the sacred fires.

The ceilings above him were divided into square compartments, painted with flowers, or with the figures of animals. Some were inlaid with ivory, each compartment being surrounded by elegant borders and mouldings. The floors, as well as the sides of the chambers, may have been gilded, or even plated with gold and silver; and the rarest woods, in which the cedar was conspicuous, were used for the wood-

work. Square openings in the ceilings of the chambers admitted the light of day. A pleasing shadow was thrown over the sculptured walls, and gave a majestic expression to the human features of the colossal forms which guarded the entrances. Through these apertures was seen the bright blue of an eastern sky, enclosed in a frame, on which were painted, in vivid colours, the winged circle, in the midst of elegant ornaments, and the graceful forms of ideal animals."—Vol. ii. pp. 262–5.

None of the roofs, as we have already observed, are now standing; and Mr. Layard's description of the flat ceiling with its square apertures must be taken for what a guess is worth. It is plain that there must have been extensive superstructures, for otherwise the chambers could not have been filled and covered up, as they are, with debris. Several stories, at least, must have risen above the existing remains, to have yielded that vast heap of ruin, which now lies to the depth of ten and fifteen feet over the probable level of the original ceiling. What the external appearance may have been we can only surmise from the representations of castellated palaces found among the sculptured decorations of the interior. These are of the same general character as the castles seen in the Egyptian collections of Wilkinson and Rosellini, having square towers at intervals projecting from a curtain wall, with windows and battlements above, and gateways below; but in the Ninevite representations, the gateways appear arched. An arch of brickwork, apparently of contemporaneous construction, has been found in one of the mounds in question; and the tradition of an arched tunnel, under the bed of the Euphrates, at Babylon, was so distinct in the time of Diodorus, that its very dimensions, and the thickness of its walls, are stated by him. It is not probable, however, that the arched roofs of chambers such as these would have fallen in, without leaving some trace of the vault. We therefore agree with Mr. Layard in rejecting the suggestion that the ceilings were formed of a vault of brickwork, and conclude that they were either covered, as he has supposed, with a roof of wood, or with awnings. Externally, there can be little doubt that the place glittered with gilding and polychrome.

The gilding still adheres to fragments of brick turned up in the progress of Mr. Layard's excavations, and the traces of colour are abundantly evident on all the plastered surfaces that remain. Herodotus's description of the painted walls of Ecbatana will be fresh in the minds of our classical readers; and we may all recur to our scriptural recollection of the chambers alluded to by Zephaniah and Jeremiah—"Ceiled with cedar, and painted with vermilion."

We have already, in noticing M. Botta's illustrations, spoken of the general style and effect of the Ninevite sculptures, and find that Mr. Layard's labours do not enable us to add anything further on that subject. The details of the representations, however, so far as they go, are deeply interesting; and we shall most conveniently deal with them by taking them in their order as civil, military, and religious.

There is nothing, so far, at all comparable to the copiousness and minuteness of the Egyptian representation in any of the departments, but least of all in that of civil monuments. All the operations of agriculture, trade, and commerce, of domestic economy and manufacture, in ancient Egypt, are set before us in the "*Monumenti Civili*" of Rosellini. We shall be disappointed if we expect a similar insight into Assyrian manners from anything that has yet been discovered at Nineveh:—

"The bas-reliefs are mostly public records of conquests, triumphs, and religious ceremonies. As they were placed in palaces and temples, they could, of course, but refer to national events. If any memorial of the private life of an individual were preserved, or if his peculiar trade or profession were indicated, it must have been in his own dwelling, or in his tomb, as in Egypt. If the interiors of houses, and the occupations of their inmates, are represented in the bas-reliefs, they are casually introduced to illustrate, or to convey more fully, the meaning of the general subject. There, within the walls of castles belonging to the Assyrians, or captured by them, are seen buildings and tents. The inhabitants are slaying sheep, and engaged in domestic occupations, seated and carousing together, feeding their horses, and preparing their couches. But these details are all made

subservient to the main action, which the siege or triumph."

Among M. Botta's discoveries Khorsabad—for, while Mr. Layard was engaged in excavating at Nemroud, at the south-western extremity of the supposed site of the city, M. Botta was similarly occupied at Khorsabad, at the north-eastern angle—a representation of a banquet, from which we may learn the general disposition of their seats and tables, the forms of their drinking-vessels, and the shape of their harps; and Mr. Layard gives sketches from his excavations, ascertaining the construction of their tents, and of the dwelling-houses of the humbler classes. These latter appear to have been one-story cottages flat-roofed, with an upper chamber at one end. This upper chamber seems to have opened on the roof, and to have been decorated with a cornice. In some cases it consists only of a canvas awning stretched on a framework. The likeness to the houses of the ancient Egyptians is here sufficiently apparent. The seat resembling the modern camp-stool appears to have been as generally in use on the banks of the Tigris as on those of the Nile, and the forms of thrones and chairs in state in the two countries are much the same. The Egyptian furniture, however, exhibits greater elegance both of design and construction. Among the civil monuments discovered, we may include M. Botta's bas-relief of a building on a lake, surmised to be a fishing pavilion. We have here the only instance of columnar decoration yet observed among the Assyrian monuments. The front of the pavilion is supported by two pillars, the capitals of which so closely resemble the Ionic, that we admit, with Mr. Layard, "we can scarcely hesitate to recognise in them the prototype of that order." These appear, so far, to be the principal evidences forthcoming, in support of Mr. Fergusson's strong assertions respecting the Assyrian origin of the Ionic order. Mr. Layard states that he finds some further Ionic resemblances on fragments of ivory dug up at Nemroud; and there is, unquestionably, a strong family likeness between the mouldings and decorations of the chambers discovered by Mr. Layard, and those of the classic or-

ders; though, as we have observed, the column appears to be nowhere found except in the pavilion, and on the ivory tablet above mentioned. On this subject let us hear Mr. Layard:—

“It has already been mentioned that many architectural ornaments known to the Assyrians, passed from them, directly or indirectly, into Greece. The Ionic column has been cited as an instance. We have, moreover, in the earliest monuments of Nineveh, that graceful ornament commonly called the *palmette*, which was so extensively used in Greece, and is to this day more generally employed than any other ornament. In Assyria, as I have pointed out, it was invested with sacred properties, and was either a symbol or an object of worship. . . . The sacred bull, with expanded wings, and the wild goat, are introduced kneeling before the mystic flower, which is the principal feature in the border just described. The same animals are occasionally represented supporting disks or flowers and rosettes. A bird or human figure frequently takes the place of the bull and goat; and the single flower becomes a tree, bearing many flowers of the same shape. This tree, evidently a sacred symbol, is elaborately and tastefully formed, and is one of the most conspicuous ornaments of Assyrian sculpture.”

The illustration of military affairs much more complete and particular. We have the operations of battles and sieges both by sea and land; the sap, battering-ram, and escalade, all depicted in moving representations. The resemblance to the Egyptian monuments is here also very striking. Except for the characteristic differences of style, the Assyrian king borne to battle in his chariot, and bending his bow against his enemies, might pass for a Pharaoh. On his return, however, he is seen under the shelter of the royal parasol—a feature which, we believe, does not occur on the Egyptian monuments. The chariot also is distinguishable from the Egyptian chariot, by an object of singular appearance, extending from the front of the carriage to the end of the pole. What this may be we find it difficult to guess. Its size and appearance might agree with the conjecture that it was a great convex shield for the king's protection, when both hands might not be engaged in the use of the bow,

and slung over the chariot pole when not in use. The team consists of three horses; and the trappings and harness are elaborately splendid. Those who have turned over the pages of Wilkinson or Rosellini, would probably think us tedious were we to dilate on the particulars of arms, armour, dress, and accoutrement, which these sculptures exhibit; for, as might naturally be expected, there is scarcely anything in Assyrian warfare different from the modes of fighting and armament depicted on the monuments of Egypt. We shall, however, subjoin Mr. Layard's description of a siege scene from one of the panels of the palace of Nemrout:—

“The greater part of the castle is in the centre bas-relief. It has three towers, and apparently several walls, one behind the other. They are all surmounted by angular battlements. The besiegers have brought a battering-ram (attached to a moveable tower, probably constructed of wicker-work) up to the outer wall, from which many stones have already been dislodged, and are falling. One of the besieged has succeeded in catching the ram by a chain, and is endeavouring to raise or move it from its place; whilst two warriors of the assailing party are holding it down by hooks, to which they are hanging. Another is throwing fire (traces of the red paint being still visible on the sculpture) from above, upon the engine. The besiegers endeavour to quench the flame, by pouring water upon it from two spouts in the moveable tower. Two figures, in full armour, are undermining the walls with instruments like blunt spears; whilst two others appear to have found a secret passage into the castle. Three of the besieged are falling from the walls. The king, discharging an arrow, and protected by a shield held by a warrior in complete armour, stands on one side of the castle. He is attended by two eunuchs, one holding the umbrella, the other his quiver and mace. Behind them is a warrior, leading away captive three women and a child; and driving three bullocks, a part of the spoil. The women are tearing their hair.”

Numerous examples of the ram and moving tower occur. The escalade is seen followed by the sack, and the driving away of the prey and captives. In the combats on the plain the arrow and the spear are the weapons chiefly employed; and here we see a spear-

man on horseback. The Assyrian rider uses no stirrup; and while the mounted bowman draws the bow, another horseman, riding by his side, holds the reins of both horses. The camel also appears bestrode by a mounted warrior. On the whole, however, the resemblance is so great between these and the scenes depicted on the Egyptian monuments, with which the majority of our readers are doubtless well acquainted, that it would be tedious further to particularize them. On the armour alone we could pause for a moment. The sculptures plainly represent scale armour; and in one of the chambers at Nemroud Mr. Layard actually found a considerable quantity of the scales themselves, as well as several helmets.

"Each scale was separate, and of iron, from two to three inches in length, rounded at one end and square at the other, with a raised or embossed line in the centre. The iron was covered with rust, and in so decomposed a state that I had much difficulty in detaching it from the soil. Two or three baskets were filled with these relics. As the earth was removed, other portions of armour were found—some of copper, others of iron, and others of iron inlaid with copper. At length, a perfect helmet resembling in shape and in its ornaments, the pointed helmet represented in the bas-reliefs, was discovered. When first separated from the earth it was perfect, but immediately fell to pieces. I carefully collected and preserved the fragments, which were sent to England. The lines which are seen round the lower part of the pointed helmets in the sculptures, are thin strips of copper inlaid in the iron."

These are, probably, the oldest iron relics that have ever been found: we should suppose the helmets quite unique; and, considering the perishable nature of the material, we cannot but regard their preservation through so great a period of time as something worthy of particular note. No weapons as yet appear to have repaid the scrutiny of the investigators.

But by far the most copious and interesting department of these remains is the religious one. In treating the compound figures at the doorways as religious, we have anticipated some of the most remarkable considerations connected with this part of the sub-

ject. What remains behind still furnishes abundantly interesting matter. There is now no doubt that the figure conjectured to represent the Deity in the sculptures at Persepolis was truly meant to bear that signification; for on the sculptures which surround the walls of these Ninevite chambers the same figure occurs so often, and in situations so significant as to leave no rational doubt of its intended meaning. The allusions to a triune deity in the various systems of Gentile theology have been treated by many as modern fabrications of the Eclectic philosophers, after their dispersion on the breaking up of the heathen schools; by others, more justly, as remnants of patriarchal tradition, more or less distorted in the course of their transmission through so many generations, and into such widely distant quarters of the world. The frightful idols of Jagganatha, beneath their shapeless degradation, preserve the imperfect idea of a trinity. At Nineveh and Persepolis the idea is more perfect, and the representation less derogatory. A circle embraces the figure of a man, and both are mingled with the wings and plumage of a bird. The human part of this figure attends to the prayers of the Assyrian king, watches over him in battle, and shoots its arrows with him against his enemies. That the bird is the mystical Assyrian dove—that into which Semiramis is fabled to have changed herself, at her apotheosis, can hardly be doubted. One might almost imagine that these Assyrian enormities had been preserved to rebuke our Christian symbolizers, whose delineations of the ineffable presence of God are little less derogatory, and almost as idolatrous. For what is the *Vesica piscis*, in which our mediæval revivors delight to depict the human form of the Saviour and the descending dove, but such an encircling emblem of the Eternal Being, only mixed, in the prurient mysticism of their new Babylon, with a further and less pure idea? Looking at the symbolical decorations of their painted walls and windows, one might fancy himself in the halls of Belshazzar, rather than in a church built on the law and the prophets, and be almost tempted to exclaim—Better be a Mahomedan, and kneel towards Mecca, worshipping a spiri-

real God in mind and spirit, than thus to "behold every form of creeping things and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel portrayed upon the walls round about."

That the figure in the winged circle is designed as the emblem of the Supreme Deity, and the other figures, of which we are now about to speak, as subordinate beings, would appear, by the statement of Mr. Layard, that in no case does worship appear to be offered to the latter. Among these subordinates the eagle-headed human figure, the oriental Garuda to all appearance, is the most conspicuous. He, to a great extent, plays the same part in these scenes of the Assyrian sacred drama as the royal figure at Persepolis, who is seen so prominently engaged in the conquest of the lion. His other occupations would seem to imply, that his eagle's head and wings were masks assumed by the officiator in some religious ceremony, just as we see the priest of the hawk-headed Egyptian deity arrayed with an accipitrine head-piece, and the servant of "Latrator Anbis" disguised in the false-face of a dog. What, then, was this ceremony? Possibly Porphyry has told us. After stating (*De Abstin.* lib. iv. sec. 16) that the metempsychosis was a universal doctrine of the Persian Magi (we cite the substance from Faber), he remarks, that the tenet was really set forth in the mysteries of Mithras. For the Magi, wishing obscurely to declare the connection of men and animals, were wont to distinguish those who were initiated in their orgies, as lions, eagles, hawks, &c.; "and whosoever was initiated in those leontic mysteries, that person was constantly made to assume the forms of all sorts of animals." He adds that Pallas (a lost writer), in his treatise on the rites of Mithras, says, that this metempsychosis was really thought to relate to the different animals of the zodiac; but he intimates that its origin was rather to be ascribed to the doctrine of the souls' transmigration. He then proceeds to tell us that the initiated are actually clothed in the forms of every sort of animals. We will now read with greater interest Mr. Layard's description of the eagle-headed figure:—

"A human body, clothed in robes similar to those of the winged men al-

ready described, was surmounted by the head of an eagle, or of a vulture. The curved beak, of considerable length, was half open, and displayed a narrow pointed tongue, which was still coloured with red paint. On the shoulders fell the usual curled and bushy hair of the Assyrian images, and a comb of feathers rose on the top of the head. Two wings sprang from the back, and in either hand was the square vessel and fir-cone."—Vol. i. p. 64.

The object called a fir-cone, and the square vessel here described, are seen very frequently in the hands of other sculptured figures, who all appear engaged in the performance of some religious rite, supporting the vessel by its handle in the left hand, while they present the cone or pomegranate-shaped object with the right. We cannot hesitate to recognise in the latter the *rhoia* or pomegranate offerings of the Syrian Rimmon, and the symbols of those mysteries described by Clement of Alexandria, where the pomegranate, among other emblems of fecundity, was borne in a sacred receptacle and taken out at a certain part of the ceremonial. Nay, even it is possible that in the formula which Clement has preserved, as that used by the epopts on that occasion, we may have the very words which accompanied the rite represented before us—*"I have fasted; I have drunk the medicated liquor; I have received from the ark; what I received I have placed in the basket; from the basket I have returned it to the ark;"* for, singular to say, the vessel carried by these figures appears carved in imitation basket-work, and at first sight recalls to every mind familiar with antiquity one of the characteristic utensils of the Eleusinian mysteries. But, doubtless, all this will seem highly abstruse to the ordinary reader. We can but say, generally, that ceremonies representing the deposit of the vital principle in a sacred vessel, and its recovery after a period of mourning, have prevailed in all parts and ages of the world; and that the original source from which they all appear to have been derived seems to have been the Noachian deluge, and the preservation of animal life from that catastrophe. And as the entrance of Noah into his ark was a type of the descent of our Lord into the tomb, and his issuing from it a type of our Lord's resurrection, so the ceremonies to

which we have alluded, although varying greatly in their local forms, appear generally to have preserved a double meaning applicable both to type and antitype. More it is unnecessary here to say, further than that the depository which in these ceremonies symbolised the ark and tomb, may possibly be represented here by the vessel of basket-work borne in the hands of all who are engaged in this ceremonial presentation of fir-cones, pomegranates, or whatever those objects may be. We might say much more of the sacred satchel in which the Assyrian priests appear to have carried the materials of their mysteries; but enough has been suggested to excite the interest of the priesthood who have been in the habit of using satchels of much the same kind for a purpose not altogether dissimilar, down to a comparatively recent period, and to them we would commend the further discussion of the subject.

Looking more closely at the vessel in the hands of the eagle-headed figure we may observe depicted on it a tree, with a human figure at each side. Start not, reader! we must remember we are here on the very first spot on which the tradition of the tree of life, and of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, would take root in post-deluvian times. It is not on the sacred basket alone that object occurs. Embroidered on the king's garments, sculptured on the chamber-panels, and painted on the remains of the stucco decorations, there is found an emblematic tree or composite tree-like object, before which other figures are seen in attitudes of adoration. Mr. Layard observes—"The flowers on the early monuments are either circular, with five or more petals, or resemble the Greek honeysuckle. From the constant introduction of the tree ornamented with them, into groups representing the performance of religious ceremonies, there cannot be a doubt that they were symbolical, and were invested with a sacred character;" and informs us in a note that "The Zoroastrian *homa*, or sacred tree, was preserved by the Persians almost as represented in the Assyrian monuments, until the Arab invasion."

The reader is, no doubt, by this time impatient to know whether in these temples of the Assyrians there remain any traces of the fire-worship

which has so often inflamed the imaginations of our Hiberno-Guebre antiquarians, filling them with visions of the Assyrian Baal as often as they encountered a Bal or Bally in Irish topography. Two sculptures from Khor-sabad represent the ceremonial of fire-worship. The flame rises from the summit of a low pillar, and the offerings appear to be disposed on an altar in front. Here also the officiators are provided with the sacred satchel. This service, however, does not constitute by any means as important a feature in the religious ceremonial at Nineveh as it does at Persepolis. Possibly this may indicate a later origin, and an introduction from an oriental source. The Mithraic superstitions, as we are acquainted with them by the sculptures of the third and fourth centuries, appear as yet not to have had their commencement; and on the whole the general aspect of the Ninevite ceremonial is decidedly more Egyptian than oriental.

We shall conclude this notice, imperfect as it necessarily is, of the Ninevite religious remains, with Mr. Layard's account of the appearance of the king, who seems to have united in himself the royal and sacerdotal offices:—

"The residence of the king was probably at the same time the temple; and that he himself was either supposed to be invested with divine attributes, or was looked upon as a type of the supreme deity, is shown by the sculptures. The winged figures, even that with the head of the eagle, minister to him. All his acts, whether in war or peace, appear to have been connected with the national religion, and were believed to be under the special protection and superintendence of the deity. When he is represented in battle, the winged figure in the circle hovers over his head, bends the bow against his enemies, or assumes the attitude of triumph. His contests with the lion and other formidable animals, not only show his prowess and skill, but typify his superior strength and wisdom. Whether he had overcome his enemies or the wild beasts, he pours out a libation from the sacred cup, attended by his courtiers and by the winged figures. The embroideries upon his robes, and upon those of his attendants, have all mythic meanings. Even his weapons, bracelets, and armlets are adorned with the forms of sacred animals. In architectural decorations the

same religious influence is present. The fir or pine-cone, and the honeysuckle are constantly repeated. They form friezes, the capitals of columns, and the fringes of hangings. Chairs, tables, and couches are adorned with the heads and feet of the bull, the lion, and the ram—all sacred animals. Even on the chariots and on the trappings of their horses the Assyrians introduced their religious emblems.”—Vol. ii. p. 474.

So far, we have said nothing of the probable age of these monuments, yet the reader is doubtless aware that the alabaster slabs on which the sculptures are found, and indeed many of the bricks themselves of the body of the building, bear inscriptions in the cuneiform or arrow-headed character; and many probably have heard that these inscriptions are now considered legible. If this were so, we should have little difficulty in declaring the exact date of each monument; for, from the frequent recurrence of the same combinations of the arrow-headed characters in these inscriptions, it appears reasonably probable that they record the names of the monarchs under whom respectively the several palaces were erected. Mr. Layard conceives he has detected the names of several kings in genealogical series, on the inscribed slabs of the chambers explored by him; and some of our more distinguished Babylonians will tell you they can read them by name—Nishar, Senacherib, Esarhaddon, and so forth. Mr. Layard has not gone this length, but contents himself with suggesting that certain groups of characters stand for the proper names, inasmuch as they are followed by the marks of royal titles, and the intermediate signs are found elsewhere to signify “son of;” and so he makes out a succession of six generations in the longest series; then, accordingly as the inscriptions begin with a name (?) early or late in that series, he estimates the comparative antiquity of the several sites. We think there is here room for extreme doubt.

It must be borne in mind that these inscriptions are not, like modern writing, separated into words. In searching for the groups which may be supposed to express particular names, the

only clue, besides the very uncertain one of observing the terminal combinations of the lines, is the recurrence of the same combinations in that inscription or in others. Finding a group frequently repeated, we might conclude that it represented the same word in different parts of the text. Finding it then preceded by a sign ascertained elsewhere to be a conventional mark preceding proper names, we might conclude that the first-separated group was the name of a person. Observing next that signs elsewhere ascertained to be the conventional marks for royal titles followed that group, we might infer it to be the name of a king. Then, taking notice that the same titular signs are repeated after other groups separated from the first, and from one another, by a sign elsewhere used to signify “son of,” we might arrive at the conclusion that the groups in question constituted a royal genealogy; and this is, in effect, the process of reasoning on which Mr. Layard relies. Of course he makes no pretension to originality in devising the method, which rests, with all our present Babylonian learning, ultimately on the researches of Grotefend, the first observer of the key to arrow-headed letters, in the parallel Persian and cuneiform inscriptions at Persepolis.

If, however, in our search for the same combinations, we rarely, if ever, find them the *very* same, but often written quite differently, to all appearance, until explained by a theory of the employment of what are called “variants,” or different signs having the same power; if, next, the designating mark of a proper name be found also to have the distinct alphabetic force of “ana,” as well as the numeral force of “one,” and there be nothing in the text to tell us in which manner we should employ it; if, again, the alleged royal titular sign be found to be one of *four* other equivalents for “king” in its ideographic application, and of *eight* other equivalents for the sound “nu” in alphabetic value; and, finally, if the character taken to signify “son of,” be also found to possess the alphabetic force of “A” or “I,”* the matter becomes so complicated that

* Rev. Dr. Hincks, in “Trans. Royal Irish Academy,” vol. xxi. pp. 245, 252.

the most dextrous hand can hardly be sure of having got hold of the proper clue. And this, in fact, is the state of the case as regards all our Ninevite and Babylonian inscriptions.

The employment of "variants," if, in truth, any such system were employed, and if this doctrine of variants be not merely a philologist's device for the reconciliation of things different in themselves—gives rise to difficulties which appear almost insuperable. Looking at Dr. Hincks's tables, the latest and most authentic source of information on this subject, constructed also by an ardent and most learned Babylonian, who believes, as we shall presently see, that he can read the name of Nebuchadnezzar on the bricks from Hillah,—we observe that the consonant R, in its simplest vocalised combinations, has ten representatives; N, twelve; B, eleven; K, four; T, four; D, ten; S, nineteen—all widely different in the number and combinations of their elementary forms, and really as unlike one another as is it possible to imagine. Mr. Layard deals very candidly with these facts, in apprising his readers of the difficulty he has had to encounter in making out his supposed genealogies:—

"I have already alluded to the extreme laxity prevailing in the construction and orthography of the language of the Assyrian inscriptions, and to the number of distinct characters which appear to make up its alphabet. Letters, differing widely in their forms, and evidently the most opposite in their phonetic power, are interchangeable. The shortest name may be written in a variety of ways; every character in it may be changed, till at last the word is so altered, that a person unacquainted with the process which it has undergone, would never suspect that the two were in fact the same."—Vol. ii. p. 190.

Where a system so extremely vague is taken up, and applied by hands not very competent, it is not surprising that there should be a good many dissentients. Of these the most obstinate and the ablest is unquestionably Doctor Wall, of our University. He denies, not only the earlier cuneiform readings of Rawlinson and Hincks, but most of the hieroglyphic readings of Champollion—designating them alike as "a vain effort to decipher and in-

terpret ideographic words as if their texts were phonetic;" and when one reads from day to day the parcels of senseless verbiage which our smaller Egyptologists announce to be English translations of hieroglyphic inscriptions, the good doctor's doubts seem not irrational. Whatever success he may have had in maintaining his position of dissent from Champollion, Doctor Wall will hardly be considered over sceptical in rejecting some of our late Babylonian readings. It seems that the various values capable of being assigned to the eight characters which are supposed to form the name of Nebuchadnezzar, are such that the word might be read 393,216 different ways. Doctor Wall craves leave to decline making a selection among that number of alternatives. It is true this mode of exhibiting a philological difficulty by arithmetical computation is a somewhat severe test; for the substantial varieties are not more than three.

Nabu.	k'.	ku.	ba.	ru.	ba.	sa.	ra.
N'nebe.	g'.	ge.	w'.	re.	w'.	cha.	r.
Nebe.		k.	û.	l.	û.	cha.	r.

Doctor Wall, however, observes, with a very damaging *naïveté*—"To the last of these readings he gives the preference, at the close of his memoir, in the following terms:—'The correct pronunciation of the word appears to be, Nebekûlûchar:' and yet this word corresponds with the sound of the name in question solely in its first two syllables, where, it may also be observed, the resemblance is effected only by taking the extraordinary liberty of attaching to the initial character a phonetic value of double the legitimate length." We feel that we have said enough for the purpose of showing the true value of Mr. Layard's chronological argument, drawn from these inscriptions; but we cannot refrain from adding for the perusal of these to whom the present state of Cuneatic interpretation is a matter of interest, some further observations of Doctor Wall on Major Rawlinson's latest statement of the Babylonian difficulty:—

"I attribute," says Rawlinson, "the great diversity which is observable in the internal orthography of names, and

words to one or all of the four following causes. Firstly, each consonant possessed two forms, representing it as a mute and as a sonant; so that in expressing a dissyllable, in which such a consonant was medial, it was optional to employ either the one or the other, or both of these forms together. Secondly, the vowel sounds were inherent in the sonant consonants (and perhaps also at the commencement of the mutes); yet, for greater perspicuity, it was allowable to represent the vowels at will by definite signs. Thirdly, redundant consonants were frequently introduced, for no other purpose, as I conjecture, than that of euphony. Fourthly, the cuneatic organisation was so minute and elaborate, that, although each form was designed to represent a distinct and specific sound, yet, in the orthography of names (and particularly of foreign names), the artist was perpetually liable to confound the characters.

"As far as I can understand this passage," says Dr. Wall, "if the four assumptions contained in it with regard to the practice of the ancient insculptor were conceded, a modern decipherer could, by the aid of rules directly thence deduced, make out any proposed name whatever from any assigned group of sufficient length belonging to the more general kind of writing referred to, or its subordinate species. He could, for instance, through the first article, get rid of the opposition of any of the medial characters, whose powers, determined by other names, would not answer in this one, by stripping them here of those powers, and degrading them, for this occasion, to the rank of mutes; or he could, through the third, evade the disturbing effects of any initial or final elements that were, in like manner, unsuited to his purpose, by reducing them to euphonic abundants, unconnected with the essential parts of the name to be expressed. Moreover, if he should, besides removing the obstruction of refractory powers, want to get others in their place, he could, with the help of the parenthetical part of the second article, virtually convert them into any vowel-letters he chose; or, by means of the fourth, transform them into other consonants of the requisite powers. I do not suppose that our author has, in his own practice, pushed those rules to the full extent to which they might be carried; but still, I must observe, it is by the application of a theory to extreme cases that its validity is to be tested. I may, perhaps, have mistaken the meaning of part of the above passage, and therefore would not press too closely the consequences drawn from that part;

but, at all events, the rest of it, which is clearly intelligible, yields quite too great a latitude of choice to a decipherer to admit of his analysis of any specimen of writing, subjected to such treatment, being of the slightest value."—*Rev. Dr. Wall on the different kinds of Cuneiform Writing, in Trans. Royal Irish Academy. Vol. xxi. p. 312.*

It was not to be expected that Mr. Layard should have omitted the attempt to make something out of this part of his materials, and we cannot accuse him of any want of candour in disguising the weakness of his foundations; but we think he would have acted more prudently had he put his inferences by way of suggestion, instead of affecting, as he does, to speak of "the name of the founder of the North-west palace of Nemroud," of "the Konyonyik king," of the "father of the founder of Khorsabad," and so forth. In his efforts to establish a greater antiquity for Nemroud than for Khorsabad, we cannot but perceive something of the feeling of the rival explorer. We dare say M. Botta, if he thought fit, would be at no loss for arguments equally cogent to show that the builder of Khorsabad was a much greater and more ancient monarch than the founder of the mound explored by the Englishman.

We have mentioned that Mr. Layard does not himself seek to push his cuneatic discoveries further than the establishment of a genealogical series. Under cover, however, of some *obiter dictum* of Major Rawlinson, he hints that the first name of his series is that of Ninus. We find the character which he tells us, "from independent sources is conjectured to be *n*" in this group, set down in Dr. Hincks's tables among the sibilants, having some power of *s*. What the independent sources are does not appear. We apprehend all this portion of Mr. Layard's labours is calculated for show rather than use. Our London contemporaries, however, seem very well satisfied with it; but small learning goes a great way with most of them.

With regard to the manner in which Mr. Layard has performed his task generally, we must give him credit for a great deal of meritorious exertion in making his excavations; and, apart from this department of the inscriptions, for a very fair and able exposi-

tion of his discoveries. It would have been wiser, however, for him to have avoided matters of archæological nicety ; nor can we say, that in putting himself to so great an extent as he appears to have done in this department, into the hands of Mr. Birch of the British Museum, he has selected a guide at all likely to conduct him to the eminent places of learning. Mr. Birch appears to be an active archæologer. Colonel Vyse and Mr. Layard vouch him for most of their statements respecting Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities. It might have been better for Mr. Birch's scholastic reputation if these acknowledgments had not been quite so ostentatiously exacted. We have our author here declaring himself indebted to Mr. Birch for the story of Nanarus and Parsondes, as apparently a fresh fragment of Nicholas of Damascus, from the "*Prodro-mos Hellenikes Bibliothekes—Paris, 1805.*" The story in question has been perfectly familiar, though in a much more correct English dress, to historical scholars in these countries, any time these two hundred years back.

There is also a vast deal of what is popularly called book-making in Mr. Layard's volumes. Gossip of the most trivial character is mixed up with the account of his discoveries ; and nearly a fourth of one volume is devoted to a shallow disquisition on the rites and tenets of the Nestorian Christians. Our author's excursions among a tribe described as "devil worshippers" are more to the purpose. It seems these people have an image of a peacock, which they regard as the symbol of a being named by them Malak Taous, or the Peacock King, whom our author takes to be the devil. From references to Selden, elsewhere, we might have expected to see this image identified, if not by Mr. Layard, at least by Mr. Birch, with the old idolatry of Adramelech ; but both voucher and vouchee appear to deal with the Syntagma at second-hand. But we do not blame Mr. Layard for not producing a book of ripe scholarship. He is a discoverer whose business ought to be to tell what he has found, leaving the inferences to be drawn by those who have had leisure for books while he was in the trenches. But in attempting to unite a narrative of exploration

and a description of discoveries with archaic dissertations and the popular features of a book of travels, he has lost the opportunity of associating his name with a complete work. We dare say he has been driven, more or less, into these frivolities by the wishes of his bookseller. Writers, however, must be taught that a brisk sale will not compensate for the loss of enduring reputation ; and that something more is needed to preserve a work from decay, than the spice of learning which suffices to make it go down as an erudite performance at the tables of some of our metropolitan reviewers.

Neither must we suppose that there is so much absolutely new in these discoveries. We must not forget that the remains at Persepolis, already known to us and to our fathers, through the works of Le Brun, Theronot, and Ker Porter, exhibit examples of almost every sculptured form of religious worship, or of royal magnificence, found at Nineveh. But the isolated and unexplained figures of Persepolis acquire a new significance and importance from that multitude of similar objects more distinctly represented, which these discoveries show to have been the well-known and common forms of an earlier civilisation in Assyria. For, putting aside all minute arguments for the greater or less antiquity of this or that mound, on the site of ancient Nineveh, this much is manifest, that constructions of such enormous cost and magnitude cannot have been erected after the fall of Sardanapalus, in the seventh century before our era ; but most probably belong to the earlier and more flourishing period of the Assyrian kingdom ; and so, in all historic likelihood, precede, by many centuries, the sculptures and inscriptions of the capital of Darius. For, between the building of any of these Assyrian palaces, with its nests of over-ground cellars—for so these chambers may truly be called—and the erection of the pillared halls and colonnades of Chil-minar, there would appear to have intervened a sufficiently long period for the advancement of architecture out of one of its clumsiest, though most solid, forms, to a very high pitch of delicacy and grandeur.

We may now be sure that what we

have heard of at Persepolis are not the freaks of a particular sculptor's imagination, but well established symbols of high religious and philosophic import. It is natural to suppose that the older are the parent forms, and that in these subterranean Ninevite chambers we walk among the very roots of those superstitions which, at the coming of our Lord, had overshadowed the whole Gentile world. But through every form of error the eye of Christian intelligence may observe the traces of one patriarchal tradition of a triune deity, of a sacred tree, and of the preservation of the principle of animal life, through a period of mundane disaster. Wonderful are the ways of God! The tablets which Xisvthrus buried underground in Sippara, the City of the Sun, seem almost about to be revealed again. What may not

further research discover within the bodies of these mounds, below the comparatively superficial excavations to which they have as yet been subjected? We cannot suppose that governments so splendid as those of England and France, will suffer these researches to stop short of a complete examination; and in the event of our own authorities enabling the British Museum to renew their investigations, we, in common, we are sure, with all who have read his book, will be well pleased to see that duty on our behalf again confided to Mr. Layard; but, before he ventures again to affect erudite speculations on what he may discover, even with the tutelage of Mr. Birch, both gentlemen will need to study many things in antiquity with which they are still but imperfectly acquainted.

SYMPATHIES.

The Angel of the Universe, for ever stands he there
Within the planet circle, the grand Hierophant of prayer;
His altar is the eternal sun, his light its flames of gold,
And the stars are his rosary, through the hands of angels rolled.

Down, down, throughout the infinite, they're falling world on world;
Like coral beads from praying hands the planet beads are hurled.
Thus for unnumbered ages on their diamond string they run
The circling planet rosary from Uranus to the sun.

A rhythmic music rises from that stately choral band,
Like a vibrant-chorded lyre when struck by angel hand,
Pealing down the deep abysses, soaring up the infinite,
The grand hymn of the universe is sounding day and night.

The grand cathedral chanting from the choir of the spheres,
Within the star-roofed temple, tho' unheard by mortal ears;
Never prayer from lip ascendeth, or from spirit never groan,
But the flooding planet music bears it up before God's throne.

Thus ages after ages will the cherub, earnest eyed,
Within the starry temple of the universe abide,
Till hymns of spherul litanies, till solemn chants are done,
Then he'll rise up from the altar within the glowing sun.

By his mighty pinions shaken, star falleth after star,
And he flings the planet rosary down from him afar;
As by an earthquake riven, temple, altar, falleth crush'd,
And the wailing planet music of the choral band is hush'd.

But he leads the praying spirits up from each burning world,
Till before the throne in heaven his radiant wings are furled,
There he resteth calm in glory, his holy mission done,
For within the Golden City, Altar, Temple, needeth none.

SPERANZA.

THE SACKING OF SEVILLE.

A BALLAD.

[“In September, 844, a band of Norse sea-rovers, after plundering the coasts from the Tagus to the Guadalquivir, sailed up the latter river, and attacked Seville, which they soon made themselves masters of, the inhabitants having fled, on their approach, to Carmona, and the Moorish troops making but a feeble resistance. On learning this unexpected event, Abderahman II. sent a flotilla, with fresh troops, down the river, from Cordova, and a sanguinary conflict took place between the sectaries of Odin and Mahomet, presenting, no doubt, one of the most singular scenes recorded in history. . . . No decided advantage appears to have been gained by either party; we only know that the sea-rovers redescended the Guadalquivir unmolested, carrying with them the spoil of the city, and a great number of captives, among whom we may picture many a weeping damsel, who, amidst the frozen regions of the north, would long sigh in vain for the sunny plains and vine-covered hills of Andalusia. This appears to have been the first time that the Moors came into contact with the Northmen, whom they took for a people of magicians.—See Depping, ‘*Histoire des Expéd. Maritimes des Normands*,’ liv. ii., chap. 2.”—Blackwell’s “*Mallet’s Northern Antiquities*,” note, p. 173.]

“As early as 827,” says Geijer, “Gallicia was visited by the Northmen. In 847, they besieged Seville, harried the whole country around Cadiz, and defeated the Moorish King, Abderraman, in three battles. In 859, they plundered the Spanish coasts, invaded Mauritania, laid waste the Balearic Islands, proceeded as far as Greece, and only returned home at the end of three years. In the same year, the Northmen came to Spain in sixty ships, ravaged the African shores, wintered in Spain, and returned home in spring.” About the same time, they sailed to Italy, with the intention of plundering Rome; but being driven by a storm to the city of Luni in Etruria, they sacked it, and retired when they discovered their mistake.—Geijer’s “*Chronicles of Sweden*,” part i.]

The Sacking of Seville.

A.D. 844.

Down the river Guadalquivir
Norsemen’s galleys swiftly went,
And their singing, rudely ringing,
Thus with Moorish mourning blent.

“Set the sail, and
Out to sea;
For old Norway
Bound are we.
Mount the benches,
Man your oars;
Plunging proud each
Dragon* roars.”

“For thy pleasant shores we mourn,
Mourn and weep, O River!
Far from thee, for aye, we’re borne,
Golden Guadalquivir!”

* Dragons, shells, sea-horses, favorite epithets for ships among the Norsemen.

“ From Heimskringla's *
 Farthest fells,
 Shooting southward
 Came our shells ;
 Left its lofty
 Hills behind,
 Rushed impatient
 'Fore the wind.”

“ Thro' the sunny land of Spain
 Lovingly, O River !
 Roll'st thou onward to the main,
 Golden Guadalquivir !”

“ Thro' the foaming
 Seas we dash :
 Hear with joy Thor's
 Thunders crash.
 Let the peasant
 Plough the lea ;
 We sea-rovers
 Plough the sea.”

“ Past Cordova's stately walls
 Roll'st thou, O River !
 Proudly 'mid Sevilla's halls,
 Golden Guadalquivir !”

“ Bearded grain the
 Peasant reaps :
 Bearded men we
 Lay in heaps.
 Loudly sounds the
 Sturdy flail :
 Louder clashes
 Mace on mail.”

“ What thou lovést, day by day,
 In thine arms, O River !
 Lieth smiling, and for aye !
 Golden Guadalquivir !”

“ Dull the peasant's
 Life doth flow,
 Till to Hela's†
 Realm he go.
 Glad and free the
 Viking‡ falls ;
 Mounts aloft to
 Odin's halls.”

“ Sire or lover hast thou none,
 Hast no husband, River !—
 Husband lost as soon as won,
 Golden Guadalquivir !”

* The Crown of Earth—the North.

‡ A sea-rover.

† Goddess of Death.

“North in Gandvik*
 Mead we've quaffed,
 O'er Sicilian
 Wines we've laughed.
 Hjaltland† bears our
 Heroes' name :
 Wastes of Orkney‡
 Tell their fame.”

“Ever flowing, never flown,
 From thy loved ones, River !
 Parting grief thou ne'er hast known,
 Golden Guadalquivir !”

“Sudureyar§
 Own our sway ;
 Isle of Man and
 Anglesay.
 Oft we've harried
 Neustria's|| shores,
 Now we plunder
 Blue-skinned¶ Moors !”

While thus rowing down the flowing
 Guadalquivir's golden tide,
 Loudly voicing their rejoicing,
 Ever higher rose their pride.

“Erin's mothers long may wail
 Many a bloody slaughter :
 England's fathers mourn in vain
 Many a blooming daughter.

“In our Norway halls they bide,
 Wives to us sea-rovers :
 Blithe are they, and mourn no more
 English sires or lovers.

“Now Norranic songs they sing,
 Praises of old Sea-kings—
 Train a sturdy troop of boys
 To the life of Vikings.

“We from Spain now hasten back,
 Richly booty-laden ;
 Gold, and arms, and jewels ; ay !
 And many a Moorish maiden !

“Gold and pearls our wives shall deck,
 Silks, with silver shining ;
 Our young Norsemen, they shall keep
 Moorish maids from pining !

“Spanish wine instead of mead
 Trusty friends shall gladden,
 When with black-eyed maids our youth
 Hold their Northern wedding.

* The White Sea.

† Zetland, Shetland.

‡ “The Desert Islands.”

§ “The Southern Isles,” or Hebrides.

|| Normandy.

¶ So the Moors were termed by the Norsemen, from their swarthy complexion.

“ Necklaces of gems we'll throw
 To each buxom daughter ;
 'Mong the white-haired Northern Skalds
 Moorish gold we'll scatter.

“ Guadalquivir ! fare-thee-well !
 Fare-thee-well, Sevilla !
 Soon our dragons reach the main ;
 Cleave the briny billow !”

While thus chaunting, proudly vaunting
 Deeds of blood on many a shore,
 Louder ever, down the river,
 Moslem shouts the breezes bore.

“ Row, Moslem, bend ye strongly, unto your oars this day ;
 The Infidel hath robbed your halls, the craven flees away :
 He dares not bide the arms of those who own dread Allah's power ;
 Then bend you stoutly, Moslemites ! o'ertake the dastard Giaour !”

“ Stand ! Norsemen, stand ! the Sarkmen* come !
 'Bout ship, and bide the Bluemen !
 Now, Norsemen ! for your booty strike !
 Bear down upon the foemen !”

“ On, Islam ! for your ravaged gold ! on for your jewels rare !
 On for the maids the Infidel to slavery doth bear !
 Fear not the powers of darkness these fell enchanters wield,
 To Allah's and his Prophet's name, all evil powers must yield !”

Foemen's greeting at their meeting
 Passed between the foes that day,
 Falchions flashing, corslets crashing,
 Told the fierceness of the fray.

“ See the dark-eyed Houris beckon,
 With seducing half-closed eyes ;
 Now advancing, now retiring
 To the gates of Paradise !

“ See ! they come ! our hearts are filled, as
 With the potency of wine,
 When thro' black-fringed clouds outflashing
 Eyes like suns upon us shine !

“ Now retire they !—in our bosom
 Sinks our heart as sinks the sea ;
 Ebbs and flows with ceaseless motion—
 Ceaseless as their motions be.”

“ Hark ! hark ! the brazen car of Thor,
 From Thrudvang's† halls downrolling ;
 He comes to aid his chosen sons,
 Upon the Thunderer calling !

“ On Bifrost‡ chaunting heroes' praise,
 Sits Bragé, harper olden,
 And Saga§ graves in deathless runes,
 Their deeds on tablets golden.

* Saracens.

† Thor's mansion in heaven.

‡ The rainbow, the bridge leading to heaven.

§ Goddess of History.

" Above the Moors the raven flaps
 His broad black wing, ill-boding :
 Round us Valkyrior* hovering wait,
 To lead us up to Odin."

" See the Houris' green scarfs waving,
 And their perfumed floating hair,
 And their breasts, like full moons rising
 Thro' the purple love-drunk air.

" Drunk with love, and steeped in music,
 Come the breezes to our ears,
 And halfway to Aden ravished
 Is the blissful soul that hears.

" Troops on troops, they come to lead us
 To the bowers of Paradise :
 We come! we come! On! on! ye Faithful!
 Aden's bliss is his who dies!

" Swift along Al Strat's† ridge,
 By the Prophet guided,
 Shall we sweep aloft to bliss,
 For the Saints provided.

" O'er the opal-gleaming walls
 Allah raised round Aden,
 Thousand-branching Tuba‡ waves
 Boughs with fruit downladen.

" Down with the faithless robber-hounds,
 Ye worshippers of Allah!"
 " Strike! crush the swarthy Mussulmen!
 Ye children of Valhalla! §

" Forth from Valháll's five hundred gates
 Each morn shall ride the Kemper, ||
 And on each other's helms shall prove
 Their warbrands' keenest temper.

" And, raised again by Shieldmaids fair,
 The slain, once more returning,
 Restored to life, in Odin's hall
 Carouse anew till morning.

" Each day anew, Saehrimnir's flesh
 Shall yield a feast unfailing,
 Whilst round the hall, with horns of mead,
 Valkyrior are sailing.

" —Huzzah! they yield! their galleys sink!
 The Bluemen now are reeling!
 Down, down they go, beneath the flood,
 'Mid shouts of terror pealing!"

* Maiden " Choosers of the Slain ;" called also Shieldmaids.

† The bridge, as narrow as a knife-edge, leading to the Mahometan Paradise.

‡ A tree, standing in Paradise, laden with all kinds of delicious fruit.

§ The " Hall of the Chosen"—Odin's mansion.

|| Champions.

“ For thy pleasant shores we mourn,
Mourn and weep, O River !
Far from thee for aye we're borne,
Golden Guadalquivir !”

“ Norsemen ! hoist once more the sail ;
Fare-thee-well, Sevilla !
Bid your Moorish king in haste,
Send a new flotilla !”

“ What thou lovest day by day,
In thine arms, O River !
Thou dost clasp, and clasp for aye,
Golden Guadalquivir !”

“ Guadalquivir, fare-thee-well !
Fare-thee-well, Sevilla !
Soon our dragons reach the main,
Cleave the briny billow !”

“ We love husband, lover, sire ;—
Thee, too, beauteous River !
Here we live, and hence expire,
Golden Guadalquivir !”

“ Northward now our dragons dash,
O'er the dome of Rana !*
Vines and vineyards, fare-ye-well !
Fare-thee-well, Espana !”

J. S.

* Goddess of the Sea.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LII.

PETER BURROWES, ESQ.

PETER BURROWES!—a name not to be omitted in the calendar of Ireland's worthies. If a kind heart, a generous mind, an ardent spirit, and an incorruptible integrity, may confer a title to present renown, or convey a passport to posthumous reputation, this distinguished barrister could not have wanted a full meed of respect and admiration while he lived, nor died without bequeathing an honoured name to an admiring posterity. And yet, already the recollection of him is fast passing away; and, in a few years more, will be entombed in a profound oblivion. Let us, therefore, revive our remembrance of him while yet we may, and present our readers with such notices as may be gleaned from contemporary annals, or still survive in the memories of those with whom he was best acquainted.

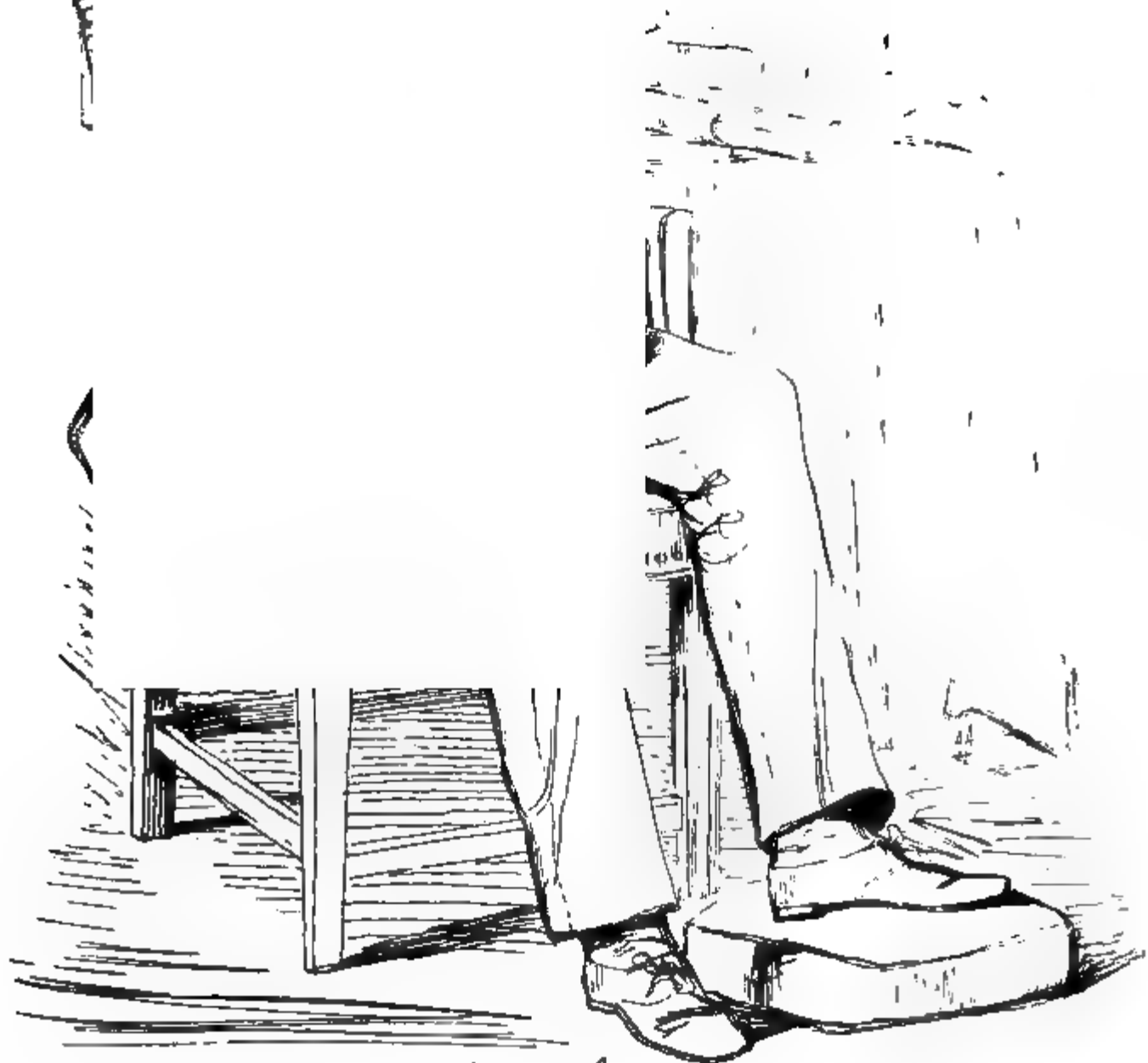
He was born in the year 1753, in the town of Portarlington. His family were of a respectable grade in the Queen's County. As a boy, he exhibited but little promise, being regarded as dull and heavy; but soon became conscious of his own deficiencies, and, by redoubled industry, made such advances as afforded good grounds of hope to those who felt a natural solicitude for his improvement. In 1774, he entered college; and in 1777, he more than realised the expectations of his friends, by obtaining the first scholarship. On this occasion, singular to relate, two other students of the same name obtained scholarships also—Robert Burrowes, afterward a fellow of college, and Dean of Cork, and William (afterwards Sir William) Burroughs, who was subsequently called to the English bar, and selected to fill the office of a judge, in India.

We have no reason to believe that college business, from the period when he obtained scholarship, engaged much of his attention. His social habits and convivial powers would naturally incline him to the society of those whose hours of study bore but a small proportion to their hours of pleasure and amusement. But, in the Historical Society, of which we have, on more than one occasion, endeavoured to convey some idea to our readers, he found a full scope for all his powers, without, at the same time, placing any restraint upon the propensities which had their root in the cordial joviality of his nature.

He was surrounded by cotemporaries who afterwards rose to high eminence, all of whom esteemed him, and of whose approbation he might have been justly proud. When the names of Magee, and Plunket, and Miller, are mentioned, and many others might be added, the reader may conceive the galaxy of talent which at that time reflected lustre upon the University. With all of these the subject of this sketch was upon terms of the most affectionate intimacy; and such was their appreciation of the generous single-heartedness of his character, that, widely as he differed, in after-life, from many of them, upon the gravest political questions, he never lost a friend.

But, greatly as he was surpassed in after-life by some of the men whom we have named, it may be doubted whether in the Historical Society he had any superior. Without the solid and penetrating intellect of Plunket, or the brilliant and captivating imagination of Bushe, he possessed a fund of good sense and information, which would often give him an advantage over either—especially when uproused by any strong appeal to the generous sympathies of his heart, or when principle was to be vindicated at the expense of a trimming expediency.

That his success and his estimation in this literary body was great, is evident from the facts, that he filled the office of auditor (a sort of prime minister of the society) in the session commencing 31st March, 1779; that he was honoured with the marked thanks of that body when the term of his office had expired; and that he received the largest number of returns for the oratory medal which had been given to any speaker in that society down to the period



Truly Yours
Peter Donovan

Dublin James M. Glavin B44

when he obtained it. He was also selected on two occasions to deliver speeches from the chair, by which it was the custom to open and close every session; and on both acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of the society and of his friends; and on the latter had the then unprecedented distinction conferred upon him, of being requested to furnish the secretary with a copy of his speech, in order to its being inserted on the journals.

Nor could this success, at this early period, have been without struggles against nature, which must have cost him much labour. His temperament was violent, his manner heavy, and his person ungainly; and it required no ordinary stimulus to set him into vigorous action. There was a good-humoured easiness of nature, which would have led him to sit down, if he could securely do so, in contented mediocrity, rather than struggle up the steep and difficult road to fame; as well as a goodness of heart which made him rejoice in the successes of others as if they were his own. But he clearly saw that if an independence was to be attained, an extraordinary effort must be made; and he, therefore, overmastered his indolence, and constrained himself to labour with assiduity and an earnestness, which soon put him upon an equal footing with some of the most promising men in the University.

Ireland, in those days, was in a state of transition between bondage to the decrees of a British parliament, and national independence. A spirit had been evoked, which would be satisfied with nothing short of legislative freedom. A race of men had figured, and were figuring in the Irish parliament, of whom any country might be justly proud. And to listen to the fiery logic of Flood, and the terse and epigrammatic brilliancy of Grattan, was both a high enjoyment, and a peculiar privilege, of "the Gownsmen" (as the students of our University then were called), for whom seats were specially reserved in the gallery of the House of Commons, which they could not continue to occupy, night after night, without catching, from the assembly of whose proceedings they were the spectators, the national inspiration.

That Mr. Burrowes frequently listened, with a rapt interest, to the debates in the Irish parliament, we can have no doubt, any more than that he very early imbibed opinions favourable to what he deemed the rights and the liberties of Ireland. And seeing that the bar was but a stepping-stone to the senate, and that distinction at the one was a passport to the other, he had early resolved to make the law his profession, not without a reasonable hope that before a very distant day, he would take his seat as a member of the parliament of his native land.

Before he was yet called to the bar, and whilst a law-student in the Middle Temple, a chance presented itself, altogether unsought for and unexpected by him, by which, had he been less delicate and scrupulous, he might have been returned as a member of the British Parliament. It was on this wise: Mr. Flood, who had, late in life, transferred his senatorial services from Ireland to England, having quarrelled with the Chandos family, by whose interest he had been returned for Winchester, was casting about for a seat as an independent member. Just then, the inhabitants of the borough of Seaford, who claimed the right of burgesses, were on the look out for an able representative who would undertake to establish their claims; and the reputation of Mr. Flood recommended him to their notice as one, by whose legal and constitutional knowledge such a service might be rendered. He examined the case submitted to him with great care; and having satisfied himself that their demands were just and reasonable, undertook their zealous vindication.

In furtherance of this object, it was deemed absolutely necessary that some one representing Mr. Flood, and having his entire confidence, should become a resident in the borough, and make himself acquainted with the electors, some time before the election. Mr. Burrowes had written a pamphlet, while in the Temple, strongly advocating parliamentary reform, with which Mr. Flood appeared to have been greatly taken; and having been further recommended to that great man, by his friend Sir Laurence Parsons, afterwards Lord Rosse, as one who would, in all respects, be a fitting representative of him on that occasion, it was arranged that Mr. Burrowes should betake himself to the borough, and remain there, acting in that capacity, as long as he was required. The remainder we shall give, in his own words, as communicated to Captain Warden

Flood, when engaged in preparing the memoir of his illustrious relative, which soon afterwards he gave to the world :—

"I shortly found," observes the subject of this sketch, "that very many of the claimants were very anxious to have a candidate for the second seat; and actually pressed me to become that candidate—a request with which I could not think to comply. It occurred to me, however, that a talented and popular associate would be a highly useful acquisition to Mr. Flood; and knowing that the assizes in East Grimstead were to be held in a few days, where Mr. Erskine (perhaps the most popular and talented advocate then in England) always attended, I conceived the project of tendering to him the same support upon which Mr. Flood was standing, and soliciting his co-operation. I therefore posted to East Grimstead, and at a very early hour, on the first day of the assizes, before the court was open, procured access to Mr. Erskine, and stated to him the legal grounds upon which I conceived the petitioners would succeed, under good and prudent management; and requested him to unite with Mr. Flood. He heard all I had stated, and read all the papers I produced, with great interest; and, after declaring himself quite satisfied of the justice of my constituents, said he would at once accept my offer; but that he was so circumstanced, that he ought not, and would not, take any important step in politics, without the approbation of his friend and patron, Mr. Charles Fox. In proof of his zeal and sincerity, he immediately sent back all his briefs, and repaired to London to confer with Mr. Fox upon the subject, assuring me that he would communicate the result to me by a letter to Seaford. A few days after I received a letter from Mr. Erskine, communicating his regret that he could not unite with Mr. Flood, not being able to obtain the permission he sought.

"Sir Laurence Parsons was then prevailed upon to become a candidate in conjunction with Mr. Flood. I remained at Seaford until the day appointed for the election, and attended at the hustings as representative of Mr. Flood, followed by a mob of claimants, not one of whose votes was admitted; and, after struggling ineffectually equally against the candidates supported by Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt, I returned to London. A petition was lodged against the return; and it was vacated, on the ground, I believe, that no proper and legal notice was given of the time of holding the election. Mr. Flood again became a candidate, and was again defeated. There was a second petition, which succeeded; and Mr. Flood becoming again a candidate, was returned, and sat in parliament for Seaford."

Such was the little episode in life, which served to diversify the labours of the student, who was so soon to be called into active professional duties; and who acquitted himself so entirely to the satisfaction of both his distinguished friends, that they continued through life to regard him with the truest respect and affection. Of the genius and spirit of Mr. Flood as a statesman, he ever expressed the most exalted notion :—

"It is highly illustrative," he observes, in continuation of the extract above given, "of the character of Mr. Flood, and of the opinions entertained of him at the period to which I allude—namely, that he could not be lulled, intimidated, or deceived; and that born with powers calculated to lead, he would not, he could not, dwindle into a mere instrument. Examine the public prints of that period, and you will find all (as well those that supported ministers, as their antagonists) agreeing and vying with each other in traducing, and, as it is called, writing down Mr. Flood. In many of the prints, speeches are ascribed to him which he never made; and which, from their folly and absurdity, no man well acquainted with him would have, on any evidence, believed to be his.

"After my return to Ireland, I lived in strict intimacy, I might almost say friendship, with him, until the day of his death; and confess that I indulged the vanity of myself, one day, recording to posterity the history and personal qualities of, perhaps, the ablest man Ireland ever produced—indisputably the ablest man of his own times. But the vice of procrastination, which, I fear, is deeply rooted in my nature, has prostrated my most ambitious and anxious wish; by, year after year, diminishing, while it should have increased, my stock of materials; until it has at length left me equally destitute of necessary details, the means of collecting them, and the powers of equably combining and laying them before the public."

Yes, it is to be lamented that his good resolution in this particular was not carried into effect. Flood would have found in him a biographer faithful, zealous, affectionate, and able; and Ireland's greatest statesman would not have

dropped into the grave without a notice adequately commemorative of his genius and his virtues. Our only doubt is, that he would have dwelt too exclusively on the sunny side of the character of his illustrious friend, and seen but through a haze of affection those blemishes and imperfections, which interfered with his usefulness, and detracted from his estimation.

In 1785, Mr. Burrowes was called to the Irish bar. The profession was then ennobled by rank and distinguished by ability of the highest order. Curran was in the zenith of his reputation. Fitzgibbon the son had succeeded to the professional honours and emoluments of Fitzgibbon the father, and was already beginning to lay the foundations of a breakwater against democracy and revolution. Yelverton had just been raised to the bench which he so long continued to dignify and adorn. Wolf, afterwards Lord Kilwarden, was winning for himself the respect and confidence of the wise and good; and Plunket and Bushe either had entered, or were about to enter, upon their professional novitiate, with all the confidence which their great abilities were so well calculated to inspire. The Irish political world was full fraught with excitement. The newly-acquired powers of the Irish legislature sat uneasily upon the restless minds of its unaccustomed members. New and imaginary grievances succeeded to the grave causes of complaint which had been redressed. Much had been obtained, but more was wanted. Powers necessary, perhaps, for self-government were jeopardised, by the demand for powers incompatible with imperial consolidation. The Irish party felt their importance. Extorted concessions rarely conciliate. Few politicians, in a period of great excitement, are wise enough to know when they have obtained as much as can safely be granted; and still fewer to distinguish between the demands of faction and the requirements of reason. Flood, undoubtedly, led the extreme party, and started fresh grounds of political discontent, when Grattan would have acquiesced in the settlement of '82, as effectually guaranteeing the legislative independence of Ireland. We are not now about to enter into any disquisition respecting the state of parties at that period; but merely to intimate the unsettled state of public affairs, and the troublous elements which were abroad, when Mr. Burrowes became enrolled in the ranks of a profession, amongst which some of the most strenuous and energetic of the advocates of popular rights were to be found, and who were never before in a position to exercise so important an influence over the destinies of their country.

The first important occasion upon which he greatly distinguished himself was the petition upon the college election, in 1791. Hutchinson was provost at that period, and was accused of having used undue influence to procure the election of his son. Sir Lawrence Parsons was the defeated candidate, and sought, by petition, to reverse the return. His friend Burrowes was retained to sustain the allegations in the petition, by which the character of the provost was gravely impeached, and his "indifferency" between the candidates called in question.

It is certain that Hutchinson was not a man to regard with indifference the election of his son for such a constituency; and he may, probably, have employed such influence as he possessed (and his influence was very great) to secure his return. But the charge against him wore a more serious aspect. It was averred that, by a commissioned agent, he made overtures to a candidate for fellowship, proffering him a list of the questions which he intended to ask, as an examiner, and the full exercise of his power of nomination, upon condition of voting for his son at the coming election. Into this subject, in our notice of the life of Dr. Miller, we entered at large; and we see no reason to alter the conclusion to which we then came. That such an offer was made to that gentleman, in a manner and under circumstances which led him to believe that it came from the provost, there is every reason to believe. But we do not think that any evidence whatever has been produced to prove that it was not an official act on the part of the agent, utterly unauthorised on the part of the provost, unless we regard the act itself as furnishing a sufficient proof of that functionary's complicity. That he did countenance such a proceeding, he indignantly denied; the agent, a tutor to his children, was denounced, and never afterwards countenanced by his family; and it will, we think, be acknowledged by all candid and reasonable men, that it is far more probable Mr. Adair (that was the agent's name) exceeded the limits of his commission, if commission

he had at all, than that so shrewd a man as Hutchinson, whose worldly wisdom has never been called in question, should have exposed himself to such an agent as one capable of such unparalleled baseness, and *that* for an object so insignificant as *the chance* of influencing such a man as Miller to promise that he would vote for his son at the ensuing election.

But, be the merits of the case what they may, Burrowes, as well as Miller, fully believed the imputation against the provost to be well-founded; and the following are the indignant terms in which he noticed it when the petition, in which he represented Sir Lawrence Parsons, came to be heard:—

“I shall mention but one example more of undue influence, exerted, I admit, without effect; and I feel myself proud of the nature I partake of when I consider that it was ineffectual. The case of Miller exhibits, perhaps, the strongest example of contrasted cunning and wisdom, meanness and dignity, baseness and heroism, that ever occurred during a vain attempt to soften and seduce inflexible integrity. The case of Miller had alternately shocked and delighted every man who heard it. Every man who loves the university—who thinks learning, religion, or virtue ought to be cultivated in the land—must be filled with indignation at the attempt which had been made. What!—is the candidate for holy orders—is the candidate for the highest literary honours in the nation—is the man who aspires to the dignity of being elected by the most reverend and revered body of men in the land—to discharge the delicate and arduous functions of forming the minds and the principles of the youth of the land, to entitle himself to this dignity by a base compliance with a base overture? The enormity of this transaction is admitted; but it seems it has been resolved in council, on the other side, to deny its reality. The provost of the university, a wise and learned man, even if he were base enough, could not be so silly as to hazard his situation by such a proposal, and leave himself at the mercy of Adair or Miller to betray him. To discredit Miller would be a vain attempt. But Adair, the confidential and family friend of the provost, this man whom you have seen so deeply immired in every dirty negotiation, has contracted a foulness of character which may now be turned to account—the whole impurity must be cast upon him. The offer must have been made to Miller, since he swore it; but Adair was unauthorised—the infamous man dared to use the provost’s name without his authority. The provost is a classical man, and he recollects that Scipio, when accused of embezzlement in office, burned his accounts that he might not be driven to the meanness of proving his innocence by vulgar arithmetic. This sacrifice of Adair will, I trust, little benefit the cause. The provost could not calculate upon so extraordinary an event as Miller’s rejecting the offer. He has had much intercourse with the world—he has been much in courts, and much in senates; yet it is not extravagant to say he never had intercourse with so honest a man as Miller. Under his circumstances, to repel the offer may be considered a moral miracle. Certain I am, history does not furnish a more noble instance of heroic self-denial. Consider the circumstances. To obtain a fellowship, a man of the brightest and quickest intellect must devote four or five of the most precious years of his life to abstruse, literary, and joyless study—the pleasures of youth, the pleasures of friendship, must be renounced. During the last few months of this painful preparation, the student must totally withdraw himself from his friends, from his family, from his affections. The strongest constitution suffers a temporary injury, the most vivid spirits are deadened, by this private, incessant, unanimating exertion: many a student has died in the pursuit. The object, too, is proportionably important. Its difficulty prevents any man of independent fortune from embarking in it; and, consequently, success makes the difference between poverty and affluence, obscurity and fame. The family, too, of the student participate in and augment his anxiety; and he often looks upon success as his only means of giving relief to an indigent parent or an unprotected sister. Miller had been twice unsuccessful—no man ever succeeded in a fourth attempt—so that a few days was to have decided whether he was to be the happiest of men or the broken-hearted victim of a vain pursuit. His defeat on each succeeding examination was a shock which few men could sustain. The answering was so equal, as well as so excellent, between him and his successful adversary, that the board might have given the prize to either without censure. His friends, who were numerous, thought he was entitled to succeed. Every able man feels his own force; and it is not surprising that their opinion made him indulge the most sanguine hope. Nor is it surprising that, after two disappointments, the suggestions of ill-judging friends or ill-designing enemies should make him suspect that there was a prejudice against him amongst the fellows. His jealousy on this subject was known to the provost, and resorted to as an infallible means of seducing him. He was told that the fellows were determined to preclude him—that the no-

minating power was his only hope. Thus, the unfair advantage offered him, (an offer which would have made a docile parrot superior to Sir Isaac Newton,) was represented as the necessary means of obtaining a justifiable end; and the terms required was an act of all others the most disagreeable to men who, he was taught to believe, were illiberal adversaries. Let the man of the proudest virtue amongst you ask himself, was his refusal to be expected? Let the most cautious ask, what was the apparent hazard that such a proposal would be rejected and exposed? Let the seducer enjoy every benefit of the inference which can be drawn by cunning against profligacy; but let not the virtue of one man be reasoned from, in exculpation of another of a very different stamp; nor let it be deemed incredible folly in a veteran politician that he did not expect to meet miraculous integrity."

This, it will be admitted, was making the most of the case against the provost. As to its effect upon the proceedings of the committee, it was so much very fine thunder thrown away. Miller's vote had not been gained, and therefore the corruption imputed was not a "*fait accompli*" of which the committee could take any judicial cognizance. We all know what the crime of seduction is: but the law does not punish an attempt to seduce which has been unsuccessful. But a good-natured world were but too well disposed amply to indemnify the advocate for any incredulity which might have been exhibited by those to whom his appeal was made; and while Hutchinson was seriously damaged by the non-proven charge, Miller was exalted to the very pinnacle of reputation, as an adamant rock of principle, and a paragon of virtue.

For our own parts, we have but to repeat what we have before stated, that the charge against Hutchinson has not been proved; unless the allegation of an unprincipled man, which we have upon Miller's authority, may be taken for proof against all probability; that if such an offer was to be made to Miller, the most ordinary prudence would have suggested a different course; and that all the acknowledged facts of the case are explicable upon the supposition of an over officiousness on the part of Adair, whose zeal in the cause of his patron, which was his own, had rendered him not only oblivious of principle, but reckless of discretion.

Of Mr. Burrowes's manner and style of speaking, it would be difficult to convey a correct idea to those who have not seen him when addressing a court and a jury upon subjects where he felt himself deeply interested. He began with a heavy verbosity, which distressed rather than interested his hearers. There was a labour both of lungs and limbs, which was painfully expressive of the difficulty which he experienced in giving suitable utterance to his thoughts and feelings. It resembled the effort sometimes required to get a heavily-laden vessel under weigh. But the clearness of his judgment and the soundness of his intelligence soon became manifest; and his evident and intense sincerity rapidly established a sympathy between him and his audience. Then it was that his power began to appear. His words were anything but "winged words," as far as their delivery was concerned. They seemed as if they were roughhewn out of some mental quarry, and brought, by a windlass power, to the organs of utterance, from which they were delivered, as from a catapult, into the minds and the hearts of the hearers. Then, indeed, it might be said of him—

"*Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.*"

It was perfectly impossible to hear him without being moved, and frequently filled with high admiration. All his incumbrance of manner and awkwardness of attitude were forgotten in the vivid earnestness of his appeals; and, as his argumentative powers were rare, and his perception of moral differences acute and quick, he made his hearers feel as if their reason alone was appealed to, when he was most strongly and most artfully addressing himself to their feelings. His words were sometimes exquisitely felicitous, and only appeared to more advantage when contrasted with the uncouthness of his general demeanour. No speaker of the same power ever was more unlike "the Herald Mercury." He laboured, in his cumulative argumentation, as if he was heaping Pelion upon Pelion; and yet touches of feeling, flashes of fancy, and coruscations of wit or of sentiment, would sometimes be, in the most apparently unpremeditated manner, elicited from him, so as perfectly to electrify his hearers. In the case of Wright Fitzgerald, in which he was engaged for the plaintiff, who had been flogged

by the defendant, when high-sheriff of Tipperary in '98, to extort a confession from him, having betrayed the jury into a laugh, by some ridiculous details, he paused for a moment, and then suddenly turning towards them, with much indignant feeling, exclaimed—"Ay, gentlemen, *you* may laugh, but my client *was writhing!*" Again, in the case of Robinson, who was tried for bigamy,—a case, as Mr. Burrowes described it, one of the most harrowing on record, having detailed the arts by which an aged, beggared, and impotent debauchee contrived to fix and to fascinate the affections of an accomplished and lovely girl of sixteen, the daughter of his friend and benefactor, so as to draw her into a clandestine marriage, he said—"Gentlemen, it sometimes happens that the same courses which vitiate the morals, improve the manners; and that the surface appears the more polished, for the corruption which it covers and conceals." And, in allusion to the unaccountable infatuation which could have so imperiously overruled reason, conscience, duty, love of parents and kindred, and all womanly instincts, he thus observes—"The charitable public, who will hear of this trial, ought to carry in their minds this extenuation, the utter impossibility that anything sensual, vain, or visionary, could have actuated her mind to that strange and blind obedience. And, when female criticism sits in judgment upon this hapless young lady, and is about to pronounce an austere and unfeeling judgment, I hope it will be recollected that their common and primæval parent *fell under the fascination of a reptile.*"

Such was Peter Burrowes; ardent, argumentative, impassioned, pathetic; often exciting astonishment by an unexpected outburst of passionate emotion; and as clear and logical in his reasonings, as he was forcible and energetic in the language in which they were conveyed. If asked by what striking characteristic his oratory was differenced from that of some of his most distinguished contemporaries, we would say, by its moral depth and its ethical soundness. No consideration, we verily believe, could ever induce him to countenance any departure from the dictates of truth and honour. He was excelled by some in brilliancy of imagination; by others in closeness and vigour of reasoning; some there were whose minds were more comprehensive; others whose learning was more profound; but none, in our judgment, who possessed a juster notion of what constitutes the proper dignity of man, or whose soul swelled with a more indignant scorn, when meanness, ingratitude, treachery, or any other turpitude was to be commented upon, or chastised. He thus describes the effect produced by the disclosure of the before-mentioned young lady's clandestine marriage upon her family and her friends:—

"And what, gentlemen, was the consequence? It affected Mr. Berry with amazement, rage, and horror; but with such a stupor of grief, that the acknowledged culprit crawled off with his life. The intemperate sorrow of Mr. Berry led him thoughtlessly to disclose the melancholy tale to his wife, and for three days she was affected with unremitted fits of hysterics, threatening a permanent loss of reason. And, gentlemen, what was the effect upon her aunt? The moment she heard it, she was affected with an apoplexy. Such, gentlemen, was the gratitude flowing from the prisoner at the bar to Mr. Berry for the services he rendered him! Gentlemen, under these circumstances, what should Mr. Berry have done? Has he acted right? He had but one of three courses to adopt. He might have connived at this improper connexion, and irreligiously sanctioned it by his subsequent ratification, choosing between exposure and vice. *Had he deliberated upon this alternative, he would have been a worse criminal than the man he prosecutes. He might have strove to have it hushed. Perhaps a man, whose sensibility was stronger than his reason, might waver in his determination as to this course.* But Mr. Berry had no choice. Even that expedient was denied him. The prisoner at the bar publicly claimed her as his wife. It was not left this unhappy father to bury the whole transaction in oblivion. He was driven to the last and sad alternative, to yield to the suggestion of his own feelings, to yield to the unanimous advice of his friends; for though his life may be embittered—though he and his family may never wear the cheerful smile, or appear with that unclouded hilarity which accompanied their former intercourse with the world—yet he must derive consolation from the recollection of his having brought a delinquent of his atrocious guilt to punishment, and in having provided that this man shall not repeat his crime, and bring sorrow into the bosom of other families; and if he does, it must be in that region of culprits to whom he has levelled himself as a fit associate. Gentlemen, we will prove this case to you. There cannot be a doubt of this double marriage. How

it can be vindicated, it is impossible for me to discover. It comes before you badged with every aggravation which sensibility would shudder at. But, if you doubt the fact of these marriages, *God forbid that anything I have said, or could suggest, should operate to supply the evidence—the very enormity of the crime should be a ground of favour in deciding upon his guilt; but, as to any cavilling points, and capricious doubts, not denying the turpitude of the case, or the commission of the crime, you cannot, gentlemen, feel warranted in entertaining them with favour.*"

The case of Miss M'Veagh, whose counsel he was, if our recollection rightly serve us, shortly after '98, was one upon which he was greatly distinguished. She was the daughter of a respectable family in the neighbourhood of Waterford, and, for some trifling offence, when she was little more than a mere child, was locked up in her own room by her stepmother, whose displeasure she had incurred. Indignant at what she thought severe and unjust treatment (she might not, probably, have deemed it either unjust or severe had it been inflicted by her own mother), she escaped by an open window, and directed her course towards Waterford, which just then, from an apprehended attack by the rebels, had been left without inhabitants. There she saw the shoemaker to her family, who was acting as serjeant to a corps of yeomanry, and from him she claimed protection. The monster took advantage of her unprotected state, and introduced her to a number of his brutal associates, by all of whom * * * * We cannot proceed—nature revolts even at the imagination of such horrible depravity. For this offence two of them were put upon their trial, and to Mr. Burrowes was committed the prosecution on the part of this most unhappy young lady. We believe the trial was published. We know not whether any copy of it is at present to be found; and we have introduced this notice of the case for the sake of one sentence which has ever since haunted our memory. He thus describes the entrance of Miss M'Veagh into Waterford: "The shades of evening fell, as this young creature, foot-sore and alone, entered with a palpitating heart, that greatest of wildernesses, a deserted city." This, to our seeming, is simple, pathetic, sublime; and we give it as characteristic of this great advocate when in his happiest vein, and when the poetry of his nature was called forth by some tale of woe, such as that with which he had to deal in this prosecution.

We will shock the gentle reader when we inform him, that, atrocious as were the miscreants whom he prosecuted, they were hanged! Yes, indeed, gentle reader! hanged by the neck until they were dead! In that barbarous age we were unacquainted with our modern humanity. There was no sentimentalism to interpose between guilt and its punishment. Death by the rope was not then considered too cruel a punishment for those to whom death by the pike or the pistol, when directed against those whom they deemed their enemies, was a principle of duty or a matter of amusement. And our friend Peter, himself, whose humanity and kindness of nature were proverbial, did not feel the slightest compunction, or lose a single wink of sleep, when he learned that the brutal torturers of that young lady were led to their death-struggle, and that their execution was witnessed by assembled thousands, who exulted in the punishment which had overtaken their crime.

In our day, what sympathy would have been excited in their behalf!—what denunciations of a barbarous code!—what petitions for their pardon!—what weeping and wailing if the executioner was suffered to approach them!—what canvassings for autographs, for likenesses, or any other souvenirs by which the dear condemned might be remembered! But in our state of exalted humanity let us not too much despise those who lived in a darker age, and were less refined and less enlightened: our posterity may yet outstrip us as far as we have outstripped them; and our condonation of offences, which they would have made the offenders expiate upon the gallows, pass into a positive inversion of the relation between crime and punishment; and nothing be deemed criminal but a compliance with the law, and nothing meritorious or laudable but that which provokes its vengeance.

Mr. Burrowes, in politics, was a Whig, and something more. With Grattan and with Flood he fully agreed, *as far as they went*; but he could not, with the former, have rested satisfied with simple Repeal, and he went beyond the latter in his desire for complete and unqualified Emancipation. Flood would have re-

formed the parliament without removing the legal restrictions which fettered the Roman Catholics in the enjoyment of political privileges: Burrowes regarded all improvements in the legislative body idle which left the bulk of the people still enslaved.

Flood's keen prophetic sagacity led him to see the difficulties attendant upon the removal of the Romish disabilities much more clearly than any other of his great contemporaries, John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, alone excepted. When we consider that he was a man of pleasure, and not given to polemical disquisition, it is amazing how fully conscious he was of all the dangers which were involved in the admission of Roman Catholics to a full measure of legislative power in our Protestant constitution. All his leanings and all his instincts would be in favour of the measure; but his reason sternly forbade him to indulge in the hallucinations by which inferior minds were deluded. Liberty, in the true sense of the word, as far as it extends to security of life and enjoyment of property, he would amply guarantee to all his fellow-subjects; but liberty, as it implied a power of tampering with the foundations of our constitutional monarchy, he would deny to those who, if they were to be regarded as faithful members of their own church, must be considered as bound by a foreign and a paramount allegiance.

But Burrowes saw none of these difficulties—he only saw a prostrate population enslaved; and never was knight-errant more passionately desirous of effecting the forcible liberation of conscripts and convicts, than he was to strike off the fetters from the limbs of the Roman Catholics of Ireland.

Nor were the reasons few or unimportant which might be urged in favour of the policy of concession, at a period when the past misconduct of the Romish body was well nigh forgotten, and when, from their present peaceable demeanour, nothing but respect and confidence could be inspired. It was argued that angry polemics had ceased to exercise the influence over them which they formerly possessed; that all fears of a Pretender were at an end; that the Pope was practically a nonentity; that dogmas which formerly stirred men's blood, and set the world on fire, had now given place to the more interesting questions of civil government and constitutional privileges; that popery, in fact, was a superannuated superstition, more likely to be kept up than put down by penal enactments, which while they were useless and unnecessary to restrain, were sufficiently insulting to provoke and to exasperate those upon whom they were imposed.

It was also argued, that, if they were removed, the rapid conversion of the Roman Catholics to more enlightened views of Christian truth might be confidently expected; that as long as they were in force they must repel any approach to Protestant doctrines on the part of many in whom all respect for the peculiar dogmas of the papacy might have become extinct, but who would still be kept in the nominal profession of them by the point of honour. Thus, it was argued, the penal enactments were obstructing the very object which they were intended to promote; and that while time and the progress of reason had been gradually undermining the papal superstition, we were, by the continuance of absurd and preposterous restrictions, repelling the advances of the more enlightened members of the Roman Catholic communion towards a sounder faith, and inspiring with a deadlier rancour the masses of our countrymen who, conscious of no demerit which should cause a distinction to be made between them and their Protestant fellow-subjects, must feel aggrieved and insulted by the continuance of disabilities which were as groundless and unjust as they were grinding and odious.

That Mr. Burrowes should have been influenced by these and similar reasonings is not surprising; or rather, indeed, it would be surprising if views which were embraced by most of the leading members of the Whig party did not meet his acquiescence, who was every inch a Whig, and who could only see in the opponents of the measure a blinded and obstinate bigotry, which deserved every enlightened man's scorn and reprobation.

And, in truth, the cause of sound policy was not at that time championed by those by whom it might have been most fitly recommended. A selfish and angry spirit was too often exhibited by many who contended for ascendancy, but little calculated to win the respect of the advocates of general toleration. There is, upon the surface, something plausible and even captivating in the theory

which aims at universal brotherhood, and, overlooking peculiarities of sect and race, seeks to attain the common good by laws which bear with an equal pressure upon all who acknowledge a common allegiance; and to contend for the continuance of a state of things in which one class would seem to be exalted at the expense of another, must savour of illiberality and oppression, and indispose every generous mind to the measures of the party, or the faction, by which such ascendancy is sought to be maintained. A spiteful and contemptuous rancour towards those who have long been prostrate will never be admitted as a valid defence of their oppressors, or a sufficient justification of the grounds upon which the one have been humbled while the others are exalted. It is not, therefore, surprising to find a vast number of the ingenuous and the educated earnestly contending for the removal of the Romish disabilities. They encountered few but antagonists whom they despised; and discerned too much of selfish aggrandisement in the motives of their opponents, to regard their reasonings with much respect, or to pay any attention to their predictions.

Had the Church been respected by those who pretended to be its defenders, and its spiritual character duly regarded, there would have been a practical consistency on their part, which would have entitled their reasonings to much attention in contending against the removal of the penal disabilities; but when church patronage was so grossly abused, and the ostensible object of their veneration employed only as an instrument of power or an engine of corruption, it was impossible to give them credit for genuine sincerity in their resistance to a system of oppression by which the great bulk of their fellow-subjects were so cruelly aggrieved. And when this was contrasted with a meek and quiet deportment on the part of the Roman Catholics, who interfered but little in political concerns, while their clergy interfered not at all, except to express occasionally a strong indignation against certain agrarian outrages by which the country was disturbed, it was impossible that a strong feeling of sympathy should not have been excited on their behalf, and a belief should not have been engendered that not only would heart-burnings be allayed and peace produced, but that loyalty would be promoted and gratitude ensured, by one gracious act of complete and unqualified emancipation.

We do not forget that we write after events, and that in all probability the knowledge we have had of the practical working of the measure of '29 may influence our judgments. But it is our deliberate opinion, that even then the reasonings of Flood and of Fitzgibbon should have had far more weight than the flashy and plausible declamation of their opponents. In the mind of Grattan, and Burrowes, and others, the whole papal system, as a system, was ignored. They did not believe in its existence as a substantive reality. They regarded their adversaries as children who were terrified by stories of ghosts; and treated with contempt and ridicule any apprehension of a revival of exploded principles, which belonged, at worst, rather to the age than to the creed, and would be sure to lose all their power when the professors of the old faith were raised to a level with the other subjects of the empire. In all this there was much to captivate the superficial mind, and something that claimed attention from the highest reason; and we have no doubt that, had due attention been paid to what was strictly true in the foregoing statement, and a measure of emancipation applied upon a principle partaking somewhat of the character of the sliding scale, and Roman Catholics admitted to the possession of constitutional privileges in proportion as they had given indubitable proof that in their hands such privileges would not be abused, much good might have been done, and a full measure of enfranchisement would have been gradually extended to all the more worthy persons of that communion.

But it was a great error to suppose that the papal system was practically extinct, or that the community which it had so long overshadowed should be regarded, even when it lost much of its power, as in the same condition as that which had been living under the influence of an unadulterated gospel. Freedom of thought is absolutely necessary to a healthy freedom of action in the enjoyment of constitutional privileges; and those whose minds have been held in leading-strings by priestcraft, or bound down by superstition, will find it difficult, even in secular matters, to act upon their own unbiassed judgment, or to shake off altogether the authority of their spiritual tyrants.

In the Church of Rome obedience holds the place of faith: it is the great

cardinal virtue, and is suffered to cover a multitude of sins. And when a habit of obedience in things the most important has once been formed, it is easy to transfer it to things less important; and a cunning and ambitious priesthood will find but little difficulty in persuading the subjects of an heretical prince, that whatever privileges are conferred upon them should all be used for their Church's advantage.

It is unnecessary to follow the subject any farther. The times through which we have lived furnish a commentary upon what has been said that cannot be mistaken. Poor Peter Burrowes, who never through his whole life wavered in his enthusiastic desire to diffuse as widely as possible the blessings of civil liberty, until they were felt in their fulness by all sorts and conditions of men, was made to feel, in the case of his own nearest and dearest relatives, the horrors of that baleful bigotry by which all merciful compunctions were overruled, or extinguished. His eldest brother had entered into holy orders, and was a beneficed clergyman in the south of Ireland. During the rebellion his house was attacked by a party of rebels, headed by the notorious Priest Murphy. The little band within gallantly defended themselves, and for a long time kept their assailants at bay. At length, when their ammunition was almost exhausted, Priest Murphy came forward, and pledged his sacred word that if they consented to give up their arms he would guarantee the safety of their lives. Upon these terms the reverend gentleman capitulated; but an unguarded shot from an upper window (fired, in all probability, by some of the family to whom the terms of surrender were unknown) aroused the slumbering vengeance of the miscreants, by whom Mr. Burrowes was immediately put to death, and two of his sons so severely wounded, that, although they lived for some time after, the injuries which they received in the end proved fatal. Mrs. Burrowes, his youngest son, and two daughters, were unharmed; the rebels deeming that, by the death of the venerable father of the family, and the dreadfully mangled state in which they left his two sons, they had taken sufficient vengeance. We are the more particular in giving this *authentic* statement, which we have received from one of the members of the family, because a very different version of this sad occurrence has been very prevalent, to which the Marquis of Londonderry has recently given a conspicuous publicity in his "Life and Correspondence" of his distinguished brother, wherein he states that *nine* of the gallant defenders of the house were, after their surrender as above described, in cold blood brutally murdered.

Enough, however, had been done to arouse all the indignant feelings of the subject of this sketch, and cause him to see, under a new and most forbidding aspect, the cause which he had hitherto so devotedly championed. But this guileless and simple-hearted man, whose love of kindred was almost swallowed up in his passion for liberty, never thought of visiting upon the sect or the party to which the murderers belonged, the offence of which they were guilty. He became, if possible, even more ardent in his desire for the emancipation of the Roman Catholics than he was before, while he took upon him the entire protection of the surviving members of the family, who were thus so suddenly and so ruthlessly widowed and orphaned.

He had, early in life, contracted friendships with the leaders of the revolutionary party, which never suffered any interruption from any difference in their principles; and he thus proved, in his own case at least, that the "*idem velle, idem nolle*," was by no means indispensable as the foundation of a lasting attachment. Some inconvenience he suffered from this. A supposed identity of sentiment with such men as Addis Emmet, and Wolfe Tone, was a bad recommendation to Lord Clare, in whose hands was the disposal of much of the bar patronage in Ireland. Nor can it be deemed extraordinary that that functionary reserved his favours for his particular friends, and that he should have received with some suspicion one who was only, or chiefly, known to him as the intimate associate of his own great enemies, and the most pestilent disturbers of the empire.

Having had occasion, in the House of Lords, to allude to Wolfe Tone, who, by the clemency of the government, was suffered to expatriate himself, and took advantage of his removal from British authority, only to give a freer expression to opinions and sentiments the most seditious and treasonable, the chancellor referred to some expressions of his, by which some Irish barristers, Mr. Burrowes amongst others, were compromised, as having seen and approved of

the first declaration of the Society of United Irishmen. Others were prudent enough to wait upon him privately, and fully succeeded in disabusing him of the opinions which he entertained to their prejudice. This it never occurred to the subject of this sketch as necessary to be done, whose personal character stood so high, with whom the most loyal considered it an honour to associate, and whose conscience so fully acquitted him of all participancy in the extreme views of the sadly-deluded men, some of whom he yet regarded as amongst his most valued friends. But not the less did the prejudice against him in high quarters continue to prevail; and while others, his juniors, and, in all respects, his inferiors, had the good fortune to recommend themselves to the chancellor, and to obtain professional distinction, he remained without a silk gown, although his standing and his merits so richly deserved one. This he felt as a great injury; and was certainly under the impression that to the personal ill offices of the late Chief Baron O'Grady, at that time a leading member of the bar, and high in the confidence of Lord Clare, he was indebted for this injustice.

We allude to this, not because it was even then so very extraordinary that a Lord Chancellor should not have interested himself in the promotion of a strong political opponent, but because of an explanatory letter, written by Mr. Burrowes to Lord Clare, at the instance of one of his most particular friends, and intended to remove any grounds which were supposed to exist for the prejudice which, in that quarter, prevailed against him.

To this he received no reply. We regret, for Lord Clare's sake, that a proper reply was not immediately given. But party spirit ran very high; and, at this distance, we cannot make due allowance for one who was kept in a constant state of alarm, or of fretful irritation, not only by the notoriously disaffected, but by the political body who lent them but too much countenance, and to which Mr. Burrowes belonged. It is certain that by the neglect of the chancellor, which he construed into contempt, he was deeply wounded; as well as by the fact that his juniors still continued to receive distinctions, which, to his great injury, placed them over his head.

Two terms elapsed, and still no reply. It then occurred to him that the chancellor had not received his letter; and he requested his friend, Marcus Beresford, at whose instance it was written, to ascertain from him, if possible, whether that functionary still continued to regard him as a disaffected man. To this he received an answer that the chancellor's prejudices were removed, and that he would make no objection to his promotion; and very shortly after he was called to the inner bar.

When the union began to be talked of as a probable measure of government, he was one of the most energetic of those by whom it was denounced; and his name is to be found amongst those of the fourteen king's counsel, who signed the memorable address at the bar meeting held at the exhibition-room in William-street, on the 9th of December, 1799, in which it was described as a surrender of Irish legislative independence.

His exertions on this occasion recommended him to the special notice of some of the leaders of the opposition, and he sat for an Irish borough in the last Irish parliament.

It had been resolved by the ministerial supporters of the measure, to make an unsparing attack upon their opponents, and to hurl the charge of disaffection against those by whom the measure might be resisted. And when Lord Castle-reagh made a violent attack upon the conduct and principles of Mr. Grattan, who had, for some time, seceded from the house, and was then suffering under great illness, Peter Burrowes rose to defend him, which he did with a feeling, an energy, and a dignity, which extorted universal admiration. He had scarcely concluded, when a shout was heard from the crowds who thronged the passages to the house; it was repeated with a thrilling effect; the members stood erect, and listened; when, suddenly, the doors flew open, and the venerable senator, attenuated almost to a skeleton, himself appeared (his feeble frame bearing evidence of the malady which preyed upon him), and, with tottering footsteps, was conducted slowly, by two of his friends, to his accustomed seat in that assembly which he had so often ruled as if with a magician's wand, to bear his solemn testimony against what he deemed a suicidal act, which must extinguish for ever the freedom of his native land.

He was permitted to deliver his sentiments sitting, as he was unable to stand, and was listened to with profound attention; the opposition, delighted beyond measure at what they deemed little short of a miraculous interposition in their favour, and the joy of Burrowes so exuberant, that his cheer was heard above all the others, whenever any of the felicities of the orator, whether of phrase or of argument, gave rise to an expression of approval or of admiration. But it was too late. The arrangements and the management of the minister had been too complete; and the measure was passed, which many of its fiercest opponents have lived since to recognise as the salvation of the empire.

So began and so terminated Mr. Burrowes's parliamentary existence.

In 1806, upon the accession of "all the talents" to power, he received the lucrative appointment of Counsel to the Commissioners of Customs; which he continued to hold until the year after, when his friends went out, and he resigned it.

In 1811, upon the trial of Doctor Sheridan, he was greatly and justly distinguished. That gentleman had been elected a Roman Catholic delegate, to represent that body in an assembly to be held in Dublin, in defiance, it was maintained, of the provisions of the Convention Act. For this he was prosecuted by the Crown, the law-officers being Mr. Saurin and Mr. Bushe. Mr. Burrowes was retained for the defence, and his speech was regarded as a masterpiece of constitutional argument. Two of the jurors were sworn Orangemen; and, after an ineffectual attempt to set them aside, he proceeded to expound the law, as he understood it, in so clear and forcible a manner, that he brought conviction to the minds of the most prejudiced, and obtained for his client a triumphant verdict. Our readers may remember that his sentiments and opinions on that occasion were unreservedly adopted by Chief Justice Pennefather in the case of the Queen against O'Connell and others in 1844, and were recited by that eminent judge with emphatical commendation.

By his efforts on that occasion, he lost any chance which he might have had of preferment. Saurin regarded him thenceforth as a political enemy, and would as soon have recommended Daniel O'Connell, or Nicholas Purcel O'Gorman, for a seat on the bench, as him. Nor, however we may regret, can we be surprised at this. The maxim of every party is, to take care of their friends; and though we think a larger liberality would not have scrupled to recognise worth and merit in such an opponent as Peter Burrowes, and provide for him accordingly, this, we confess, would be to make him an exception to the general rule, at a time when it might have been thought that all the patronage in the hands of government was little enough for their own supporters.

Accordingly, with advancing years, he drudged on in the routine of his profession, more active and energetic advocates every day arising, by whom his clients were gradually drawn away. It was as a *Nisi Prius* lawyer he was chiefly distinguished; and the zeal of his advocacy, not his black-letter lore, was his principal recommendation. He was not, therefore, at any time, greatly resorted to as consulting lawyer; and when his business in the courts diminished, his income began gradually to fall away. And he must have felt a pang at witnessing the rapid advancement, to the highest professional distinction, of juniors, who might have been his children, whose early efforts he was himself the first to patronise, but who were enabled, by superior dexterity, or political pliancy, to leave him, in the race for preferment, far behind. But no taint of envy or malignity ever poisoned the generosity of his nature. His cheerful spirits never forsook him, nor, while he was himself conscious of having been unworthily treated, was there to be found a man who would do more generous justice to his enemies.

His convivial powers were rich and various. Although not overloaded with book learning, it was manifest to all competent observers that his mind had depastured upon classic ground, and was redolent of the freshness of the verdure, over which, in youth, he had ranged delighted.

But, over and above all merely intellectual or adventitious qualifications, was he valued by the friends who loved him, for the goodness of his heart, and the honesty of his nature.

One evening, at a dinner-party at the hospitable mansion of the late Whitley Stokes, where Plunket, and Bushe, and Curran, and the late Archbishop of Dublin Dr. Magee, and Mr. Burrowes, and other distinguished men were

assembled, a question was started as to what constituted the chief qualification of an agreeable companion on such an occasion ; upon which grave matter it was sportively agreed on that the company should deliver their opinions *seriatim*. One said that it consisted of wit ; another, of humour ; a third, of a combination of both ; a fourth, of learning readily producible upon any question that might be started ; a fifth, of a powerful memory stored with anecdote ; a sixth, of sound philosophical views : at last it came to Mr. Burrowes's turn to give his opinion ; and, when all eyes were turned towards him, he electrified them by pronouncing emphatically, "An honest man, by ——" We must not repeat the oath with which his judgment was accompanied, nor can we approve of it ; but it did not detract much from the merit of his sentiment with those who then heard it, and who unanimously and unhesitatingly adjudged him the palm ; thinking, no doubt, with Sterne in the case of Uncle Toby, that the recording angel, in writing it down, would drop a tear upon it, and blot it out for ever.

He was a singularly absent man. It is recorded of him, we believe with perfect truth, that a gentleman calling upon him in the morning, in one of the circuit towns, found him, as he thought, boiling an egg ; for he was standing with something in his hand, and watching a saucepan upon the fire. But what was his astonishment when he found that it was the egg which he held in his hand, while his watch was boiling in the saucepan.

A friend called upon him one morning in his dressing-room, and found him shaving with his face to the wall. He asked him why he chose so strange an attitude. The answer was to look in the glass. "Why," said his friend, "there is no glass there !" "Bless me !" Burrowes observed, "I did not notice that before." Ringing the bell, he called his servant, and asked him what became of his looking-glass. "Oh ! sir," said the servant, "the mistress had it removed *six weeks ago*."

On another occasion, as he was pleading in court, oppressed by a heavy cold, he occasionally sought to soften his cough, and lubricate the organs of utterance, by some lozenges which he carried in his pocket. The client whom he was defending was indicted for murder ; and it was deemed important, in his defence, to produce the bullet with which, it was alleged, the murdered man had been killed. This he was about to do, and held the bullet in one hand, and a lozenge in the other, when, in the ardour of advocacy, he forgot which was which, and instead of the lozenge swallowed the bullet.

And here we must not omit one peculiarity, by which his friends were often greatly amused. He had a habit of thrusting all his papers, of whatever kind, into either his coat or waistcoat pockets ; so that these receptacles were often filled to repletion with the various fugitive pieces which, in the course of his daily business, came to hand. To any one else all would be confusion : but he was always enabled, by a sort of unaccountable instinct, to lay his hand instantly upon the precise paper he wanted, at the proper time.

Mrs. Burrowes, who was a great lover of order, and possessed by an instinctive antipathy to

" Things deformed, or disarranged, or gross in species,"

resolved to effect a reform in this department, and took the trouble of emptying the pockets of their heterogeneous contents, and disposing the multifarious papers, properly ticketed and labelled, in a manner which, to any other human being, would be far more convenient. But it was not so to him ; they were not to be found, as he wanted them, in the only way in which he had ever been accustomed to look for or to find them ; and he complained so loudly of the "confusion worse confounded" which the new reform produced, that the good lady gave up the attempt as hopeless, and resolved herself, and gave strict orders to her servants, always to replace the contents of his pockets, whenever he changed his clothes, in the corresponding pockets, and in the exact order in which they were found, of those which he put on.

It happened, about the time of which we write (1794), that Lord Mountgarret, afterwards Earl of Kilkenny, was teased by a series of what he deemed vexatious lawsuits ; and resolving to put an end to them after an Irish fashion then much in vogue, had a notice posted in the bar mess-room of the county town in which the assizes were held, that he would hold any lawyer personally accountable who presumed to appear against him.

Well, duel after duel was the result, in which it sometimes happened that his lordship and his friends came off but second best. At last it came to Mr. Burrowes's turn most unconsciously to provoke his vengeance. He had accepted a brief from one of the litigant parties to whom his lordship was opposed; and he had scarcely done his duty in court when he received a letter from his lordship's son, the Hon. Somerset Butler, denouncing, in good set terms, his presumption for using his father's name, in his presence, disrespectfully in court, to which, in the judgment of men of the world, there could be but one answer. This Mr. Burrowes did not feel; and he wrote such an explanatory letter to the young gentleman as, he conceived, must completely disarm him of any resentment, and cause him to retract the offensive language in which his complaint had been conveyed. And so it would had the letter been a complaint, and not a challenge. But the complaint was the pretext—the challenge was the purpose. And he soon found that “neither words nor grass” would do; and that he must, according to the very reprehensible practice which then prevailed, “give him a meeting,” if he would preserve his reputation as a man of spirit and of honour.

Accordingly they met. At the distance of ten paces they stood opposed to each other, with deadly weapons in their hands. They fired. Burrowes fell heavily. He was struck about the centre of his body; and both he and his friends for a moment thought that his days were numbered. But he was lifted up; he felt able to stand erect; and found that he was without a wound. His adversary's ball was found flattened against a penny-piece in his waistcoat pocket! He had been the evening before at the post-office for his letters. Having received them, he shuffled them into his pocket with some change which he got when paying the postage. True to his lady's directions, his body servant transferred all carefully into the corresponding pocket of the full-dress suit, which it was, at that day, customary to wear on such occasions; and to that curious conformity to a whimsical and almost unaccountable peculiarity, he, in all probability, was indebted for his life!

Mr. Burrowes always blamed himself for the expostulatory letter which he wrote to this young gentleman previously to the acceptance of his challenge. It was, he used to say, the only act of cowardice with which he could charge himself during his life. We think unjustly. We believe that he really thought he had unintentionally wounded the feelings of the son, in stating his case against the father; and his goodness of heart, and his singleness of mind, not his courage, was in fault, when he addressed the young bully in language which only provoked his laughter and scorn. It was like the tame lion attacked by a bull-dog, who could not for a moment believe that the *varmint* was serious in attacking him. But when, in a short time, he found his mistake, he soon did execution upon his puny assailant.

As it was, it was fortunate for his peace that this affair terminated as it did. Had he slain his petulant antagonist, he never would have known peace of mind again. His was not the heart which a pernicious custom could have seared against the deep and deadly guilt of having, no matter under what provocation, taken away a fellow-creature's life; and it would have been almost better for him to be the victim of such an adversary, than to have survived, and borne “the stings and arrows” which he would have felt, had that adversary fallen by his hand in such a contest.

During the election contest in college, when Mr. Plunket was opposed by Mr. Croker, we well remember the zeal with which he interested himself in the cause of his old friend. He might be seen moving through the college courts, addressing himself to every one with whom he was upon speaking terms, representing the honour of the University as bound up with the cause which he espoused, and denouncing the opposition which had so suddenly sprung up, and which was, as he contended, unhandsomely countenanced by the government, as a flagitious attack upon its integrity and its independence.

“Well, Mr. Burrowes,” said one of the electors, who, on a former occasion, was amongst the foremost of Plunket's supporters, but now, from some cause or other, was found on the opposite side, “always earnest for your friend. I suppose you are making great way amongst the students.”

“There was a time, Dr. —, when I did possess some influence with them; but it has passed away. Few of them know me now, as I used to be known

in this place ; and, indeed, I begin to fear that the world is not getting better as it grows older."

"Oh, sir," then said Dr. —, "we shall have the consolation of knowing that we are better men than our children will be."

Burrowes paused for a moment, and then looking sternly at him, replied, "If it be a consolation to a father to think that his son is to be more corrupt and profligate than himself, I do not envy him his consolation."

Throughout the whole of the canvass, his countenance was a perfect barometer of the state of the poll—it brightened at every accession of strength which his friend received, and again became overcast, when the adversary's cause seemed to be gaining the ascendant. Up to the very last, there was no certainty upon which side the balance would incline. Each party went to the poll, altogether unmeasured respecting the result ; and when, at the termination of an anxious day, Plunket was, by a narrow majority of four votes, declared duly elected, the delight of his friend was quite unbounded, and physical infirmity, we believe, prevented him from joining in the party who bore the successful candidate on their shoulders, from the hustings to his own home.

Joyous were the evenings which followed that election, when the future Lord Chancellor entertained his constituents at his mansion in Stephen's-green. And Burrowes was always present, as well to partake in the triumph of his friend, as to contribute, by his social powers, to the hilarity of the evening. We have, in a former number, in our notice of Lord Plunket, alluded briefly to the felicity with which he sometimes prefaced his toasts, when he presided at festive entertainment, and mentioned, we believe, as one of them, his mode of proposing the health of his friend, Peter Burrowes. He commenced with a look of grave displeasure, and said, "that although he was going to propose his health, he was not inclined to conceal his faults, much less to describe him as faultless. He would not, however, dwell upon his minor peccadilloes, but only and very briefly allude to those by which he was constantly offending. There was one in particular which he could not but severely reprehend, and that was, that he spent his life in doing good to every human being who came within the range of his influence, except himself. He has been prodigal, he said, of his time, of his talents, of his professional services, of his money, to every human being who had any, and to many who had no claim whatsoever on his beneficence ; and this to the serious neglect of his own interests, which were damaged more than those of others were promoted. In short," added Mr. Plunket, in conclusion, "I can only account for this prodigal devotion to the interests of his friends, by supposing him perfectly destitute of the instinct of selfishness."

Nor was it very long before his distinguished friend had an opportunity of serving and gratifying him in a more substantial way. The partial change in the Irish administration, which took place shortly after the departure of George IV., who visited Ireland in 1821, introduced Mr. Plunket again to his old office of Attorney-General, and he was not slow in procuring for Mr. Burrowes the office of Commissioner of the Insolvent Debtor's Court, with a salary which left him at his ease for the rest of his life. It was a timely relief to the good old man, whose declining years and increasing infirmities would have no longer rendered him equal to the toils of bar practice, even if more active competitors had not arisen to intercept the profits which he had formerly derived from his professional labours. A very general feeling of regret was felt that he was not promoted to the bench. His blameless character, and his venerable presence, would have conferred dignity upon any seat of justice ; and the public in general would have recognised in him an impersonation of constitutional law, which, flowing from his lips, would have been received with a deference to which, from most other functionaries, it would not be considered entitled. But we question whether, on the whole, his happiness was not more consulted by placing him in the position which he occupied, and which he continued to fill for several years, until an arrangement was made by which he retired upon £1600 a-year.

He still continued the delight of his friends, whose society he was enabled to enjoy almost with his pristine relish ; and such was the gentle playfulness of his nature, that the young of both sexes were generally attracted around him, to listen to the stores of anecdote, or the innocent pleasantries, in which he loved to indulge.

His May-day had passed—he was now in the “sear and yellow leaf.” And it was not without a touch of melancholy interest that those who knew him well, used to see the dear old man walking through the streets, with an abstracted and vacant air, as one who belonged to a bygone generation. There he went, frequently passing by, without notice, his oldest friends—his thoughts occupied by the scenes in which he had once been a busy actor, and the great men with whom it was his privilege to associate, when Ireland possessed a legislative assembly, in which some of the first intellects of the age were to be found. But if he survived the troubled glories of that agitated era, he also survived its angry passions; and we believe there was no man of any party, of the least note or worth, who did not regard this venerable gentleman with feelings of respect and love. His constitution was naturally very strong. He used to say, with reference to the excellency of his digestive powers, that he had been trying in vain all his life to find something that would disagree with him. But growing infirmities sensibly admonished him that the time was near at hand when he should “shuffle off his mortal coil;” and he prepared for his latter end with Christian dignity and resignation. More in compliance with the wishes of his anxious friends, than for any desire of his own, he was induced to try change of air and scene upon the continent; but nothing could now long avert the great change which was rapidly approaching, and he expired in the year 1841, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, leaving behind him, we hesitate not to say, take him altogether as a public and a private man, a character for transcendent ability and unblemished integrity, quite unrivalled in the annals of his native land.

ADDRESS TO THE MARCH THAT IS JUST GONE BY.

March, March, thou com'st burly and blust'ring;
 Thou art the *Trumpet* of the year!
 March, March, thou hast flow'rets clust'ring
 Beneath thy garments everywhere:
 Thou art clad in green like April and May,
 Spotted with primrose and wake—Robin gay:
 Strange smiles are 'neath thy merry eye
 And thou hast such a *blue, blue* sky!
 The birds like a temple fill it now
 With a hundred notes from each naked bough;
 The Sun reigns from morn to eventide,
 And soft airs, like Pages, leave thy side.
 Then thou hast soft and passing showers,
 Like messengers to call forth flowers.
 Hark to the soft and musical rain!
 How it comes down on the sounding pane;
 Then 'tis sporting on the barren trees
 With its accompaniment—the breeze.
 March, March, thou art Winter again,
 Hoary thy mantle, thy girdle a chain!
 Hast thou caught the flowers in thy net-work drear,
 To feast on, or bear to an early bier?
 Where are the sweet birds?—all hush'd their strain—
 Oh! *theirs* is a song of joy, not pain.
 They have nothing to say to us in death—
 God hath given them *no lamenting* breath.
 See! on the green hills the *snow* is come—
Hark! for the winds are all shackled and dumb.
 There's a sparkling robe on the earth below,
 And myriad stars in the dark skies glow.
 Methinks thou hast waved a magician's wand,
 Wert *tired* of sameness, and wouldst change thy hand—
 Thou art March, and December, and April anon—
 Surely thou art all *three* in *one*!

VITTORIA COLONNA.

MY FIRST LEGACY.

I THINK I have been fated to behold more of the bad and good influences of money than most other people around me in the world. I could tell strange stories of a poverty-stricken childhood; I could tell of children born to parents who already knew not how to procure bread for their own necessities, and wondered why the little stranger was not sent to some other place; I could tell of the writhings and agonies of poverty in all ages, from helpless babyhood to equally helpless old age, and paint the longings for money—the unutterable yearning wishes and prayers for a few pieces of precious metal, as if the very joys of heaven were bound up with those coins. Very great numbers, I well know, must have much of the same knowledge—the same sorrowful knowledge—in this age, when the tastes and wants of the large majority are above their means; but I have been particularly doomed, I believe, to see, and know, and feel the deep evil. In my own fortunes I have experienced it strongly, and in all my intercourse with others, in the course of a somewhat extensive acquaintance with the world, the same wretched experiences of the power of money always have been my lot.

I have but to look musingly for a moment on the bright fire beside me, which, with many other luxuries, I now at last enjoy, and I can summon up scenes which make me shudder, even in fancy, to behold again. Fair faces are there, and goodness looks from every lineament—goodness and beauty, the two glorious angels of heaven; but the temptation appears: gold glistens, and falsehood, and hardness of heart, and sin, and guilt, have come to the fairest mind and form. High and thoughtful brows are there, which seem filled with their own most mighty wealth of intellect, to the utter exclusion of every meaner dream, as incapable of producing the lasting happiness which is the grand aim of humanity; but the tempter comes—riches, great riches, the temptation to some, must be high, and the intellec-

tual natures come down from their lofty imaginings, and struggle, and pant, and groan, and become selfish, and, perhaps, unjust, if not base, even like the most degraded worshipper of mammon; and there, too, rise before me the sallow aspects of sickness, and the wrinkles of age, and the dull, dead eyes, which are closing on the whole world, open wide, and sparkle yet with sudden kindling of the dying cinders of life, when money, the magical word, is mentioned, and trembling hands, which many years have shrivelled, stretch eagerly forth, as if from the very touch of coined gold a new life awoke within—yes, multitudes of such figures, and faces, and innumerable scenes in which they have acted, seem starting again into existence around me, even though I would fain never again call them up. But here and there, at long intervals, are some brighter things, visions of some few who have been tried to the utmost and remained untempted by even the most powerful influences of gold and all its glorious dominion over earth; and on them I love to gaze, and cherish every memory in which they live and move, and of their struggles and final triumphs I could also record much.

The brief incident I am now about to relate, is connected with my own early life, and my personal experiences of the dangers and evils which the possession of money, as well as the want of it, occasion.

One winter evening, many years ago, I lay ill of a slow fever in a solitary room in a lodging-house in London. All day long, all night long, I had lain there, without one single friend, in the wide bounds of London, to sit beside me for even a single hour, and say a kind word of hope and sympathy. My relations were all in another country; they did not even know of my illness; they were thinking, probably, at that very moment, that I was becoming famous and rich, for I had left them with high expectations of the glory and money I should win in the literary land of London. Glory and money won by a poor un-

friended writer, who, overrating his genius, plunged, without other means of support than his pen, into the glutted writing market of London—I had only severely injured my constitution, and had passed two years in perpetual dread of starvation.

I well remember how, on the evening in question, I raised myself for a moment in my sick bed, of which I had grown sorely weary, and put aside the curtain which, held up by a worn, ill-contrived loop, was always falling down, and closing out the small quantity of air which, from the thousand chimney-tops of one of the most densely-inhabited quarters of London, entered my small attic room. I think at this moment I can see the emaciated arm I stretched forth, as I thrust back the old curtain, which felt falling to pieces even with the touch of my nerveless fingers. I looked out on the little aged, mean table, on which my medicines were placed; and a candlestick, containing one of the smallest ranks of candles; and the walls, whitewashed at some remote period, but stained, crumbling, and cobwebbed in every corner; and the floor, broken, carpetless, and soiled; and the little, old, rusty grate, and two ill-kept cane chairs, and my own writing-desk, filled with manuscripts of plays of all descriptions, from extreme tragedy to more extreme comedy, for writing for the stage had been my aim and my failure. I looked on everything appertaining to that miserable room, and then looked up to heaven, and prayed for health, that I might make new and wiser exertions to place myself in a better fate, for my mind had been busy acquiring wisdom during the long prostration of sickness.

Then I listened to the loud street noises, for London was in an even more than usually stirring mood, some public event being celebrated—some thousands of active men slaughtered by our army in glorious war, if I remember rightly; shouts, and laughter, and, at intervals, the noise of artillery, with the ringing of bells, and all the countless sounds which contribute towards making the great uproar of a vast rejoicing city, ascended up to me in my lonely, quiet room. At first I listened with a feeling of gladness at all the excitement, while everything around me was so monotonously dull,

and, for one moment, the languid blood rushed with more of life through my veins; afterwards I became sick at heart, when I thought of how the world always went on bustling and mirthful, no matter how many poor solitary individuals lay in helpless, miserable sickness, even in the very streets and public places through which gay processions were passing in utter forgetfulness, apparently, of suffering and death. My own extreme insignificance was impressed on me then in an almost overwhelming degree, that in periods of health no neglect from the world could ever make me feel; but my long illness had made me weak and childlike. The extreme depression of spirits under which I laboured brought on a kind of half slumber, in which I dreamed that I was in the last agonies of starvation.

It was a wonderfully vivid dream; I went distinctly through all the stages of dying from hunger—I felt the first sharp gnawings—the unendurable longings for all the kinds of food, I particularly relished, every one of which fancy seemed to place before me so palpably that I stretched forth my hands, always endeavouring to grasp them—I felt the fever, the burning thirst, the utter prostration at last, with an intensity that actual experience could hardly do much more than parallel, and all the time I was alone, without one to watch or tend me—without one who might chance to be passing by to pause and pity me.

“A letter for you, I say—do you hear me?”

The sharp voice of Mrs. Savall, my landlady, recalled me from my dream. I looked up, and saw her standing over me with a letter, which I reached for eagerly, as the few letters I received from home were the only consolation I had in my solitude. Mrs. Savall did not take her departure immediately, as usual, when she had given me the letter; she stood and gazed on me in a manner I thought annoying. Her face was naturally pretty and soft—I thought it indicative of goodness and kindness in a high degree when I saw it first. So it was, indeed, all smiles and sweetness as long as I regularly paid my lodging account; but now I was two whole months in arrears, and I had learned that Mrs. Savall had

one face for those who had money, and another for the unfortunates who, like myself, had none.

"I want to know," she said, tartly and decidedly, "when you are going to pay your arrears—it's two good months due now."

I looked up, and wondered how I could ever have thought that face gentle and handsome; it scowled on me like the impersonation of hatred and malice. I knew not what to say to her. It was no use telling that I had not a farthing in the world, seeing that, to judge from her looks, she was well aware of it already.

"You must be paid," I said mechanically, opening the letter, and shifting my position nearer the light.

"Must be paid, indeed, immediately, I say. We've hard times of it now, and can't want our lawful money any longer. Savall's business is close next to nothing, so you'll please make it convenient to let us have the money in three or four days at the furthest."

"I shall do what I can," I answered, looking at the letter, and perceiving that the handwriting was new to me. Where could it come from? The very first line engrossed me so entirely that to Mrs. Savall's eloquence there was no listener."

"I say, there, don't be dreaming, but listen—your money *must* be forthcoming—you've relations somewhere, haven't you?—get the money out of them—get it how you please, but have it—must, and shall, and that without any more delay."

"Mrs. Savall," I said, interrupting her, as I caught the last words of a harangue which must have been of some length, seeing I had read my letter twice over, to make myself absolutely certain of the contents, "this letter announces to me that, by the death of an uncle in South America, I am become heir to property amounting to eighteen or twenty thousand pounds."

"Eighteen or twenty thousand pounds!" she repeated, clasping her hands forcibly, and looking on me as if she was struck by some electrical power.

"Yes, Mrs. Savall, eighteen or twenty thousand pounds, the letter states."

"Good God! the fortune of some people!" she half whispered, turning of a livid hue, I thought, for a second.

I looked silently up to heaven in my inward soul, most deeply thanking God for my good fortune.

"You don't scream, or faint, or make any noise; you take it quite calmly. As Mrs. Savall spoke, she looked wonderingly on me. "If I had got a legacy of twenty thousand now—oh! if I had the very house, the street—London would hardly hold me—oh! if I had!"

She wrung her hands, and paced up and down before me in a strange, excited manner.

"But *we* shall never, no never, be so fortunate—I, nor Savall my husband—we shall never get any legacy, much less twenty thousand pounds. We have no prospects that way—nobody in the whole world would leave us a single, solitary shilling. Were every creature of our relations dying this very night, not one pound would be willed to us—no, no—we're the most unfortunate of people—the most unsuccessful in every way; and to look at some how they chance—eighteen or twenty thousand—I could go half mad when I think of it."

Her eyes were distended—every feature was convulsed with powerful feeling. I was frightened at the same time that I was disgusted at such an exhibition of discontent and envy.

In a few seconds, however, her face became composed, and she seemed much ashamed of the emotions she had exhibited. The soft expression returned to her lips and eyes, and, in a wonderfully brief period, she stood beside me, the same Mrs. Savall, pretty and smiling, as I had thought her before she discovered that I had no money.

"Let me congratulate you on such delightful, good fortune," she said, grasping my reluctant hand; "you'll soon be well now—nobody could be sick with a legacy of twenty thousand pounds coming. I must go and tell Savall the good news—he was just coming to see how you were recovering; he has been very anxious about you all the time you were ill. But what will you have now?—is your wine done?" She glanced at some empty bottles on the table. "You know the doctor said you should have so much of the best wine. Well, I shall send you up a bottle of my own till you order in some for yourself;

and will you have tea soon—I shall come and make it myself—I must get you well as soon as possible, that you may enjoy your twenty thousand.”

Smiling and cordial she left me, and walked hastily to the door—she paused there—

“You must leave this poor, little room this very night, of course; the best bedroom is at your service—we have no other lodger just now, and shall be able to give you every attendance.”

“I thank you, but I shall occupy this bedroom as long as I remain in your house,” I said. The coldness with which I spoke caused her to depart immediately.

Wonderfully was the poor attic lodger changed in Mrs. Savall's eyes.

Extraordinary, mysterious medicine art thou, money, even to those who most calmly and wisely receive thee! The low fever departed at once almost from my system. When my medical attendant called the following day, he thought a miracle had been wrought on me, so much had one night of placid, happy, mental feelings changed my face and my whole frame for the better.

On the evening of that day I was seated in the very little, gloomy, dark, parlour, which I had occupied on my first coming to Savall's house, when my pecuniary affairs were a small degree better than they had latterly been. It was a back parlour, a shabby, ill-furnished room; but I selected it in preference to the drawingroom, which Mrs. Savall pressed me to occupy, because there in that retired back parlour had I often sat in long reveries, inspired by poverty, pondering how I was to escape from the doom—by which of the ways leading to riches I should strive to enter—pondering, struggling—until all the blood became poisoned, and health at last departed. Not one single article of the furniture of that back parlour but was associated to me with sad remembrances. There was a daubed landscape, with glaring bad perspective, in a varnished frame, over the chimney-piece; I could only think of it in connexion with one particular evening, when a play, on which I had built many hopes, had been finally rejected by the manager of one of the leading theatres, and, with the manuscript in

my pocket, I sat down exactly opposite the picture, and fixed my eyes on it, and examined every part, with a minute and lengthened inspection I had never previously bestowed on it, though at times I had hard work repressing tears, which all at once would start so childishly, so weakly. There was an old sofa, with a patched, faded, chintz cover. I had thrown myself down on it once, with a letter in my hand from one whom I loved—whom I had left in Ireland, when, deceived by the false inspirations of a mocking genius, I had proceeded to London on the road to fortune, as in my folly I believed. The writer of the letter took it for granted that I was succeeding—that I would shortly, very shortly, become a star—a glory to the quiet locality where I was born—an honor to all my friends, and an especial blessing to those whom I loved; just then I had become utterly hopeless of any success, and the letter stung me to the depths of my feelings, and I lay writhing in misery on the old, faded sofa; and always afterwards when I looked on it, I could think I beheld lying there the flushed brow and aching head of that evening. The very table too were associated with poverty-procured breakfasts and dinners.

Now a rich man, I sat and looked on them all. It was worth enduring years of poverty to procure that sensation of gladness.

On the evening after I had received the announcement of my good fortune, I sat in the back parlour, engaged with the solicitor to whose management my uncle had left his affairs. I wished to settle any business as soon as possible, that I might leave London whenever my health could bear it, which promised to be in a very few days. My uncle's affairs were all clear, and easily arranged; the legacy was sure and available at any moment—I had no anxieties nor fears. When, at an early hour, I ascended to my attic chamber, I thought, as I surveyed my face in the small, cracked looking-glass, that I would very shortly lose the appearance of an invalid.

Two days afterwards I was seated in my back parlour for the last evening which I intended to spend in London for some time. I had invited Savall—Charles Savall, the master of the house, to take wine and a light sup-

per with me, previous to my departure—good fortune opens the heart to charity; I had forgiven Savall and his wife for their neglectful and harsh treatment of me during my poverty and sickness. Of Savall I had, indeed, seen little or nothing during my illness, and therefore could not judge exactly of his conduct. He was unchanged now from what he had been; he did not cringe, and fawn, and become meanly servile, like Mrs. Savall: his manners were respectful, quiet, and dignified. He was of Italian extraction, and had spent much of his early life in Italy. He was a druggist by profession, but was very unsuccessful in business, a circumstance which accounted, in my eyes, for the gloom which frequently rested on his large-featured and remarkably swarthy face.

All my wine, and wit, and high spirits, could not keep the cloud away entirely from his face, on the evening in question, though even the melancholy back parlour looked bright and smiling, with the combined influences of a burning fire, and clear, cheerful lights. I poured out sparkling wine for him; he made no objection to drink it off, and he made some efforts, too, to seem gay; a sudden smile would dart over his face, like a sunbeam over a bleak, wintry landscape, only serving to throw out more palpably the gloom of the scene; and he would give now and then a laugh so abrupt and startling, that more than once I paused to speculate on the evil mind which I fancied it betrayed, and then blamed myself for thinking hardly of human nature, on such slight grounds.

Neither his smiles nor his laughter reached his eyes; they had a perpetual hard, sinister look, particularly when they fixed intently on me, as they did at times, which annoyed and even disturbed me—I even caught myself thinking of a pocket-book, containing bank notes to some amount, which I had about me at the moment; but I chid myself severely for the foolish alarm.

The simple supper, suitable for an invalid, was early brought in, and with it came Mrs. Savall, whom I had invited, though with considerable repugnance, which I made a point and a merit with myself to overcome; for I knew that she had known poverty, and

I was aware how the whole nature grows often unconsciously hard and selfish, when want and misery become fixed circumstances in life; and, remembering my own sufferings, I pitied her, and strove hard to forgive. She was all smiles, and sunshine, and softness, and sweetness, and prettiness—every one of the feminine amiabilities seemed existing in her. I knew the hypocrisy of the woman, and only wondered that she should again strive to give me false impressions of her character, after what I had witnessed of its real nature. She had innumerable apologies to make for Savall and herself being my guests, stating, what she had previously informed me of, that they had determined to have me to a nice little bit of supper with them that evening, and had made preparations, and were, indeed, sadly disappointed that they could not get shewing me so much attention before I left them. I had received such an invitation from her in the early part of the day, but had declined the honour.

“Savall and she were also going to leave London,” she said; “they had been disposing of various concerns in the shop, and were ready to remove at any moment.” At this, Charles Savall gave her a sudden sharp look—it was more than sharp, it was malevolent. She smiled and took no notice, apparently; but, as soon as supper was over, she rose to take leave of me; she bade me a most affectionate—a most flattering adieu.

Savall was talking loudly, and, as I thought, unconnectedly, when she closed the door; yet I fancied I heard the key turned on the other side, locking us in; and then again I believed it must be imagination, for what motive could she possibly have in so acting.

It was my usual hour for going to rest, and I wondered that Savall was not leaving me. I became silent, thinking to give him a hint to go, but still he sat, with the black shadows more thickly than usual gathered on his dark face; and his gloomy, but at times singularly bright, or rather glaring eyes, were fixed movelessly on me. I looked on the fire—I looked on the candles—on the ground—on the daubed picture over the chimney-piece; but when again I glanced at Savall, there were his deep eyes still turned fixedly on me.

I became uncomfortable, uneasy: the man's looks had, I thought, something of the singular power of mesmerism in them. I determined to endure it no longer—I was an invalid, and therefore to be excused for waiving ceremony. So I told Savall that it was my usual hour for retiring, and that I felt drowsy.

"You feel drowsy?" he said, slowly, and mitigating in no degree the intolerable scrutiny of his looks.

"Yes," I said, somewhat angrily, I believe, "I do feel drowsy, and shall be glad to retire to rest very shortly. I have been too long acquainted with sickness not to try to preserve health now that it is returning."

"Yes; it is worth while to preserve health when twenty thousand pounds are to be enjoyed by one who was in poverty," he said, in a deep, deliberate manner, but without any appearance of taking his departure.

I made no answer. I thought it insolent of him, in the circumstances, not to leave me at once. I rose and stood by the fire.

"You are not going yet," he said, with, as I thought, a marked sneer.

I was much surprised at his manner, and looked at him in wonder and dislike. My first impression was that he had drank too freely; but there was no flush in his bloodless face, nor any indications to warrant such a supposition.

"Mr. Savall," I said, "you will oblige me by now taking leave; and you need not take offence at my request, as I am in delicate health, and must keep early hours."

"Oh, surely," he answered, sarcastically, "your health is worth preserving now, for you have much happiness before you with your lately-acquired money. You are a fortunate man, for, let me tell you, there are hundreds—ay, thousands—in London who exist always under the black weight of poverty, as grinding and crushing, and worse by twenty degrees than that you have lately cast off; and they have no hope—no, not even one glimmering of hope—that legacies of twenty thousand pounds shall ever be left to them." He paused, and looked on me with a peculiarly-excited, and sad, and reckless expression, which I have since more than once beheld on the faces of insane or partially insane persons, par-

ticularly those under the dominion of strong evil passion. I was silent. I knew the man was himself poor, and had learned how to sympathise with such.

"I," continued Savall, "am one of those to whose long, deep, dark poverty there comes no break of hope—no probability of good fortune. I have been a poor man my whole life—and you have been a rich man your whole life. You did not think of me because it was not very apparent; but that is the real misery—to be condemned to hide every outward sign of the cancer which is eating away at the heart—to stifle every groan—and to live contentedly and quietly on rich people who squander on useless luxuries what would make, perhaps, a heaven of a poor pinched life. But you are rich now—I am poor, very poor, and in debt: but that is no matter—you shall assist me now out of your wealth."

The earnest, but by no means supplicating look which he kept fixed on me did not contribute to dispose me to listen to his rather peremptory demand on my charity. I informed him that if he was so extremely poor I should be glad to assist him a little, but could not promise to do much in that way, as I had many poor relations who had prior claims on me; and, besides, the whole world of poverty at large was at least fully as much entitled to consideration as either he or Mr. Savall.

A smile, which at the moment was incomprehensible to me, passed over his face; he seemed, however, to take but little notice of my allusion to the unkind treatment which I had so recently experienced in his house.

"If fortune is blind," he said, "there is no reason why we, who are forsaken by fortune, should be also blind to our own interests. Might we not rise in the struggle for an equal distribution of good things?—might we not clamour justly when we see so much going to one, and nothing to another whose necessities are perhaps greater; and strive even by force, if we can do nothing else, for our portion—for an equal balance to be preserved among those who all come into the world equal? I now assert my claim to you—in one house, suffering equally from poverty, wealth comes to you; therefore divide it in some degree with me or ——"

There was a pause ; but I was not yet alarmed, though I was much startled.

"I believe you are mad," I said, "or you have been drinking to excess, which is the only way I can account for your conduct. You had better go to sleep immediately, and you will have clearer views of things in the morning."

"We shall settle this matter now," he answered, with a calm effrontery which perplexed me. "My portion of the good fortune which chanced to you in this house, I shall myself limit, seeing I know I could not bring you to the point. You shall give me the contents of the pocket-book which you have now on your person. I am easily satisfied, and shall be content with it." The words, but still more the looks, caused a momentary thrill of trepidation to pass through me.

"What pocket-book?" I asked, with some confusion.

"The pocket-book which you have this moment concealed in your safest, most hidden pocket, I suppose ; and what it contains—something about thirteen hundred in bank-notes, I should think. I am very moderate in demanding only so much out of twenty thousand, which happened to alight on this house of mine."

I was silent from astonishment. I knew not how he could know of the pocket-book and the very sum it contained, which had been brought to me only a few hours previously by my solicitor. He must, I supposed, have overheard me directing the solicitor to bring me such a sum.

"Well," said Savall, rising, "give me the pocket-book ; and I shall leave you at once when I get the thirteen hundred safe in my hands."

"Fool ! madman !—go, or I shall give you in charge," I cried, much excited.

He laughed—a startling, sharp, hard, discordant laugh. It fixed indelibly on my memory, that laugh. Often in sickness, in fevers, when the nervous system was highly wrought on, have I once fancied I heard it ringing in my ears. Even then that laugh had a peculiar and indescribable effect on me : I walked about as if the delirium of recent illness had returned on me all at once more powerfully than ever. There was a long pause, I think ; but at last I walked close to Savall's side, and said—

"Mr. Savall, have the goodness to leave the room immediately ; I can bear your presence no longer."

"When I carry the pocket-book with me, and not till then. Listen to me. I swear, by every drop of blood in either of our bodies, I shall not leave your sight until the pocket-book is mine." He neither smiled nor sneered as he said this. A savage ferocity was in his looks—I thought I saw plainly the word "murderer" written on his brow.

My blood boiled with anger, at last. The thought of challenging him to personal combat first struck me ; but then he was too infamous—too much beneath the level of honest men. I went to the door, determined to call in assistance and have him secured. He did not say one word whilst I tried to open the door ; but in vain, for it was firmly fastened outside. At length, he burst out into another sudden discordant laugh at my long-continued abortive attempts.

"Mrs. Savall fastened it secure enough, you may depend on it—trust Mrs. Savall for that," he said.

I made violent efforts to force the door, but it was strong, and I was weak and enfeebled by sickness to an extreme degree ; I called aloud, but no one answered.

"You need make no noise," Savall said, with great coolness ; "there is not a creature in the house to hear your noise ; they are all sent off except Mrs. Savall, and she is sitting laughing at your outcries, I suppose, in the front parlour ; you need not think the people in the street could hear you either, for you are a good way from the front of the house here, and besides your voice is none of the strongest."

"I shall be heard," I cried ; "I shall not be quietly robbed by you in the very midst of thousands of people, all ready to give assistance, did they know my situation. I have a chance of being heard from this window," and I proceeded to the window which looked out to the rear of the house. "I should quietly stay here, and endure your insolence till the morning, but that I wish to get you punished for your conduct."

He rose quickly, and suddenly placed himself between me and the window—

"I want no noise—no womanish—

looking outcries—I must manage the business quietly.”

I made a momentary demonstration of trying to obtain forcible possession of the window, but it was only for a moment; I shrunk from personal contest with a man so base.

“Yes,” he cried, with a malignant sneer, “you would fight—you! and where is your strength?” He looked from my emaciated, enfeebled figure to his own square and very strong proportions. “What chance could such a creature as you have with me?—could I not crush you with the most extreme ease, if I so wished, but I want no violence—I hate the sight of blood—I do, indeed; I only want that little sum in your pocket-book, to which I have proved to you that I, a poverty-stricken man, have a right. However, I must let you see that, if I please, I can shortly settle your puny noise and resistance. Look,” he drew out a pistol, “it is ready loaded, and fit for use at any moment, so look to yourself—the pocket-book I must have without force, if I can.”

Every lingering doubt of the man’s intentions vanished as this, and I saw before me the determined robber and murderer.

“You shall not have the pocket-book—you shall murder me first,” I said recklessly, as I seated myself on the old chintz-covered sofa.

He made no answer, but still grasping the pistol, he fixed the hard, peering looks on me which had at first disturbed me, and filled me with vague fears. I knew not whether it was the effect of his singular gaze, or of the over-excitement acting on my weak system, but I felt stealing all through my frame a subtle, drowsy, sick sensation, such as in all the long illness I had endured I had hardly experienced. My head became giddy, and I was conscious that my face was blanching, my lips particularly becoming dry and white. At that moment the hour of midnight—one o’clock—was struck in various parts of the great city, and the sound vibrated on my ears with a strange distinctness.

“The effects are beginning to appear at last,” muttered Savall, in a kind of half soliloquy, but still watching me without ceasing.

The words seemed to me hardly to have been spoken by his lips, so deep

and striking was their intonation, and I involuntary uttered—

“What effects?”

“The effects of the poison,” he answered, calmly.

“Poison!—what poison?”

“Poison which I administered to you in the *negus*, which you will recollect I prepared for you in the Italian manner, as I said at supper.”

At this I sat without speech or emotion.

“Don’t be very much alarmed,” he continued, in the calmest tones, “it is a peculiar narcotic poison I administered to you, and if you drink the antidote, some of which I have in this phial, the poison will only operate as a medicine, a most excellent medicine even, the only unpleasant effect being a slight stupefaction at first. I knew well that unless I drugged you in some such manner, I could not obtain possession of your pocket-book without violence; and now shall I pour you out some of the antidote?” He held up the phial.

“Give it to me,” I cried, with the instinct of self-preservation.

“Well, when you hand me out the pocket-book, the phial shall be yours.”

“The pocket-book—villain! you shall not have it.”

As I said this I felt, or fancied I felt, the symptoms of a horrible stupefaction through my frame; there was a whirl of dull, dream-like confusion in my head, a strange sound in my ears, and my eyelids, despite my efforts, weighed down at times with leaden heaviness, the very agony which naturally possessed me when I heard and believed I was poisoned. I had nothing of the activity and wakefulness of healthful agony; it was plain that I was beginning to labour under the effects of some powerful narcotic.

“Fool!” exclaimed Savall, “you must be aware that I shall certainly have the pocket-book now, whether you like it, whether you consent or not; you are rapidly becoming incapacitated, and before long you will be totally unconscious, and I shall meet but little resistance, indeed, in taking the pocket-book.”

After this, I distinctly remember how the whole scene became like a delirious fantasy. I thought I had suddenly gone back again to the worst period of the fever from which

I so recently rose ; I drew out the pocket-book, I think, and said I would burn it, and then, when I should die, he, Savall, would at least get no benefit from it ; but as I spoke I had hardly strength to rise from my seat. I did rise, however, and tottered to the fire-place, but there close to it stood Savall, with the bare, cold pistol raised in his hand.

"Any disturbance—any attempt at disturbance, and your death shall be speedier," he said.

I do not know what I answered, or whether I answered at all. I looked at the fire, however, and saw that it was to all appearance dead, not a single glimmer appeared—there was only a pile of cinders and ashes. How I longed for a strong blaze, that I might suddenly throw all my bank notes into it, and see them consumed at once before my face, and then Savall would be disappointed of the money, though my life he might have. My first feeling was one of heroic indifference to life ; I thought I could die with ease, provided Savall were balked in his expectations of obtaining the pocket-book. But how could it be removed from his grasp ? Feeble, sinking as I was, I thought on the matter until an utter incapacity of thinking and planning settled down on my brain. But what could I do ? There he sat, with his moveless gaze—I could not breathe without his noting every respiration.

As the cold, horrible numbness and drowsiness crept gradually over me, and something like the presence of death came, a feeling of fear and dislike to the grave awoke. Life suddenly seemed warm, bright, and delightful ; innumerable happy scenes, which I had recently been planning, appeared to come into very existence around me with a most tempting brilliancy, which thrilled all the powers of grief and despair within me ; for I had known so little of happiness yet in life, I reasoned, and now at last, when I might be capable of gladdening others and myself, just now to die.

"Fool—fool, do you yet choose dying ? Will you not swallow this ? You will have money enough remaining after you give me my share—you will have a number of thousands still, and you are young, and made for enjoying happiness."

Though I knew Savall must have

uttered the words, yet even now, as I recollect them, it seemed as if invisible spirits around me had spoken them, divining my thoughts, and counselling me accordingly.

Next I recollect there was a deep, frightful silence ; I heard no one single sound—no clock striking—no voice speaking or calling—not one intimation that I was in the midst of a many-peopled, noisy city ; I could not believe that I was in London. I thought I had been carried away to some deep abyss, down, down below the surface of the living world, in the centre of the cold, voiceless earth, away far from all human society, with only one of the black spirits of evil guarding me. For some moments I fancied I was condemned for ever to that terrible fate, with the eyes of Savall alone to look upon me without ceasing throughout all duration.

Afterwards a widely-different imagination possessed me with even stronger power. I thought I beheld most vividly all the scenery connected with the solitary country place in the north of Ireland where I was born ; the narrow river, the rocks and trees hanging over it ; the very boat in which I had so often rowed with a well-remembered oar ; the rough, uncultivated mountain, rising abruptly from the water, with the rich, luxuriant, yellow furze, and the goats browsing, just as they used to do when I was a boy, before I had dreamed of leading a literary life in London—even the glass in the windows of my father's house shone and sparkled exactly as it always did in the beautiful summer sunsets. I could have sworn that the whole scene was before me ; but I was not gazing on it with the human feelings I had when there last—it was with such emotions as the disembodied may be supposed to experience that I now looked.

"Miserable fool!—idiot!—you still persist in choosing death in preference to life. Come, it is not even yet too late for wisdom ; one draught, and you are safe and better than you were before—here."

My intellects had become so confused that I was barely conscious of the presence of Savall, and aware that he had come close to me, that he was standing over me, and holding a tumbler almost to my lips.

Again the strong feeling of immediate death came overpoweringly upon

me, mingled with a vision of all those whom I loved; my relations and friends in another country, they came to my very side, I thought, with anxious, fearful looks, for they seemed aware that I was dying; and there close, very close, was my mother's pale face, and her sobs were loud and convulsive; and there was my old and attached uncle, from whom I had been named, and who had always been so deeply interested in me, and so anxious to hear of my making a noise in the world, he was hanging over my shoulder, and he was weeping quietly without saying one word; but there was such deep agony in his eyes that I would have given worlds to comfort him—but, more striking to me than any even of the forms of my nearest kindred, was a fair, soft, young girl's face—the face of one I loved. She came close, very close to me, I thought, and laid her hand on my brow, and the pressure of that hand was so warm and life-like, that death became still more fearfully dark and repulsive.

At this period I think I had no remaining consciousness, in the way of reasoning, all my faculties were existing merely in the life of dreams. I cannot, therefore, state with any certainty what passed for many hours afterwards, but I have a kind of recollection of a glass being held to my lips, it must have been by Savall, and I drank with no reluctance, but with delight, a cool, delicious draught, and then fell back on the sofa much happier than I had been.

At last I awoke to perfect consciousness. I started up, wondering at first why I was there in a darkened room, with broad daylight streaming in through the shutters. It took me some moments to remember the scenes of the preceding night. My first thought was to search for my pocket-book—it was gone. Next I missed my watch, it was a new and valuable one; not one sixpence of loose cash was left in any of my pockets, so well had Savall ransacked my person during the period of my unconsciousness.

I opened the shutters, and looked around; there were the glasses standing on the table precisely as they had been the night before—the silver spoons, and some other valuable articles, however, were not there.

A strange sensation of giddiness was

in my head, and I felt as feeble as when first rising from my sick bed; but I was not apprehensive of danger, for I believed, and I suppose truly, that Savall had administered to me not poison, but some powerful narcotic or stupifying drug, in order that he might possess himself quietly of my coveted pocket-book. I supposed that he had represented to me that he had given me poison, for the malignant purpose of frightening me. His story of the antidote he possessed, I hardly believed, though, on examining a glass which stood on the table close to the sofa, I found the remaining drops of some pungent but pleasantly-flavored mixture, nothing resembling which I ever remembered to have previously tasted; this tallied exactly with my dreamy recollections of the draught I had swallowed, and I knew not what to think.

The house seemed altogether deserted as I walked out of the back parlour, the door of which was now unfastened. Not a sound of life was heard in any direction. I opened the front door, and discovered that it was far past noon.

I gave immediate information respecting Savall, and a vigilant search was immediately instituted; but not a trace either of him or his wife could be found, and I have never since even heard of him.

I have experienced many deep emotions during my life, but none are more indelibly imprinted on my memory than those connected with the night I have attempted to describe. I have never since been able to open a pocket-book containing bank notes, without the vision of Savall arising for a moment before me, as if to claim his part. So pertinaciously has this idea possessed me, notwithstanding many efforts to root it from my mind, that I have sometimes been almost tempted to believe that Savall had been long dead, and that his spirit, still doomed to feel the lust for money which in life filled him, is fated to haunt perpetually every place where pocket-books and bank notes appear. I would often have given much more than the sum of which he robbed me, to get quit of the fixed impressions of him which are in my mind; but disagreeable recollections are, and ever will be, some of the miseries of human nature.

CEYLON AND THE CINGALESE.

BY ONESIPHOROUS,

AUTHOR OF "CHINA AND THE CHINESE."

CHAPTER X.

NATIONAL RELIGION—ANTIQUITY OF BUDDHISM—TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS—ANECDOTE—FABULOUS BEINGS—MYTHOLOGY OF THE CINGALESE—HEAVENS—HELLS—GODS—DEMONS—DEVIL-DANCES—THEIR ORIGIN—HOW PRACTISED—PUNISHMENTS—ACCOUNT OF THE LAST BUDDHA WHICH APPEARED—BIRTH, MARRIAGE, LIFE, AND DEATH OF GOUTAMA BUDDHA—TENETS OF BUDDHISM, &c. &c.

THE national system of religion in Ceylon is Buddhaical, and although there are many of the natives who profess either Protestantism or Catholicism, we have been assured by a Meddler holding a high official appointment, there is not one of the professed converts that does not make offerings to the gods, temples, and priests.

We shall now proceed to give an outline of the system of Buddhism, its belief, rewards, punishment, and other matters connected with this form of worship.

Tradition cannot trace back, nor history assist in fixing the date, when Buddhism first asserted its sway over a vast portion of the human race; but it is certain that, from the earliest ages, Ceylon, China, India, Thibet, and Burmah, acknowledged the yoke of the Buddhaical religion, and deeply is it to be deplored that, at the present day, millions prostrate themselves before the shrines of Buddha, in the portions of the world before named, acknowledging the code of morality prescribed by this system as their sole guide through life. Buddhism, as is asserted by ancient records, was first promulgated in a region of Northern India, called Magadha, and the language in which the sacred books are written, now termed Pali, is affirmed to have been the language of the people of Magadhi; this language is looked upon as being of great antiquity—Buddhists declaring that it is the root of all other tongues. In Kachayana's grammar of Pali, we read, page 22 of the introduction—"There is a language which is the root of all languages; men and Brahmins who never before heard, or uttered a human

sound, spoke it at the commencement of the creation. The Buddhas themselves spoke it—it is Magadhi." The Buddhists do not believe in the existence of a Creator, but are absolute materialists, asserting that all created things are formed of the four elements—their gods, demons, men, and animals, all proceeding from the same source. In "Davy's Ceylon," p. 188, we read—

"Prani and Hitta, life and intelligence, the most learned of them seem to consider as identical. Seated in the heart, radiating from thence to different parts of the body, like heat from a fire—uncreated, without beginning, at least that they know of, capable of being modified by a variety of circumstances, like the breath in different musical instruments—and like a vapour, capable of passing from one body to another—and like a flame, liable to be extinguished, and totally annihilated."

They believe in the transmigration of souls; that a good man may become a god, a bad man a demon, and that man may be a god, demon, animal, or reptile, in various stages of existence; that when death seizes on one body, the principle of life immediately enters another form; that when a man or god has *become perfection*, the principle of life is totally annihilated, which, with Buddhists, is the highest altitude of bliss. The belief in the transmigration of souls is frequently curiously illustrated in the present day, for when a criminal is condemned to death for murder, he will at times threaten the judge that he will next assume the form of a wild beast or venomous reptile, for the purpose of being revenged. A Cingalese was

found guilty of a heinous murder, and condemned to die ; before passing sentence of death upon the criminal, Sir Anthony Oliphant, the Chief Justice of Ceylon (who is as honest and benevolent a man as ever held a responsible office), asked him if he had anything to say. "Yes," said the culprit, "I have. You can make me die as a man, if you choose ; but if you do, I shall assume, in one moment, the shape of a cobra copello, and will return and sting you to death ; the Queen's advocate, his wife, the jury, their wives and children—not one shall escape my vengeance. So now condemn me to death if you dare."

Destruction of life is also forbidden by the Buddhist religion ; therefore a good Buddhist will not take life, even from animals or reptiles, affirming that it is impossible to be assured that one of their near relations may not have assumed that shape. The Buddhists state that the world never had a beginning, never will have an end ; that the universe is composed of innumerable worlds, each one like the other, but that the whole number of these worlds are constantly undergoing alteration ; that when they have arrived at the highest state of perfection they decline ; that when again reduced to chaos, they are re-invigorated, and gradually again arrive at perfection, again to undergo the same change or revolution. Each world, according to the Buddhist, is a system of heavens and hells, seas, rocks, and islands, being inhabited by gods, demons, and fabulous beings, who are mortal, having the same passions and desires as ourselves. The heavens or places of bliss vary, and before their gods can attain the highest heaven, they must undergo death, appearing in our world under a human form ; then, if they are *perfection*, they go first to the highest heaven, after millions of ages have elapsed, they become totally annihilated. The gods and goddesses in these heavens are stated to be gigantic in stature, well formed, of a red complexion, very beautiful, and rays of light emanate from their bodies ; as these beings are gradually promoted from one heaven to another, so do they increase in stature, beauty, and effulgence, until in one of the heavens the light which emanates from a single finger, is equal in dazzling splendour to ten thousand suns shining at

mid-day. In the various heavens the natures of the gods vary ; in the higher ones, the sense and enjoyment of existence is more keen, the bodily powers greater, the physical beauty extreme, and all passions are subjugated more than in the lower ones, until in the highest heaven life itself is annihilated, being absorbed into space. The centre of these series of worlds they believe to be a rock, Maha-meru-parwate, which is placed under the lowest heaven, there being in all twenty-five heavens. We cannot give a correct idea of this system of worlds, heavens, and hells, without quoting from a most interestingly curious ancient Cingalese work, which has been most obligingly placed at our disposal :—

"The mountain of rock, which has ever existed before time was, and has been, for millions of ages, called Maha-meru-parwate, stands in the centre of the universe, under the lowermost of the twice ten and five heavens. This rock reposes half in ether, and half in the water, and measures more leagues in circumference than man could number, were he to count from the morning until the evening meal, or from the rising of the sun until the setting. This stupendous, beauteous rock, is of five colours, and has four sides ; that which is nearest the sun when he rises is the colour of the heavens ; the northerly, of the talipot flower in full blossom ; whilst the centre is of the colour of a stream of molten gold. Maha-meru-parwate is supported by three rocks ; under these three rocks is the abode of the serpents, whose varieties no living man can tell, nor the beauty of their skins. The serpents' dwelling-place is called Naga-bhaw-na, and is twice ten thousand leagues in circumference. Naga-bhaw-na rests upon a rock, which rests upon the water, which water rests upon air : thus the world is finished by air. Around Maha-meru-parwate are five and two rocky circles ; between each circle runs boundless, bottomless salt water ; and around the whole of these five and two circles, on the outside, is again the salt water. Who could measure its depth or width ? Beneath this mighty body of waters are twice five places of torment : they are called Aivichi-maha-nara-he. About these twice five hells are twelve times ten minor places of torture : the name of these last is Osooput-narake."

It is most extraordinary that so irrational a system should have subsisted for ages. Every Cingalese and Kan-

dian scholar is as perfectly acquainted and conversant with this system, as he is with the household names of his gods and family. When asked to give some definite reason or explanation for this fabulous, unreasonable account, they will quote some Pali record, or say they know not why they believe the tale, but their fathers said it was all true. Maha-meru-parwate belongs to the god Sacrea, who sometimes quits his heaven to reside there in his beautiful ivory palace, which is surrounded by a garden, in which is a tree, a white cow, and an elephant of the same colour. The cow and tree possess the power of gratifying the desire of all those who wish as they gaze upon them.* The white elephant has the power of flight, and can pass from one heaven to another, when Sacrea wishes to visit his brother gods, provided that the heaven visited is inferior to the one in which Sacrea dwells, as the power of ascending stops when the elephant has reached Sacrea's dwelling-place. On Maha-meru-parwate reside the attendants of Sacrea, who are all accomplished musicians: these bear the human form; but those which serve as the body-guard of the god Sacrea, have square faces, one eye in the middle of the forehead, a hawk's bill for a nose, whilst wings issue from their shoulders. The king of one tribe of the gods who dwell under the rock of Maha-meru-parwate, at one period, in a paroxysm of rage, swallowed the sun and the moon, and now causes eclipses by stretching forth his left hand. In the Naga-bhaw-na dwell the snakes, who when on earth, in the form of man, were good and pious people, and were almost worthy to be made gods; but the sin of malice crept into their nature, and they will be snakes for a thousand million of ages, when they will become a superior race of gods. The snakes dwell in well-furnished houses, have a king, temple, and worship, according to the rites prescribed by Buddha: their castes are numerous, and the beauty of the females extreme. A flame plays about the bodies of these snakes, so there is no darkness in their region at night. Whatever they desire immediately appears before them;

but if it is food it assumes the shape of a large frog. If these snakes were irritated they could exterminate the whole race of man, by one blast of their poisonous breath; but being kind and benevolent by nature, they only allow a small portion of breath to escape from their nostrils; and only when mankind are acting sinfully, by neglecting the ordinances of Buddha, then a slight blast ascends to the earth, which causes disease.

The beings or gods which dwell in the other rocks are of a different race; but as their history is of the same fabulous nature, we shall omit their names (which, although jaw-breaking, might easily have been simplified by giving all the one generic cognomen of legion), and proceed to describe the demons and places of torment or hells.

There are five ranks or classes of demons. Those of the first class, RAWKS-HA-SA, resemble men in form, but are of gigantic stature, being as tall as palmyra trees. Their propensities and dispositions are most savage, being furnished with lion's teeth, they seize and devour human beings, avoiding the seat of life to enable them to revel in the screams of their victims as they eat them. When men cannot be procured to be devoured they eat earth. These demons can walk upon and under the sea, but they cannot fly or ascend in the air. The YAK-SHY-AYA-YRE are the second class: these demons possess neither the strength nor stature of the preceding; they have not the power of walking, but float upon the air. These creatures are found to inhabit houses, jungles, and caves, making hideous wailings and noises; they suck the blood of men and animals, causing sickness and death. The third class are the BHOO-TA-YO: these demon are *formless*, resembling a blast of hot air; they reside in tombs and the jungles, their sustenance being dirt; and their power is limited to causing alarm by their hideous yells. The fourth are the Pray-ta: these demons are hideous skeletons, with a tawny skin, through which every bone and muscle can be seen. They float upon the air; and although suffering continually from hunger and

* In the poetical works of Ceylon, a kind, charitable man is invariably compared to the umbrageous tree in the garden of Sacrea.

thirst, the food which is always before them vanishes as soon as they attempt to touch it; and their power of doing evil confined to alarming old people by their appearance. The fifth and last are the *Pi-sat-cha*: these demons are numberless, and resemble a blue cloud; their desires and powers are the same, in every respect, as the preceding class of demons. These evil spirits are worshipped by the Cingalese; and dances, called devil-dances, are continually taking place, to appease the wrath of some offended demon. Thus, if one of the family fall sick, or misfortune attends their undertakings, they call in a priest of the devil, offerings and dances being given to allay the anger of the demon. These devil-dances were introduced into Ceylon, in the third century of the Christian era, by one of the kings, *Sri Sangabo*, who attributed a plague and famine which desolated the island of Ceylon, to the aroused malignity of a red-eyed demon; and this superstitious worship of the devil was then established, and remains in use to this day. When a village or district is said to be under the influence of a demon, one or two pulpits are erected, which are made by tying together split bamboo: these are decorated with various ornamental devices, formed with the leaves of the cocoa-nut tree and flowers. The priest of the devil makes offerings of money, fruit, and flowers to the demon, in the name of the whole village. Tom-tom beaters attend—the *kapua*, or dancers, being also priests of the devil, who dance, in honour of the demon, before the pulpit, where the first-named priest reads a species of incantation, imploring the demon to be appeased, and depart from the village. The *kapua*, or devil-dancers are usually well-grown, active men, and wear on their arms and ankles several hollow brass rings: they keep time to the tom-tom beaters by shaking their head, whilst the clanking of the bracelets and anklets make a species of accompaniment. The evolutions of the dancer are rapid; his gestures lascivious and indecent; as he becomes excited with the music and the dance, his flesh will quiver, his eyeballs become fixed and staring, as if he could, or would, discern the

form of the offended demon: whilst in this state he will predict the cause of the aroused wrath of the demon, the fate or fortune of individuals. These dances are held at night, by torchlight; and no scene can be imagined more painfully impressive than to witness the frantic gestures of the devil-dancer, with his long, dishevelled hair streaming over his shoulders, the blue flame from the torches flickering and casting an unearthly light on all around, whilst the dusky spectators remain motionless, gazing, with staring eyes, on the dancer; the huge tropical trees waving over the heads of all, as if calmly deriding, although compelled to witness, these unhallowed rites and vicious orgies, which invariably wind up a devil-dance. When a member of a family is sick, and a devil-dance is held, to mollify the tormenting demon, it usually takes place in the garden which is attached to every dwelling in Ceylon, however humble. A temporary altar is erected and decorated as before described—the same rites being enacted, the same scenes of vice too frequently ensuing. Whilst sojourning in the land of the heathen, how frequently have our hearts mourned over our domestic servants, when they have solicited permission to attend a devil-dance: remonstrance was useless; for if permission were not granted, they would quit the service rather than forego attending this unhallowed rite. Missionaries boast of the multitude of converts made in Ceylon. Alas! alas! strangely do they omit to mention the number of these professed converts who attend devil-dances, and make offerings to Buddha, his temples, and priests.

The places of torment are described to be a series of hells, made of copper, and of a square form, piled one above the other. In these burn unextinguishable fires of intense heat and fury; each hell in descending becoming a degree hotter than that which is immediately above, until the lowest is reached, where “the fire is more intense than can be even thought of; for could we convey the idea to our mind, we must inevitably be consumed by the reflection of the thought.”* Those who have transgressed the laws of Buddha are con-

* Thus writes a Cingalese sage.

demned to different hells of greater or less heat, according to the magnitude of their crimes. Thus, those who have only erred in thought are placed in the hell of the lowest temperature; and as the crimes deepen in turpitude, the culprit is placed in a hotter hell, until the one which is the hottest is allotted to the murderer. Every sin has punishment assigned, usually of a retributive nature: thus, for murder, the culprit is condemned to be butchered perpetually by the same means which were used to deprive his victim of life. Thieving is punished by the thief having continually before him what appear to be jewels and gems of inestimable value: by an irresistible impulse he is compelled to seize them, when they turn to fire in his grasp. Adultery is punished by the man being compelled to climb up a tall and jagged tree after the partner of his guilt, who allures him up the tree, by standing on its topmost branch, which he no sooner gains than she eludes his grasp, and appears at the foot of the tree, which he quickly slides down, tearing his flesh fearfully in the descent; when the bottom of the tree is attained, the female again is at the topmost branch—this scene being perpetually repeated. The adulteress is perpetually punished, by attempting to throw herself into the arms of her paramour, who immediately becomes a venomous snake, inflicting a painful wound on her breasts. Those who have drunk spirituous liquors, or indulged in drunkenness, have constantly a molten stream of burning lead poured down their throats. Liars have their tongues perpetually gashed with burning shears; in short, every offence has its own peculiar punishment allotted. Those who have broken Buddha's laws one hundred times, or as the Cingalese express it, "on ten times ten occasions," are to endure continual hunger and thirst, to be impaled on red hot stakes, to be chopped and chipped like wood, and to have the eyeballs, hair, and nails, plucked out with burning pincers. Those who have sinned more frequently are to be very fat and fleshy, their tormentors being ravenous beasts of prey, who will tear out their bowels without injuring a vital part; and this last punishment is added to the former ones.

The most terrible of all the places of torment is the Locarnan-tarika-

nariky. This hell is made of moist clay; no light being admitted, the criminals here suffer from intense cold, darkness, ravenous hunger, and consuming thirst, which compel them to tear each other to pieces; devouring the living flesh to appease hunger, and drinking the warm blood to allay the unquenchable thirst. They suffer the pangs of death constantly, immediately afterwards returning to life, to undergo the same torments, which never diminish in duration or agony. Those who are condemned to suffer in this place of torture, are criminals who have committed unpardonable sins, such as those who have defied or scoffed at Buddha or his ordinances, defiled or injured his temples, or opposed his worship, did not worship the gods, or murdered a priest, parent, or teacher—all of these offences are looked upon by the Buddhist as the most heinous sins which human nature is capable of committing.

In accordance with the preceding irrational system are the physical causes by which, the Cingalese contend, that the universe is governed, every phenomenon of nature, they affirm, being produced by the means or with the concurrence of, various gods, or *because it was to be*—never attempting to adduce reason or proof in confirmation of their assertions. The sun, moon, stars, meteors, and the whole of the heavenly bodies are asserted to be various gods, who live in magnificent mansions, which are continually illuminated, and are drawn about from place to place in the heavens, at fixed periods, by deer, horses, and elephants; thus, when the sun rises, he is commencing a journey; when setting, he is gone to the other side of *Maha-meru-parwate*, which is under the water; and the same theory is applied to the moon, stars, meteors, planets, comets, and the whole host of heavenly bodies. When the gods quarrel one with the other, then storms or whirlwinds are produced, by the elements being set in commotion, through the noise and turmoil which is occasioned by the loud voices of the gods. Their will or caprice causes rain to descend in a genial shower to refresh vegetation, or to deluge the earth with torrents, which cause floods, destroying plantations, and inundating houses. A shooting star they affirm to be the spirit of a

god which has just quitted the body, and is about to enter another form; the milky way is produced by a huge snake, who leaves in the path already traversed innumerable illuminated scales, or portions of skin. The phenomena of the tides is accounted for by the Cingalese in the following unreasonable, absurd manner—they state that over the uppermost hell is an immense pit, which could contain the whole ocean if necessary, and by this means, prevent the land from being inundated; the water which is in the pit is heated from the fire that burns in the uppermost hell; the tides being produced by the heat and vapour, arising from the hot water mixing with the cold, as the former leaves the pit. The system of the constant changes of the various worlds is thus accounted for—as man becomes wicked, so the world degenerates, until all is involved in ruin; then a new world arises from the chaotic mass, which gradually reaches perfection as mankind improve in virtue. When arrived at the highest acmé of perfection, man is sure to become wicked, when the world again degenerates; between each chaos and regeneration millions of ages elapse, which, let them be defined by numbers as they will, no mortal can duly estimate. The period which elapses between one chaos and another is called *Maha-Kalpé*. We must again resort to the ancient Cingalese work before alluded to, to give an adequately correct idea of this extraordinary and singular system, which, from its very strangeness, we believe and trust will prove as interesting to our readers as it has to ourselves:—

“*Maha-Kalpé* is ended by chaos; this is caused by fire, water, and the wind, which destroy all; but fire will consume to a cinder all vestiges of the world which wind and water have left unscathed. No part of the world is spared the *Brach-mea-lo-ches*.* The fire burns for ten millions of years; the rain then descends from *Brach-mea-lo-ches*, which inundates the earth, and extinguishes the flames. For ten centuries does the rain fall; after that time it ceases, and the whole earth is a mass of mire and rocks. In due time the

flower *Na-loon*† pushes its graceful stem from out the earth. Upon the branches of the *Na-loon*, which grow until it reaches the *Brach-mea-lo-ches* are suspended robes and clothing for the Buddhas, which are to appear in this world during the *Maha-Kalpé*; the number of Buddhas may be five, or may be a single one. When *Na-loon* has reached *Brach-mea-lo-ches*, then the gods descend to the earth. The gods are soon actuated by the same desires which dwell in the heart of men. Are not lust, gluttony, and anger, inherent to the heart of men? The gods catch these passions from dwelling on earth. The gods' persons assume the human shape—some are males, some are females; they eat of the fruits which spring up spontaneously. Children are born, these multiply; families soon are numerous, they choose rulers and chiefs, laws are made, castes are formed, and the human race goes on multiplying in numbers, and increasing in sin, until for their crimes all earthly things degenerate; the *Maha-Kalpé* ends, again all things are chaos.”

In a *Maha-Kalpé* to come, they believe that men will become sinful in the extreme. *Buddha's* laws will be neglected, and his shrines desecrated; murder, rapine, and plunder, will take place at noonday. The number of man's days on earth will gradually decrease until his age will not exceed *twice five years*; then a scroll will be found affixed to a virgin talipot tree that has never borne fruit, on which will be written the following words:—“In five and two days a mighty rain will deluge the land; all those upon whom this rain falls will be changed into ravenous beasts of prey, and devour each other; those that have but one seed of virtue remaining, keep your bodies dry.” In those parts of the world where a virgin talipot tree is not to be found, then a sonorous voice will be heard to announce the warning. Nearly all will be wetted with the rain, be changed into wild beasts, and will devour each other; the few that remain on earth will gradually amend their ways, and as they improve in virtue, their lives will be prolonged until they attain immense length of days, powerful mental capabilities, and extreme personal beauty.

* This is one of their numerous heavens.

† A most beautiful species of the pink lotus.

combined with gigantic stature. According to the Cingalese belief, nothing remains stationary. When arrived at perfection, mankind will again degenerate, until all again is involved in destruction and chaos, again to be renewed. We have endeavoured to give, as briefly as possible consistent with necessary information, an outline of the fabulous history of the Cingalese system of worlds, which we believe will be found interesting alike to the antiquarian and general reader.

Buddha is a derivation from the Pali word *Budū*, which signifies wisdom; and this term is applied to a man, or men, who is, or are, distinguished beyond his or their fellows for mental capability, learning, and piety. The Cingalese belief is, that in every *Maha-Kalpé* a certain number of Buddhas are to appear on this earth, who from their good example will cause mankind to reform, and restore religion to its primitive purity. The Buddhists compare their religion to a tree, which is occasionally in full health and vigour, bearing leaves, flowers, and fruit: at other times the tree is destitute of verdure, leafless and almost lifeless; and this natural comparison is simply and beautifully poetical.

We have previously remarked that the introduction of Buddhism into the world is buried in the obscurity of past ages; but from the early period at which Buddhaical tenets reigned dominant in the breasts of a large portion of the human race, no doubt can remain in the mind of the inquirer, that Buddhism was one of the earliest, if not the earliest, of all human religions, codes of morality, and forms of worship. The Buddhist asserts that the laws and system have been handed from generation to generation, by a succession of prophets, who appeared on earth at fixed intervals; centuries elapsing between the visits of these prophets or Buddhas. Six hundred years before the Christian era, twenty-four of these prophets or Buddhas had visited this world, when the son of one of the kings of Northern India, for his learning, piety, and sinless life, was raised to the rank of Buddha: through him the ancient

religion was restored to its original purity; he instructed priests in its tenets; and when he quitted this world, to be absorbed into the first principle of all things, these priests remained to instruct the world, and inculcate the principles, doctrines, and laws of Buddha. It is utterly impossible to affirm whether the twenty-four prophets or Buddhas which appeared on earth, are fabulous beings or not; but the two last Buddhas, prophets (what cognomen to apply to these beings we know not) were men and mortals, is fully proved from history. *Kassapo* was the Buddha which appeared before *Goutama*, whilst *Goutama*, the last Buddha which appeared, did not become Buddha till the sixth century antecedent to the Christian era. We read in Knighton, p. 66:—“Whether the preceding Buddhas had a personal existence or not cannot now be decided; but we can scarcely doubt of the humanity and substantiality of the two last—*Kassapo* and *Goutama*—inasmuch as the faith of the first had extended to China before the appearance of the second; whilst the latter was, in fact, unknown in that vast empire till about the second century of the Christian era.”* Five Buddhas are to appear in the present *Maha-Kalpé*; four have appeared, the last being *Goutama*; the one to come is *Nitra-Buddha*, who is predestined to appear on earth at a stated period, but the precise time is not known. The last Buddha, *Goutama*, is the chief object of veneration and worship with rigid Buddhists, although the whole number of Buddhas, with many of the gods, are worshipped by multitudes. To give a correct idea of the belief and principles of Buddhism, we must sketch an outline of the life of the last Buddha; by so doing, we shall impart information concerning the history of the preceding three Buddhas, as the principal occurrences in their lives exactly coincide. The history of *Goutama* Buddha is most voluminous, the Cingalese asserting that ten hundred thick books have been written, and they do not contain the whole history of his life. The style of the work, like most Asiatic writings, is high-flown and hyperboli-

* This interesting fact is proved by the account of Buddhism as then existing in China, given by Fa-hian, in his collection of Buddhist tracts.

cal, abounding in extraordinary relations and exaggerations. We shall be as concise and *matter of fact* as will be consistent with the manner and style of the work; and should our readers feel disposed to yawn and call out "*trashy nonsense*," we entreat them to apply the term to the Buddhist writer of the life of *Goutama Buddha*, and not to the Christian translator and condenser of the same.

The being who became *Goutama Buddha* previously underwent every variety and stage of existence, having been born many millions of times. To confirm this assertion, the Cingalese writer says—"Were the bodies collected merely in each instance of abortion, which occurred to him in the common course of things, they would form a mass which would surpass in size the magnitude of the earth."

In the state of being which preceded that of Buddha, he was a god of *Toa-sitadewialoche*, his name being *Swata-katu*. A thousand years before *Swata-katu* became Buddha, a man with a golden branch in his hand flew through ten thousand worlds, announcing to the gods that Buddha would appear at the expiration of one thousand years. As soon as this intelligence was heard, the gods in a body went to the heaven where *Swata-katu* dwelt, to inform him that the period had arrived when he must quit his heavenly abode, and descend to earth to become Buddha, as his piety, learning, and spotless life had qualified him to fill that post. Time does not exist in the heavens of a Cingalese, thousands of years being but as a moment, and millions of ages but as one week. Thus no sooner had the gods heard the messenger proclaim that Buddha would appear on earth in a thousand years, than the prescribed time had elapsed. On receiving the deputation of the gods, *Swata-katu* desired a moment for reflection, to be enabled to examine himself as to his fitness and capability for becoming Buddha. After due deliberation, *Swata-katu* declared his willingness to become Buddha, more especially as mankind now lived to be one hundred and twenty years of age; therefore they must be virtuous, or they would not have attained the privilege of living unto that advanced age—consequently the world was in a fit state to receive benefit from pious precepts and example. *Swata-katu*

declared that he should be born of the queen *Maha-ya-davea*, the wife of *Sodo-den* Rajah-Roo, who lived at *Kapilla-wastoo-pooru*, and that the world in which he should become Buddha should be *Damba-diva*. Immediately afterward *Swata-katu* vanished from his heaven, and entered the womb of the queen *Maha-ya-davea*. Towards the termination of the period of gestation, the queen, whilst walking in one of the pleasure-gardens of the palace, felt an irresistible desire to gather some flowers that grew beyond her reach: scarcely had the wish flashed across her mind, when the bunch of flowers fell over towards her hand. The instant the flowers touched her person the pangs of childbirth commenced. Immediately the queen *Maha-ya-davea* was surrounded by gods; and in one instant the child was born, who, the moment he was in the world, walked seven steps forward in a straight line; but to the assembled circle of gods, the child appeared to be advancing towards each individual god. The king *Sodo-den*, lost in amazement and consternation, sent for his most renowned astrologers to unravel the meaning of these remarkable circumstances. After much deliberation, the astrologers declared that the child then born would be either Buddha or a god. A renowned astrologer, who dwelt in a far distant part of the kingdom, called *Hie-male*, whilst gazing on the heavens, heard sounds which were expressive of great joy—the gods proclaiming that the child just born, which was called *Sig-harte*, the son of *Sodo-den*, would become Buddha. Off hies the sage in the greatest haste to the court of *Sodo-den*, and entreats that he may be allowed to see the precious infant. As the sage was a good man and renowned astrologer, *Sodo-den* granted his request, ordering his attendants to fetch the new-born infant. As soon as the child was brought into the king's presence, *Sodo-den* tried to make the infant salaam the sage, by joining the little hands together; but the child, instead of salaaming the sage, placed his feet upon the head of the good man. The sage then examined the infant, and found upon his person the distinguishing marks of Buddha—namely, the thirty-two spots of beauty on his body, and two hundred and sixteen emblems on the soles of his

feet, and the eighty inferior symbols, which were indicative of his destiny. The aged sage wept tears of joy and sorrow; of joy, at beholding the infant which was to become Buddha—of sorrow, because he must quit this life before the child should become Buddha. “Know, mighty *Sodo-den*, *Rajah-roo*, that thy son *Sid-harte*, before he can arrive at the felicitous honour of becoming Buddha, will forsake the world, giving up thy kingdom, and all its attendant grandeur, to prepare himself, by meditation, for the great honour which has been in store for him for tens of millions of centuries. Four events will cause thy son *Sid-harte* to quit the luxuries which surround him and thee. When he beholds a man debilitated by disease and sorrow, an aged man whose hair will be white as the running stream, a lifeless body, whereon the land-crabs are banquetting, and a *Tapissa*,* then will *Sid-harte*, thy son, leave thy dwelling never more to gladden thy sight.” The astrologer departed on his homeward journey, and shortly afterwards died. *Sid-harte* grew up, was a dutiful son, studied deeply, and paid profound respect to the good and learned. At that period the religion of *Brahma* was the one that was followed by *Sodo-den* and his subjects: the king, not appreciating the high destiny to which his son was called as Buddha, and wishing him to ascend the throne after his death, exerted his authority and influence to prevent *Tapissas* from having access to the young prince—bearing the prophecy in mind, *Sodo-den* caused the sick and aged people, and those who were likely to die, to be moved outside the city walls: every rampart was put into a thorough state of repair, and fifteen hundred men were stationed at each of the four gates to prevent the ingress of the sick, aged, or *Tapissas*. *Sodo-den* sought to bind *Sid-harte* to the world by every possible means; thus when his son had entered his seventeenth year, the king sought the hand of a most beautiful and fascinating princess, to be to him given in marriage. This princess was called *Yassa-deva-davie*, and was the only daughter of the king whose realms bordered on those of

Sodo-den. She was so exquisitely lovely in face and form, that no mortal man ever gazed upon her without becoming the slave of her fascinations. The marriage was celebrated with all due solemnity, and great rejoicings took place on the auspicious occasion; but these rejoicings were redoubled when, in nine months and three days after the marriage, the lovely Princess *Yassa-deva-davie* presented *Sid-harte* with a son. The king, *Sodo-den*, now was happy, and in his felicity appeared to forget the sage’s prophecy and his former fears, and for years nought occurred to cause him an uneasy thought. Upon the day the Prince *Sid-harte* had entered his thirtieth year, he determined to visit a member of the royal family to acknowledge the gorgeous present which had been sent him. *Sid-harte*, who had resolved to pay this visit in all due form, desired the attendance of the chief or prime minister, *Chan-na*. As *Sid-harte* was about to enter his howdah (which was borne by his favourite elephant, who was most richly caparisoned, the trappings being one mass of gold and precious jewels), his gaze was attracted and arrested by the appearance of an aged man, whose tottering, attenuated limbs appeared unequal to the task of supporting his body. *Sid-harte* asked *Chan-na* to explain to him the meaning of this wonderful spectacle.

“Know, mighty and powerful prince,” said *Chan-na*, “that the spectacle thou beholdest, although new to thee, is what ordinary mortals witness daily; that tottering man is but borne down by the weight of many years. He is old, *Sid-harte*, and all born of woman must become infirm under the burden of numerous days.”

The words of *Chan-na* sank deep into the heart of *Sid-harte*, for his mind was filled with the thought that all that he loved—wife, children, mother, and father—now revelling in all their full bodily powers, must even become a piteous spectacle, like unto the aged, infirm, tottering man whom he had just seen. The visit was paid, but *Sid-harte* returned to his father’s palace with a saddened brow. On the first day of the following moon, *Sid-harte* resolved upon visiting his favourite pleasure-garden. On his way

* An order of the priesthood.

thither, attended by the chief officers of his household, he beheld a man lying on the ground, moaning piteously.

"Why does that man give utterance to those sounds?" inquired *Sid-harte* of the minister, *Chan-na*.

"Because, mighty master, he is sick and racked by agonising pain. All that are born of woman are liable to disease and suffering."

"I go not to my garden to-day—my heart is sad. My adored wife, my beloved offspring, my honoured and revered parents, may be suffering from bodily agony, whilst I might be enjoying and inhaling the sweets diffused around from the perfume of my flowers."

On the last day of the same moon, *Sid-harte* yielded to the solicitations of *Yassa-deva-davie*, and ordered the court to attend him on an excursion of pleasure, to his favourite garden. The gorgeous retinue stopped at the entrance of the garden; the coming of *Sid-harte* had not been announced, therefore guards were not at the garden to receive him. Lying before the garden entrance was the putrifying body of a man, the features completely destroyed by the filthy and abhorrent land crabs, who were disporting in myriads over and about the body, on which they had feasted.

"What horrible object is that which meets my eye? The eyeless sockets appear to glare on me, as the reptiles creep from out the cavern of the skull. Unfold to me this mystery, learned *Chan-na*."

"*Sid-harte*, that horrible object which meets thine eye is the putrifying body of a dead man; the casket, that now is a disgusting and unsightly object to gaze upon, but one moon ago was full of life, energy, and vigour. Know, mighty prince, that all that are born of woman must die. Some live for many years—some only to the period when the mental and bodily powers are at their zenith; but old and young, high-born and humble, the strong and the weak, the learned and the ignorant—all alike are born of woman, and must die."

As *Sid-harte*, wrapt in profound thought, prepared to enter his howdah, a *Tapissa* passed by, dressed in the robes of his office.

"Of what caste is that man, and why is he thus attired? Canst thou

answer me these questions, learned *Chan-na*?"

"Powerful prince, that man is a *Tapissa*, and he wears the robes of his office. By a spotless life, meditation, and benefiting his brother man, he seeks to overcome the five great evils which attend man—disease and pain, old age and infirmity, and the loss of life. All, *Sid-harte*, that are born of woman are subject to these evils."

"Then, learned *Chan-na*, if a spotless life, prayer, meditation, and performing acts to benefit mankind, can overcome these five great evils, it were well did I and thou follow in the *Tapissa*'s steps. I, *Sid-harte*, the son and heir of the mighty king *Sodo-den*, devote the remainder of my days to overcome these five great evils; I, *Sid-harte* the son of *Sodo-den*, will become a priest. I have said it—who shall try to make me lie, or attempt to induce me, by persuasion or force, to break my word?"

The retinue of the prince returned to the palace. *Sid-harte*, buried in profound thought, sought the privacy and solitude of the innermost chamber of his princely abode. The noise of rejoicing and revelry resounded through the palace, as the king had ordered the attendance of his nobles, the most celebrated dancers, singers, and musicians, as he now gave an entertainment, by which he hoped to dispel the melancholy of his son. When the shades of evening fell on all around, *Sid-harte* desired his chief eunuch to summon the minister, *Chan-na*, into his presence. The summons was obeyed. Before *Sid-harte*, in an attitude of salutation, stood the faithful minister.

"*Chan-na*, I am about to leave my palace, to behold it no more—will accompany me?"

"Mighty prince, I am but the slave of thy bidding—thou hast but to command, I to obey."

"*Chan-na*, the sight of age, disease and death dwell on my mind—I must conquer these great evils. Ought I to dwell here, surrounded by all which can minister to my pleasure, whilst my fellow-men suffer?"

"Mighty prince, it is thy destiny; thou art the son of the powerful king *Sodo-den*—care and sorrow dare not molest thee."

"Hold thy peace, *Chan-na*; wouldst turn flatterer? Though I, *Sid-harte*,

am the son of the mighty *Sodo-den*, am I not a man born of woman—therefore subject, like all human beings, to disease, old age, and death? I tarry here no longer—follow me.”

“*Sid-harte*, mighty master, this night canst thou not depart. Heardest thou not the song of joy, sang by the princess’ women, to celebrate the birth of thy son? This night the great *Yassa-deva-davie* has brought into the world an infant. *Sid-harte*, thy humble slave, *Chan-na*, greets thee—thou art again a father.”

“*Chan-na*, this intelligence saddens me; but my resolve remains unshaken. I depart—but I dare not see my beloved spouse or my children; I can leave them, but I cannot say farewell. The sight of my new-born son, nestling in his beauteous mother’s bosom, would unfit me for my task—perchance my babe might entwine his tiny fingers around mine—I could not withstand this silent appeal to my heart. The little fingers, that one gentle pressure could snap in twain, would prove to me more binding than chains of adamant or iron. My beloved wife might speak of the future bliss that we were to share—together; for *Yassa-deva-davie* and *Sid-harte* there can be no future—we are twain. Wife, children, parents, throne—I sacrifice at the shrine of duty. The flood-gates of my heart are opened—tears of agony roll down my cheeks at the bitter thought, that I no more shall behold the cherished, beloved wife of my bosom, my offspring—and her children—the honour of parents who gave me birth, and all I hold dear; but *Chan-na*, I, *Sid-harte*, must throw aside all human feeling, to be enabled to conquer the five great evils, to which all born of woman are subject. Let my steed, *Kan-dek-ka*, await me at the eastern portal of my private garden. Adieu, all that I love! *Sid-harte* thou ne’er will see more; but the memory of past happiness is enshrined in the inmost recesses of my heart’s core. Wilt thou follow me, *Chan-na*? To exile and poverty I lead thee.”

“To the portals of suffering and death will I follow thee. Shouldst thou, *Sid-harte*, enter the portal, I *Chan-na*, thy humble, unworthy slave, tread in thy footsteps.”

Mounted on his favourite black steed, *Kan-dek-ka*, *Sid-harte* and

Chan-na quitted the city—the gate through which they passed flying open to allow them free egress. *Sid-harte* allowed his horse to follow which path he chose: on bounded the noble *Kan-dek-ka* until he came to the river *Anoma-ganga*, which the horse sprang over, then voluntarily stopped. *Sid-harte* and *Chan-na* alighted: the prince then cut off his long tresses with his scimitar, throwing the severed hair toward heaven; the god *Sacrea* caught the tresses, and caused them to be sent to *Toosita*, to be preserved in a Dagobah. *Sid-harte* then proceeded to take off his royal robes: in a minute the king of a tribe of gods, called *Maha-Brachmea*, stood at his side with the necessary apparel and equipments for a priest. These consisted of two sets of yellow robes, a scarf to gird about the loins, a girdle, a bowl to contain food, a coarse cloth through which water was to be strained, a razor to shave the head, and a coarse needle to enable *Sid-harte* to repair his own robes. All these articles had been taken from the flower *Naloon*, at the commencement of the *Maha-Kalpe*, and been carefully preserved by the god *Maha-Brachmea*. *Sid-harte* attired himself in the priestly robes, solemnly abjuring rank, power, and grandeur; and ordered the minister to return to the palace, informing the king that he had abjured for ever his former position, and had become a priest; and to bear the royal robes to *Yassa-deva-davie*, as a farewell gift from him who had been her husband, but who now was a priest. *Chan-na* implored his master to allow him to follow him, but *Sid-harte* would not accede to this; but insisted that *Chan-na* should return, and desired him to mount *Kan-dek-ka*. Being compelled to obey, the minister returned to the king *Sodo-den*, and imparted the sorrowful intelligence. Deep was the grief that filled the hearts of *Sado-den* and *Yassa-deva-davie* when *Chan-na* told them they would not again behold *Sid-harte*, and nought but sounds of wailing were heard in the palace. *Sid-harte* now wandered from place to place; his only means of support being the alms that were bestowed upon him by the charitable. He performed various acts of devotion, such as remaining motionless for a lengthened period, looking upon the sun at noon-day, standing in the midst of fires,

and, at times, for weeks together are burning with the same fire of passion. These men of burning passion are termed *Siddharts*; and it was while performing a most painful austerities that *Siddharta* had the vision which led him to believe that by steadily walking towards Buddha. The demons tried to seduce *Siddharta* from the path of virtue by every means in their power, and with all temptations failed. In his trials were rewarded to him; but these proved as unavailing as the temptations. One night *Siddharta* was assailed by the demons, who showered upon him missiles of every description; but the gods came to his aid, the demons being completely vanquished and subjugated. Before the morning dawned, *Siddharta* had become conversant with every description of knowledge; he had gained the wisdom which made him Buddha; he could recite the whole number of his previous births, his acquirements, and great virtues; he had the faculty of diving into the secrets of futurity, and unravelling the events of past ages; the keenness of his perception, and great wisdom, enabled him to understand every thought of the human heart, and all sciences; all lust and worldly desires were subdued or banished from his heart, and the capability to appreciate the extreme bliss of his present condition was bestowed upon him. *Siddharta* was now called *Goutama Buddha*, having twelve thousand other appellations, which we will not attempt to give. For the first nine weeks after becoming Buddha he took no food or sleep, remaining wrapt in meditation. Disciples and adherents flocked from every part of the world to become followers of *Goutama Buddha*—many miracles were worked by him, and his life was most exemplary. The principal part of *Goutama's* latter days were passed at *Kassa-ratta*, living in a magnificent temple which had been built for him by one of his wealthy followers. Here he passed his time in inculcating the doctrines of Buddhism, and benefiting mankind. Occasionally he travelled into strange lands, and visited *Lanka-diva*, Ceylon, three times; and upon quitting Ceylon the last time, he left the impress of his

foot upon the highest mountain in the island, which is called Adam's Peak. Davy's "Ceylon," p. 215, contains the following account of *Goutama Buddha*—

"His days he devoted to men, in preaching to them, and converting them, and his nights to the gods, who assembled to listen to him. He was successful in convincing those whom he addressed of the truth of his doctrine, that he often daily converted many *Asuras*, a number too immense to be comprehended. The powers which he exercised in reforming mankind were more than human, and were quite miraculous. He could assume any form he chose. He could multiply himself many hundred times, or produce the appearance of many hundred Buddhas, in every respect like himself, with rays of light issuing from every pore of the skin, differently occupied, some standing, some sitting, and some preaching. He could go any distance in a moment even as fast as thought, through the air, under the water, or under the earth. When he preached, his face appeared to all the audience, though surrounding him in a circle.† People of all languages understood him; and at however distant, heard him distinctly excepting those who were as the deaf, and though close to him heard nothing. A learned man who followed him, during six months, to ascertain if he were the true Buddha, never saw the impression of his foot, nor even a flower bed on which he trod, or a cushion pressed on which he sat. His good qualities, his extraordinary powers, are said to have been boundless, and to baffle description."

Goutama died in his eighty-ninth year, after having been Buddha for seven years, during which period he had made many converts, and reformed a large portion of his fellow-creatures. The god *Sacra* attended the death-bed of *Goutama Buddha*, and promised to watch over his religion five thousand years. At the expiration of that period, *Goutama* promised to reappear on earth to perform miracles; after which the elements of the being would become absorbed in space and annihilated for ever. As soon as *Goutama Buddha* died, his body was deposited in a golden coffin, which

* A full description of Adam's Peak will be given in due course.

† Does the reader remember the miracle of his birth?

was placed upon a pyre of sandal-wood one hundred and thirty cubits in height.* The flames did not consume the whole of the body—a tooth was preserved; some of the flesh became particles of gold, a portion of the bones pearls, the remainder being distributed about various parts of the world, more especially Ceylon, where the relics are preserved in a dome-topped building called *Dagobah*; and a *Dagobah* is considered as sacred as a *Widhare*, or temple which is dedicated to the service of Buddha. Tradition states that *Goutama Buddha* is now in *Ni-wane*, which is the ultimate reward and rest-place of all Buddhas and good men. The priests will not give any definite idea of *Ni-wane*, saying that it is a religious mystery which they are forbidden to enter upon or discuss. *Ni-wane* is a compound of two Cingalese words, *ni* and *wane*—the first signifies “no,” the last “thirst.” Some suppose that *Ni-wane* means utter annihilation; and from the opinion we have heard expressed by Cingalese scholars, who were learned men and rigid followers of Buddha, we coincide in the definition of the term. The state of supreme bliss is invariably alluded to as complete absorption or annihilation; and the natural conclusion must be, that one who from his virtues had become *Buddha* must enjoy the most superlative degree of happiness promised by the sacred writings. This heathen idea of bliss appears extraordinary to a mind which has been just and enlightened by the truths of the Christian religion: the Buddhist looking for reward and bliss in absolute annihilation of spirit and being—the Christian, in dwelling to all eternity in the mansion prepared for the pardoned sinner.

The Cingalese date from the death of *Goutama Buddha*; and although it is most difficult to ascertain the exact year in which he lived or died, we believe that this year 1849 is reckoned by the Cingalese as 2393 after Buddha; and we are borne out in this belief by Davy, who states that 1821 of the Christian era corresponded to 2014 after Buddha.

We will now proceed to give an outline of Buddhism, the tenets and

principles which were inculcated by *Goutama*; and, as far as it is practicable for a heathen code of morality or religion to be good, we believe Buddhaical doctrines and precepts to be the best pagan religion known. The principal tenets of Buddhism are, that mind and matter are both immortal; that mankind have come into their present condition from a numberless series of transmigrations, which extend backwards for an immense period; and these transmigrations will continue for ever. We have previously stated that Buddhists are absolute materialists—the dogma of eternity of matter being continually inculcated; they believe this world always has existed, and will exist for ever; that it will be frequently destroyed, and will be reproduced. In one respect the religion of Buddha resembles that of the Christian—the Buddhist affirming that sin, sorrow, disease, and death, were not always the portion of mankind, but were caused by the ungovernable passions of disobedience, lust, avarice, and lying, being indulged in by man. The gods, according to the Buddhist, are spirits of an immortal nature, whose power and knowledge, although vast, is limited, and although far superior to mankind in intelligence and wisdom, are immeasurably the inferiors of the successive Buddhas which have appeared on earth. In a Cingalese work, entitled “*Sutra Pitaka*,” which contains some of the precepts and sermons of *Goutama Buddha*, we read the following accounts of the gods:—

“Living beings first appeared by an apparitional birth, subsisting on the element of felicity, illuminated by their own effulgence, moving through the air, delightfully located, and existed in unity and concord. This was the original condition of man; but human nature could not remain in this condition—sin and lust entered the world, and man became a wicked creature. Twenty-four god-like men appeared in succession, whose lives were holy and pure. In the revolutions of countless ages they appeared; their sojourn on earth, although fraught with misery to themselves, did not materially benefit mankind, when I, *Goutama Buddha*, ap-

* A cubit in Ceylon is the length of a man's forearm, measuring from the elbow to the top of the middle finger.

peared on earth in my present form. I am the most exalted in the world—I am the chief in the world—I am the most excellent in the world. This is my last birth; hereafter there is to me no other generation. One more Buddha is yet to come—then shall cease the present order of things.”

It is stated that *Goutama* did not write out either his precepts or discourses, and that written records did not appear until centuries after his decease. The Cingalese antiquarian scholar affirms, that *Goutama's* doctrines, precepts, and traditions, were handed down by his disciples from one generation to another, until, in the reign of *Wallagarn Bahoo*, king of Ceylon, which was four centuries after *Goutama Buddha's* death, the whole of his precepts, discourses, and doctrines, were collected and transcribed by learned priests, who dwelt in *Aloolena*, in the district of *Matela*. This collection comprises the complete system of Buddhism, but the works are so voluminous, that no living man has ever been able to read the whole. The works, although rare, are still to be found in Ceylon, and these sacred writings are the authorities resorted to by the Buddhist in all disputed or doubtful points in their religion; and the Cingalese maintain most positively that the establishment of their temples, mode of worship, and doctrines, are in strict accordance with these works. The number of these sacred works are five—the names as follow:—

Sangoot-Sangia—the valuable collection; *Angotra-Sangia*—the elementary collection; *Dih-Sangia*—the long collection; *Medoon-Sangia*—the middling collection; *Koodoogot-Sangia*—the remaining collection. The whole of these works are written in countless volumes, and are complete, with the exception of the *Angotra-Sangia*, which was in twenty-five volumes, but unfortunately some of the volumes are missing.

The life of *Goutama* was in strict accordance with Buddhaical tenets; he was chaste, temperate, and humble; he went from village to village preaching his doctrines, and permitted his disciples and followers to write down his discourses. The doctrines inculcated by *Goutama* were faith in the Buddhas, confidence in the gods, and the efficacy of charity and good works. Invariably followed by multitudes,

and attended by innumerable priests and disciples, *Goutama* travelled from place to place, asking no alms, but receiving all that were freely offered; simple in manners, humbly austere in deportment, he courted not the smiles of the great, nor did he heed their frowns when he deemed it necessary to administer rebukes, or admonish them concerning their sinfully licentious lives. The discourses and doctrines of *Goutama Buddha* would not have disgraced a more enlightened age; he inculcated the necessity of subjugating the passions, charity to our poorer brethren, good will to our neighbours, and kindness to animals. We subjoin a few of his precepts, and the substance of one of his discourses. The precepts are extracted from the *Damma Padam*, or the Footsteps of Religion:—

“All the religion of Buddha is contained in these three precepts: ‘Purify thy mind;’ ‘abstain from vice;’ ‘practise virtue.’”

“He is a more noble warrior who subdues himself, than he who in the battle conquers thousands.”

“True nobility is not of one's parentage, but is the offspring of a virtuous mind and spotless life.”

“Religion is the road to immortality; irreligion the road to death. A religious man dies not; but he that is irreligious is, even whilst in this world, as one that is dead.”

“A wise man will so establish himself in industry, perseverance, prudence, and mental control, that he is never borne away by the turbid waters of licentiousness.”

“Shun the practice of irreligion; shun sensuality; shun the evil speaker: by shunning these sins man is a gainer, for the religious and meditative experience supreme happiness.”

“As the mighty rock *Mahu-meru-parwate* remains unshaken by the storm, so is the wise man unmoved by praise or disapprobation.”

“To the virtuous, all is pure; therefore think not the going unclothed, being defiled with dirt, fasting, lying on the ground, or remaining motionless, can make the pure impure—for the mind will still remain the same.”

“Let those who bestow all their thoughts and attention on their bodies, gaze upon the skeletons of those departed; then let them say if their carcass is worth the care. Kings, their pride, greatness and grandeur decay; but truth is immutable and eternal.”

“Conquer anger by mildness, evil by

good, avarice by liberality, falsehood by truth. Evil passions cannot be eradicated all at once; it is a slow work, and must be done gradually, just as the jeweller removes rust from gold."

"The wicked man is like a decayed leaf; the harbinger of death is near, and yet the sinner stands at the gate, without having made provision for his future life."

"Know, oh! sinner, that wicked actions cannot be hid; avarice and wrath will bring long-suffering upon thee."

"No flame burns so fiercely as that of lust; nought has a grasp so powerful as hatred; no net is equal to the meshes of folly; no flood is so impetuous as desire."

"Men ever have been, and ever will be, subject to unjust praise and unjust censure; and that man is the most skillful of all charioteers who can guide the chariot of his mind."

"Sin is oftentimes clothed in the garb of virtue, but the effects unclothe it speedily; then vice is seen in its naked hideousness."

"Mental control and the subjugation of the passions is the road to happiness and eternal bliss."

"Man should perform those deeds which time will not cause him to repent; therefore be not desirous of discovering the faults of others, but zealously guard your own."

The following extracts are from a discourse entitled *Mangala* :—

"Thou art not to serve the unwise, but to attend on the learned, and to make offerings to those who are worthy of homage; thou shouldst live in a religious neighbourhood, to be a performer of virtuous actions; thou must be well informed in religion, mild in manners, subject to discipline, and of pleasant speech; thou must honour thy father and thy mother, provide for thy wife and children, follow a sinless vocation, give alms to those who stand in need, act virtuously; assist relatives, and lead a blameless life. To be free from sin, abstain from intoxicating drinks, to persevere in virtue, to be respectful and kind, contented, grateful, and to listen at proper seasons to religious instructions; to be mild, subject to reproof, to have access to priests, and to converse with them on religious subjects; to have a mind unshaken by prosperity, or adversity, inaccessible

to sorrows, free from impurity, and tranquil; these are the chief excellences. They who practise all these virtues, and are not overcome by evil, enjoy the perfection of happiness, and obtain the chief good."

The following prohibitions or commands were delivered by *Goutama Buddha* :—

"Abstain from fornication and adultery; abstain from stealing; abstain from taking life from man, bird, beast, or reptile; abstain from coveting; abstain from all foolish conversation; abstain from betraying the secrets of others; abstain from all evil wishes to others; abstain from slander; abstain from lying; abstain from all unjust suspicion."

The precepts, discourses, and commands which we have quoted will show that the doctrines inculcated by *Goutama Buddha* are those of purity and strict morality. Although reason convinces us there is much fable intermixed in the account of his birth and life, still historical facts prove that the son of a powerful monarch did abandon his throne, and, in the full vigour of health, manhood, and intellect, became a wandering pauper, roaming from place to place, inculcating piety and virtue. Can we feel astonished that the being called by the Cingalese *Goutama Buddha*, is looked upon as a prophet, and worshipped as a god? In "Knighton," page 79, we read "The rise and progress of a later faith may convince us that there was nothing improbable in his (*Goutama*) assuming the character of a prophet, and, still less, in his being received as such. In the prime of manhood he renounces the pomps and vanities of the world, retreats to an unfrequented forest, and there submits to want and privation, regardless of the hopes of ambition, or of the softer feelings of affection."

We believe that we have given a clear outline of the Buddhist religion, and in future chapters propose describing the gods, priesthood, ceremonies, and all matter that is connected with the Buddhical form of worship.

THE TIMES, LORD BROUGHAM, AND THE IRISH LAW COURTS.

"To excite hatred and ill-will among different classes of the Queen's subjects," is a misdemeanour at common law, punishable by fine and imprisonment. It may appear singular that, while Irish journalists have been prosecuted, with exemplary rigour, for seditious and felonious publications, the Attorney-General for England has never proceeded against the *Times*, for these mischievous libels in which the Queen's English and Irish subjects have been daily, for several years back, excited to mutual hostility in the columns of that journal. There can be no doubt that the offence has been, and is, day by day, committed and repeated with enormous audacity; and as little can it be questioned that any jury empanelled to try the publisher of that newspaper on an indictment for such sedition, would be compelled either to bring in a verdict of "guilty," or to violate their oaths. No London jury, however, could be found to say that the *Times* has committed a legal offence, by any amount of insolence, falsehood, or provocation, towards the inhabitants of this part of the United Kingdom.

For jurymen in London are not made of purer materials than elsewhere; and often, when they have found their duty as jurors conflict with their judgments or prejudices as citizens, they have preferred what Blackstone delicately calls a "pious perjury" to finding verdicts according to the evidence. When forgery was a felony punishable with death, scarce any amount of evidence could wring a verdict of guilty from a London jury; and the well-known and avowed determination of jurors there, and elsewhere in England, not to convict in forgery cases, so long as death remained the penalty, was the main reason assigned for the alteration of the law, and the passing of that new enactment by which the punishment of forgery is now reduced to transportation; for, whenever public opinion, in England, has declared itself so unequivocally as by jurors refusing to find unpopular verdicts, the hint has been taken by the legislature, and the cause

of complaint, whatever it may be, has been removed.

So far, therefore, as respects punishment before the legal tribunals for the trial of offences of this nature, the *Times* is safe in the lax principles of those to whose bad passions it panders. But it is not safe from the condemnation of the good and loyal subjects of the Queen, who lament to see her Majesty's influence and authority weakened with her people, by provocations and contempts which are not the less criminal because they are practised with a scandalous impunity.

But, besides the inducement of a depraved public opinion, the *Times* has had another motive in the more flagrant of its late excesses. The centralists believe that the "reduction of Ireland" will never be complete till our superior courts of law are transferred to Westminster. They consider, and not unwisely, that, so long as Dublin remains the place of residence of five or six hundred men educated for the bar, with large attainments and a superfluity of leisure, there will never be wanting abundant elements of resistance to their provincialising and plebeianising policy. It is with this view they improve every occasion of disparaging our Irish courts, and of bringing the administration of justice in Ireland by Irish law authorities into contempt. With this view the *Times* offered that gross insult to the Queen's Irish judges at our December Dublin commission, and raised with so much malignity the cry of incompetency against the Irish Attorney-General.

The affront to the judges was no more insolent than mischievous. The Irish have been habitually reviled for their lawlessness; for their want of respect for constituted authority, the last commission in Dublin may fairly be taken as a test of the justice of the accusation. Two judges there pronounced an order, the legality of which has never been disputed, against publishing the proceedings on Mr. Duffy's indictment pending the trial. The Irish press, with exemplary respect for the Queen's judges, submitted to the order, although it was an inconvenient

and, as it appeared in the end, an improvident order; but the *Times* not only violated and defied the order—as, indeed, the whole press of London did—but added contumely and personal insult to its contempt—delighted, doubtless, at the opportunity of damaging the Irish bench, at whatever risk to society here, provided only another ingredient could so be procured for the case against the Irish law courts which they have in preparation.

The complaint against the Attorney-General, if less mischievous than the contempt against the judges, was more unjust. If the *Times* had complained against Mr. Monahan for lending himself to practices which have diminished the confidence of the Queen's Irish subjects in the administration of justice; or for an unworthy participation in the pretences of a government who, while they practically violate the first principles of the constitution, claim credit for administering the affairs of this country according to law, we should have little to offer in his defence; but when the *Times*, after approving of Mr. Monahan's conduct in these respects—after applauding all that has been, to say the least, questionable in his proceedings—turns upon him with the charge of incompetence, because, in the conduct of ten arduous state prosecutions, he has fallen into one technical and one material error, and invidiously contrasts him with the British law authorities—to whose miscarriages in their Chartist prosecutions we need not refer—it is no more than justice to Mr. Monahan and to the Irish bar, to protest against the monstrous unfairness of the accusation.

We have no doubt Sir John Jervis himself would be the first to disclaim the invidious comparison, and to declare that if he had had to contend with the same amount of legal ability as has been arrayed against the crown in the late state prosecutions in Ireland, his records would exhibit as questionable an appearance as any that are ever likely to go up to the Lords from this country.

When the counsel for the prisoners make no points on their behalf, it is not surprising that the course of law should run smoothly; but where half a dozen of the ablest men of either

bar set themselves to detect flaws in the proceedings of the prosecutor, with an ardour and devotion unexampled, we will be bold to say, in the history of counsel and client in either country, he would be a singularly adroit practitioner who should thread his way through the maze of Irish, English, ante-Poynings, post-Poynings, and imperial acts of parliament, which surround every statutable proceeding in our law courts, without, at least, as many slips as have hitherto marked the progress of Mr. Monahan. To the ingenuity of counsel for the defence, not to any fault of the attorney-general, we owe the suggestion on the record of the various questions with which he has had to contend. Mr. Monahan could not help the return, on the grand jury panel, of citizens residing in a particular quarter of Dublin, which imperial legislation has left a debateable land between two jurisdictions. It was by no default of his that King Henry V. gave the goods of felons to our corporation; nor could any watchfulness of his have foreseen or prevented either objection. If he had recognised the English practice of high treason at the trials at Clonmel, by giving the accused their lists of witnesses ten days before the trial, the *Times* would have been the first to charge collusion; and all the government press here would have exclaimed against the violation of the imperial statute, which directs that Irish traitors shall have but half the facilities in that respect which are given to Englishmen.

If they blamed Mr. Monahan because he has too devotedly, and with, perhaps, too little regard for himself, done, in their service, what must have been painful to his feelings, their censure, however ungrateful and unbecoming, might not have been undeserved; but when they break into this indecent fury against him for not providing for the inevitable chances of every state prosecution when defended by men of ability, we must conclude that either frustrated vengeance has driven them mad, or that a deeper policy than appears on the surface causes them, to make the most of the occasion, to disparage the bar and bench of Ireland.

If any one should be slow enough of understanding to ask what motive—or if anyone inquire why Lord Brougham, with such indecent haste, should have

besought God and the parliament to confer the inestimable blessing of good lawyers on the Irish, because Mr. Monahan had asked for final judgment on the overruling of Mr. Duffy's demurrer, declaring that no tyro of Westminster Hall would have made a demand so untenable (although two Irish judges, either of them a better crown lawyer than Lord Brougham, had deemed the question worth a week's consideration), we can tell the reason. It is because the party of whom Lord Brougham and the *Times* are, in this instance, the representatives, have a project for abolishing the Four Courts of Dublin; and, as a preliminary, wish that their satellites should omit no opportunity of bringing the Irish bench into contempt.

The misconduct of a juror on Mr. Duffy's last trial has, unhappily, enabled Lord Brougham to renew his animadversions on the administration of justice in our courts on better grounds. A passage of unusual eloquence in the address of the prisoner's counsel called forth a burst of applause, in which a juror so far forgot himself as to participate, by clapping his hands in the jury-box. This impropriety, sufficiently gross in itself, Lord Brougham is represented by the newspapers to have exaggerated in a manner utterly indefensible, alleging, as it would appear, without the least warrant, that the juror had led the riot by shouting "Hurrah for Repeal;" and on this fabricated case, had the temerity to suggest that the queen's Irish subjects at large should be deprived of trial by jury. Then, turning on the prisoner's counsel, he is represented as having charged them with offering insults to the bench—a charge which everybody here knows to be utterly untrue, and which was palpably made for no other motive than through the licentiousness of the bar to imply the imbecility of the judges. The delinquent juror has since expressed his contrition. His was an unpremeditated impropriety. Lord Brougham's statements, suggestions, and implications all appear to have been made on deliberation. We cannot but think that, on the whole, he

is more to be censured than Mr. Burke, even assuming that his exaggerations and misstatements were the mere results of excitement, made without premeditation and forgotten as soon as made.* Taking them, however, as we believe them to be, as parts of a systematic design for the disparagement of the Irish law courts, the misconduct of the commoner in the jury-box appears trivial in comparison with that which the newspapers impute to the lord in parliament.

If Lord Brougham had been able to say that the suspicion of unjust family partialities so prevailed with regard to the Irish judges, as to lead to scandalous criminations between the bar and the bench in open court at Inns-quay, to the delay of suitors and the opprobrium of justice; or that the list of records for trial in the principal commercial town of Ireland was a year in arrear, he would have had a better case for prefacing his project.

His bill for the fusion of the English and Irish bars, although in other hands it might not perhaps be regarded with so much suspicion, as introduced by him was manifestly a step towards the cross-channel extension of the western circuit, and the drawing of all Irish pleas to Westminster. The mode suggested by the advisers of the present administration is less direct, but not less certain to end in the same result, at least so far as the interests of Dublin are concerned. They would first draw away all country pleas from the courts on Inns-quay to certain new county courts which they have in preparation; and when the hall of the Four Courts shall be deserted, would superannuate the idle judges, and close the doors. A suspicious mind might easily imagine how the jurisdiction of the newly-erected tribunals might again be narrowed, when the superior places of resort for suitors in Ireland were no longer open, and how the surplus business, having nowhere else to go to, should, perforce, find its way to Westminster Hall. But we do not think it is their own aggrandisement so much as the destruction of Dublin, the promoters of this policy desire. Dublin is the stumbling-block to their

* Lord Brougham, in a correspondence with Mr. Burke, denies that he charged him with hurraing for Repeal. The newspapers all reported it otherwise.

economy. Dublin stands between them and consummate centralization. Seeing this, they now openly assume, as the motto and catch-word of their whole policy, *DELEND A EST EBLANA*.

This is the true key to the eagerness with which all the difficulties of our state prosecutions are exaggerated into miscarriages, and the judges, juries, and prosecutors reviled for incapacity and corruption, as often as the abilities of Mr. Napier, Mr. Butt, Sir Colman O'Loghlen, or Mr. John O'Hagan, interpose the least obstacle to the march of judicial vengeance. It matters not that public confidence in the purity and firmness of the bench may be shaken; that a belief in the incapacity of the crown officers to protect society may be propagated amongst a dissatisfied and suffering people; the *Times* and Lord Brougham care not a jot what present mischief may result, so as they shall secure for London the ultimate enjoyment of the half million per annum now spent in law business in Dublin, nor the party at large, so as they succeed in carrying the project at least so far, as that that half million shall be spent anywhere else than where it now maintains so inconvenient an amount of hostile and obstructive ability.

It is no new device, but a part of the original scheme of absorption into England of everything worth drawing away from this country, as old as the Union. If Lord Castlereagh had had means sufficient to buy up the city of Dublin itself, as he did the parliamentary representation of the boroughs, a transfer of the Irish courts of law would have accompanied the transfer of the Irish courts of legislation.

If the current formula against agitation—that is, as now understood in government circles, against Irishmen of any class looking into their public affairs—have made any of our readers

so blind to what is passing as to need proof of the existence of this design, we would refer them to a sufficiently significant authority. In the year 1824, the Record Commissioners published, at vast expense, the "*Liber Munerum Municipalium Hiberniæ*," in two vols. folio, being a digest of all existing records respecting the public establishments of Ireland from the conquest. At page 128 of vol. i. of that work is given a synoptical schedule of the different Irish departments of Civil Administration, Religion and Public Instruction, Law, Revenue and Public Defence. It will be sufficient for the present purpose to extract the introductory paragraph which prefaces the details under each of these headings in the table:—

"1. STATE OFFICERS, AND OFFICERS FOR CIVIL AFFAIRS.—In this department, as it stood in 1760, or immediately before the Union, while Ireland was a distinct kingdom, many offices have been abrogated by act of parliament, and many more have now, by process of time, become obsolete. Whenever the opportunity presents itself, and that cannot come too soon, this department may be very advantageously consolidated with the principal one in London."

"2. RELIGION AND PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.—The union of the Irish sees, at least of the archiepiscopal ones, with some one or other in England, would seem the most natural way of consolidating the Church of Ireland with ours in England. Though the articles of both are the same, their canons are different. At present they stand in the anomalous relation in which the two parliaments stood before the Union of 1800. By the union with the parliament of Ireland, we have put our Protestant STATE in safety: by a similar course with the ecclesiastical establishment of Ireland, it remains to put in equal safety our Reformed CHURCH in that country.

"3. LAW.—Much of this department

* Lower down in this column, under the head of "Keeper of the Records in Birmingham Tower," our antiquarian friends, who have indulged the expectation of founding in Dublin a National School of Historic Literature, may see on how frail a basis they have built their hopes, if the plan of which what we are now about to cite is but a subordinate detail, is to be suffered to proceed to its consummation. "An office analogous to that of the Keeper of the Records at the Tower of London, having the care of such as are consulted by the historian and curious antiquary rather than the man of business. It is clear that, since the Union, all these kinds of records, as well as papers and books of the old privy council, should, for more reasons than one, be kept in the capital of the United Kingdom, at or near the office of the Secretary for the Irish Department at Westminster."

has been abrogated by acts of parliament, and much more must and will be so. This and the two preceding departments are still too much in the old spirit of a distinct kingdom, and cannot too soon be consolidated with the parent establishment.

"4. REVENUE.—Almost the whole of this department, as it stood in 1760, that is, so far as it had not even then become obsolete by non-usage, may now be considered as abrogated by act of parliament. The revenue establishment is now, as it ought to be, *one and entire*, for the whole United Kingdom.

"5. PUBLIC DEFENCE.—This whole department, so far as it has not already become obsolete by non-usage, may now be considered as abrogated by act of parliament. The war establishment is now, as it ought to be, *one and entire*, for the whole United Kingdom."

Besides this tabular digest, the work contains an introductory disquisition, from the concluding part of which we shall make one other instructive extract:—

"It is good to repeat here, once for all, and for the last time, a truth which ought not for a moment to be dissembled or overlooked, that UNTIL THE LAW AND CHURCH DEPARTMENTS ARE INCORPORATED WITH THE PARENT ONES IN ENGLAND, THE UNION IS BUT HALF ACCOMPLISHED. Nor should there remain any office of Lord Lieutenant, or any separate state department at all; while, to administer the national law and religion of England impartially in Ireland, English judges only, and English high clergymen and bishops, should be commissioned in ordinary."

These avowals, however, were found so inconveniently candid that, after all the expenses of the work had been incurred, its publication was suppressed, and the few copies which have found their way to the hands of students in Ireland, are now only to be consulted in the libraries of learned bodies; but the policy remains the same; and we constantly witness the manifestation of it in suggestions now for the removal of the Ordnance Survey Collections to Southampton—now for the transfer to Chelsea of the Royal Hospital—now for the abolition of the office of Lord Lieutenant—and now, again, after a long intermission, in the revival of this destructive scheme, for the suppression of our law courts.

It is true, no one has as yet had the boldness to put it forth authoritatively;

but, concurrently with those attacks by the *Times* and by Lord Brougham on our courts of justice, judges, and law officers, there has commenced in Dublin the same kind of tentative process among the ambitious young men of our bar, which, before the Union, was tried with so much success among our ambitious young members of parliament. London is a greater field; a man of talent might there gratify his political as well as legal ambition—might represent a borough or his own circuit, and, after gaining wealth at court in the morning, might gain reputation, perhaps power, in the house in the evening. At least one Irish lawyer should be employed on each side in every Irish case, while the whole field of British practice would be open to their competition besides. The circuits would go on as usual: it would be but the addition of a few hours to the journey to the first assize town. Then there would be the whole legal patronage of England, besides the numerous new appointments incident to the creation of county courts of large jurisdiction. We know not what more besides; but we suppose, if the scheme were ripe enough, money would not be wanting.

To the public, the justification of the measure would be cheap law brought home to every man's door. What is it to the litigant who lives in Cork or Donegal, whether every second house in Merrion-square be let in tenements to indigent roomkeepers? Are they to continue paying forty or fifty pounds for the trial of a record, that Dublin may enjoy the advantages of a quasi aristocracy, when five shillings would pay the costs of a summary decree, for which they will need but an occasional appeal to Westminster? In reference to such suggestions as these, we can do no better than repeat what has been very well said on the same subject by a writer in the *Press*, a new Dublin paper, which has the credit of leading the way in what we hope will be a national resistance to this new overt act of metropolitan rapacity:—

"Our attention has been called by a correspondent, 'An Attorney,' to the project of extending the jurisdiction of the Courts of Quarter Sessions to one hundred pounds in civil cases. If that be, it is manifest that that measure

but another form of that principle of centralisation which has been so incessantly and so insidiously employed in the abduction of the institutions of this country. This course has been pursued without any regard to the obligations of truth or the conditions of treaty; and with no higher object in view than the immediate aggrandisement of London, and the temporary reduction of Ireland. The worst of the mischiefs that have followed from this centralisation policy have been usually inflicted under cover of some other name, less startling than its own, and the travelling cloak of reform or retrenchment has often served the purposes of an incognito for its disastrous operations. The result has been the disappearance of public bodies and institutions, one after the other, until at last the country has been completely denuded, and Dublin has lost almost every feature by which she ought to be recognised as a metropolis. The success of the designs of centralisation is to be explained by the existence of intense animosities rather than by popular apathy. As these animosities deepen, the more distinctly will be perceived the truth, that a country without institutions is no more than a soil without interests, and that patriotism is as essential to the prosperity of a people as honesty is to the character of an individual.

If this design of centralisation succeeded, the courts will be carried away to Westminster, and if so, the Irish attorneys must make up their minds either to follow them or to distribute themselves throughout the different counties of Ireland. The latter alternative, which would equally result from the loss of business or from the abstraction of the courts, would give very nearly two thousand practitioners to thirty-two counties to scramble and struggle for the paltry fees to be yielded by the mass of mischievous and miserable litigation forming the staple of the inferior courts. An instant's reflection upon such a condition of things can lead to no other conclusion than that before the measure should have had three months' existence the attorneys, as a body, must degenerate, and that a period very little more remote would witness the utter degradation, if not extinction, of both branches of the legal profession in this country.

It has been very artfully contrived to present this subject as one in which the legal profession alone is concerned, and to lead the public mind to suppose that the question was altogether one of *cheap law*. But this is a mere pretence, a sheer illusion. It is not '*cheap law*,' it is *cheap litigation*, and *cheap litigation*

is at best a pernicious economy. Quite beside the mischievous character of the political motive of the measure, the social evils with which it is pregnant are to be dreaded and avoided. The facilities for litigation and the temptations to loose swearing afforded by these courts have been most destructive to the moral and industrial habits of the peasantry. The scenes of fraud and perjury which their proceedings exhibit make it incumbent on every moral mind to resist the extension of such a jurisdiction."

A common danger teaches men the policy as well as the virtue of forbearance with one another. These affronts to our judges have not been ventured on in parliament till after some of ourselves had shown the example. And there is nothing more mischievous in imputations on judges than this, that continued accusations of partiality will make the most honest man unconsciously incline against the side of his accusers. Respect and obedience from the suitor are the proper guarantees for that tranquillity in the breast of the judge, without which no man can be perfectly just. As their written patents place them above the influence of the crown, so the higher diploma of public trust and confidence should place our judges above the influences of their own feelings. If any of them be conscious of having suffered the censures of thoughtless assailants to cloud the serenity of his breast, or disturb the operations of his judgment, let him profit with us in the lesson with which our present weakness and danger may instruct us. As regards the question of a withdrawal of our law courts, we now stand in the same position as Bushe, and Plunket, and Saurin stood in relation to the project of withdrawing our parliament. Virtue alone and respect for ourselves can save us. A new duty of forbearance, of mutual deference, and scrupulous abstinence from anything savouring of levity, is imposed on those who frequent our courts, whether as pleaders, suitors, or spectators; and, with the deepest sentiments of respect for the judges who preside there, we would humbly remind them that the public will expect, on their parts also, a demeanor which shall not compromise our claim to the continued maintenance of their authority and presence amongst us.

THE SEAMEN OF THE CYCLADES.

CHAPTER IV.—THE ENTERPRISE OF THE HYDRIOTE WIFE.

A MONTH had elapsed since the sun of nature had been for ever hid from the eyes of Athanasi Ducas—a month of comparative inaction to the Greeks, which was now to be redeemed by an immediate engagement. The port of Hydra presented a scene of great activity and excitement; the vessels which were manned and equipped were already sailing out of the harbour in the direction of Spezzia, where the fleet was to assemble, whilst the others were hastening their preparations as much as they could. The town was nearly deserted, and the house of Athanasi Ducas was perhaps the only one from whence the inhabitants had not gone forth that morning to witness the departure of those friends who were in all probability never to return. But there, alone, in a darkened room sat the blind man and his faithful wife—darkened, because Soultanitzza refused to look upon the light which was denied to her beloved husband, and upon whose melancholy, distorted face her eyes were fixed with an expression which, could he have seen it, might almost have compensated for his misfortune. He grasped her hand tightly, as though to assure himself that he was not alone, whilst from time to time a heavy sigh, amounting to a groan, burst from his lips. Occasionally Soultanitzza endeavoured to rouse him from the bitter despondency into which he had fallen, by uttering a few soothing words, but he either let them pass unheeded or answered with angry irritability.

“Athanasi mou,” she said at length, “how long is this darkness which has fallen upon your eyes to hang upon your spirit also? It can avail us nothing now to mourn! you suffer, and I suffer with you, but shall we who are Greeks give our enemies the power to forestall the horrors of the grave for us, and encircle us with its gloom before the time. Zoi mou, you can feel the warm sunshine, you can hear our children’s voices sounding merrily; you must give up this dark and deep despair!”

“Potè, potè (never, never),” groaned Athanasi; “oh, Christiani, how can you ask me even to live! It is not because I never more shall see the sunshine or your face, save in my dreams, nor because those children at my side shall grow up to be men, whilst I remember but the infant faces which I last beheld—all this is nothing; but to-day—to sit here with my strong arm, and willing heart, and the fierce blood boiling in my veins, all ready to be shed for Greece—to sit here crushed and tortured, more useless than an old man bent with years, or a child not yet come to its strength—this is more than I can bear! yes; to be here groping with my darkened eyes for your weak arm, on which I lean in manhood’s prime, whilst I hear the shouts of those who are going out to battle, unaccompanied by him who should have been the foremost of them all! to think of my three brave vessels, for which I beggared those poor children and myself, left useless in their strength to-day, when our country needs their aid tenfold!”

“But why should these lie useless?” said his wife, “can you not send another to command them in your stead?”

“And whom would you have me trust?” said Athanasi, fiercely; “have you forgotten that there is treachery amongst our very countrymen? and all those we know to be the faithful sons of Greece have gone with their own ships to join Miaulis; since this vile plot showed how even Hydriotes can be corrupted by the love of gain, there is not one to whom I dare entrust the gold with which my seamen must be led—that gold which is in fact their master, and which they would obey, though bought by it to serve the enemy! Yes! this were indeed the climax of my sufferings, if my own vessels were taken by some traitor to fight against us! No, Soultanitzza, it is all in vain; my heart burns within me, and let the fire prey upon it undisturbed, for nothing can save me from my misery.”

“Oh, that I might take your place,

and suffer for you," said Soultanitzza, with a heavy sigh.

"Might take my place!" exclaimed Athanasi, "and so you might, had you the will and the courage of the Spartan women in the days of old! You might indeed take my place in leading out my vessels to the combat; it would matter little that your hand is weak, and that your woman's heart would sicken to shed blood, if you could nerve yourself to look on death, and meet it where I would have met it, how gladly to you I could entrust the gold with which you could guide my sailors where you would, and to gain which they would fight as though I led them on. But this is folly; unless the tomb of the Queen of the Amazons could open to give up its fearless dead, no trembling woman now could brave the terrors of the battle, though she brought the needful succour even to Greece."

"And wherefore not?" said Soultanitzza, rising calmly from her seat, and folding her arms on her breast—"why should not a woman find that death most sweet which saved her husband from despair? Do you not think the thunder of the cannon were far less terrible to her than his least sigh? The horrors and the din of war less dreadful than his silent sorrow? Athanasi, if by going forth in your stead, empowered by your authority, to lead your vessels to the coming strife, I can one moment soothe the gnawing regret that dwells within your soul, with deepest joy do I accept the mission—unworthily shall I fill your place, when the wisdom of the warrior is required to direct the efforts of your soldiers, or his iron hand to strike the furious enemy, but worthily, inasmuch as wherever the peril is most deadly, or the death that comes hand in hand with victory most sure and certain, there will I conduct your followers to give their lives for Greece!"

"Oh, Soultanitzza, can it be?" exclaimed Athanasi, his face lighting up with a wild exultation, "could you indeed for my sake thus forget your nature. Would you indeed have nerve to take my place and save your husband from dishonor; and wherefore not, indeed; brave women have done such deeds before! Soultanitzza, your words have awakened the first gleam of hope that has shone upon me in this

great despair. Yes, the first, the only hope, for if my own soul's brother proved a traitor, to whom could I confide this charge save unto you, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh? Oh, how willingly would I dwell here in darkness and in solitude, could I but know that the wealth I sacrificed, and the vessels I have manned were doing service to my country in her need; but, light of my heart, is it possible? Can you really cast away your fears, your horror, at the sight of blood?"

"Athanasi, what are a woman's terrors to a wife's true love?" said Soultanitzza; and though her voice was firm as she spoke, the tears gathered slowly in her large dark eyes, for her heart sank within her to see how her husband's patriotism overruled all other sentiments, how eagerly he could sacrifice her to his country's good; but this powerful enthusiasm was common to all Greeks during the wild delirium of the revolution; the claims of the nearest and dearest of ties were not only secondary, but utterly without influence, where the welfare of Greece was concerned.

"The Aghios Nicholas himself inspired you this good idea, my thrice beloved," continued Athanasi, who seemed as though renovated with new life, "and, after all, the peril to yourself may not be great. Where Miaulis leads, it surely must be to victory, and there is not one amongst our countrymen who would not with his life defend the noble wife, who took the blind man's place. Only you must steel your heart, my bird, to hear the cannon roaring round you, to walk through streams of new-shed blood, to look upon the mangled dead, and see the living die; but these you will brave, will you not, for Greece, and for your husband?"

"For my husband," said Soultanitzza, "and for Greece, I am ready;" showing thus how secondary was with her the patriotism that weighed so powerfully with him. She calmly sat down at his feet, and began to consult with him on all the arrangements which now became necessary after the strange resolution they had taken. Athanasi was quite right in feeling certain that his seamen would readily consent to follow and obey his wife, if she were armed with the gold, the talisman which they did, in fact, obey;

and equally so in fearing that, if he did not delegate his authority to one thus possessed of power to enforce it, some other might, indeed, turn the aid he had, at so much cost, provided for his countrymen, to act most powerfully against them. Nor was the bold resolution of the Hydriote wife so unusual in Greece as it would have been elsewhere; in more than one instance, during the revolution, the women had rushed to the rescue of the men, when they saw them about to be overpowered by numbers, and had fought side by side with their fathers and husbands! And Soultanitzza, energetic and devoted as she was, spent the remainder of the day in making preparations, under her husband's direction, for taking the command of the three vessels at once, and sailing, if possible, with the rest of the squadron the next day. She was anxious to start thus early, as by so doing she could place herself under the protection of the aged Archbishop of Modon, who had voluntarily offered to accompany the fleet, in order to encourage the troops—a sacrifice scarce less great than that of the noble wife herself; for the storms of life had assuredly raged long enough around that venerable head to entitle him, in these his last days of earth, to a peaceful rest in his monastery by day, and by night to slumbers rather haunted by visions of that world to which he was hastening fast, than broken by the tumults and the strife of this!

The vessels of Athanasi Ducas had for some time been equipped and ready, and the three captains to whose direction they were entrusted received, with the stoical indifference peculiar to the East, the singular intimation that their master's wife was to be their commander. Amongst men of their rank in Greece cupidity is the all engrossing passion, to which even patriotism must give way. Provided she paid them as handsomely as Athanasi would have done, they were ready to follow wherever she chose to lead. A large sum of ready money, raised formerly by Athanasi from the sale of almost all he possessed, was concealed on her person; and then her husband, his features, for the first time, assuming an expression at once of deep anxiety and profound affection, placed in her hand a small two-edged dagger,

such as the Greeks habitually wear concealed in the long, loose sleeves of their dress, telling her, at the same time, that he gave her this, not to attempt to do with her weak hands a warrior's murderous work, but that she might use it only when despair should give her strength, if fortune turned against them, to plunge it in her own heart, rather than become a Moslem slave! At these words the beautiful face of the Naxiote lady, usually so mild and gentle, assumed an expression of disdainful triumph; with a glance of fire, such as an Eastern woman alone could have caused to flash from her eyes, she grasped hold of the dagger, and thrust it into the folds of her dress, while her lips parted in a fierce, proud smile. But just then the door opened, and her two little children bounded in to kiss the hands of their father before they went to rest. At once the mother's heart gave way, dauntless as she was; flinging aside the dagger, and clasping them in her arms, she burst into tears like a very woman.

Once more, over the gloomy little isle of Hydra, there arose a sunlit morning, from whose joyous beams the wife of the blind man would fain have veiled her tear-dimmed eyes. Throughout the sleepless night her resolution had not wavered, though, for the last time perhaps, her little child had slumbered on her bosom; but there is a stern influence in the solemn midnight which purifies the soul from much of the clinging selfishness, the earth-born hopes and fears, that degrade its immortality by day; these dark and silent hours are, in some sense, like to those more awful still when the mortal career is about to terminate; for they, too, draw aside for a time the thick veil which our folly and our fancy weave over this vain world; they force us to look upon it in its utter littleness, and they drag us close to that which is unseen, from whence alone we draw the high and holy thoughts whose invariable fruits are acts of self-devotion and bitter sacrifice, such as that which Soultanitzza was about to accomplish now.

In the lonely vigil we dare not let the earthly terrors for a darkening morrow efface from our undying spirits the foreknowledge of eternity; but when that morrow comes, when we

can trace out again upon the earth, which in the darkness seemed most dim and vapour-like, the path of our own pilgrimage, so steep and rugged, all strewn with stones and thorns to wound our weary feet—when the bright heavenly hopes that drove all clouds terrestrial from our life's horizon make themselves wings, and return to their native sphere, then the sentiment of our individuality comes back on us with redoubled vigour—once more our sufferings are all our own; we have no part in the bustle and activity of the beings round us—no sympathy with the light which is quickening thousands to joy and gladness! But, however much all this may have been the actual state of mind of Soultanitzza Ducas, when she rose from her sleepless pillow, to enter on her unnatural and perilous duty, there was certainly no trace of her inward struggles on her calm and beautiful face.

It is very rare that such self-command, or still more that such self-devotion, is to be found among the Greeks; but it is a peculiarity of this people that they can never know lukewarmness either in good or evil; there can be no compromise in their resolutions; whatever they determine on doing is done without reserve or limitation—whatever they feel is felt to the very uttermost. Soultanitzza had resolved that she would save her husband from dishonor, by going forth to the battle in his stead; but she was not less decided that none should know what the resolution cost her! Her step was firm, and her dark eye tearless, as, leading her blind husband by the hand, she walked through the town to the place of embarkation, followed by her dependents and children. All the vessels which yet lingered of the vast Hydriote fleet were now ready to start together, and the city was as one laid waste by a pestilence!—not a man was to be seen—all had departed to join the troops; even the aged, whose withered hands seemed fit for little else but to be joined in prayer, chose rather to bestow the last of their wasted strength on their beloved Greece, than to use it in order to eke out the brief portion of their remaining life. The doors of all the churches stood wide open, and before every altar the priests and the

women were laid prostrate, wrestling in supplication for Greece and her defenders! Soultanitzza averted her head as she passed them, for there should have been her place also.

Her fearless resolution had become known over the whole town; and the Greeks are ever quickly and powerfully moved by any noble deed which excites their admiration. As Soultanitzza stepped on the deck of the vessel she was henceforward to command, and her husband, tearing the bandage from his eyes, turned round his disfigured face to the people, that all might see why she occupied so singular a post, one universal shout of enthusiasm rose on the air, coupled with the name of the devoted wife! But high above it all, on the mother's ears, rang the wail of her young children, as they were borne from her last embrace. There the aged archbishop, whose ship was the first to weigh anchor, lifted up his arms to heaven, to invoke a blessing on the expedition; and the fleet, taking advantage of the fresh morning breeze, sailed out of the port, and dispersed itself over the blue sea beyond, till from the watch-towers of Hydra, the white sails (lessening in the distance) looked but like snow-flakes sprinkled on the waves.

The rendezvous which Admiral Miaulus had appointed for the assembling of the united fleet was the island of Spezzia; but Soultanitzza, before proceeding thither, had received orders from her husband to pass by the island of Naxos, in order to carry away and appropriate to her own use two brass guns, which had been thrown up on a deserted fort of the shore from the wreck of a Turkish vessel.

With the first dawn of light next day, Soultanitzza stood, and gazed upon that beautiful isle, her own native home, as it rose up from the beaming waters before her—the home she had left as a joyous bride! And deeply did she feel as she stood there with the armed soldiers all around, and the dagger hanging at her side, the strong power of the mysterious link that connects our two-fold nature, and causes the purer spirit to be for ever clogged with our humanity. Go where we will, be our purpose what it may, we carry within us our earth-born individuality, and our thoughts (wheel with-

in wheel) revolve around that centre, though they have wings to compass at will a universe itself! In the boundless desert, with the eternal sky overhead, where the uncounted worlds are ploughing the limitless ether with their fiery tread, still does our heart rise and fall with the restlessness of our own finite hopes and fears;—amid the mighty glaciers, breathing the keen air of the inaccessible mountains, we feel no chill except the fountain of our human tenderness have frozen within us, turned to ice by death or treachery;—on the deep sea, where its billows rise on wings of foam to howl defiance to the angry sky, soft as summer winds shall the thunders of the tempest fall upon our ears, if the dove-like peace have nestled in our own narrow breast; and on the precipice of eternity, where death itself stands ready to draw back the curtain that veils a Creator's mysteries, yet do we turn within to listen to the echoes of the songs we sang in childhood, and of the voices which were the music of our lives! Never, till it is corroded by the corruption of the grave itself, can the strong tie be dissolved that binds our human heart to the earth, from whose dust it was formed!

Soultanitzá knew that shortly she must stand amid the battle and the strife, with swift destruction rushing to her in the fire of the pealing cannon; yet not for this did her heart grow faint as the rich perfume from the orange gardens of Naxos stole over the wave towards her, but rather because she remembered how, amid these bowers, had dawned and brightened in her soul the earthly love for which she was about to perish; and now she felt that he who then had grown to be too much her idol, would, if she fell, grieve far more over the grave of his patriotic hopes than over the lifeless form of the wife that had, indeed, been faithful to him, even unto death.

But the vessel drew rapidly nearer to the shore; the exquisite outline of the violet-coloured mountains grew less tremulously faint; the green woods might be seen waving in the morning breeze; soft sounds, rising in mingled music from the murmuring streams, and ceaseless tones of the singing birds, rushed through the air, and Soultanitzá was right in feeling that it was not alone that peculiar brightness which

ever hangs round her childhood's home which made this sunny isle of Naxos seem to her so very lovely. It is lovely, indeed; and not only is it the most beautiful island of the Cyclades but it is so totally different from all the others, that one would almost fancy it a fragment cast adrift from some fairer world—a stray garden of paradise floating on the waters. Its beauty is like that of a sweet face, ever changing in expression; for it has great majestic hills clothed in everlasting verdure rearing their heads aloft to catch each passing sunbeam; and deep cool valleys, peaceful and still as those we see in our slumbers, when, fainting in our earthly pilgrimage, we sink to sleep, and dream of worlds beyond the grave. And everywhere it is a very wilderness of flowers, for the burning sun seems to have no power over it, and summer and winter alike its luxuriant vegetation retains its fresh bright green. Then there is the range of sparkling sunny shore, where Ariadne, the beloved of Theseus, lay reposing in the treacherous slumber whose awakening was to be despair, as over this same billowy sea she saw her god-like lover speeding from her side for ever; and so close upon the beach that the spray often dashes on the windows of the houses, lies the fantastic little town, all white and glittering in the sunshine; but this sweet isle is no portion of another world; it is but a part of this most restless and crime-laden earth; and, therefore, quiet and smiling as it appears, for years it has been the scene of contention and continual anarchy. Why is it ever thus?

Was there no spot, in all the unimaginable range of unknown creation, less fair, less beautiful, than this our earth, to which the spirit of strife might rather have flown to make itself a nest? Were there no regions of chaos over whose shapeless horror the creative word has not yet gone forth—no wreck of an extinguished world drifting aimless through infinity—no realm of darkness replete with silence only, till eternity shall bring forth some new universe to people it?—no better victim, in short, than this our mother earth, that floats so bright and beautiful upon the blue ether, begirt with those pure skies that are the mirror wherein she sees reflected the glory of her Maker, thus to be laid

waste by that most deadly power which steals into the breast of every man, and breathes forth in poison from his lips, till over all things it spreads an unseen blight, causing the creation, that to us appears so calm and bright, in angels' eyes to seem most dark and foul. No! here in her labouring breast by *sin* the seeds were sown of everlasting strife; and wherever her bowers are most green, her flowers most bright, that fatal germ seems to bear the deadliest fruits!

If none of the isles of Greece are so fair as Naxos, none, certainly, are so distracted and miserable. The pretty little town, built on a rising ground, is divided into two parts, connected only by a huge strong gate. The upper portion is inhabited solely by Venetians, the descendants of those conquerors who once added the possession of most of these islands as so many jewels to the crown of their queenly city; and the lower part is peopled exclusively by Greeks. The animosity and feuds between the two render the united towns a scene of perpetual warfare. The Italians have retained, with the most extraordinary tenacity, through the lapse of so many ages, all the customs and manners of the country that was once their own; they have rigidly avoided all intermarriage, have strictly adhered to their own language, and still more tenaciously have clung, not only to the doctrines, but to the minutest form of the Roman Catholic Church. During the revolution, this latter peculiarity caused the enmity of the Greeks to take the form of actual persecution; for as Romanists, the Latins professed to live independent of the Hellenic authorities, and openly declared their good will to Turkey.

Soultanitzza remembered many sad details of this civil war, as we may justly call it. The circumstances of her own life had, indeed, been greatly influenced by it; for she had, when very young, inspired an attachment, as lasting as it was sincere, in the son of one of the most noble of the Venetian families.

Isolani had vainly endeavoured to overcome the prejudices of all parties, in order to obtain her as his wife. Soultanitzza's father, a sturdy old Greek, declared he would sooner de-

stroy her with his own hands, than see his child a renegade to Greece, and she never forgot how, from that hour of disappointment, the young Italian became a changed and miserable man, with bitter words ever on his lips, and a restless death-seeking evident in all his actions, though to herself it was a matter of comparative indifference, as, in common with all other Greek maidens, she was duly impressed with the belief that the person whom her parents should present to her as her future husband would certainly be one peculiarly fitted to be loved, honoured, and obeyed—a principle which she found it easy to carry into effect when she was eventually given to Athanasi Ducas.

Soultanitzza entered the harbour of Naxos only to communicate to the inhabitants the probable approach of the naval combat, which might decide the fate of Greece; but she there heard of an event which, although it had occurred some time before, had only now become known in the more distant islands. This was the murder of the Sciote hostages—a deed of horror committed, it was said, at the instigation of the sultan himself, which had drawn, as it were, a veil of blood across the eyes of every Greek, and turned each one rather into a resolute and desperate assassin, than a generous defender of his country. Soultanitzza had ample proof, in the exasperation of her own seamen at the news, of the effect it was likely to produce in the fleet; and feeling convinced that matters had now reached a crisis, and that a general and immediate engagement would be the result, she gave orders instantly to proceed to the spot where the guns lay embedded in the sand, in order to join without delay the allied forces at Spezzia.

It was on a desert spot of the shore of Naxos that the wreck had taken place, and it was evening, long before the sailors had succeeded in transferring the weighty spoil to their own vessels. Soultanitzza sat on the deck watching them while they laboured, and to all appearance she was calm and serene, though in a few hours she would, probably, seek in vain with her delicate feet to escape from a scene of carnage, and her feeble hands to struggle with some butchering

enemy. Yet dauntless and resolute as she appeared to her followers, heavily beat the heart whose life-blood soon might be drained to the last drop by Moslem knives! Her thoughts were dark with that nameless dread—that unconquerable shrinking of the human flesh from its mysterious decay—which haunts the soul through every stage of life, and deepens as the closing scene comes on. She felt that she was drawing nigh to the presence of the Great Mystery that sits enthroned on the threshold of eternity, veiled in the impenetrable pall, beneath whose sombre folds each living mortal passes, and is seen no more; and there is not a thought more bitter than that which now oppressed her, in the dread that she should die unpitied and alone amid the tumult of the battle strife, without one gentle friend at hand whose breast might be a pillow to her dying head; for more than ever at the gates of death we yearn for the human love that brightened our departed life; though it is assuredly a strange ambition with which we are possessed, that thus constrains us, when we fall beneath the sure and universal doom, to claim the sympathy of those who, like ourselves, must share the curse.

As thus the patient wife sat dreaming over her approaching fate, among the rude and noisy sailors, suddenly she heard the sound of an approaching vessel, though in the darkness she could distinguish nothing, till, gliding beneath the prow of her own frigate, a white-sailed mistico appeared for an instant within the circle of their lights, and passing on within the shadow, came to an anchorage alongside. Before Soultanitzza had time to ascertain whether the new-comers were friends or foes, one of them, whose dress she could distinguish as being that of a Greek, leaping from the deck of the mistico, swung himself by a rope up the side of the frigate, and in another instant stood motionless before her. With a single glance she recognised the companion and friend of her youth, the Venetian Naxiote.

"Isolani here!—can it be?" she exclaimed, in astonishment, for the Italians of Naxos disdain to wear the

Hellenic costume, and at the town she had been told that of late they had actually risen in arms openly to favour the Turks.

"Did you expect to see him elsewhere when Soultanitzza Ducas was in danger?" he said. "I come to receive (till life is exhausted) every blow which is destined for you!"

"Phile mou, this must not be," said Soultanitzza. "You are no Greek, and wherefore should you waste your young existence for a cause in which you have no interest?"

"You say truly that I am no Greek," he answered; "I have no country—I belong to none; I have no hope—no home on earth! You do not know, perhaps, that since you left your native Naxos, your countrymen have risen up against our people, and well nigh driven them from the town. In the affray our house was burnt to the ground, my father slaughtered and our little property destroyed! Alone of my family was left friendless and aimless in this world. There remained for me but to choose between the refuge of the Catholic monastery at Santorin, where they say men learn so strangely to forget the sorest evils, and that far surer asylum which a quiet grave can offer! I have chosen the rest in which there are no dreams, and I never knew how bright a thing an earthly hope can be till now, when it whispers to me that I shall lie down in that last slumber at your feet, my soul's sister!"

Soultanitzza would still have remonstrated against the young Italian thus sacrificing his life on behalf of the people whose feuds with his race had so embittered it; but he interrupted her by saying—

"Soultanitzza, remember this! Had Athanasi besought you not to perjure your life for his sake, he would have spoken in vain."

Then she felt that his resolution was not to be broken, and that there remained no alternative but to accept his offer of such welcome aid. She turned away, rejoicing in the thought that amongst the fierce and restless crew over which she was placed in command, there was, at least, one on whom she could rely for assistance and advice.

CHAPTER V.—THE FULFILMENT OF THE SCIOTE'S ANATHEMA.

A FRESH breeze sprung up in the night, and early next day the three vessels sailed in amongst the fleet assembled before the barren, uninteresting island of Spezzia. Soultanitzza was at once sent for on board of the admiral's flag-ship, to assist at the conference which was to decide their future proceedings. The few simple words with which the good Miaulis addressed the assembled troops were amply sufficient to, spur them on to energetic deeds, when every man amongst them was fired with such enthusiastic ardour.

"Countrymen!" he said, "we are about to fight for all the most precious advantages in the world—our faith and our freedom! The first is holy, and God is with us; the second is our inheritance, and the inalienable right, not only of Greeks, but of every enlightened nation. To arms! my friends! for our only hope is in heaven, and in our own resolution to live victorious, or die fighting!"*

Then gravely they proceeded to examine into their present position. Everything now tended to prove to the Greek commanders that some bold and resolute measure must speedily be taken. The Turkish fleet had been reinforced from Constantinople; and they were aware that if, by some decisive blow, they did not paralyze it before it was further strengthened by the Egyptian squadron, the destruction of their islands must be inevitable. Even as it was the odds were fearfully against them: the largest of their vessels did not carry above twenty guns, whilst the Turks had six line-of-battle ships alone. The flag-ship of Kari Ali was an eighty-four gun-ship, and the murder of the Sciote hostages had awfully proved what mercy the Greeks might expect if overpowered, though it rendered them, at the same time, greedy of death, if they might but obtain it as the price of their revenge. They were, therefore, unanimously agreed, without delay, to attempt at once some bold attack, by means of their fire-ships,

in which their principal force consisted, as they possessed eight of them.

But while the archbishop, the admiral, and the several commanders, stood pondering on the manner in which this resolution was to be carried into effect—remembering, perhaps, that he who should suggest such a deed of daring as alone could save them now, would also, probably, be called upon to execute it himself—a young Psarriote sailor stepped modestly forward, and requested permission to carry into effect a plan which he had formed. Every eye was instantly turned on him with respect and attention; for this quiet and unassuming person was one who had already distinguished himself by various noble exploits—one whom a well-informed writer states to have been "the most brilliant pattern of heroism that Greece in any age has had to boast of—a heroism springing from the purest motives, unalloyed by ambition or avarice;" and who at this day occupies a high post in the ministerial cabinet of the country, to which, up to the present hour, he has been so fortunately preserved.

Yet even the naval captains, accustomed as they were to expect the most reckless bravery, and complete self-sacrifice, from Constantine Kanaris, were thunderstruck at the proposal he now made. He demanded that he should be put in command of a brulot, with a crew of some fifteen men; that another fire-ship should be similarly equipped, with a bold commander provided, and with an escort to follow at a distance, and pick up the brulotiers when the conflagration commenced; he proposed to run right into the midst of the sultan's armament, and set fire to the flag-ship of the Capitan Pasha himself!

This project of extraordinary daring might be, if successful, the decisive blow which should at last shiver to atoms the chains that bound the Hellenic realms in the Moslem sway; but it was one of these desperate ventures by which men, playing with a

* A literal translation of the admiral's speech.

bold hand at the game of life, win to themselves at once a noble fame of a sanguinary grave. There seemed little chance that those who were dauntless enough to put the scheme into execution would be spared to behold either its failure or success. But Kanaris appeared to consider the loss of a few lives, including his own, a matter of perfect indifference where the interests of Greece were concerned. The admiral and his counsellors were necessarily too happy to accept his offer, provided he could find others as resolute as himself to join the expedition. But there is no mere natural influence so irresistible to our weak humanity as that of example. It is, indeed, a dreadful power which we do, each one of us, possess, by this means, to move the souls of others to good or evil. The unpretending courage and enthusiastic patriotism of Constantine Kanaris had not been displayed in vain. George Pepinis, an experienced Hydriote captain, advanced, and volunteered to command the second brulot, whilst thirty-two sailors offered to accompany them. Kanaris further asked that two corvettes, a brig and a schooner, should be given him as an escort; and as this also was a service of great danger, the admiral again refused to single out himself any of the captains for such a post, preferring to accept the voluntary offer of their lives.

To the astonishment of all present, the first to demand so dangerous a preference was the wife of the blind Hydriote! Even while the admiration of all was excited by the noble resolution of Soultanitzza, as she stood there, calm and serene, awaiting the permission to enter on the terrible strife, against which, doubtless, her whole nature revolted; they were constrained, in very pity, to dissuade her from so perilous an excess of self-devotion.

"Cori mou (my daughter)," said the old archbishop, approaching her, "thrice favoured of heaven is your husband, whom men call so unfortunate! Who would not barter the light of their eyes for a wife so devoted and so true! But is it not enough that, through your faithful love, his name will be honoured by posterity as the defender of his country? Why should you, unasked, take

on yourself the very post that is most difficult and dangerous?"

"Despoti mou," answered Soultanitzza, as she bent submissively to kiss his hand, "I am little fitted to know how the warrior's duty should be performed. This only do I know, that wherever the danger was certain and most terrible, there Athanasi Ducas would have been, and there his substitute must be! My task is easy to be understood, for I have but to carry his name unstained wherever death is, and victory may be."

"Pethia (children)," said the archbishop, turning to the assembled people, "what, I ask you, ought the sons of Greece to be, if her daughters are like this woman?"

Soultanitzza's request was granted, and three other ships having been appointed to accompany her, the hazardous expedition was fixed to take place that very night, for there was no moon; and as the Turks never fight in the dark, they were the more likely to take them by surprise.

It was now early in the morning, but they prepared at once to set out, for the Ottoman fleet lay in the roads of Scio, and even the fresh breeze that now favoured them might barely bring them in contact with the enemy in time. Kanaris gave all the necessary directions calmly and promptly, with a stern and settled resolution imprinted on his countenance, which made him look as though, unconsciously to himself, the power of the terrible anathema which the Sciote mourners had sent up in the face of that heaven where eternal justice is enshrined, had come forth and settled upon him, constraining him to be their swift avenger.

All was ready at last; a barrel of gunpowder was placed in the boat, that they might blow themselves up, rather than be taken if unsuccessful, and the admiral's ship was already crowded with the crews of the various vessels who assembled to take leave of the adventurers. Then those thirty-four brave men, the probable term of whose mortal life had shrunk suddenly to so brief a space, advanced, and kneeling down before the archbishop, demanded from him the pledge of that which is everlasting. In the prime of strength and energetic manhood, lit up by the full blaze of the

glorious sun, whose setting each one believed he never more should see, they made themselves ready for death, and for its dread offspring, immortality, receiving the holy communion from the trembling hands of the aged bishop, whose tears rained down upon their noble heads as he blessed them. When they had concluded, he lifted up his voice in that solemn old chant which, from century to century, amid all the degradation and the infamy of Greece, has still ascended from her violated altars, as the confession of that true faith, which, once implanted in the land by divine authority, no mortal power has been able to expel; and as the old man's feeble tones arose, the thousands all around caught up the strain, and answered back, till the wide expanse of heaven seemed to fill with the sacred melody.

And there was music sounding also on the flag-ship of the Turkish admiral, on the night which followed this same day, as the countless vessels of the Ottoman fleet lay motionless on the dark bosom of the midnight sea. All was still and silent round them; pleasant was the soft darkness of the moonless sky to the eyes of the luxurious Moslems after the fierce glare of day, refreshing the breezes that floated over them, as they reclined upon their downy pillows; and they had vowed that this their last night of rest should be one of boundless amusement, for they designed next day to sail from their resting-place, to carry swift destruction on the three devoted islands. There was music, therefore, sounding from the flag-ship—sweet music, for it came from the soft, low tones of women's voices, and it sounded not the less melodious that the words they spoke were false as the smiles with which they met their dreaded master's eye.

Here lay Kara Ali, the sole commander of this royal armament, listening, in dreamy idleness, to those gay, light songs, while his strong hands (to the unveiled gaze of angel's eyes, so foully stained with ineffaceable blood) were employed in recklessly tearing to pieces the fragrant flowers, that his slaves had toiled over the burning Sciote mountains to find for him that day; and his fancy caused to mingle with the soft, harmonious strains the sweeter music of the day-

dreams on which he pondered—the cries, the prayers of the rebels, whom he hoped to crush beneath his haughty feet so soon. Once that evening, about sunset, his pleasant reverie had been disturbed by the sudden appearance of what seemed to be two brigs, followed by four small vessels at a considerable distance. As they approached, the Turks had perceived that they had the French and Austrian colours flying, but they had come so near that in spite of this friendly signal, they had hailed them, and warned them to keep off. The strange vessels tacked accordingly, and almost instantly disappeared in the deep shadows of the brief tide-light. Then the rose-coloured lamps had been lit, the banquet had been spread, and the Turks abandoned themselves undisturbed to the festivities of the night. The only persons permitted to remain on the quarter-deck where Kara Ali lay, were the Imaum, who had consecrated his splendid banner, the astrologer, who had predicted that it should go before him to innumerable victories, and Diamantis, reclining on a mat, with his young child by his side.

It is an undoubted fact that there cannot exist a nature altogether depraved. Some one redeeming point must always remain, some pure impulse, unwillingly fostered, it may be, by the guilty man, in which we shall find the link that connects them with all the noble and the good among his fellow men, proving him indeed to be a partaker in that same humanity, whose capabilities, at the outset of existence, are so wonderful, for sinking to the deepest corruption, or rising to the most exalted holiness—the first germ of evil may come to a terrible fruition within the soul; the taint may spread and spread, till that undying spirit presents the foul image of the plague-stricken victim; but still one place unsullied will remain, one green spot in the desolate wilderness—a feeble clue, by which we can trace back its origin to the immaculate Creator. The worst and deadliest of passions had made a frightful havoc in the heart of Diamantis, turning it, as it were, into a horrible sepulchre, where all things good and pure lay dead—all bitter thoughts, all generous qualities. Yet there was a touch of a noble nature still in his deep absorbing

love for his gentle boy, and he clung all the more fondly to the object of this one holy affection, that to all other human beings he seemed to bear a fierce revengeful hate.

Diamantis held the soft hands of his child within his own; he loved to feel the beating pulses of the strong young life that promised length of days to the existence he so passionately cherished. He gazed into the clear dark eyes, and smoothed the hair upon the spotless forehead. Suddenly he started; for a strange sound seemed to him to rise above the melody of the young slave's songs!

It was then just midnight, the darkness was intense, the lamps, hung on the cordage, alone cast a faint circle of light round the flag-ship. Beyond this Diamantis could not see, but the sound was as of the rushing of a vessel through the deep dark waters. He saw that the Capitan Bey heard it also, for he started up, and at a sign from him, the slaves ceased their music.

Diamantis advanced to his side, and they listened. Now could they distinctly hear the bounding of a light ship through the dashing waves, and even the rustling of its sails in the fresh night breeze! The countless numbers of the Ottoman fleet lay each one motionless on the black waters; yet surely it could be no enemy who thus came rushing headlong through the very midst of that tremendous fleet. Nearer and nearer comes the mysterious tread of the invisible ship; they can distinguish by the sound that it is bearing down right on the vessel of the Turkish admiral. In a voice of thunder, Diamantis gives the word of command that rouses into action all the slumbering crew. It is too late! From the thick darkness that envelopes still this flying mystery, a voice answers back that warlike shout as with an echo; but it is no echo, for Kara Ali springs to his feet as he recognises the ancient war-cry of the imperial arms of Byzantium—the triumphant call of "Victory to the Cross." In another instant the swift bark, freighted with destruction, sweeps round the stately line-of battle ship. One moment the lights from the splendid deck gleam on the Hellenic banner, where the white cross is emblazoned, and on the stern figure of Kanaris, as he stands upright, with the fatal match all ready in his despe-

rate hand. On whirls the brig: with a sure and a steady purpose it grapples the prow of that gigantic vessel. The anchor is cast; the brulot inextricably linked to its magnificent foe! Then the shout, "Victorious!" rises again; the well-directed match is applied, and with a loud crash the fire-ship bursts into flame! The Greeks flung themselves into the launch which they had in tow, severed the rope with the quickness of lightning, and darted away unscathed and unwounded.

Their terrible purpose was accomplished in an instant—the fire held that gorgeous ship in its deadly embrace! The roaring of the flames might be heard afar off, as they rushed along licking the sides of the stately vessel, that shivered and groaned in their terrible power, like a mortal in agony; then an ominous sound, which was as a dread passing bell to unnumbered souls, warned off all those who would have succoured this ship of the doomed. It was the terrible report of the guns going off, deterring the other vessels of the fleet from approaching. No aid could be given—the monster vessel, quivering and reeling, must be left to its fate. The hold was full of gun-powder;—when the greedy flames reached that spot, it would be shivered to atoms! There were two thousand two hundred and eighty six souls on board, with the deep waters all around. From this terrible scene, night, the holy and still, seemed utterly scared away; the light was vivid as that of day, for the fierce conflagration blazed red and high, till even the people of Smyrna gazed wondering on the lurid glare crimsoning the sky; and the noise was fearful, for the rapid report of the cannon, which no mortal hand fired, mingled with the shrieks of the strong men fighting with death.

Kara Ali, the lord of that magnificent fleet, the prince, the tyrant, the pampered minion of luxury, stood upright on the deck, with his beautiful slaves lying round him, like flowers mown down by the gale, and death, present death, rushing towards him on the wings of the flame. Oh, for one yard of firm earth for him, the possessor of lands without limit! oh, for one draught of cold water, while the countless fountains of his palace gardens were falling in showers of spray! oh, for one breath of the free air of

heaven, of which his hundreds of vassals may drink such deep draughts at their will! Can it be that he is left thus unaided to perish? Are not all these his slaves that are crouching round? But they bow to the power of the terrible fire, and not unto him: yes, they leave him to perish!—that fire has riven their chains! This is one of the good things which death can offer, and that is freedom! Each man has a life—that life is in peril—what other master can he have than the instinct of self-preservation? They have launched the boats—they are crowding into them. Two have foundered and gone down with the weight of their living load. One yet remains; it is well nigh filled; but Diamantis has his precious child in his arms; what wonder that with a steady foot he leaps into it, and with an iron hand drives back the impetuous crowd, whilst he aids Kara Ali to descend from the burning vessel, and takes a place by his side! Even in that hour of terror, he thought of his child's future interest; if they yet should escape, he should see him a prince, whose father had saved the great admiral's life!

How the beautiful women he had brought with him clung shrieking to Kara Ali, as he fled from the perishing ship! The fair faces he had loved were all blackened and scorched with the flames. The light dresses were blazing, till the delicate limbs were writhing in agony; the despairing grasp of their arms embraced him, but he dashed them aside; he spurned them with his flying feet; he had bought them for the pastime and pleasure of his life: but it was that life itself that he sought for now! So he tore them off; he left them to perish, whilst convulsed with the fierce hope that death would be outdone yet; he flung himself down in that bark of deliverance! But the curse of the Sciote mourners, unseen, floated over his head! His doom followed close at his heels—a burning mast fell from the ship, as though guided by invisible hands: it crushed him beneath its weight, and it sank the boat! He is mortally wounded, but still he lives; he rises up from the crimsoned sea.

“A thousand purses to him who shall bear me to the shore,” he cries.

Two expert swimmers at that call turn back from the beach; they are

fast approaching; they carry him between them to the land in safety. There he was met by Abdi, the Pasha of Scio, who, with the whole of the Mahomedans of the island, had come down to the shore in dismay, to witness the catastrophe they could not avert. Mourning, and cursing the victorious Greeks, they received the dying Capitan Bey in their arms, and turned to bear him to some place of shelter. But the death agony of the proud Kara Ali had already begun!—he writhed in their grasp, and besought them to lay him down on the ground; they obeyed, and placed him on the sand a few yards from the water's edge: he opened his eyes, to look round once more on the world that for him was passing away, with the lust thereof, and then a shriek burst from his pale lips, which no pang from the rending asunder of body and soul could ever have wrung from the haughty man.

“Where have you laid me, oh, tormentors?” he shrieked out. “Take me away—drag me hence—this place is accursed!”

Abdi Pasha and his attendants looked round in surprise; but when they saw what sight had power, with its horror, to overmaster the horror of death, they lifted up their hands in superstitious awe, and exclaimed—

“Allah il Allah!”—God is God! Unconscious instruments of a terrible justice, they had placed him to die among the crumbling skeletons of the Sciote hostages.

“Take me away,” still moaned out the dying man: “there is life in these mouldering bones! they will rise up to fall on me!”

To his fascinated gaze, all dim with the films of death, each menacing skull seemed to assume the expression of the torture in which it had died! He strove to raise himself up, and crawl from the spot; but the effort drove the tide of life back from his heart. There was a gasp—a shiver—then his eyes opened with an upturned gaze of unspeakable agony, as though the purity of that heaven had blasted his sight! One moment the departing of the soul shook his frame with a fierce convulsion; then it sank in the stillness of death, and the glare of the vast conflagration showed another corpse added to the dead hostages of

Scio—even that of their murderer himself!—and the unredeemed anathema of those who bewailed them ceased to disturb the serenity of the realms above!*

In terror and silence, awe-struck by the power that had manifested itself in that place, the pasha and his vassals remained by the new-made dead, to watch the coming destruction of the gorgeous vessel he had called his own. Three-quarters of an hour the great fire blazed on before the explosion took place. It took all that time for the flames to eat their way through the polished wood of the admiral's ship—to kindle the rich folds of the silken curtains—to devour the treasures he had bought with the price of blood—to struggle a moment with the strong life in the iron frame of his bondsmen, and rush on victorious, thirsty as ever, to twine themselves round the corpses of the fair young slaves—till a light wreath of smoke, curling up from a heap of ashes, was all that remained of their beauty, their youth, and their misery! but at last the vital spot was touched—a tremendous report was heard, loud as those thunders of heaven itself, which I sometimes think are the echoes of requiems sung in the spheres over worlds when they perish—the flag-ship blew up with a terrible crash—far and near the burning fragments were scattered around, dealing death and destruction on every ship where they fell—the huge burning mass heaved for a moment on the bosom of the agitated sea, and then it plunged down through the hissing waters, and disappeared for ever, sending up a great column of dense black smoke, which hovered for a moment over the scene of the catastrophe, and then dispersed itself through the sky, whose pure stars it dimmed with sulphureous vapour.

When this terrible event occurred, the crowds of Mahomedans who surrounded the admiral's corpse on the shore, bent their bodies to the earth, and uttered the most lamentable cries. Two thousand two hundred and eighty-six persons had been on board of the lost ship, and a hundred and eighty

alone survived, having been saved before the explosion by swimming to the shore, or supporting themselves on the floating spars; and the number of the slain included nearly all the captains of the Ottoman fleet.

Kanaris and his brave companions, meanwhile, full of joy and exultation, had been picked up on their raft by one of the schooners of their escort, and along with the brig commanded by Soultanitzza, they now proceeded to take up Pepinis and his followers, whose attempt had not been crowned with so signal a success as that of Kanaris, sufficiently proving that it was the boldness and skill of the latter alone which had ensured his extraordinary victory.

The Hydriote brulot directed by Pepinis had attacked the vessel of the Reala Bey, which contained the treasure; and although the Turks succeeded in getting clear of the fire-ship, it continued to drive about the roadstead in a state of combustion, till it set fire to another two-decker. In short, the confusion in the Ottoman fleet was complete. The Turks, in consternation, cut their cables, and fled, they scarce knew whither; and indeed had the Greek squadron been at hand to take advantage of their dismay, the whole Turkish armament might have been annihilated. As it was, however, the brave little band of Greeks now prepared to retire at once to announce to their countrymen their wonderful triumph over the Ottoman host, and they set sail again, quietly and in order, passing close to the spot where the line-of-battle-ship had sunk. Terrible traces of the catastrophe yet lingered on the troubled waters—dead corpses drifting to and fro—blackened fragments of the wreck, and here and there a broken raft or shattered boat, to which clung a few feeble survivors, who had not yet reached the shore. These—if the Greeks recognised in them some of the dead Capitan Bey's Christian slaves—they saved at once; but when in the name of the Prophet their succour was asked by the drowning victims, they glided on unheeding. Soultanitzza stood on the poop of her

* The above account of the death of Kara Ali, and the other details of this extraordinary exploit of Kanaris, are strictly true. The Capitan Bey literally expired among the corpses of his victims.

vessel, with Isolani by her side, holding her small hands clasped on her bosom, to quell the emotions that were swelling within her at the scenes of horror and of death she had been called on to witness. The breeze was blowing fresh; they were passing rapidly over the scene of the late explosion, when suddenly Soultanitzza uttered a cry, and pointed to the fragment of a Turkish launch floating near, on which, by the first beams of the morning sun, she perceived a man attempting, with a broken oar, to advance his precarious bark towards the shore, whilst a child lay motionless at his feet.

"Look there!" she exclaimed, "it is he—it is Diamantis the infidel! Oh, traitor, wherefore didst thou rob my husband of the light of day, and so deprive my life of its best sun?"

"As pethani (let him die)!" cried Isolani, as he heard these words; and, before she had time to know his purpose, with a vigorous effort he turned the helm, and their vessel bore downright the frail floating raft, and sunk it in an instant. With a wild shriek Soultanitzza flung herself before him, and called on him in the name of the Panagia not to make her guilty of a murder—but the deed was done; already the heavy brig had passed over the launch, and as it went down Soultanitzza heard a terrible cry ascend from the waters—"Amaun! it is my child"—then all was still. And, quivering in every limb—for she felt that she was the involuntary murderess of those whom the flames and the billows alike had spared—she crouched down on the deck, and, lifting up her hands and eyes, burst into a passionate prayer, as much for their salvation as for her own forgiveness.

And as she knelt there, whilst the ship sped on, and the first long glittering sunbeam of the rising day swept over the sea, brightening all things into clearest light, suddenly a sight presented itself before her, so appalling that it froze the accents of supplication on her lips, and paralysed her on that spot with uplifted hands and glaring eyes.

Rising slowly from the foaming water, she saw a ghastly figure appear, creeping up the side of her vessel by means of a rope, to which he clung with one hand only, till he stood on

the lowest step of the little gangway. The ship leant over with the weight of the swelling sail, and one half of his body alone rose above the frothing spray; but fully disclosed and turned towards her, with an expression in the livid face of rage and hate—which it seemed scarce possible any but a demon could assume—was the head of Diamantis the traitor, blackened with smoke and disfigured by a frightful wound. She could not move, although he was so close beside her that she could see the convulsive heavings of his breast, as he lifted up and held towards her the burthen which he carried on his other arm.

It was the dead body of his child, all dripping, cold, and motionless; and even in that hour of unutterable horror, Soultanitzza was constrained to note with what mysterious serenity the half-opened eyes gleamed out from beneath the pale lids, and how beautiful the childish face, solemn in death, round which the wet hair clung; but the voice of Diamantis arose, hoarse as the blast that shrieked through the sails.

"Look here, accursed daughter of the Ghiaour race; this is your work," he cried. "Anathema!—anathema! for you have killed him! I heard your voice give orders that he should be slain. But *I* live—hear it—I will live to accomplish your destruction!—I come to announce it to you—my child is murdered, but *I* live—therefore, anathema and revenge!"

Having uttered these words, with one last gleam of deep abhorrence shooting from his bloodshot eyes, Diamantis shook his hand in the air, and, grasping the corpse tighter to his bosom, he sprung from the step and plunged into the waters; Isolani, who like Soultanitzza had stood paralysed at the unexpected sight, now started forward, and was about to deal him a blow with the muzzle of his gun, which must inevitably have killed him, but the enemy had escaped him, and he could see him breasting the waters, as he swam towards the shore with a sure and steady progress, dragging the dead child after him by his flowing hair. Soultanitzza lay on the deck, her face buried in her hands, sobbing convulsively, and Isolani found it in vain to attempt to console her. She felt that from that hour her fate was sealed—

the avenger of blood would track her path, and dig pitfalls beneath her every step, till, sooner or later, his curse would overtake her, leading death by the hand; and there was a deep horror in her soul at the deed she had done, which none but a woman and a mother could have felt, whose soft bosom had been the resting-place of children, fair

and helpless as the little one she so unwittingly had murdered; and there was for her more of terror in the sight she had seen, which haunted her to life's last day—that pale, serene face, with the dripping hair falling round it—than in all the details of the slaughter she had witnessed that morning.

CHAPTER VI.—THE REVENGE OF A TURK.

THE four vessels conveying the triumphant brulotiers now made all sail for Psarra, where they were received with the most frantic demonstrations of joy by the islanders. The victory was indeed one of immense importance to the country at that critical juncture, for it had so utterly terrified the Turks that the whole fleet had fled to Mytelene, avoiding every little Greek vessel they chanced to meet, lest it should prove to be a brulot. The conquerors, however, Kanaris and his brave companions, amid the firing of cannon, ringing of bells, and enthusiastic shouting of the crowd, quietly left the harbour, and, doffing their slippers, walked barefoot to the church with every mark of the humblest gratitude; there to return thanks to Providence, who had so strengthened thirty-four men that they had conquered, without a wound to themselves, that infidel host.

The Greeks did not long remain inactive at Psarra after this signal victory. Miaulis was too good a soldier not to take advantage of the favourable circumstances in which the Hellenic fleet was then placed, from the hopeless dismay into which the late occurrence had plunged the Turks, and the consequent enthusiasm and daring with which it had fired his seamen. He was aware that a new Capitan Bey would speedily be named by the Sublime Porte to replace Kara Ali, and he determined if possible to bring on a regular engagement with the Turks while they were still without a commander. But, victorious as they had been in their last attempt, it was necessary, in preparing for a general combat, to take some precautionary measures, on account of the enormous disproportion between the belligerent fleets—that of the Turks extending to an immense distance from

van to rear, while the Greeks set sail with but a small number of insignificant vessels. They cruised about, therefore, for some time in the vicinity of Mytelene, where the Turks lay, till one morning, when the sirocco wind, usual at that season, had veiled the sea in a dense mist, when they steered in the direction of the enemy, hoping to steal upon them unawares. In this, however, they were completely foiled.

The fog suddenly cleared away, rendering it extremely dangerous to attempt approaching, and, to add to their disappointment, the long-expected squadron from Alexandria suddenly hove in sight, and proceeded to join the fleet, so that the Greeks had no alternative but to return at once to Psarra, and wait a more favourable opportunity. One or two of their vessels, however, undertook the dangerous duty of hovering about in the vicinity of Mytelene, in order to watch the enemy's proceedings. Of these Soultanitzas was one—true to her resolution of carrying her husband's name wherever danger was. The Hydriote wife had suffered much since that dreadful hour when the dead child had risen out of the sea, to convey to her, with its pale, silent lips and tranquil aspect, a curse far more terrible than that which was hurled at her devoted head by the miserable father; yet she had ever preserved, in presence of her followers, the calm and equanimous demeanour which always characterised her; and she was right, for we cannot love our fellow-creatures with the pure and self-denying love which we owe to them as children of the one Creator, mutual sharers in the common inheritance of life and sin, the parent of misery by which that life is blackened, except we hold it as a principle so to strive at all times

conduce to their happiness that we would not suffer one trace to appear on the countenance in betrayal of our inward struggles, lest our joyless aspect cast a gloom on those around us. But, smiling and tearless as she was, there lay a dark shadow on her soul, in the strong conviction that she was foredoomed as the victim to a sleepless vengeance that, sooner or later would infallibly hurl her into an untimely grave!

Let stoics and philosophers talk as they will, it is a terrible thing for a human being to be laden with the certainty of immediate death! We may talk lightly of this same mysterious charge in reference to our neighbours, and there are times, if the spirit faints and the heart is heavy, when we long very earnestly for its chill forgetfulness; but, for all that, we do not and cannot in actual fact realise it as applying to ourselves till it is clearly revealed to us by our very side, as now to Soultanitzza Ducas, and then we look up bewildered and in agony; for, however much the spirit may be fortified by the armour of its immortal hope, nothing can ever overcome the shrinking of the human flesh from infallible decay; nor does this bitter repugnance arise so much, perhaps, from our instinctive horror of the worm and the shroud as from our fond clinging to this mortal world, and all the chains wherewith it binds us. We are true to our humanity until it is torn from us; and even where all ties of dear affection have been rent, and lonely we have walked our path as in a cheerless wilderness, still nature has been with us, and the beauties of the material creation were around us, and for them we shall mourn as we pass away!

Soultanitzza Ducas lay buried in a quiet slumber on the night when the Hellenic fleet put back to the island of Parra, to await a more favourable moment of attack. She had seen that all was quiet on deck before retiring to rest; and now as she sleeps, and sleeping dreams, a bright smile plays over her pale face, for she hears the voice of her husband murmuring low and tenderly, as in the days when she gave up to him her young heart among the far green bowers of Naxos, and then the glad ringing laugh of her merry children seems to echo on her ear. But suddenly she starts up, awakened

by sounds which seemed to her as though a tempest were raging above. There was a tumult like rolling thunder, and a flashing of vivid light; the vessel shook and rolled from side to side; and, mingled with it all, were human voices and imprecations! Then she looked quickly out from the window of the cabin, and shuddered, for she saw that the sea was still and calm, and the sky cloudless and pure as the soul of a sleeping child; so she knew the storm must be of mortal raising. The guns of her brig were firing rapidly; the voices of her men were ascending hoarse with rage and despair, mingling with stranger tones in the language of the enemy, and from these suddenly a fierce shout of triumph arose, and then there was a silence broken only by deep groans from her countrymen.

Soultanitzza rose, trembling in every limb, and left the cabin. At the same moment a wounded sailor, falling from the deck, sunk expiring at her feet; but, with the last effort of life, he grasped her dress, and exclaimed, "Cocona! go not there—all is lost—we are taken by the Turks!" Soultanitzza made the sign of the cross with a shaking hand; then, drawing her veil closely round her, she went up on deck. Scarce had she placed her tottering feet on the planks so ominously stained, where, with the first glance, she perceived the small number of her followers who survived lying bound hand and foot, when a grasp of iron seized hold of her feeble arm, and a voice, too well remembered, roared into her ear, "Ah! woman, whose mother is accursed! This is well. You come to meet me, and I was just about to seek you. Now is my anathema at work! You are in my power!" In the hand of Diamantis, who thus addressed her, Soultanitzza saw the dripping dagger he had used too well, and, with one shriek of heart-wrung terror, she bowed her head in the submission of her helplessness to await the expectant blow. "Not yet," exclaimed her enemy, with a taunting laugh; "my vengeance has but just begun. Truly, your tomb is open, but you shall enter it by a path of torture;" and, as he spoke, he threw her down on the deck with so much violence that she lay a convulsed heap at his feet; and then calling to

some of his men, he caused her to be bound in thongs which cut through her tender flesh, and so they cast her into the hold, along with some seven or eight of her seamen (including Isolani), who alone survived of the hapless crew. Then the Hydriote brig, manned by Turks, and commanded by Diamantis himself, parted company with the large schooner in which he had given chase and captured her, and steered in the direction of the Dardanelles.

Dismal were the days and nights which followed to the miserable remnant of the Greeks. They remained bound in the hold, deprived of light or air, with scarcely a sufficient supply of food to keep them alive, and convinced, at the same time, that their life was only preserved at all for some more cruel purpose. Often did Diamantis, full of revengeful malice, come to exult over Soultanitzza in her place of torture; but vainly, by his cruel taunts, did he seek to draw a complaint from her lips; she endured all with gentle and touching resignation, for she had a deep source of joy, incomprehensible to him, in the fond reflection that she was suffering for her dear husband's sake; and she had another consolation, of which he was happily also ignorant, in the little dagger, still carefully concealed in her bosom, which Athanasi had given her as a sure means of escape, if need be. At length the captured vessel, under the guidance of its new masters, reached the quiet little Asiatic town of Gallipoli, situated at the entrance of the Hellespont. Here the wretched crew of the Hellenic brig were transferred to a large Turkish vessel, of which Captain Diamantis was again the commander; for he would not, on any account, have lost sight of his prisoners; and he at once set sail with them for Constantinople, there, in all probability, to consummate their fate by some refinement of cruelty, and perhaps in a manner lucrative to himself. The unhappy captives, though imprisoned altogether, could, however, hold but little converse with each other; for they were invariably silenced by blows, and their tormentors knew well how to render them passive in their misery. One morning, as a faint light illuminating their dungeon announced to them that up above it was glorious day,

Isolani turned quickly to catch a glimpse of the pale, sweet face that haunted him in all their long hours of darkness; as he looked on her he murmured low, "Soultanitzza, why are you so calm?"

"Because I carry in my breast the instrument of freedom," she answered—"the freedom of death, at least. I have a knife!"

"A knife!" exclaimed Isolani. But steps drew near, and he could say no more.

That same night Soultanitzza lay unable even to sleep from the pain of her bonds, when she heard the voice of Isolani whisper—

"Soultanitzza! do not speak, do not move, but listen to me! Let us make an effort to escape—we can but die the sooner. I have a plan which, desperate as it is, may save us yet."

In an instant she felt that he was loosening the cord that bound her hands with his teeth; after long and unavailing efforts, he suddenly succeeded in freeing them from the rope.

"Now," he whispered, "take your knife, and cut my cords; but keep silence."

It was with difficulty that her hands, stiff with the tightness of her bonds, could accomplish this task; but rousing her failing energies—for she saw that Isolani had some desperate purpose, indeed—she succeeded in disengaging him from the ropes. Then noiselessly, with the most anxious precaution, Isolani having possessed himself of the precious knife, performed the same office to the seamen, muttering to them in a tremulous whisper, that they were to follow him, and stake on one terrible venture their life and their freedom. There was not a murmur of dissent among the captives; for the fiery spirit of those Eastern seamen could ill brook this dismal imprisonment, and a speedy death was to them far preferable, especially if they received it as the price of their revenge. In their dark solitude they had ample time to study the movements of their jailors; and Isolani knew that at this hour the sleep-loving Turks were all buried in profound slumber, except those who kept watch on the deck. Thus far, then, it was without much risk that they crept stealthily from their den, and stole up the ladder,

treading closely on each other's heels, with Souldanitzza the last of all.

In a few seconds they stood altogether—that is, seven resolute men, and one poor trembling woman—on the deck of the Turkish schooner. Looking round with a quick glance of mingled terror and hope, they perceived that they were yet more favoured by circumstances than they had dared to anticipate. The ship was lying motionless on the still waters of that most beautiful Sea of Marmora, which looks so like a silver lake of fairyland, imprisoned within an enchanted ring of deep green hills; and the vessel was there immovable by the iron power of the intense and breathless calm that sometimes lulls the Eastern seas, as though Nature herself could feel that stillness of despair, which can so utterly paralyze all human energy. As might have been expected at such an hour, the three Moslems who composed the night-watch had all sunk into a deep sleep; and with a hasty pantomime Isolani communicated to the sailors what he intended to attempt. Then firmly grasping Souldanitzza's dagger—the sole arm which the bold Greeks possessed amongst them all—he advanced with noiseless steps towards the slumbering enemies.

They slept, those three men, unconscious on the brink of their destruction, as many a one lies down unknowing to lumber on the verge of coming misery. One lay with his head bowed down over his folded arms, as though with a strong resignation he awaited his destiny—and it was at hand! Isolani drew near: with a well-directed aim, and a steady arm, he plunged the dagger right into the back of his neck, in such a manner that instantaneous death must ensue before even the mortal lips could utter that last sigh of agony which precedes their sealing up for ever with the cold thick clay. There was a sudden rattle in the throat, a trembling of the material frame, as the spirit abandoned it to the curse of decay, and the Moslem passed from the gay dreams of his earthly slumber, and the delusive errors, the mistaken theories of his earthly home, to the one great reality—the awful truth of eternity!

Isolani passed on to the next: this one lay in a troubled sleep; his huge limbs, although thrown into

a posture of rest, seemed yet involuntarily to nerve themselves for a struggle, and the clenching of his hands, as well as the incoherent words he muttered, showed that he imagined himself in the heat of a combat. But whilst he did battle, conquering, perhaps, with his visionary foes, slow and sure the real enemy came gliding near. Once more he uplifted the ready dagger, and buried it to the hilt in the slumberer's heart. He started; a spasm convulsed him; he woke, and turned round his face; his gaze fell upon his foe, and there passed into his glazing eye a terrible look of fiend-like hate, and then the glaring balls stiffened in their places, and so he died; and that evil expression became fixed for ever on his stony features! Well may we tremble for the dead—for many who swell the ranks of the helpless dead—if this be among the decrees of Eternal Justice, that the last look—the last trace of spirit on the face of the dying—should be recorded on the tablets of the Judge, as the sign and seal of all that the life of the soul has been! Then to the third victim Isolani passed on. He lay still; his head pillowed on his arm; but over his face were passing the shadows of unholy dreams, like foul mists over a slumbering lake; for there is no better test of the state, whether in purity or corruption, of a soul, than his involuntary dreams, wherein angels may seem to whisper to him of the glory that is unseen, or demons blacken yet more his heart with most unhallowed thoughts. He afforded a still more easy prey than those who preceded him on the dread pilgrimage; his head thrown back, exposed his throat to the knife of his assassin. In a moment the deed was dexterously done; he did not move or speak, but he seemed to wake; his eyes opened to their fullest extent; he raised them as though to give a last look to that sky whose dewdrops alone were weeping for him now. But it could not be the aspect of that fair creation which petrified his gaze into that one fixed rigid stare of most unspeakable awe and wonder. Something he certainly beheld that filled him with a terrible amazement, still immovably stamped within his eyes as the lids fell over them for ever.

The sailors now approached, and pos-

essed themselves of the arms of the victims; and then, warned by a suppressed shriek from Soultanitzza, Isolani turned, and perceived that a Turk, roused by the slight noise they had unavoidably made, was slowly ascending the ladder, his turban just appearing above the deck. In an instant one of the Greeks had cut him down, and he fell with a heavy crash from the stairs. This was, of course, the signal for a general alarm; but Isolani, giving his orders with the greatest promptitude, had the hatches fastened down before the Moslem crew, so much more numerous than themselves, could come from below to confront them. One opening only he left, and, standing over it with his companions, they deliberately massacred every man as he attempted to gain the deck. Soon the panic among the Turks became so great that they dared not approach the ladder; and then the Greeks hurled heavy weights in upon them, and beat them down with the butt ends of their muskets, till so small a portion of them remained that they could, without risk, leap into the midst of them, and speedily dispatch the few terrified survivors.

The massacre was complete, and the whole combat did not occupy half-an-hour; by that time the seven bold Greeks were masters of the ship, and not a Turk survived of the goodly crew that had manned the Ottoman vessel. The conquerors then proceeded, full of exultation, to strip the bodies, which they threw overboard, and arrayed themselves in their clothes, according to the directions of Isolani. The ship, which was a prize of no inconsiderable value, had been steering in the direction of Constantinople, but he now caused her to veer round on the other tack, and made all sail for the Dardanelles, with the Ottoman colours flying, and his men fully dressed in the Turkish costume. These measures he took as a precaution against the risk they would run in passing the straits, where the enemy's fleet was lying at the time, but he hoped to pass them before sunrise, so as to escape too close a scrutiny. When all the arrangements were complete, and the exulting seamen gaily occupied in manœuvring the ship, Isolani looked round for Soultanitzza. During the whole of this scene of massa-

cre she had stood upright on the deck, like a statue of stone, paralyzed in an agony of remorse. Never before had the horrors of war been so palpably manifested in her sight—never before had her very feet been wet with the flowing blood, and she stood, now her face buried in her hands, bowed to the earth, as though she expected the vengeance of heaven to fall on her who countenanced such doings. Isolani caused all traces of the strife to be cleared away, and then approached her.

"Soultanitzza, look up," he said, "shall we not rejoice till our hearts have no shadow to-day—are we not free?"

She made no answer, but shuddered violently; he would have taken her hand, cold as marble in his own, had she not shrunk wildly from his touch, remembering how he had been employed.

"Soultanitzza," he said, mournfully, "can you not forget the blood shed in the victory? Was it not well to save you from a degrading slavery, ourselves from torture?"

Still she refused to lift her head, crushed with the weight of so many lives.

"Was it not well," continued Isolani at last, "to spare such dishonor to your husband's name, to bring on him the glory of this most unhopedor success, through his means to win our country such a prize as this?"

The mention of her husband seemed to act like a spell on Soultanitzza; she let fall the veil from before her face, and lifting up her hands and eyes, where the large tears gathered slowly, seemed to implore forgiveness for this great love, that had bound her soul as with an iron chain; then shuddering again, she cast a terrified glance around, and grasping Isolani's arm, whispered low—

"By whose hand was my husband avenged this day?"

The Naxiote understood that she wished to know by whom Diamantis, her bitter enemy, had been slain, but the massacre had been so general, and the confusion, for the brief space it lasted, so great, that it was no easy matter to ascertain who had dealt any one individual blow. Not a Turk, dead or alive, remained in the vessel, that was certain, for the Greeks had

lurled them all into the sea, wounded or dying. One of the seamen, however, recollected having driven back *Diamantis*, as he was about to mount the ladder, in the commencement of the combat, and there was little doubt that he had been instantly trampled down, and subsequently thrown overboard. Being satisfied on this point, *Soultanitzza* became more calm, and occupied herself with *Isolani* in making arrangements for conveying their prize to *Psarra* in all safety. They were sailing with a fair wind, and the first point of danger they approached was the fort of the *Dardanelles*, where they were hailed at once, but they readily answered in Turkish that they were carrying dispatches to the Ottoman fleet, and passed on without exciting suspicion. They had anticipated greater difficulty in sailing through the midst of the squadron, as they knew not how to find a plausible excuse for proceeding towards the hostile islands, instead of joining the Turks; but on reaching the entrance to the strait, they were met by the scattered vessels of the fleet, flying before the wind, in a state of confusion and disorder, which enabled them, without attracting any observation, to pass through the midst, and hurry on undisturbed towards *Psarra*. This panic among the Turks, and the ignoble flight of their stately fleet was the result of a second exploit of the dauntless *Kanaris*, no less perilous and boldly executed than that we have recorded already.

In this world the test of merit is success; let us hope that hereafter we shall be judged by a purer law, but according to our conventional rules below, though *Kanaris* perilled his life as loyally in this second expedition as in the first, the noble deed holds not the same place in the memories of his countrymen, because it was less eminently successful, and failed to cause a reaction in their favor. The Ottoman fleet, commanded by *Kara Mehemet*, who had succeeded the unfortunate *Kara Ali*, as *Capitan Bey*, had anchored at *Tenedos*, but since the victorious attack of the brulotiers at *Scio* the squadron had been so amply reinforced that *Kanaris* had recourse to a stratagem, which alone could have enabled him to approach them. He left *Psarra* with two fire-ships, the one, as formerly, commanded by him-

self, the other by his faithful *Pepinis*, and convoyed by two armed brigs, who boldly carried the Greek flag; the brulots on the contrary hoisted the Ottoman colours, and their crews wore the Turkish dress.

Thus disguised the two deadly vessels approached the hostile fleet about sunset, flying along, seemingly in the attempt to escape from the brigs of war, which appeared to give them chase, and fired shot in amongst them. They ceased, however, their pretended pursuit as they neared the enemy, and the unsuspecting Turks delighted at the escape of their false countrymen, called out to them to anchor under their guns! Instantly the *Hydriote* brulot ran aboard of the admiral's vessel, while the *Psarriote*, fastened to a ship of the line, *Kanaris* calling out exultingly. "Turks, you are burned as at *Scio*!" The *Capitan Pasha*, in a paroxysm of terror, with the terrible fate of his predecessor full in his mind, cut his cables, with a promptitude which alone saved him, and so narrowly escaped; but the ship which *Kanaris* had attacked, a powerful two-decker, caught fire and blew up half an hour after. Then the combined fleets, Turkey, Egypt, and Barbary, giving way to a cowardly panic, in the utmost confusion, fled into the *Dardanelles*, where they met *Soultanitzza*, and anchored under the *Hellespontine* castles, as the nearest refuge.

The coolness and daring of *Kanaris* on this occasion were perhaps even more remarkable than on the former expedition, for in this instance, after he had applied the match to the vessel he attacked, and escaped with his own raft, he perceived that the brulot was not properly inflamed, and composedly returning, though the Turks were already under arms, carefully rectified the error! *Soultanitzza* and her prize-vessel, passed, therefore, without difficulty through the disordered ranks of the enemy, and proceeded to *Psarra*, there to receive *Admiral Miaulis'* orders.

The night was still and dark, and the wife of the blind man sat on the deck, watching, with a vacant glance, the soft, pure outline of the shadowy islands that now rose in all directions around them; but in spirit she was far away among the valleys and the hills of *Hydra*, for they, barren and sterile as they are,

were made bright to her by that lustre which beautifies, far more than any earthly sunshine, the land where we have wandered with those we love.

Those only who could have followed Soultanitzza Ducas throughout the scenes of strife and war, and known with what horrible repugnance for her unnatural task she had led on her men to the combat with her fellow-creatures, might have understood with what an intense desire she longed to return to her home, and all its domestic duties. She had little doubt that Miaulis would order her to repair instantly to Hydra to have the ship she had captured fitted out as a Greek vessel, and she almost fancied, could she but once more resume her place within her quiet house, that all the wild adventures of the last month would become as a ghastly dream, and the first long gaze of deep affection cast on her dear husband efface for ever from her memory the sights which had sickened her very soul—the first kisses of her innocent children purify the lips that had issued the orders of death.

She was interrupted in the midst of her reflections by a noise that suddenly arose below, followed by one wild shriek, and a volley of imprecations from some of her men. Before she could inquire the cause, two of the seamen appeared on deck, dragging between them a negro slave wearing the Turkish dress, whom they flung down at her feet, and remained standing over him with their daggers drawn. Soultanitzza, shrinking back in terror, asked whence he came. They told her that they had discovered him in the hold, where he had apparently managed to secrete himself during the general massacre, and subsist until now on some of the food that had been provided for the Greeks themselves when prisoners. Isolani instantly ordered that strict search should be made throughout the vessel, lest any other might have survived of the unhappy Ottoman crew; and finding that, beyond a doubt, this one had alone escaped, he gave orders that he should at once be cast into the sea. Most readily would his orders have been obeyed by the vindictive Greeks, had not the negro, as they were dragging him away, laid hold of Soultanitzza's dress, and clinging to her, lifted up his face with an imploring

gaze, making, at the same time, signs that he was dumb. His turban nearly concealed his features, but Soultanitzza understood his look of passionate entreaty, and at once commanding the sailors to release him, she exclaimed to Isolani—

"He shall not die! I rejoice in my power to-night, since I can spare men as well as destroy! Oh, that this life saved may redeem but one of those which have been sacrificed for me!"

"As you will, Cocona," said Isolani; "but remember this slave is our enemy, and the last of our enemies; we know how treacherous they are: I believe that if you let him live, it will be at your imminent peril!"

"And when should peril be dear to us," exclaimed Soultanitzza, "if not when we incur it for an act of mercy? Shall we brave it for our own interest or glory, and not welcome it most gladly to benefit a fellow-creature? No; let him live! and thrice happy are we if this one deed of justice efface from our souls but a portion of the blood that we have shed!"

"It is enough," said Isolani, and the liberated slave crouched down before his new mistress, and kissed her feet with a fawning servility, from which at last she turned in disgust. As Soultanitzza had anticipated, immediately on arriving at Psarra, the admiral ordered them to proceed to Hydra, and the next day, with a heart full of joy and gratitude, she set sail to return to all that was dear to her on earth.

It was nightfall before they reached her island home; but never had a summer's morning seemed brighter than that dim twilight to the devoted wife! Her impatience increased with every moment which brought her nearer to the refuge for which she pined. When Hydra appeared in sight, she stood motionless at the side of the vessel, stretching out her longing arms towards it, as though she already embraced her dear husband and children. The men were all engaged in sailing the ship, and they advanced rapidly towards the entrance to the harbour. They were within a short distance of it, when suddenly one and all were startled by a cry which seemed to rise in wild exulting triumph from the sea close by them.

Looking hurriedly round, they perceived a sight which to Soultanitzza Ducas was dreadful as would have been the visible aspect of death itself, could she, with her living eyes, have beheld that awful phantom as it stood even now unseen before her. Upright in the small boat which had already been lowered for their disembarkation stood the negro slave, whose life she had spared; but the turban which had concealed his features was flung aside, and, in spite of the dark liquid with which he had stained his face while concealed in the hold, she recognised the cunning eye and cruel smile of her implacable enemy, the Moslem Diamantis! In one hand he held the rope which united the boat to the ship; in the other a knife, with which he seemed about to sever it.

There is a strange instinct in the human heart at times, whereby it foretells, even in its brightest hours, the approach of its own future suffering; and as Soultanitzza met the fierce triumphant glance of him over whose wrongs and whose revenge she believed the waters of the deep long since had closed, there pass, as in a vision before her, the beloved forms she felt she should behold no more, and grasping hold of the vessel's side, to support herself, she continued to gaze on him with fascinated eyes, whilst the name of Diamantis burst from her quivering lips.

"Yes," shouted the traitor, "it is Diamantis, indeed, thou murderess of my son! Ah, you thought the sea had swallowed up the unavenged father with the helpless child! Oh, fool, to think that I could die when that revenge which is my life is yet unsatisfied; but I still live, and now shall ye learn to know me, in the very tortures which your leader brought upon my countrymen!"

"Traitor!" exclaimed Isolani, who was ever at hand to defend Soultanitzza, "you know not what you say—behold, your hour is come!"

He drew his dagger, and was about to leap into the boat, that he might, with his own hand, dispatch him, when Diamantis, with the speed of lightning, severed the rope, and laughed aloud as he drifted away from the vessel's side.

"Fire!" shouted Isolani to the men, who quickly prepared to obey

his orders; but Diamantis, as his bark retreated, extended one hand towards them, and exclaimed in a loud voice, which each one heard with terrible distinctness—

"Of fire ye shall have enough, ye sons of Eblis. I have made it the slave to my revenge, and though I perish by your bullets now, it yet shall do my bidding, till it overcome you one and all! Look behind you, where it comes with fiery wings to bear you to its kindred hell!"

They turned, full of terror at these words, and beheld that the flames were indeed bursting from all parts of the vessel, with a horror which the dread of so inexorable a doom, amid the merciless waters, could alone inspire.

Diamantis had well said that he had prepared for them the same dreadful fate by which they had destroyed his countrymen at Scio. They knew too well that in a few minutes that resistless element would find its choicest food, which fills it with such murderous rage—the ship was loaded with powder—nothing could save them from the destruction that swift as lightning must overtake them now! What shrieks rang over that tranquil sea, and echoed back from the rocks of the island home they never were to reach! Soultanitzza sunk upon her knees, murmuring, "Oh, my husband! oh, my children! and in that hour when her own soul was about to face eternity, it was for them she prayed in her love indestructible. She seemed to have resigned herself at once to her doom; but Isolani, suddenly lifting her up in his arms, exclaimed—"Oh, Soultanitzza, I yet may die in saving you," and leaping from the vessel, plunged with her into the water. Their distance from the shore was considerable, but the Naxiote was a strong swimmer, and he did not think it impossible he might reach the land with his precious burden. At once striking out vigorously, he strove to escape the vicinity of the condemned vessel. It blew up almost instantly, and the burning spars rained round them, fortunately without injuring them. Encouraged by this, Isolani continued to swim with such strength and vigour that the friendly rocks of Hydra began to rise before him distinct and near; but suddenly he heard

the rushing of a boat through the water behind him; before he had time to look up, Diamantis was by his side. Without uttering a word, the traitor lifted up the butt end of the musket which he held, and brought it down with such tremendous force on the heads of Soultanitzza and Isolani, that both victims sunk at once without a cry. The blow was so violent that it needed not a second to consummate their doom—death overtook them before they could even herald its coming with a shriek of terror! They sunk, and on the spot where they disappeared a light-crimsoned foam bubbled up for a few minutes, then it passed away, and all was over. Diamantis remained with glaring eyes watching the reappearance of the bodies, and after a little time they floated up to the surface, as he expected. Both were by this time stone dead; the faces dark and livid—the eyes upturned, and fixed as though they could not choose but gaze, upon the glory of the sunlit heaven. Diamantis pushed towards them, and disengaging the corpse of the blind man's wife from that of Isolani, he dragged it by the long, streaming hair into the boat, and then made for the shore with all rapidity. He rowed towards the waves and rock, and having leapt out on the beach, he lifted up his lifeless prize and raised it on his shoulders; then, staggering beneath the weight of the dead burden, he proceeded to ascend the hill towards the town.

If Soultanitzza Ducas had longed, with a bitter longing, to behold once more her most beloved home, a thousand times more weary was the yearning with which Athanasi her husband awaited her arrival. Since she had left him in the eternal night of his solitary life, the blind man had learned many a deep lesson in the stern truths that lie concealed beneath the glittering surface of our brief existence, many of those lessons which a glorious revelation is willing softly to convey to us in the best hours of our life, but which, if we then refuse to learn them, sorrow and pain, old age and infirmity are straightway commanded to teach us. While Soultanitzza was with him, in very deed and truth, the light of his eyes, to guide his steps, to soothe his pain, to cheer him in his sorrow,

he had no leisure to feel how utterly his calamity had separated him from the world and all its falsity, and driven back his soul upon its own resources, which is, in fact, the merciful purpose of all adversity. It was not, till alone in his great darkness—alone and friendless—for we all know how our holiday friends disperse before the gloom of our misfortunes, like the coward sunbeams before a cloud, that he felt how very vain, indeed, the vain things of earth had become for him—its hopes had been wrenched from his hand—the visions of glory, and honour, and fame with which he had made himself props to traverse the brief space of his visible existence, had given way beneath his feet, and left him prostrate in the dark wilderness. Then his soul turned earnestly to inquire for some real, substantial good, too much bound in the trammels and fetters of the flesh to find it, where alone it exists in a celestial hope. He could, at least, perceive it in that antepast of God's more glorious, which we may taste of here, in the blessing of human, sympathy—of pure devoted affection—that one sweet flower upon our earthly path, that still, amid the world's tempests, wears the bloom of its native Eden. That blessing had been his, the great good of a fellow creature's entire tenderness—had been his own, and deep was the remorse that gradually took possession of the blind man when he remembered that he had used the very strength of that affection, which had been all his, to sacrifice it, to what he now felt to be a worthless chimera. But she would return, that gentle wife, and he would regret no more that day the sun's sweet light—she would return, the true, the faithful friend, whose value he had learned at last, and life, though calmer than in his youth's more stirring days, would be more surely and completely blest.

One morning Athanasi Ducas, awake with the dawn, lay speculating on the probable moment of his wife's arrival, as a ship from Pearra, which had cast anchor the day before, had announced that Soultanitzza had set sail from thence for Hydra. He was disturbed in the midst of his reflections by the sound of his children's voices, shouting with unwonted glee, and suddenly they burst together into the room.

where he lay, calling out in exuberant delight, "Patera, patera (father), our mother is come!"

"My wife, my Soultanitzza, where is she?" exclaimed Athanasi, starting up and stretching out his arms—"take me to her, my children—guide, oh, guide me to her."

"Come, come," they exclaimed, seizing each a hand, and directing his uncertain steps.

"Where is she?—why does she not come to me?" said he, as he hurried along.

"She lies at the door, asleep," said the eldest child, laughing out in his innocent joy; "she came in the night, and when she found us all in bed, she, too, went to sleep. We kissed her, but she has not yet awakened."

"A man came with her," said the other, "and he roused us, and bid us tell you Diamantis had brought back our mother."

"Diamantis!" shrieked Athanasi. "Oh, Panagia! what does this foretell? Yet Soultanitzza is returned, there can be no evil. Oh, lead me quicker on, my sons."

They had by this time reached the terrace, and the children cried out,

"There she lies—there lies our mo-

ther—father, you must wake her now."

He advanced, but suddenly the voice of the old nurse rose upon his ear in wild lamentation—

"Theophani, what is this," he said; "who dares to weep or mourn when Soultanitzza is returned?—take me to her."

"You are by her side," said Theophani; "she is at your feet. Oh, mavri mera (black day), Effendi! thank heaven that your eyes are dark this hour!"

The blind man had fallen upon his knees beside his Soultanitzza—the children had placed the hand in his—it was hers, he knew it well, but cold and stiff, and, for the first time, answered not to his pressure. He stooped down—he touched her pale lips—they were hers, but never before had they refused to return his fond caress; he laid down his head upon the still, calm breast—no true, devoted heart was throbbing there, beating as it had ever done for him alone. Then he flung his arms around that senseless form—one deep, low cry of most unutterable misery burst from his labouring bosom—"Oh, am I not accursed—Soultanitzza, thou hast died for me!"

SIR ROBERT PEEL ON CONFISCATION.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for July, 1837, contains a review of Mr. Butt's able and prophetic warning to Lord Morpeth against the poor-law for Ireland, which the noble lord was then conducting through the imperial parliament. The review opens with these words :—

“ In the publication of the little tract which has suggested the following observations, Professor Butt has done good service. He does not profess formally to discuss the poor-law project, but he has exposed the shallowness and the absurdity of the intended legislation upon that important subject, in a way which, if it does not lead to its abandonment, it can only be, because *some end* is to be answered which is *not* the public good, and it is an object with ministers, even at the expense of increasing distress, and of multiplying crime, to propagate delusion in Ireland.”

The rate-in-aid scheme has now, we apprehend, rendered it but too manifest that our suspicions were not groundless. The poor-law was devised in that spirit of indirect legislation of which this misgoverned country has had so much reason to complain. The law had a pretext and a purpose. Under a profession of desiring to raise the condition of the poor, the contrivers of the law aimed at the abasement of the landed proprietary. We do not say that they who were openly patrons of this disastrous enactment designed the evil which has followed from their measures. They were instruments employed by spirits subtler than their own ; they were won, perhaps, by arguments which counterfeited charity, and thought that the benevolence of their purposes amply compensated some little violation of the dead letter of justice. The consequences of their error are now, we believe, apparent ; and the consummation of the schemes to which they lent themselves seems near at hand. Various reasons have led us to this conclusion. The “ landed interest” has been for some time past regarded by certain parties as a main obstruction to the progress of that so-

cial regeneration which they desire for Ireland. They have waged against it the warfare of the poor-laws, and have persisted in administering and devising injurious measures, because tendencies which would have been held objectionable by men whose purposes were more direct, have been to them recommendations. If the reader imagine that we rashly suspect design where there is nothing to be complained of but a casual concurrence of unlucky accidents, we beseech him to suspend his judgment until he has heard our case stated.

And first, for our witnesses. We give naturally the eminence it deserves to the testimony of Sir Robert Peel, and especially to his argument in favour of the ministerial project for the diffusion of pauperism :—

“ Almost the only thing,” said this passionless and plastic politician, “ in which I see a hope of safety, is the introduction of new proprietors, who shall take possession of land in Ireland, *freed from its present incumbrances*, and enter upon its cultivation with new feelings, and inspired by new hopes.”

So far, it may fairly be conceded, the right honourable baronet has spoken distinctly. Again—

“ If you choose to leave the present proprietors in possession of their property, hardly receiving a nominal rent, encumbered with debt, with every discouragement to exertion, and so overwhelmed with rates that it is impossible to find a purchaser or occupant, then I see no hope for the salvation of Ireland. But if, through the government or parliament, you can establish some intermediate agent to get possession of that property on equitable terms, and then can arrange for the re-distribution of it, I should see some hope of her salvation.”

“ Unless you can give some guarantee as to the poor-rate, you will have no purchasers. I earnestly advise you, then, to consider whether you cannot, by the intervention of some such commission as that I have mentioned, facilitate the arrangement for the transfer of property.”

"Cannot you assist by the intervention of a commission composed of men of the highest character? Surely you could find men who would gratuitously devote their time to rescue Ireland from this state—who would be the medium between the proprietor and the purchaser."

In short, the remedy for evil in Ireland is to be found in a replantation of the country. The new proprietary are to be made liable to a rate for the poor; they are to have a guarantee against an excess of rating; a maximum amount is to be defined. When the rate on the division and the union has risen to seven shillings, a national "rate in aid" is to follow. The new proprietary, therefore, will have to regard, among the liabilities of their possessions, a maximum rateage of (let it be supposed) seven shillings and sixpence in the pound. The purchaser, therefore, of a lot of property, valued at six hundred pounds per annum, will pay the price of three hundred and seventy-five: the present owner *will have suffered confiscation to the amount of the lost two hundred and twenty-five.* The transaction appears somewhat anomalous. On the faith of British law and justice, A has purchased an estate, valued at six hundred pounds per annum; suddenly, contrary to all past precedent, *and without the excuse of necessity*, the legislature imposes, on that kind of property alone, a heavy burden, thus lessening its value more than one-third; and, at this stage of the transaction, Mr. Bright or some of his associates steps in, at the depreciated price, to purchase the property held by A; or, investing capital to the amount which A had originally paid, acquires an estate of six hundred pounds per annum, guaranteed against any imposition for poor's rate. Mr. Bright will be nominal proprietor of an estate valued at nine hundred and thirty-five pounds per annum, and liable to a poor's rate which may possibly amount, annually, to three hundred and thirty-five pounds, thus leaving him a net return of six hundred pounds for his investment, and *for this return he pays the same sum which A paid, a few years since, for a property reduced by an act of the legislature to less considerably than four hundred.* Thus, "even-handed justice" is to pronounce upon the pur-

chaser of ten or twelve years since, forfeiture of more than one-third of his goods, and give a guarantee to the purchaser it invites, that the property he acquires shall never suffer similar depreciation.

If we understand this meditated arrangement aright, it purports to inflict the penalty of confiscation on the present race of proprietors, and to supply their place by a re-plantation of the country. If the land is to be lessened in annual value by three-eighths of the rental now (or rather we should say until now) returned from it, the change will be confiscation; and this penalty it is proposed to inflict on every landlord in Ireland by the operation of British law. The plea for inflicting it is the good of Ireland. Landlords are not to be condemned, convicted, tried; they are only to be ruined:—

"Great injustice" (so says Sir Robert Peel) "has been done in this country to the landed proprietors of Ireland. I find conclusive evidence that at least in many parts of Ireland the most strenuous local exertions have been made. Speaking of many unions, there has been a willing submission to the law; and if the whole amount of rate has not been levied, it has been from a physical impossibility."

It is the wants, therefore, of the Irish landlords, and not their delinquencies, which render it the duty of the state to remove them out of the way of the projected improvements.

It was an objection made by Mr. O'Connell to the Poor-law Reform Bill for England, that the measure was ill-timed, and that when the legislature was expressing its purpose to abolish imprisonment for debt, there seemed to be inconsistency in enacting imprisonment for poverty. We might complain of similar inconsistency in the legislature, which is now marking its course by victims in Ireland; that while it recognises poverty in one form as a claim for relief, it pronounces it in another form a ground for inflicting punishment. Because the class in which labourers are found was suffering, the state gave liberally to keep them in the land; and because the owners and occupiers of land are suffering, the state decrees and enforces heavy penalties against them, that they may

cease to cumber or embarrass it in its devices for the transformation of the country.

In making such comments as these on public measures, it will be seen that we accept Sir Robert Peel's statement as the true interpretation of the ministerial policy. Could measures speak for themselves, they would use the words of the right honorable baronet. He merely gives utterance to what they signify—he merely gives a voice to the ominous silence of the Queen's ministers. They impose their sixpenny rate on Ulster, because, *as they say*, there will be deaths in Clare if somebody will not feed its poor, and Great Britain has determined that she will not sustain them. They say that, inasmuch as the monied interest to a great extent, and the landed to some small extent, are indulged in a remission of certain taxes which are paid in England, therefore the *landed interest* shall bear the heavy pressure of a new burden, from which England, and the monied interest in Ireland, are to be exempt. Ministers are satisfied with doing the wrong, and aggravating it by the absurd pretext under which it has been wrought. Sir Robert Peel gives the *rationale* of the measure; it is this—The encumbrances on estates in the West of Ireland are so heavy, that unless there be a great abatement of the poor-rate burden, they will not prove marketable. Let them be relieved, therefore, by transferring their burdens to the parts of Ireland not yet impoverished, and capital may be attracted to our country. Sir Robert has been more than usually explicit in giving his views on this subject:—

"I, for one," (said he) "should see with great satisfaction the government interposing with the intention of re-distributing that great estate which is now on sale in Connemara—I mean the estate of Mr. Martin," &c. &c.* . . .

"There was a magnificent estate of 200,000 acres on the West coast of Ireland; if it were transferred to another proprietor, he might improve the country, open up roads, and lay the foundation of future prosperity in the district. Even an intelligent commissioner, having all this labour (4,500 unemployed labourers) to dispose of, might employ

it in this way. But though that estate contained valleys as fertile as any in the country, no one would be foolish enough to advance £50,000 upon it, with its present incumbrance of £150,000, and the existing uncertainty about the rates. But were an intelligent commissioner appointed, who might take possession of the property for a time, divide it, and open up means of communication, security being given for ten or fourteen years, that a certain amount of poor-rate should not be exceeded, then that class of men would be called into action who bought the land in the time of James I.; and the foundation of future prosperity would thus be laid, care being taken, above all, to avoid the establishment of any religious distinction. He would not attempt to remove any proprietor on account of his religion, but would attempt to infuse new blood and new enterprise into the country. He would have division of the property, security of title; and would give a stimulus to industry, by guaranteeing the future proprietor against being suddenly overwhelmed by the amount of the poor-rates. No measure short of that was likely to be successful."†

This passage, which we have extracted from reports in the *Times* and *Express*, is neither unintelligible nor absurd. An Irish property burdened by a debt of £150,000, owing, in all probability, to some English capitalist or company, is advertised for sale; but cannot be sold so long as the poor-rates equal or exceed the valuation. In such a state of things it is most probable that the mortgagee cannot realise his principal, and does not receive his interest. Sir Robert "would see, with great satisfaction," arrangements made by the government such as should attract purchasers for this large estate. It *might* be rendered profitable, *but it must pay the creditor*. We will not say to Sir Robert, as Major Dalgetty said to Argyle, "You must be the marquess himself;" indeed, on the contrary, we believe the Right Hon. Baronet's thousands have not been coin for Galway. But we think it very probable that the interests of the creditor were not unthought of in the arrangements he proposed. Why should they? Or why should we forget them? We wish only that other interests were

* *Times*, March 6.

† *Express*, March 6.

remembered too; and that the measure of improvement which was devised for the good of the English capitalist (and eventually for the good of England herself), was not to be accomplished at the sole cost of Irish unions already sinking under burdens most unseasonably and unjustly thrown upon them, and having far less connexion than the capitalists, or traders, or tourists, of Great Britain, with this desolated district of Connemara.

What a mystery is political justice! An estate valued, a few years since, at a rental of, perhaps, fifteen thousand pounds per annum, burdened by an encumbrance amounting to six or seven thousand, has a new burden imposed on it by law, which exhausts its whole revenues. There is no proposition made to lighten the legislative calamity, so as that it bear some proportion to the forces of him who is commanded to sustain it; but preparations are made in order that, when he has sunk under the load, some credulous capitalist may be induced to venture on becoming his successor. A poor-rate is to be levied on Mr. Martin, heavy enough to make him sell his property; it is then to be lightened, in order that a purchaser may be found to buy it; and this lightening of the load is to be effected, not at the cost of the capitalist, who recovers his debt—nor of the country, which will find in improved Connemara a new market for its manufactures—but of parties who are already exhausted by efforts to relieve distress in their own neighbourhood, and who have no peculiar financial interest in the sale of Mr. Martin's estate, or the improvement of his property.

As to the compulsion on which proprietors will think it eligible to part with their possessions, Sir Robert Peel reconciles himself to the application of it most amiably:—

“That advantage (new proprietorship) would be dearly purchased *by any violation of the rights of property*. Nothing was so easy as to suggest remedies, overlooking those rights of property, which *it was the duty of the British legislature*, in the first instance, to uphold. At the same time he thought this was a right of so little value to the proprietors, if the incumbrances on the land were to be discharged, and with its present prospects, that he could not

help thinking it possible for the government with the sanction of this house, taking an enlarged view of the whole subject, to devise some means by which new capital might be introduced into the cultivation of the land, and by which the misfortune and despair which necessarily hang over the present proprietors, might be removed.”

Can this have been spoken seriously? Does it remove misfortune and despair to part with every shred of property? We apprehend the ruined proprietor in Connemara could accomplish such a result without pillaging the poor farmers of Ulster. Are we to understand that the scheme recommended by Sir Robert, contemplates that the dispossessed proprietor shall

“Still keep something to himself?”

Are we to understand that liabilities created by a new poor-law are not to be computed among the encumbrances affecting property; that the state is not to take advantage of the wrong it has itself inflicted, but is to purchase an estate burdened for “out-door relief” on the same terms as it would have paid had the stipulations implied in the poor law of 1838 been faithfully kept to the Irish proprietor? If this be Sir R. Peel's intent, we should be glad to hear a distinct expression of it. But we look in vain for any such expression. Throughout the speech of the right hon. baronet there is no proposal that the pressure of the poor-law should be lightened beyond the ministerial limit. Real property is to endure, if circumstances demand the infliction, a burden of seven shillings and sixpence in the pound. Where limitations of this character are so defined, the permitted maximum is soon reached, and becomes a stage from which the agitation for a new maximum commences. And thus it comes to pass, that, as their contribution towards the payment of creditors to a Connaught proprietor, and to aid in guaranteeing to his successor that he shall not be ruined by the poor-rates, the gentlemen, and merchants, and traders in Dublin must pay nearly twenty-five thousand pounds, as demanded by the scheme now proposed; and may, perhaps, be asked to disburse five-fold that sum, when some ruinous amendment of the act

now proposed tasks them beyond their utmost ability.

Such taxation of Leinster and Ulster is manifest injustice. There is no reason why parts of Ireland more distant from Connemara, and less connected with it than Wales or England, shall be subjected by a new law to a poor-rate, from which England is left free, for the benefit of a pauper or proprietor in Galway, or of a monied capitalist who draws a revenue from Connaught, and spends it in Westminster or London. *Pretexts* have been put forth, *which are not reasons*, for such an imposition. We are very strongly inclined to believe that the reasons or pretexts alleged by Sir Robert Peel, are such as he would most cautiously have eschewed were he not sure of his audience. His reasons are two. He disavows any participation with ministers in their argument that because Ireland pays no income-tax, she should be saddled with an unjust poor's-rate, by way of equivalent. The reasons of the premier are his own; he need not take out a patent for the invention of them—no sane or honourable man in England will dispute his proprietorship. The reasons are these: in England, if the poor's-rate be too heavy in one parish, the vicinity pays a rate in aid—therefore, Dublin, Belfast, and Derry must suffer for Ballina; Irish unions have not paid the debts which they were constrained to contract when the poor-law was forced upon them, therefore they must bear the burden proposed to be cast upon them now.

It is not amiss to consider the character of these arguments. There is not much in them, we admit; but it may not be without its use to examine them. They appear to have been received with much favour by the house, and even out of doors, to have produced something of a sensation:—

“In this country,” said the right honourable baronet, “when a union is manifestly unable to support the poor within it, we adopt the principle of subjecting the vicinage to the burden of contributing to that object. We do not in that case say to Ireland—‘Distress prevails in some of the unions of Devonshire or Cornwall; they cannot support their poor, and therefore we call on you, the people of Ireland, to contribute your share to their maintenance from the

public revenue. No, we simply go to the *next* parish, and, if necessary, to *the parish beyond that*, and call upon them to make up the deficiency in the amount raised for the support of the poor in the distressed parish. At first sight, there appears no great justice in this course of proceeding. Why, on the mere ground of vicinage, should one neighbourhood, which supports its own poor, be called upon to support the poor of another with which they have no concern? We might adopt the same course in Ireland; but I fear that the result would be only to extend the area of distress. I therefore prefer a general rate in aid.”

It has been usage in England to require the aid of *neighbouring* parishes when the poor's-rates in any *one* parish are found too oppressive; *therefore* the right honourable baronet would adopt a *different method* of rating in Ireland. It is unjust, he thinks, or would seem so at first sight, to adopt the English method; it would also be inexpedient; and therefore he prefers the national “rate in aid.” With what view he cited the precedent of the English method, and cited it only to condemn and supersede it, does not very clearly appear. The home secretary, it is evident, thought Sir Robert's citation a case in point:—

“The principle, as recognised, went further than had been stated by the right honourable gentleman the member for Tamworth. It was not necessarily confined to the neighbouring parishes of that in which distress existed. Take the case of Yorkshire. If any extreme distress existed in one part of Yorkshire, you might extend the levy for a rate in aid over the whole county of York. Nay, every parish in England might be called on to contribute, and that not to any limited amount, but to an indefinite amount, and limited only by the necessity of the case; and you might go from one county to another, and select any parish which might be considered most able to pay.”

Such were *the rights of the poor, as legalised in England*, by usage and by statute-law, from the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and Sir Robert Peel and Sir George Grey cite the usage and the law as conclusive against the people of a country in which, notoriously, they never prevailed. The argument of the right honourable orators is

this:—The poor in England have had a recognised and legal right to relief for a period of three hundred years; every proprietor of real property in England confesses it in act and word. He is, indeed, but a *partner* in the possession of his land; there are charges upon it for relatives, it may be for creditors, and also for the poor; his property, he knows, is what remains after due deductions on these various accounts have been made. His poor's-rate, therefore, he feels, is *not a tax—it is a charge*; it is as a rent is, the condition of ownership, or occupancy: it is as the share which a merchant pays to a sleeping partner in his commercial enterprises. There is something exceedingly unsatisfactory and unfair in arguing from a case of this description to that of an Irish proprietor, who inherited, or acquired, or devised, or encumbered, property, without a thought of any such incident as that of liability to a poor's-rate.

But it may be said that, if the poor of Ireland were without claim to relief, the evil ought to be remedied. If it were an evil, no doubt it ought to be corrected. But how? Agreeably to the best usage. Law directed usage in England; in Ireland usage should have moulded the law. Where a law was in force, as in Great Britain, it was of necessity that custom conformed to it; where there was no human law, custom only excepted, as in Ireland, it surely was not too much to hope, that when a law was passed it should have been in accordance with a good custom. The custom in Ireland was in accordance with the divine law—they who gave, gave freely, and measured their donations not by the nature of their property, but by the extent of their abilities. We have seen, in our times, various visitations of distress, sickness, scarcity, commercial depression, calamitous accidents—we have seen the wealthy, and more than the wealthy, assemble and contribute largely—we have seen want relieved—and when the visitation had passed away, we have seen the poor resume their habits of independence, and all traces of pauperism disappear. We have seen the ministrations of charity carried on graciously without detriment to those concerned in it, and to the effectual succour of those whom it professed to relieve; and in

these efforts we have seen the abilities of the whole country exercised. Why should a different measure have been adopted when the poor-law was enacted? If usage is to be an argument against us, why was its benefit denied us? The property of Ireland is, let it be supposed, thirty-six millions sterling. Until the passing of the poor-law no part of this property was *legally* liable to a rate for the poor—no part of it could be pronounced exempt *by the law of God*. If the framers of the poor-law believed that the claim of the poor was good, *they defrauded them of their right*. They were guilty of criminal extortion against the classes on whom they imposed the rate, *if they thought the claim of the poor invalid*. Usage in Ireland gave relief *from every species of property*. Law enforced relief from none. Either no law should have been enacted, or else law should have embodied the spirit of ancient and universal usage, and laid the maintenance of the poor as a charge *on all species of property*.

It is wholly unworthy of Sir Robert Peel or Sir George Grey to cite a law of three hundred years' standing, and a usage conformable to it, in England, as a case in point to reconcile us to the passing of a law for which there is no precedent to be found among our usages, and for which there is really no argument to be urged, unless that it is in the spirit of a law, or an "amendment" of law, passed, as a hazardous experiment a year or two since, and which, within its brief space of existence, has inflicted worse evils on our country than it has suffered from many a visitation of war or pestilence. In England, say the two right honorable baronets, if the poverty of a parish has absorbed its property, you take the property of another parish to be food for it. In Ireland, it was the usage, when poverty became too destitute to be provided for by ordinary resources, that all who had the means (from whatever source their wealth was derived) were called upon to contribute of their abundance or their little. On this usage of Irish life, owners and occupiers of land in Ireland were justified in placing reliance. It was an usage of which legislators ought not to have been unobservant when they were about to frame a law; and it would have been far

wiser had the Irish usage served as a model by which the English poor-law was amended in 1837, than that the English law should have served as a pattern for those ruinous charges which were introduced into the poor-law for Ireland in ten years after.

We object to the argument of the two right honourable gentlemen. It was right to make one county pay for the wants of another in England, *because such was the law*. It is not *right* to exert such compulsion in Ireland, where there is no law for it. "*At first sight*," said Sir Robert Peel, "there appears no great justice in this course of proceeding." This is a plain truth. At second sight, however, the justice of the proceeding, as adapted to England, becomes discernible. It was in accordance with the laws—with laws under which owners of land were born—with the laws which protected them in their possessions, and which declared the liability to such exactions an incident among the conditions of proprietorship. Were there no such laws in existence the rate in aid would have been unjust. There are no such laws in Ireland. The argument of the right honorable confederates is a sophism unworthy of them.

Were the scheme they advocate expedient, it should be condemned for its injustice; and were the state to render it just by purchasing from landlords that portion of their rights, of which it is proposed to despoil them, its unsuitableness to the circumstances of our country, and the character of our people would demand its unqualified rejection.

The argument which we now proceed to notice is that of Sir Robert Peel alone:—

"There is another, connected with the administration of the poor-law which inclines me to call upon Ireland at this time to make a strenuous exertion. I want to know upon what principle Ireland has refused to repay us the advances which we made for Union Workhouses in that country. *We consented to advance £1,200,000* for the erection of Union Workhouses in Ireland, and at the same time a similar sum was advanced for the erection of similar buildings in England. The advances made in this country have been met by the payment of four per cent. interest, and by setting apart two per cent. annually for the reduction of the capital of

the debt. . . . If Ireland would make a vigorous effort to repay the sum advanced for the Union Workhouses at once, instead of spreading it over eighteen or twenty years, so that it may be applied in the way in which it is proposed to appropriate the sixpenny rate, I am not sure that the house would not accept the arrangement and forego the rate (much laughter)."

The right honourable baronet is "very smart," and the house appears to have been highly amused by his facetiousness. He will not, we trust, allow his merriment to turn him aside from an act of justice. There are "some honourable exceptions," he says, to the tacit or express repudiation of debt on the part of some districts in Ireland. "The union of Newtownards, for example, has paid all it borrowed." In committee, we trust, Sir Robert Peel is pledged to protect this meritorious union against the "rate in aid."

But we are more concerned with *the question* of the ex-premier, because it is more conducive to instruction; and although he has himself supplied us with an answer to the argument for which the interrogatory laid the foundation, we think it better and more pertinent to our purpose to let his question have a distinct reply. As to his argument, that the imposition of "the rate in aid" was to be regarded as, in some sort, a commutation of penance for tardiness in payment of the workhouse advances, we could cite his own words, and ask of him to apply them:—

"I don't rest my demand upon Ireland for this strenuous effort on the part of the poor, upon the ground that taxation in Ireland is unequal as compared with this country. If you rely upon the argument that Ireland as compared with England is unequally taxed, the conclusion which logically you must adopt is—apply equal taxation to both."

So we could say, with respect to the argument from the unpaid debt. If Ireland cannot pay the debt, to impose a new obligation upon her inability will not render her more solvent. If payment is to be enforced from her, it would be far less cruel and far more just to exact payment of a debt for which the country is already bound, than to impose an obligation upon her

against her will, and in opposition to the eternal principles of equity and justice.

But for Sir Robert Peel's demand, why the payments made by Ireland on account of government advances for the erection of workhouses, have been more tardy than those of England, we think the answer very obvious—England was a gainer by the charge in her poor relief system to which the government advances ministered; Ireland—or rather real property in Ireland—was a most grievous loser. The poor-law amendment in England saved that country nearly three millions sterling per annum. The poor-law inflicted on Ireland has coerced real property here to an amount of two millions. England could pay back the government advances out of the savings it was enabled to make. They became the occasion and instrument, not of savings, but of ruinous expenditure to Ireland. We answer the right honourable baronet then—as to “what he wants to know”—in the first place, England was enabled by the very advances which are the subject of Sir R. Peel's argument, to repay them. They furnished occasion for the expenditure which has rendered Ireland insolvent. This is our first answer.

In the second place, if it be just to regard a debt as in any respect a matter of feeling, England was far more clearly bound than Ireland to be on the alert with her payments. There was a charge upon English property for the poor, amounting to nearly ten millions per annum; the government advances were among the agencies through which this charge was reduced to seven or six. The reduction was a boon. The advances to Ireland were among the instrumentalities by which a heavy charge was unjustly, unwisely, and most oppressively, imposed upon her. England welcomed the advances—Ireland was forced to endure them. Does the honourable baronet want power to understand that Ireland may be less eager to show her thankful sense of being wronged than England has been to prove that she was conscious of being favoured?

In the third place, Ireland has been slow to pay, because the dominant power in the state has disabled her—because, if it be permitted to consider

the actual apart from the moral, and to separate fact from purpose, the state has broken faith with her. The poor-law of 1838, with its establishment of work-houses and all appertaining to them, was forced on Ireland, under the commendatory influence of promises that out-door relief was never to be allowed, and that the cost of the whole system should not exceed £320,000 per annum. Both these stipulations have been disregarded—disregarded to the actual ruin of many a proprietor—to the debasement of many a thriving and once industrious farmer—to the degradation of pauperism itself; and Sir Robert Peel makes an amiable proposition to rate-payers, who, under an obligation to pay £320,000, have been required to pay £2,000,000, and who have made a desperate effort to pay the enormous demand, that if they will, now, in the face of this unthought-of exaction, pay up their part of the engagement which has not been kept in their favour, the new oppression, of which they are to be victims, shall not be carried into effect against them.

There may be readers who will say that the arguments, or sophisms, we have been examining were not worth the pains of exposure. To us it seemed important to notice them. They are of the Jannes and Jambres school, and denote rather the pertinacity of adherence to a scheme, than assign the true reasons for which it has been adopted. When men of known ability defend a cause by sophisms, they show that the arguments by which it could be maintained are such as it would be inexpedient to make known, and they thus indirectly authorise a process of deducing the real purport of their scheme from its manifest tendency, and from the incidents by which it is discriminated and characterised. England insists that the paupers of Clare shall be maintained by the poor of other parts of Ireland—a measure which will have the effect of converting many poor-rate payers into paupers. Against this process of deterioration, England declares that she will not protect them. And, in reply to claims for support, founded on the Articles of Union, the orators of England may be supposed to reply—“you have forfeited the right to advance such claims; in your poverty, you accepted a remis-

sion of taxes, and you must submit to a drawback on your imperial privileges. You owe a debt contracted in order to carry out a measure for imposing new burdens on you, and, accordingly, you must stoop under an additional load. In short, you were dowerless—or else your dowry has been spent and wasted; you must therefore accustom yourself to the thought, that your union with England is but Morganatic; and you must unlearn the pride in which it was your wont to feel—that your country was an integral portion of the mightiest empire in this world. “In all this there is nothing real but this bill of divorce.” The reality of the divorce is certified by the purposed declaration of it in the terms of a money-bill. There is no misunderstanding what England means by such a measure. But as to the reasons by which the sentence of separation is justified—they are frivolous and futile, so futile that they seem almost designed to make us look for others. We find the real reasons in the meditated replantation of the country, and the confiscation by which the introduction of a new proprietary must be preceded—

“When the hurly-burly’s done,
When the battle’s lost and won,”

Then, may it be presumed, shall we three meet again—then shall England, Scotland, and Ireland be re-united. The poor-law shall exert its terrible benevolence until pauperism has become general. When, at the cost of districts yet to undergo this process, estates already ruined shall have been made saleable, and a peasant proprietary has taken possession of the mansions from which the Irish gentry have shrunk away—the spirit of England will become more gentle, the poor-law will become more merciful; and if, under a milder government, prosperity return to the land, our taxes may afford an ampler revenue, and England may accept us into integral connexion with her again.

Meanwhile, confiscation and replantation are to serve as substitutes for the superseded Union; and the great measure of James I., adapted to views of modern expediency, is to be a model for the readjustment of our society. It would be injustice to Sir Robert Peel and to the subject, to give his

announcement of this project in any other words than his own, and we offer them, therefore, to the reader as we find them reported in the *Time* of March 6:—

“I revert to a period when a state of things existed in Ireland not very different from that which now exists there—I allude to the reign of James I. when the settlement of Ulster took place. At that time a large quantity of land was forfeited in six counties of Ireland but not so large a quantity as, I believe, might now be obtained in the west of Ireland by an arrangement with the proprietors—an arrangement devoid of injustice, to which no objection would be made. The lands forfeited after the rebellion of Tyrone, in the counties of Donegal, Tyrone, Derry, Fermanagh, Cavan, and Armagh, amounted to 500,000 acres. The transaction is described in nearly the same manner by all contemporary historians, but I think the best account is to be found in Carte’s *Life of Ormonde*. That author says, that

“‘These countries had suffered exceedingly in the war, and were reduced to a very desolate condition. The country was full of woods and fastnesses, which, on favourable junctures, would give encouragement to rebels, and at all times serve as a retreat to robbers. Great numbers of the inhabitants have perished by the sword—much greater by famine; the rest were reduced to so extreme a poverty that they were not able, if willing, to manure the ground; so that the lands laid waste in time of war were likely to continue so in time of peace.’”

“This description, excepting that part which refers to woods and forests affording shelter to robbers, is very applicable to the state of Connaught, and many parts of the west of Ireland. Sir Arthur Chichester was the lord-deputy at the period in question. He caused surveys to be taken, and it was decided that the lands to be transplanted should be divided into three proportions of 2,000, 1,500, and 1,000 English acres, and these escheated lands were disposed of to 104 English and Scotch, 56 servants, and 286 natives, all of whom gave bond to the government for the performance of covenants. The lord-deputy caused a parochial church to be erected, and a glebe to be set out according to the size of the parish for each incumbent. The plantation was extended to Leinster. Great injustice was done to individuals by this proceeding; but says Carte—

“‘The grievances of particular persons did not prevent the general good’

intended to the kingdom by these plantations, in consequence of which lands were cultivated and greatly improved, towns and villages built, trade and commerce carried on and extended. The people in general, weaned gradually from their former idle and disorderly life, began to learn and practise civility, to apply themselves to business, to use labour and industry in their several stations, and to relish the sweets of peace.' ”

There is an instance of ambiguity in this extract, which may cause some confusion if it be not rectified. When Sir Robert Peel uses the expression, “Great injustice was done to individuals by this proceeding, but, says Carte,” it might be understood as if he were expressing Carte’s sentiments on the injustice done to individuals, as well as his opinion on the service ultimately rendered to the country. It would also be matter of inference, from the language of the right honorable baronet, that the injustice suffered by individuals was an unavoidable incident in the scheme of plantation; that it was contemplated as matter of necessity by the monarch, and was an evil submitted to for the sake of the good by which it was to be compensated. This would be all erroneous. The injustice had its origin not in the scheme, but in the cupidity of the agents through whom it was carried into effect. The king, according to Carte, had a clear and just title to the confiscated lands, and had a monarch’s right to dispose of them according to his good pleasure. This right, according to Carte, it was his purpose to exercise in a spirit of wisdom and mercy; and it was only through the malpractices of the commissioners appointed to carry the royal purpose into execution that the “injustice,” adverted to by Sir Robert Peel, “was done to individuals”:—

“The commissioners,” writes Mr. Carte, “authorised by the royal authority to distribute the lands, *had not adhered so strictly to their instructions as it were to be wished*. The king intended that no man should be divested of his possession, without an equivalent being given him, and therefore directed that *only a fourth part* of the lands should be assigned to the British undertakers, and the other three parts be granted back to the natives, with estates of inherit-

ance therein; which, as it was a sufficient equivalent for a life estate in the whole, was to be laid out for the particular proprietors, in such places as the commissioners should find to be most convenient for the general good of the plantation. Yet in the county of Longford, the natives in general had scarce a third part of their former possessions, either in number of acres or value of profitable ground, allotted them. The arts of admeasurement were well understood in those days, and as the king had directed a certain quantity of unprofitable ground, bog, wood, and mountain, to be thrown into the several proportions of profitable, allotted to British and natives, a great latitude of judgment was left to the commissioners, which some of them knew how to make use of for their advantage.”

Carte continues his complaint against the commissioners; but we spare the reader all but that which we feel to be necessary for making the authorship of the “injustice” clear. James I. was not responsible for it; and even, in appointing the commission by which his gracious intentions were to some extent frustrated, he had, as Sir Robert Peel has not failed to notice, the counsel of the wisest man in the realm, his chancellor, Bacon. We confess we think it would have been more creditable to the ex-premier, when so strongly urging upon her Majesty’s ministers, that they should take the advice of Bacon, and follow the example of James, by appointing a commission to survey, and manage, and distribute the estates in Connaught, had he stated that the injustice which tarnished the pattern plantation was not an inherent vice of the scheme, but was introduced into it by the commissioners; and had he made the wrongs done, in the great measure of which he spoke, an occasion to warn ministers strongly against the danger of their being repealed.

Such a warning would have been the more appropriate, inasmuch as the right honorable baronet exerted his monitory eloquence with much complacency on a subject upon which, taking into account the constitution and character of the House of Commons, admonition seemed most superfluous:—

“If it be possible to make any new settlement similar to that of Ulster, my

earnest advice, which I am sure will be in unison with the universal feelings of the house, is, that no religious distinctions should be allowed to enter into the arrangement (cheers). . . . Avoiding that which, I think, was a *fatal defect* in the act of James I., namely, *the establishment* of a religious distinction, I would give to all persons equal advantages, and would not make any attempt to remove them from the soil on account of their religious views."

Without commenting on this aspersion of the act of James, but leaving the matter at issue between Sir Robert Peel and Lord Bacon;* without exposing the incorrectness of ascribing to James the establishment of a distinction which he found already established, and contenting ourselves with referring the reader to "Carte's History," where he will find that whatever the wishes of the sovereign may have been, his commissioners brought all right, by inflicting their injustices impartially, and visiting them, without distinction, alike on Protestant and Romanist; we would venture to say that the warning, or (adverting to his offer in 1840 to receive the British empire as his patent) the "presumption" of the right honorable gentleman was wholly superfluous, although for his purposes, perhaps, not wholly out of place. It smacked of the Jobling-school, however, and seemed much less in keeping with a physician of the Abernethy stamp,

than with that reputable gentleman the "Doctor," in the "Old Curious Shop"—him of the "red nose" and large bunch of seals," and of the commodating pharmacopeia: "A said the doctor, in the tone of a man who makes a dignified concession, "a toast—of bread; but be very particular to make it of bread, if you please, ma'am." Sir Robert Peel would not have—indeed we are satisfied he had not—the slightest apprehension that the House of Commons would prove less liberal than he is himself.

In other respects it would appear as if the projected replantation resembled that of James I. Land to be assigned by purchase in lots of varied extent, but all moderate; and the management of the property to be acquired and redistributed, is to be confided to commissioners appointed by the crown. Such are the correspondences to be observed between the plantation in the seventeenth century and that which is now to be attempted. The differences are, that one which Sir Robert Peel solemnly recommended to a willing parliament, and possibly many others, of which, however, we shall submit two only to the consideration of the reader.

The plantation of James in Ireland *had no poor-law* to embarrass or commend it. With the exception of forests and robbers, Sir Robert Peel intimates that the face of the country and the state of society, was very much in the time of James I., what it is

* Lord Bacon's views on this subject are given in "A Letter to Mr. Secretary Cecil, after the Defeating of the Spanish Forces in Ireland," &c. :—

"A toleration of religion, for a time, not definite, except it be in some principal towns and precincts, after the manner of some French edicts, seemeth to me to be a matter warrantable by religion, and, in policy, of absolute necessity. And the hesitation in this point, I think, hath been a great casting back of the affairs that But there would go hand in hand with this some course of advancing religion, indeed, where the people is capable thereof; as the sending over some good preachers, especially of that sort who are vehement, and zealous persuaders, and not scholastic, to be resident in principal towns, endowing them with some stipends out of her Majesty's revenues, as her Majesty hath most religiously and most graciously done in Lancashire, and the re-continuing and replenishing college begun at Dublin, and the taking care of the versions of Bibles, and Catechisms, and other books into the Irish language, and the like religious courses, both for the honour of God, and for the avoiding of scandal and unsatisfaction here by the show of a toleration of religion in some parts there,"

This is, we would say, true toleration. The state will tolerate the teachers of what it accounts a false religion, and will insist having an equal toleration for its own and its agents, in teaching a religion which it holds for true. Had such a policy been adhered to, Sir Robert Peel would not have pronounced the distinction which he ascribes to the plantation of Ireland by James I., a fatal departure from that general measure.

present ; but the planters in that day were not made partners with the paupers of the country, in their possession of the soil. He who is now to invest capital in Connaught can purchase but a share in the property which he undertakes to manage. The legislature declares that it has constituted a joint-stock company as the proprietary for Ireland. The industrious are to have no more than the lazy are willing to leave them. If Sir Robert Peel's commissioners are composed of the persons *most eligible to sit on Sir George Grey's committee*, they will, no doubt, take especial care that ample advance be made for the probable wants of the destitute and the dissolute, and that the marketable value of land shall be depreciated accordingly. And yet, depreciate its value as they may, pauperism will contrive to render its cost excessive. Sir Robert Peel seems not unobservant of this discouraging incident :—

"Unless you can give some guarantee as to the poor-rate, you will find no purchaser. . . . Limiting the amount of charge on account of poor-rates ; . . . giving security for ten or fourteen years to come, that the amount of poor-rates should not be exceeded."

These fragments seem to show the purpose for which they were uttered. There is to be a public guarantee that, for ten or fourteen years to come, poor's-rates are not to exceed a certain amount. By that amount, at least, whatever it may be, property will be depreciated in the market ; to that amount, at least, pauperism will be taught to feel that it has a proprietorship in the land. His most malignant enemy need not envy the "new man" who, at such disadvantage, settles himself in Connemara, and engages in the development of its resources. The coigne, and livery, and coshering, of old, were moderate in comparison with the plague soon to be of pauperism and poor's-rates. The poor-law of recent enactment, and, as its advocates say, of great success in England, when a state of things resembling that which now prevails in Connaught suggested the necessity of a plantation of Ireland ; but it does not appear that either Chichester, Bacon, or James I. thought it applicable to the state of Ireland.

We shall notice but one other difference between the scheme of the seventeenth century and that of Sir Robert Peel. The former was founded in clemency and justice ; the latter cannot be effected without doing a very grievous wrong. The poor are to have a right *purchased for them*—a right to be maintained even in idleness ; and this pernicious boon is given them at the cost of proprietors who are ruined, not for their benefit, but for their pernicious indulgence. This is not like the arrangements made in the plantation of James. What he gave was his own. Property had been confiscated to the crown, and the monarch granted it according to his discretion. In the modern scheme, the crown is to confiscate the property of loyal subjects convicted of no offence ; and to devote the fruits of the confiscation to the encouragement of idleness and improvidence. Pass an act that the poor's-rates shall not exceed seven shillings and sixpence in the pound, for the period named by the right hon. baronet ; and the annual value of property in the market is reduced from £13,187,421, at which it is now rated, to a sum of £8,242,149 ; the difference, nearly five millions per annum, being so much taken from the owner, and dedicated to the use or abuse of pauperism. A plantation thus founded in spoliation, and ministering to improvidence, cannot succeed. A poor-law system like that of England, is not adapted to the circumstances of a colony or to those of Ireland.

What, then, will this scheme of re-plantation effect ? The impoverishment of Irish landlords. If they were the obstacles to social progress they will soon cease to be so. The scheme, it must have been seen, is not altogether visionary ; its promises, to be sure, are vague and unsubstantial, but there is real ruin in its performances. In depriving the owners of landed property of nearly five millions of their income, it takes from them, it is probable, all their revenues ; and this in an idle hope that the poor are to be the better for it. It is necessary only to remember that such a hope is contrary to all experience, to all acceptable testimony, and, we might add, to the law of God, in order to feel that even they who profess to entertain it, have no true confidence that it can ever be re-

alised. What, then, is the scheme? It is a scheme well contrived for the ruin of the landed interest in Ireland; its promises of good to follow are all illusion.

At first view, to borrow a form of speech from Sir Robert Peel, there seems so little justice in a scheme of this description, that we are disposed to believe it impossible. On closer examination, however, like many other incredibilities, it gains some hold on our reason. The whole circumstances of the introduction of the poor-law into Ireland ought to be taken into account before we pronounce on the real purpose of its establishment. Perhaps we may help the reader by laying before him some of our own reminiscences.

In the year 1833, very urgent efforts were made by some members of parliament to bring in a bill to make provision for the relief of the Irish poor by a compulsory rating. As an amendment to these proposals, it was resolved, at the instance of Lord Althorp, that a commission should be issued to a number of competent persons who were to take evidence on the state of the poor, and report their views, and the result of their inquiries for the information of the legislature and government. After a lapse of nearly three years, during which the commissioners and their many subordinate agents, had been laboriously occupied, their final report was presented to the house. It did not satisfy the wishes of those who desired to have a poor-law enacted, and who found now at their side a supporter whom they had formerly felt to be a powerful opponent—the late Mr. O'Connell. It was in the year 1836 this eminent person avowed a change of opinion, and expressed himself favourable to this hazardous experiment of a poor-law. In this year, also, Lord John Russell, the Home Secretary, had recourse to the unusual measure of selecting an agent to inquire into the state of Ireland, to compare it with the commissioners' reports, and give an opinion whether the work-house system, as amended in England, could be introduced into Ireland. In the course of less than three months this gentleman,

Mr. Nicholls, reported the result of his brief experience, was sent in the following year to visit other parts of Ireland, and with equal or still greater celerity reported to his employer; finally, passed over to Holland, and inspected the work-houses there. His inquiries resulted in reports which proved acceptable to the noble employer; and, in utter disregard of the representations of the commissioners appointed under the royal seal, the adverse views of Mr. Nicholls prevailed with the government, and fashioned a poor-law for the country.

There was another agent in the inquiry into the state of the Irish poor, who dissented, as Mr. Nicholls did, from the commissioners' report, and who dissented from the propositions of Mr. Nicholls also. This was Mr. Revans, who had been secretary to the English commissioners in their inquiries, and was handed over to the Irish commissioners, who were to derive much benefit from his assistance. According to the report of Mr. Nicholls, the cost of the poor-relief system was to be about three hundred thousand pounds per annum. Mr. Revans would have it to be very much more considerable, but yet greatly under the estimate of the commissioners, according to whom a compulsory system of relief on the work-house system would approach, if not exceed, five millions per annum. The government adopted Mr. Nicholls' report, and framed their act of 1830 in conformity with it. By this act, real property in Ireland became burdened with a rate for the poor, and it was thought by many that the act was, in itself, a guarantee against the danger of having a system of out-door relief adopted.

The injustice of burdening real property alone was not unnoticed, and the excuse for inflicting the burden was found in its lightness, and in the necessity for imposing it.

"Hitherto" (said Mr. Nicholls) there has been no rate for the relief of the poor in Ireland. The destitute classes have gone on increasing in numbers, but still there has been no recognised or legal provision for their relief. *Property has been acquired, capital invested,*

* 1st Report, section 85.

and contracts made, under this state of things. It will be impossible, therefore, suddenly to impose a rate upon property without affecting existing interests, and partially disturbing existing arrangements. The subject cannot be considered without our becoming immediately sensible of this consequence; but *I believe that the effect will be slight even at first, and that in the course of a few years it will cease altogether.* If the inconvenience were far greater than I anticipate, however, it will be as nothing when compared with the object to be effected; and all objections to the imposition of a rate on this ground are overborne by considerations of the public welfare."

"The strict limitation of relief to the workhouse may possibly be objected to, on the ground that extreme want is found occasionally to assail large portions of the population in Ireland, who are then reduced to a state bordering on starvation; and ought, therefore, it may be asserted, to be relieved at the public charge, without being subjected to the discipline of a workhouse. This, however, is an extreme case; and it would not, I think, be wise to adapt the regulations of poor-law administration to the possible occurrence of such a contingency." . . . "The occurrence of a famine, if general, seems to be a contingency altogether above the powers of a poor-law to provide for."†

The "object to be effected"—was it to ensure relief to the poor? Was it to make way for a replantation of Ireland, by effacing the "landed interest?" If the former, the proper course to pursue was to learn accurately the amount of distress to be relieved—to avoid the error of *under-estimation* as that which was the more dangerous, and honestly to search out the sources from which poverty was to derive its support. The commissioners, after three years passed in varied and laborious investigation, estimated the amount which should be raised, were the workhouse system to be established in Ireland, at little less than five millions; the calculations of Mr. Revans would make it, we believe, under two; but as this gentleman charged the maintenance of each pauper at sixpence per week, and has not taught us his secret for rendering such an allowance sufficient, we can place but little reliance on his estimate. Both these estimates were set aside, and that prepared by Mr. Nicholls adopted by government, and printed by order of the House of Lords. It amounted (including repayment of advances for the building of workhouses) to an annual sum of £345,000.

But it was natural to apprehend that, in seasons of scarcity the workhouse system must prove inadequate to the emergency, and that the danger and cost of a system of out-door relief must be incurred. Against this apprehension Mr. Nicholls made provision:—

In such emergencies, Mr. Nicholls intimates that the resources of the country would furnish, in various forms, the means of relief. Thus real property was to provide for a permanent system, limited in extent and cost; property *in general* was to meet the more pressing necessities created in seasons of unusual and extreme distress. The day of severe pressure came; and *the land*, impoverished by successive seasons of blight, reft of the increased value which its produce derived through the operation of protective laws, became burdened with new impositions, to provide for a system against which it had been assured. And, notwithstanding the profession by which owners and occupiers of land had been betrayed, that one shilling in the pound was to be the maximum of rate, various wretched divisions found themselves crushed under the burden of a rate two-fold the amount of their annual valuation. Space precludes the possibility of our entering into a detail of various minute circumstances, by which this career of spoliation is characterised; but even on the showing of the very imperfect outline we have presented, it seems to us clear that the poor-law was so contrived as to be more effectual in impoverishing the proprietor than in relieving the pauper.

For what, we ask, is the meaning of the principle on which poor relief schemes are now constructed? What is meant by the declaration that the

* 1st Report, sec. 71.

† Ibid.

poor have a right to support, and that a support is to be assigned to them? Does it mean that this right is what is called "perfect" against the land, and has no force against the possessors of other kinds of property? No advocate of the poor-law has ventured on defending an affirmative reply to this question. No; the right of the poor has had no such limits assigned it. If, then, that right be valid against the nation, is it not dishonesty to leave men perishing in Clare, or Donegal, or Cork, because the *real property* of a district is exhausted? Is the right of the Irish poor to be limited within the boundaries of thirteen (perhaps it be more proper to say five) millions, while six-and-thirty are available for its relief. If that relief were really the foremost object with the contrivers of the poor-law, they should have given the amplest security for attaining the object, by making all property liable to the rate. If the foremost object in their thoughts were destruction to the landed interest, they took the most effectual method of attaining that bad end by first underestimating the amount of distress, and then taking advantage of a famine, to aggravate, beyond all power of endurance, the burdens on the scanty property they had rated.

But to what purpose do we thus disclose a great evil and danger? It is not with a view to excite men's minds to any feeling of impotent indignation. We have a better object in view. The landlords of Ireland have been wronged and maligned; they should endeavour to right themselves in public opinion. They should act in the spirit which we have again and again recommended to them; taking counsel of one another, temperately and clearly showing the grievances of which they have to complain, and should make pre-

paration for the day that seems too surely approaching, by cultivating in their homes habits of retrenchment and economy, and by exerting themselves to the utmost that individual and combined exertion can effect, in developing the resources of their country.

Much, if there be virtue left amongst us, may yet be accomplished, and even without organic change in the mechanism of our civil constitution. Enterprising and speculative men, who promise good to their country, when they have obtained an independent legislature, or have won the government to their proposal that parliaments shall be periodically holden in Dublin, are too often deferring indefinitely the day of strenuous exertion, and are leaving means of usefulness at their command unexercised and overlooked. "Quod petis est hec." *We have a parliament for Ireland* which demands only that wise and upright men avail themselves of its vast capabilities. THE BOARD OF POOR-LAW GUARDIANS, ELECTED AND EX-OFFICIO, CONSTITUTE THE PARLIAMENT BEST SUITED TO OUR WANTS AND CIRCUMSTANCES. "The battle of the constitution," said Sir Robert Peel, "is to be fought at the registries," and there was virtue in England to win that battle. The renovation of Ireland, say we, is to be achieved, by God's blessing, through the Boards of Poor-law Guardians, if there be virtue enough in the landed interest to use the opportunities they afford, with faithfulness, and resolution, and wisdom. We do not fear that any reflecting man, completely acquainted with the state of Ireland, will dissent from us; and, after mature consideration of such objections as are likely to be urged against our views, we retain a strong hope of being able yet to convince even the unreflecting and incredulous.

NORTHERN INDIA.*

On Fancy's wing, when favoured poets rise,
 Burst from the earth, and soar amid the skies ;
 Attending spirits, through the realms of light,
 Nerve their strong wings, and guide their daring flight.
 A thousand zephyrs fan the favouring airs,
 Venus her doves and pearly chariot shares ;
 But when a feebler bard essays to fly,
 No friendly goddess wafts him through the sky.
 Born of the earth, along the earth he creeps,
 Knows his own sphere, and shuns the azure deeps :
 'Tis thus, alas ! with humbly-breathing lay,
 Down the dim vales I wend my lowly way.
 In vain the timid throbbings of my breast
 Prompt me to rise and flutter with the rest.
 What dewy Dryad of the greenwood shade,
 What sportive sylph, in rainbow hues arrayed—
 What shepherd queen, of pastoral vale or hill,
 Nymph of the fount, or Naiad of the rill,
 Would from their grottos heed my trembling sighs,
 Tune my rude harp, and lift me to the skies ?
 What classic Muse would deign to deck the page
 That tells of bloodstained crimes, and war's barbaric rage ?
 One, one alone, omnipotent and fair,
 Bends her sweet brow, and listens to my prayer.
 That power benign, beneath whose shadowing wings,
 Bursts the bright germ of all created things—
 Who, grasping gently the revolving poles,
 Turns the green earth, and gilds it as it rolls ;
 To whom the barbarous feuds of SHAH or KHAN
 Merge in the wise economy of man ;
 And to whose heart the insect is as dear,
 As the bright planet glistening in its sphere.
 Yes ! wondrous NATURE, on thy name I call,
 Queen of this glorious world, and parent of us all !

Of all the lovely lands to Nature dear,
 And to the sun—"The Painter of the Year"—†
 One favoured spot appears more blest than all
 Its rival wonders o'er this earthly ball—
 'Tis where CABUL her flowery meads expand,
 The pride and boast of all the Asian land.
 Who has not felt his boyish bosom beat,
 When Fancy half revealed this bright retreat ?
 When young Imagination, lingering o'er
 The magic page of Oriental lore,
 The gorgeous scenes by INATULLA made,
 And all the thousand tales of SCHEHERZADE ;
 Dreamed of some dazzling region far away,
 Lit by the earliest beams of opening day ;

* This poem, though written so far back as 1842, may have some slight interest at present, from the similarity of the disaster on which it is founded, with that contained in the recent intelligence from India. It is now printed for the first time.

† "The Painter of the Year."—Persian Tales of Inatulla.

Where all the earth was strewed with gem-like flowers,
 And flower-like gems illumed the crystal bowers.
 This is the land—'twas here our fancy strayed—
 Here are the valleys where in dreams we played.
 When BAGDAD rivalled ROME's imperial name,
 And CÆSAR dwindled in ALRASCHID's fame ;
 Where in the wonders SINBAD brought to light,
 Thy name, COLUMBUS, faded from our sight ;
 And when more bright than golden ISTAMBOUL,
 Spread the delicious gardens of CABUL.

Though now we view the land with calmer glance,
 Still 'tis the land of beauty and romance :
 A mingled maze of sunshine and of snows,
 Rocks for the pine, and valleys for the rose.
 Thunder in its torrents, music in its rills—
 Lambs on its plains, and lions on its hills ;
 A neutral land where every flower is known,
 That loves the torrid or the temperate zone.
 Here every clime presents its fragrant store—
 Here every flower recalls some distant shore—
 From simple plants that love the western ray,
 To white and yellow roses of Cathay ;
 Where Indian palm-trees spread their feathery hands
 Above the tender flowers of chillier lands !

Oh ! words are weak, description is but mean,
 To paint the glories of this brilliant scene.
 Here the cool groves rich mulberry fruits adorn,
 Pale as the moon, or purple as the morn ;
 Here giant planes with fan-like branches rise,
 And shield the cistus from the burning skies ;
 Here the pomegranate spreads its scarlet flowers,
 And tapering dates enrich the palm-tree bowers.
 Its blushing fruits the wild pistachio yields,
 And the tall tamarisk towers among the fields ;
 The silvery plantain rises on our view,
 The same as when in Eden's bowers it grew ;*
 The guava hangs its claret-coloured fruit,
 While the narcissus nestles at its foot !

'Twere vain to tell of all the countless flowers
 That o'er this land indulgent Nature showers :—
 The fragrant thyme—the Prophet rose's bloom—
 The jessamine's breath—the violet's perfume.
 The tulip here in matchless beauty glows,
 And steals a fragrance from its neighbouring rose.
 The humble poppy here the sight deceives,
 And waves " the tulip of a hundred leaves."†
 The simple daisy—lovelier, dearer far
 Than GHUZNÏ's plums, or figs of CANDAHAR—

* The Plantain Tree. *Gerard* calls this plant " Adam's apple-tree," from a notion that it was the forbidden fruit-tree of Eden. Others suppose it to have been the grape brought out of the promised land to Moses.—*Loudon's Enc. of Gardening*.

† " In the skirts of these mountains the ground is richly diversified with various kinds of tulips. I directed them to be counted, and they brought in 32 or 33 different sorts of tulips. There is one species which has a scent in some degree like rose, and which I termed *laleh-gul bui* (the rose-scented tulip). There is also the hundred-leaved tulip" (this is supposed to be the double poppy).—*Memoirs of the Emperor Baber*, p. 146.

Sports in the meads, and climbs each mossy cliff,
 Among the purple vines of ISTALIF.
 Through every vale, where'er we chance to roam,
 Crowd the sweet sights that glad our eyes at home.
 The pink-white blossoms of the apple there
 Mix with the pearly clusters of the pear.
 The cherry hangs its coral balls on high,
 And the soft peach swells tempting to the eye.
 The magpie chatters in the golden vales,
 Where sings the "Bulbul of a thousand tales,"
 Whose silvery notes can imitate the strain
 Of every bird in Nature's wide domain!
 Oh! if 'twere true, as Eastern fables tell,*
 That 'mid these groves the first arch-rebel fell,
 When the lost seraph, hurled from on high,
 Flashed like a burning star along the flaming sky!
 Recovering slowly from this dreadful trance,
 And casting round his wonder-waking glance—
 He must have thought, so fair each vale and hill,
 His fall a dream, and Heaven around him still!

If ever land were made to be the seat
 Of happy homes, and pleasure's calm retreat,
 'Twere surely this. Here Peace should have its birth
 High on the topmost regions of the Earth,
 Far, far removed from tumult and from strife,
 And all the crimson crimes of human life.
 These mountain Tempes—smiling, verdant, gay—
 Shining like emeralds o'er the Himalay—
 Should not, in faintest echoes, even repeat
 The murderous din that thunders at their feet.
 But ah! how different the truth has been—
 This sunny land is Discord's favourite scene—
 Made, both by foreign and domestic crime,
 One field of ruin since the birth of Time.
 When native treachery ceased but for an hour,
 Then surely came the scourge of foreign power;
 And all the ills that crowd the conqueror's train,
 From Alexander down to Tamerlane,
 Whose fitting titles on their flags unfurled,
 Like Jehansoz' were "burners of the world."†
 Those vulgar victors, whose ill-omened names
 The dotard Fame, with babbling tongue proclaims;
 Whose conquests form, in every clime and age,
 The blood-red rubric of the historic page;
 Whose fatal path, the trampled nations o'er,
 On the world's map is traced in lines of gore.
 Like to those insects of a summer hour,
 Which float with gaudy wing from flower to flower,
 And leave (as oft the startled swain perceives)
 A shower of blood upon the rifled leaves.‡

* It is a popular belief, that when the devil was cast out of heaven, he fell in Cabul.—*Lieut. Burnes.*

† *Jehansoz*, the burner or desolator of the world. He is said to have got that name from his horrible massacre at Ghuzni.

‡ The showers of blood which caused so much terror formerly, were caused by the excrements of insects. Sleidan relates that, "in the year 1553, a vast multitude of butterflies swarmed through a great part of Germany, and sprinkled plants, leaves, buildings, clothes, and men, with bloody drops, as if it had rained blood."—*Kirby and Spence's Introduction to Entomology.*

Pity that fairest lands should have their charms,
 But as attractions for the conqueror's arms
 When War's dread vulture wings its screaming flight
 O'er the doomed earth, which shudders at the sight,
 No hideous desert tempts its blood-shot eye—
 No useless waste allures it from the sky ;
 But should it chance to view a smiling scene,
 Where the blithe bee floats humming o'er the green,
 Where flocks and herds repose beneath the trees,
 And the rich harvest bends before the breeze—
 Then, then, alas ! he checks his fatal wing,
 And, like the bolt of Heaven's avenging King,
 With frightful ruin burns along the air,
 And of a garden makes a desert there.
 Like to that wonder of a thousand dyes,
 The famed CAMELION BIRD* of eastern skies,
 Which high in air wings wildly to and fro,
 Save when tempting vineyard smiles below—
 Then, only then, his soaring pinion fails,
 And down he falls amid the purple vales.
 But while we brand these regal robbers' lust,
 Let the indignant Muse at least be just ;
 Let one be singled from the gory crowd,
 Of whom his sect and nation may be proud.
 Yes, BABER,† yes, to thee the praise is due—
 Praise that, alas ! is merited by few—
 Who, having power to injure and destroy,
 Feel in restoring more ecstatic joy.
 Oft have I thought, when wandering fancy ran
 To that small marble mosque of SHA JEHAN,‡
 Which lifts its polished dome unto the sky
 In that sweet garden where your ashes lie,
 Of all your simple tastes, in quiet hours,
 For hills, and trees, and fountains, and sweet flowers ;

* “ In these mountains (N. E. of Cabul) is found the bird *Lokch*, which is also termed *Bukelemun*, or *Camelion bird*, and which has, between its head and its tail, five or six different colours, like the neck of a dove. The people of the country relate a singular circumstance concerning it. In the winter season, these birds come down to the skirts of the hills, and if, in their flight, they happen to pass over a vineyard, they are no longer able to fly, and are caught.”—*Baber*, p. 145.

† *The Emperor Baber*. “ We delight to see him describe his success in rearing a new plant, in introducing a new fruit-tree, or in repairing a decayed aqueduct, with the same pride and complacency that he relates the most splendid victories. He had cultivated the art of poetry from his early years ; and his *Diwan* of Turki poems is mentioned as giving him a high rank among the poets of his country. He was skilful in the science of music, on which he wrote a treatise.” The translator of his “*Memoirs*” (written by himself) concludes his character of Baber, in these words—“ In activity of mind, in the gay equanimity and unbroken spirit with which he bore the extremes of good or bad fortune—in the possession of the manly and social virtues, so seldom the portion of princes—in his love of letters, and his successful cultivation of them—we shall probably find no other Asiatic prince who can fairly be placed beside him.”—p. 431.

‡ The tomb of the Emperor Baber is situated about a mile from the city of Cabul, in the sweetest spot of the neighbourhood. He had directed his body to be interred in this place, to him the choicest in his dominions. These are his own words regarding Cabul—“ The climate is extremely delightful, and there is no such place in the known world.” The grave is marked by two erect slabs of white marble. Many of his wives and children have been interred around him. A running clear stream yet waters the fragrant flowers of this cemetery, which is the great holiday resort of the people of Cabul. In front of the grave there is a small but chaste mosque of white marble, built in the year 1640, by order of the Emperor *Shah Jehan*, “ that poor Mahomedans might here offer up their prayers.”—*Burnes*.

Your love of nature, gently gilding all
 Those stains which even on souls like thine may fall.
 For ah ! how few upon this earth are found,
 Who, like the Humu,* never touch the ground !

But to return to this distracted land—
 These snow-clad mountains, which so proudly stand,
 And to whose peaks the privilege is given
 To turn aside the clouds and winds of heaven,†
 Were powerless all to save those smiling vales
 From man's attacks and war's destructive gales.
 Alas ! that England should conclude the page
 That bears the spoilers' names of every age.
 A rumour spreads—it flies from mouth to mouth—
 “The Russian Eagle flieth to the south ;
 With daring wing he wanders wild and free
 “From the cold Baltic to the Indian Sea.”
 When lo ! forgetful of her fame and might,
 England, forsooth, must stop the Eagle's flight.
 With hurried pace her veteran legions rush
 Up the steep summits of the HINDOO CUSH ;
 To raise a shout, and threaten from afar
 The imperial bird of conquest and the Czar ?
 Must England ever play this selfish game ?
 Must England's fears obscure even England's fame ?
 Must England's policy in every land,
 So coldly great, so miserably grand,
 Like BAMEAN's monstrous deity be known ;‡
 Vast, yet deformed—a god, and yet a stone !
 What though her banners floated for an hour
 From the high top of BALLA HISSAR's tower ;
 What though her bullets scared the peaceful bee
 From the red blossoms of the argrwhan tree ;
 What though her arms in dreadful vengeance rang,
 Through the fair city where FERDUSI sang—§
 And every dome, and every glistening spire,
 Fell in the flames of her avenging fire.
 What though she bore, as trophies of its doom,
 Those gates of sandal-wood from Mahmoud's tomb ;
 Perhaps once more, in Indian groves to shine,
 The dazzling portals of some idol's shrine ?||
 Do these repay the blood and treasure lost ?
 Do these restore to life her slaughtered host,

* “The Humu is a bird much celebrated in Oriental poetry ; it never alights on the ground ; and it is believed that every head which it overshadows will one day wear a crown.”—*Notes to Baber*, 5, 15.

† The monsoon is earlier in the south of India, and in the vicinity of the ocean, than in the north, and the rains are heavier. The mountains in the interior either arrest entirely the progress of the clouds, or vary their direction, and hence large tracts of country are exempted from, or only partially experience, the influence of the monsoons.”—*Encl. Brit.*, art. “*Affghanistan*.”

‡ The excavated city of Bamean. The gigantic idols of Bamean are cut in alto-relievo on the face of the hill, one about one hundred and twenty feet high.—*Burnes*.

§ Ghuzni, the most celebrated of the cities of Cabool, where Mahmoud reigned and Ferdusi sang.

|| The sandal-wood gates at the shrine of the Emperor Mahmoud were brought, eight hundred years ago, from *Sommat* in India, where Mahmoud smote the idol, and the precious stones fell from his body.—*Burnes*. In the capture and destruction of *Ghuzni*, in 1842, these celebrated gates were carried off in triumph by the British forces.

Whose shroudless corpses—that SOOJAH might rule—
Glut the fierce vultures of the KHORD CABUL.*

Oh, may we learn experience from the past !
And peace and love possess the world at last.
Instead of frowning forts, let altars rise,
To bless the nations under distant skies ;
O'er towering hills and vales of purple moss,
Let peaceful armies bear the saving cross !
And let those fleets that made the whole world weep,
With useful arts go bounding o'er the deep ;
To every clime and every ocean isle,
Like to those fragrant navies of the Nile,
Which bear the bee and its ambrosial store,
A blessing and a joy to every peaceful shore.†

* The scene of *Akhbar Khan's* treachery, and the destruction of 1,600 British soldiers, in the disastrous retreat from Cabul to Jellalabad, on the 6th of January, 1842.

† The floating bee-houses of the Nile. "In Lower Egypt, where the flower harvest is not so early by several weeks as in the upper district of that country, the practice of transportation is carried on to a considerable extent. About the end of October the hives, after being collected together from the different villages, and conveyed up the Nile, marked and numbered by the individuals to whom they belong, are heaped pyramidically upon the boats prepared to receive them, which, floating gradually down the river, and stopping at certain stages of their passage, remain there a longer or shorter time, according to the produce which is afforded by the surrounding country. After travelling three months in this manner, the bees having culled the perfumes of the orange flowers of the SAID, the essence of roses of the FAICUM, the treasures of the Arabian jessamine, and a variety of flowers, are brought back, about the beginning of February, to the places from which they have been carried. The productiveness of the flowers, at each respective stage, is ascertained by the gradual descent of the boats in the water, and which is probably noted by a scale of measurement. This industry produces for the Egyptians delicious honey, and abundance of bees'-wax."—*Dr. Bevan*, p. 233.

THE EMIGRANTS' SHIP.

Slow o'er the still wave, like a graceful swan,
The white-winged monarch of the sea sails on,
Casting its broad shade o'er the mirror'd deep,
That lies outspread—a giant fast asleep.

Proud ship! so calmly floating in thy breast,
What varied hopes and passions are at rest.
Poor exile forms!—for plenty forced to roam,
And trust their all within that ocean home.

The woe-worn mother, with her home-sick ones,
The hoping girl—the brown-cheeked, careless sons;
The humble pair—in all but true-love poor—
Within thy stout enclosure lie secure.

The tear-worn eye is closed in sad repose—
The sleeping sire forgets his many woes;
And Heaven's best boon in double mercy comes
To these poor exiles from their well-loved homes.

Heaven speed the noble ship!—soft be the gale
That speeds thy course, and fills thy swelling sail;
May the blue deep a safe reliance be,
To the good ship that bears them o'er the sea.

THE EMIGRANT'S TOMB.

Deep in a western forest's shade,
In the green recess of a sunless glade,
Where the wild elk stalks, and where strange flowers bloom,
Is a rough-hewn mound—the emigrant's tomb.

In the emerald isle, far o'er the wave,
The friends he loved had found a grave;
But one fair blossom—his hope, his pride—
Was left to him when the rest had died.

One fair little child his love to prove—
The only thing he had now to love—
Still cheer'd the heart of the lonely man,
And lit up the cheek that was sunk and wan.

At length the star of the poor man's night,
The one that made his home seem bright,
Like a blighted flower she pined and died,
And he sought a home o'er the ocean wide.

To the plains of the western world he sailed,
But his eye had dimmed, and his cheek had paled;
He died where the proud ship touched the strand,
And they made him a tomb in that foreign land.

C. E. L.

TO SYBIL.

I've heard, and been assured 'tis true,
 Although I scarce believe, that you,
 If given a page of writing,
 Each character with ease can trace—
 Come, try the one before your face,
 And set about inditing.

And first—I don't wish to perplex,
 But, Lady Fair, pray what's my sex?
 I court investigation;
 Just say—to yours do I belong,
 Or to the one called, right or wrong,
 “The Lords of the Creation.”

Next, tell me what my head contains,
 A quantam sufficit of brains
 For self, and some to spare;
 Or am I of the doltish class,
 Destin'd through life, a stupid ass,
 The foolscap crown to wear?

What bumps prodigious, large and lesser,
 Has phrenological professor
 Detected o'er my pate;
 Are they before, denoting mind,
 Or did he feel them most behind?—
 Come, guess, at any rate.

Am I irascible—audacious—
 Prone to be positive—pugnacious?
 Or the reverse of these?
 Meek as a mouse—mild as a dove—
 And pliant as a white kid-glove?
 Dévinex, if you please.

And this reminds me, am I pat in
 Those classic tongues—the Greek and Latin—
 And modern language too?
 Or do I vote Italian lore
 And German a confounded bore,
 And eke the *parlez-vous*?

Say—can I brush and palette wield,
 And portray sky, and flood, and field;
 And form and face divine;
 Or would you smile, and justly call
 My talent that way “rather small?”—
 Tell truly, lady mine!

Can music charm the passing hour?—
 Has melody a 'witching pow'r
 To steep my soul in bliss?
 Or do I cry, “Hold hard—enough—
 “I vow 'tis all discordant stuff!”
 Fair Sybil, guess at this.

And now 'tis done—the virgin page
 Is stained with ink, just to engage
 A moment of your time;
 And if I've wearied you, excuse
 The frolic sporting of the muse—
 Scorn not the random Rhyme!

G. H.

THE TUSCAN REVOLUTION.

Florence, March 8, 1849.

DEAR EDITOR,—In the short paper on the subject of Italy, which you inserted in your February number, I ventured to predict that the fate of *Pio Nono* would soon be that of Leopold of Tuscany, and that another popular idol would speedily be added to the list of those who, in exile, are the evidences of popular ingratitude. That event has already happened; and I will now crave a little of your space, while I speak of this last and most unprovoked revolt against a rule, whose gravest fault was lenity.—Yours,

L.

THAT republicanism, and not constitutional monarchy, was the object of the Italian liberals, was very soon evident from the vacillations in popularity experienced by those princes who had taken the lead in the path of reform. Not only was there a continued and steady pressure kept up for new and fresh concessions, but every attempt to obtain the most obvious guarantees of security, the most natural barriers against popular aggression, was at once resented, and proclaimed to be a "treason against the people"—an effort, to use the phrase in vogue, "at reaction"—ever certain to be ascribed to Austrian intrigue, Russian influence, or British corruption!

Gratitude is assuredly not a popular characteristic. Concessions obtained have the sad proverbial destiny of "eaten bread," and he who once refuses, is certain to find every previous favour forgotten—or worse, remembered as concessions extorted from fear, or yielded with some treacherous reservation of a future indemnity.

Whatever ambitious dream of propagandism Pius IX. might have indulged—however he might have been seduced into the easy road of concession to popular will by the churchman's hope, that superstitions could bind the hands that legislation had set free—one thing is quite palpable, the Grand Duke of Tuscany was not animated by such motives. A sincere and single-minded desire for the happiness of his people was the mainspring of all his actions. His error was—and it is no new one—that he mistook the ardent outburst of their joy for an evidence of their contentment—that he believed

in such a fiction as the gratitude of a people.

So far as personal character went, there was not in all the length and breadth of Europe one to be found more calculated to reconcile democracy to a monarchy. Benevolent, gentle, unassuming, and charitable—never forgetting a service—never treasuring a grudge—always disposed to construe favourably the intentions of others—hopeful and trustful, even where hope and trust were perilous—he only awaited what he conceived to be a popular wish to accord whatever was asked of him; and however dangerous such pleasing in other countries, here it might have been indulged with a considerable degree of security, had the intercourse between prince and people been direct and immediate, for the Tuscans are of all Italians the most conspicuous for good faith, and the least addicted to the national faults of suspicion and distrust.

It may easily be imagined that a prince, personally beloved, against whose character nothing could be alleged—whose whole study evinced a desire to render his people contented—must have been no common obstacle to those, all whose plans were directed to the utter obliteration of monarchy. How associate ideas of tyranny with one whose name was a proverb for gentleness and benevolence? How connect all the assumed vices of a ruler with a prince beloved wherever he was known? This game would have been hazardous—the very attempt would have been ruinous; and accordingly another policy was adopted. It was believed that when the Lombard war

broke out, the near relationship of the Grand Duke to the Austrian Emperor would have made him averse to any participation in a struggle, whose object was to wrest the fairest province from the imperial rule. His enemies believed that the Hapsburger blood, so well known for the strength of its family attachments, would have made him decline a contest with the head of all his house. Not so. Whatever secret repugnance he may have suffered from the ties of kindred, the sense of duty was superior, and he declared himself frankly with the movement of Italian independence.

To conciliate the momentary enthusiasm against the "Barbarian," as the Austrian was ever styled, he laid down the proud title of his birth, as "Imperial Highness," and merely retained the rank his principality conferred. The white uniform of the troops was changed to blue, and, in fact, every trifling circumstance that recalled his ancient connexion with Austria speedily obliterated, and this with such genuine frankness, that not even malevolence could avail to impugn it.

The next effort of the democratic party was to involve him in some supposed sympathy with the efforts the King of Naples was making to re-establish royal authority in his kingdom; and as the Grand Duke had married a sister of the King, this allegation had at least the shadow of a colour. But it had no more. When the mob of Florence pulled down the arms of Naples and burned them before the palace of the ambassador, the Tuscan government neither punished the rioters nor apologized for the insult, and diplomatic relations ceased between the two courts; or if carried on, were conducted with a secrecy that shunned observation. If there was a want of dignity in all this, let it be remembered what the condition of Italy was during the whole of the past year. A quick succession of concessions to the people had excited the popular mind to a state of intoxication. They had suddenly awoke from the long and lethargic sleep of ages, to believe themselves a nation, great in arms and distinguished in the senate. Their orators proclaimed, the press declared, that they were the rightful descendants of those who, in former days, had made the names of Florence, Venice, and

Genoa the watchwords of greatness; associations derived from a history the richest the world can show were ready to establish parallels with each new event as it arose; and the whole peninsula was lashed into an enthusiasm that rendered all sober guidance impossible. Even those who did not sympathize with this fever were obliged to feign it. It was an orgie, and he who retained the calm possession of his senses was a traitor to the brotherhood.

When the Crociati of Rome declared war with Austria, against the express declaration of the Pope; when the general, whose orders were to guard the frontier, on arriving at it, asked his soldiers, "Shall we not cross, my comrades?" when volunteers voted themselves arms, and went in thousands to the arsenals to demand them, it is needless to say that all governance was at an end, and that a state so circumstanced must either succumb at once to anarchy, or make a vigorous effort to regain authority.

The Grand Duke attempted the latter, but with weak incertitude of purpose, which has been his ruin through life. A few arrests of rioters in the streets, the banishment of a most daring and dangerous mob-orator, a man named Guerazzi, the suppression of two ribald and indecent journals, were perhaps the entire of these measures, but they were quite sufficient to organize that opposition which so long had been condemned to fight only with shadows.

The first object was the downfall of the ministry, to deprive of power the men whose names had been so long associated with concessions, and to make the people believe that, in all they had done, they were animated by a treacherous resolve only to accord what might at any moment be withdrawn. A violent press—the inevitable pressure of an expensive taxation, imposed by the war—increasing poverty, from the paralysation of all trade, contributed to the general dissatisfaction. The ministry fell, to be succeeded by another less competent, but not less unpopular; a second and a third change ensued, till at last, wearied by a struggle to which he felt himself unequal, the Grand Duke threw himself into the hands of the extreme faction—the men who, long since, had doomed him

to be the first offering on the altar of popular ascendancy.

Guerazzi became chief of the cabinet; and it may not be without instruction if I venture a few words upon this singular man's history, premising that, in so doing, I am not guilty of any indecency in revealing matters merely personal—the chief source of my information being the substance of a printed letter, which he addressed, some few weeks back, to his friend and fellow-labourer, Mazzoni.

According to his own account his family are of ancient descent, but his immediate ancestors were in humble circumstances. His father he describes as a saturnine, taciturn, cold man, who neither made nor admitted freedom from others. Imbued with strong democratic opinions himself, his sole aim was to instil those doctrines into the minds of his children; nor did he find any more congenial source of instruction than the works of Volney, Voltaire, and Paine. The young Guerazzi was an apt scholar: the asceticism of this life at home; the contrast of their poverty and shattered fortunes with the wealth and splendour he saw around him; the opening consciousness of his intellectual powers, and the knowledge that no path or career for their development was open to him;—all these contributed powerfully to the growth of opinions which, if they assume philanthropy for their origin, are not less certain to be based upon the unmitigated hatred of an aristocracy.

This one sentiment would seem to have been the ruling principle of his life. It is not a little remarkable how many of those whom revolutions have thrown uppermost in these late memorable struggles of the Continent have adopted "Egalité" as the type of liberty. The desire of levelling all to the same standard of social eminence, established for the men of mind the most powerful and absolute domination. We see no such ardour and intrepidity exerted in the cause of "Unity" and "Fraternity." The soldiers who fight beneath these banners are lukewarm and indifferent compared to those who come armed with long-treasured injuries, the sense of a hundred mortifications experienced in their past intercourse with the high-born great. What a terrible debt is that, and how loaded with its compound interest of years!

Of this school Guerazzi was a prominent disciple; indeed, he makes no scruple of proclaiming aloud, that in winning liberty for the people, he means to clear off those old scores that are so long owing to himself.

At fourteen years of age, he tells us, he quarrelled with his father, respecting the sale of some property, to which he claimed a reversionary right. His father persisted in his opinion, and the son quitted his home for ever. He was penniless and ill-clad, without a friend to succour or advise him. The first day he passed in wandering listlessly from place to place, the sense of injury overcoming all physical want. On the second he roused himself to an effort for his support. He procured employment in a printing-house; he corrected the press. After a while he made some translations from foreign languages; he gave lessons to others older, by many years, than himself; and so he soon had, as he informs us, more money than he wanted. From this he became a political writer in the newspapers. It was a period when the censorship was exercised with more than common severity; and they who desired to advance views of liberalism in politics were reduced to a thousand shifts and devices of composition which might insinuate what dared not be openly avowed. In this species of writing, Guerazzi speedily distinguished himself, and attracted towards him the notice of a party who were long planning a movement in imitation of the French Revolution.

He narrates, with considerable interest, the details of a plot, which had occupied the conspirators for months long; and tells how, accompanied by another, he was despatched from Leghorn to Florence, to attend a meeting to be held at a certain palace, which should finally decide on the day and the hour of the outbreak. They arrived at night at the street; and on reaching the palace, found it silent, dark, and deserted. The noble!—"the class who had ever been the traitors"—had become terrified at the coming danger, and fled to the country; so that nothing remained but for Guerazzi and his companion to return to their friends at Leghorn, and adopt speedy measures for their safety. Information, however, had already reached the go-

vernment: numerous arrests were made, and of Guerazzi among them. He was sent to the common jail, to the same section where thieves, house-breakers, and even assassins were confined; and here he passed months in du-rance. And this man is now the minister of Tuscany. The minister!—nay, the ruler; and with a despotism such as no European sovereign dare to imitate. His word is like the written law of the land; his strong will scourges the nation; and the terror of his name recalls what we read of Marat and Danton, in the terrible days of the Mountain.

It is said—I know not with what truth—that on being sent for by the Grand Duke, with the object of forming a cabinet, he came to the audience with more than common negligence and disorder of dress; that his ungloved hands and dirty boots were intended to express his indifference for those forms, which in his heart he had already doomed; and that his manner—and this I can easily credit—was marked by a degree of rudeness and presumption, which nothing short of predetermination could have enabled any man to exhibit in a presence so courtly and so gentle. There is no such coward as he who insults a king! and I wait with anxiety for the time when this man may illustrate the maxim.

The cabinet formed by Guerazzi included the two most advanced sectionists of the Chamber—Montanelli and Mazzoni; neither of them men of very high ability, and only distinguished by the violence of their opinions, and their slavish devotion to their chief.

From the moment this ministry was formed, all men of moderate views became terrified for the result. It was well known that by their writings and speeches, for years back, the theory of constitutional monarchy had been the subject of their bitterest sarcasms, and that nothing short of republicanism could satisfy their wishes. With a timidity, in part the result of ignorance of the habitudes of parliamentary life—in part constitutional—the men well affected towards the Grand Duke's government, scarcely ventured on even a show of opposition; and the Guerazzi ministry appeared, by the votes, to enjoy the confidence of a Chamber, whose terror had already pictured the future before them.

The great cabinet question—that indeed, on which the success of all their plan depended—was the “*Costituente Italiana*”—that parliament to be held at Rome, composed of deputies from the confederated states of Italy. If the example of Frankfort be worth anything, one would not have supposed that very exaggerated notions of benefit could spring from such an assemblage. Guerazzi, however, pronounced that this “unity” was to be the barrier against the tyranny of the Austrian; it was to be the rallying point of their long dis-severed nationality; it was to be the means of obliterating, by nearer intercourse, the jealousies which were fostered in ignorance and distance. In fact, there was no one benefit which patriotism could desire, or philanthropy crave, that, in some shape or other, should not spring from the “*Costituente Italiana*.” He did not, indeed, proclaim that the formation of this assembly was the death-blow of all monarchy; and that a parliament composed of men with *unlimited powers*, would very soon assert its superiority to pope and prince, and vote both these elements little better than cumbrous and costly relicts of less enlightened ages. He did not go to this length, but his press advanced very close upon it. The efficacy of a popular assemblage, which, derived from various different states, owed no peculiar allegiance to any one sovereign, could not be questioned as an engine of democracy. It was a high court from whose judgment there was no appeal, and sovereignty, under such a sway, became the veriest vassalage. The Grand Duke could not at first perceive this. He was assured that the functions of the *Costituente* would be neither about questions of Rome, nor Tuscany, nor Piedmont, but of Italy—Italy as a confederation—Italy, that geographical land, whose existence Prince Metternich had refused to acknowledge.

The English minister at Florence, Sir George Hamilton, a gentleman whose zeal and ability have been most conspicuous in all the difficult turnings of Italian politics, spared no pains to enlighten the Grand Duke upon this point. He warned him of the danger of yielding to a plan which virtually “effaced the monarchy,” and showed that collisions must inevitably ensue

between the powers which equally claimed a sovereignty, and whose concurrence in every question of politics it would be vain to expect.

The day of the opening of the chambers was approaching, and the question of the *Constituente* should be decided. Guerazzi declared that if this announcement did not make part of the royal speech he would resign, and the whole ministry with him, a threat to understand the importance of which it is necessary to bear in mind the terror he had contrived to exercise over the chamber, and which by his agents he succeeded in establishing in immense sway over the provinces. The British minister relaxed nothing in his efforts to show that all the dangers of a constitutional struggle were as nothing compared with the perils of a course which virtually ignored the monarchy, and created a rule irresponsible and absolute. In an audience which lasted several hours he recapitulated not only the difficulties that must ensue from this concession, but the utter impossibility of retreat from it afterwards. It was a road on which there was no returning. The very names of those who were spoken of as deputies were enough to act as warnings. He showed also that the country was at heart with the Grand Duke, that already every reasonable concession had been made, and that he might safely keep his stand upon the integrity of his motives, the good faith of all his actions, and the known affection of the people.

The Grand Duke appeared at length convinced that rejection of the *Constituente* was his only course, and Sir George Hamilton was led to believe that his arguments had prevailed, and that he had rescued the throne from a peril which could not have been other than fatal.

The following day the chamber opened, and the duke announced to the senate that he concurred in the plan of the formation of a *Constituente Italiana*, as likely to rally the scattered and drooping energies of the nation, and ardently hoped that its deliberations would add to the greatness, the security, and happiness of Italy! What means of coercion, what threats, what menaces of terrible consequences to one whose gentleness could not brook the bare possibility of a popular struggle, were used it is

vain to inquire. We have nothing to guide us through this dark passage of history save Guerazzi's subsequent assertion, "His Royal Highness spent some hours in correcting the speech, which he did with his own hand."

It is unnecessary to dwell on the effect this announcement produced in the chamber; the deep sorrow of all attached to the Grand Duke and his cause, and the triumphant exultation of those who now saw how irretrievably he had become entangled in their toils.

For some time previous the grand duchess and the family had retired to Sienna, in which city a considerable party existed of known fidelity to the ducal house, and hither the Grand Duke now repaired, possibly anxious to escape those joyful demonstrations in Florence, reminding him, as they must have done, of the price with which such popularity had been purchased. Meanwhile the events of Rome were hurrying on, and the Tuscan democrats were obliged to stir themselves to keep pace with their more advanced brethren. The ministerial proposition for organising the mode of electing the members of the "*Constituente*" was the first charge, and Guerazzi hastened down to Sienna to confer with the duke, and finally obtain his sanction of the proposed bill.

Of the events which have occurred we have as yet no other record than the account read by Guerazzi to the assembly, subsequent to the duke's flight. The story is, however, told in a few words.

On being admitted to an audience with the Grand Duke he was received by His Royal Highness in bed, to which from the previous day he had been confined by severe illness. His Royal Highness spoke with difficulty, complained of severe headache, and expressed himself unable to attend to the mighty question of state the minister came to discuss. An audience for the following day at noon was appointed, and Guerazzi presented himself, eager to enter upon the great subject of his mission, but the grand duke, although much recovered from his indisposition, still deferred the discussion on the ground of insufficient strength, alleging that in a day or two he trusted he would be perfectly capable of giving his mind to business. He dismissed the minister with great ap-

pearance of cordiality in his manner, and declared he was going out for a short drive. At five o'clock, on that same afternoon, a letter was brought to Guerazzi from the post-office, in the Grand Duke's hand, the substance of which was this: that he had been for some days past in expectation of a letter from the Pope, in reply to one addressed by himself to his holiness, and that it had at length reached him, the object of his Royal Highness' communication being to ascertain from the holy see in how far the *Costituente Italiana* might be deemed by his holiness an infraction of that canonical obedience which as a devout son of the church he owed to the throne of St. Peter. The reply was clear and explicit, and left no doubt whatever of the Pope's views on the subject. He expressly declared that the "*Costituente*" was an attack on the sovereignty of the Roman state, that it was in open violation of the conditions by which the popedom was held, and that the excommunication of the church included all, of whatsoever degree, who should sanction, aid, and participate in it. "In consequence of this," said the Grand Duke, "I prefer to remove for a brief space from the capital of my country to avoid the complications which may arise, but without any intention of quitting the soil of Tuscany."

A request, the very phraseology is humility itself, that certain persons, two or three only of his suite, might be permitted to follow him by a road, the further direction of which would be given at a certain place indicated, closed this sad and most melancholy epistle.

The game was won—won beyond redemption, since the adversary had thrown down his cards. With this autograph in his hand, and his own ready recital of the last scenes with his royal highness, couched in a style to make all this indecision, and all this weakness appear the cold and calculated result of studied duplicity, Guerazzi hastened back to Florence, and gathering his colleagues together, proceeded to the Piazza del Duomo, where already an immense mob had assembled.

The usual farce—that unhappy drama, which France has invented, and which has been translated into every tongue of Europe, save our own—fol-

lowed. A provisional government was decreed by the people, to consist of Guerazzi, Montanelli, and Mazzoni.

The chambers were convened in haste to receive the ministerial explanation, and the resignation of the portfolios, and as speedily to name them the members of a provisional government, not one voice asking whether the sovereign had not himself provided for the present difficulty, and made arrangements for supplying the necessities of the state.

The same evening a proclamation appeared, signed by the new government, of which the opening sentence ran thus:—

"The prince on whom you lavished your affections has cruelly deserted you; he has left you in the hour of your peril; but princes pass away, the people remain," &c.

While the Grand Duke, with a breaking heart, was following the lonely road to St. Stephano, a small fortress in the Maremma, nearly opposite to Elba—Florence, that city of traditional ingratitude, was in ecstasy of joy at his flight! The provisional government had well calculated their game; they saw its dangers, but they thoroughly knew the temper of the nation. There is one secret of all powerful influence here—there is one spell that nothing resists—intimidation. The decree of a sum of money to the poor, the abolition of certain taxes, peculiarly felt by the humbler classes, were made the "catch claps" for the multitude, while a vague rumour of confiscation, a kind of whispered threat upon all who should obstruct the new march of events was directed against the rich. The armed mobs of Leghorn and Empoli, brought up special by railroad, paraded the city, in bands of several hundreds, filling the air with their wild chaunts, and wilder denunciations of all who dared to adhere to the sovereign's cause.

The army alone excited uneasiness in the minds of the new government. It was at first proclaimed that the troops, about two thousand in number, stationed at Florence, had refused to take the oath of allegiance to Messrs. Guerazzi and company. Patriotism and double pay, which was decreed them at once, soon decided the question; and a proclamation came forth, signed by the commanding officer,

alleging that he and the soldiers under his command were at the order of the provisional government. One division alone resisted both the persuasions of flattery and the contamination of gold—a body of about twelve hundred men, who were stationed at Lucca, under the command of a brave soldier of the Empire, General de Langier.

Well estimating the value of attaching such a man to his cause, knowing the influence his adhesion would wield, the attachment of his troops, to him and their confidence in his skill, Guerazzi addressed to him a personal application, couched in the most friendly terms, and assuring him that a high post was destined for him at Florence, so soon as he should present himself in that city.

The general's reply was brief and characteristic. That in the present eventful moment of the country an officer's duty was to remain at his command; that he had taken an oath of allegiance to a sovereign, from which that prince alone could release him; that until his Royal Highness did this, neither he nor his soldiers could accept of any other. This was dangerous doctrine at such a period. Accordingly, Guerazzi replied by a specious argument to prove that the flight of the Grand Duke was a *bona fide* act of abdication, which in itself absolved from all the ties of allegiance. From this he proceeded to point out the utter inutilty of resistance, since the country had "pronounced." And lastly, in a phrase as dry, and brief, and not less significant than Napoleon would have employed, he reminded the general that, persuasion once exhausted, another tactique must succeed, and that "fuzilazione" was a practice which, though in disuse, might be revived in political matters at any moment.

A haughty and indignant rejection of both his sophistry and his menace was De Langier's reply, and Guerazzi immediately (for there was no time to lose) proclaimed him a traitor to his country, and offered a price for his head.

With an energy which marked all his movements throughout, Guerazzi gave orders for all the troops in Florence and its vicinity to proceed by railroad to Lucca, and on the 22nd,

three thousand men and five batteries of artillery, with two squadrons of cavalry, were in march against De Langier's force, then occupying a strong position between Pietro Santo and the sea.

For eight days De Langier had been without orders or any conversation whatever with the Grand Duke. He was totally destitute of money, and indeed had drawn upon his own scanty personal resources to supply the wants of his men. In this emergency he dispatched one of his officers, a Surgeon Maza, to St. Stephano, to confer directly with his Royal Highness, to entreat from him his orders, and to obtain money for the use of the troops.

The answer came, appointing De Langier commander-in-chief of the army, with an earnest supplication that, in whatever movement he might deem it expedient to make, his Royal Highness desired there should not be bloodshed; that no reverses he might sustain personally could equal in affliction what such a memory would entail.

"As to money," the Grand Duke continued, "I have none: I have borrowed this money (one hundred scudi) from one of my servants, to proceed to Gaeta." I have myself read the lines I have quoted in the Grand Duke's own hand, and on the very same day I read proclamations setting forth how "Leopold of Austria had carried away the gold of the people," and that millions had been taken from the treasury on the day of his flight.

The Grand Duke's answer was of course fatal to the general's hopes, for already the promised intervention of Piedmont—the pledge given by Gioberti that an armed force was in readiness, on the frontier, to cross over, and accompany De Langier's division—was now withdrawn; and by the downfall of Gioberti from the ministry of the King of Sardinia, the whole policy was changed.

In this sad conjuncture De Langier assembled his troops to communicate the Grand Duke's letter, and to offer them, on his own part, engagement in the service of Piedmont until such time as their rightful sovereign would reclaim their services, but already the gold of the provisional government had done its work. The officers cried out that they were betrayed! that De Lan-

gier had deceived them ! The contagion spread rapidly amongst the men, and in a body the troops declared for the new government, and with colours flying, marched—artillery, ammunition, and all—over to the side of Guerazzi.

Alone, without one follower, not even his aide-de-camp, the gallant old general turned his steps towards the Piedmontese frontier. A colonel dispatched a peloton of Dragoons to accompany him as a guard of honor, and to offer him protection, for his life was menaced. He refused the convoy, saying, "that men who broke their allegiance could never be a guard of honor, and that as for life, on such a day as that it was not worth preserving."

While these events were happening the Grand Duke had sailed for Gaeta, under the protection of two English ships of war, the *Thetis* and *Porcupine*, and here may be said to have ended the first act of the disastrous drama.

It may seem to some on reading of these events, and learning how readily the people seem to have concurred in the formation of a new government, how speedily the reaction from the forms of a monarchy ensued, with what alacrity the army gave in its adhesion to the new chiefs, and with how great enthusiasm the towns received the members of the provisional government, as in the progress of "tree planting" they went from place to place—it may appear from all this that the country, the nation, so to speak, was not with the Grand Duke. Such a supposition would be a grave error. There is, it is true, a party, and a strong party of ultra-democratic views, but not only are they not the numerical majority, but they are a minority in position, influence, and property. Terrorism, and terrorism alone, has played the game of the provisional government ; a system of espionage has been established of the most terrible kind, denunciations and committals to prison are events of hourly occurrence. Every little town, every village has its government spy, employed in the propagation of this means of intimidation, till at last the citizens have been driven by their fears to affect an enthusiasm they do not, cannot, feel, and to assume the semblance of rejoicing in what they well know contain the elements of their ruin. Such is the po-

sition of Florence, where the bourgeoisie are to a man attached to the grand-ducal family ; the same at Pisa, where all, save the students, are in favor of the Grand Duke ; Lucca, Pietro-Santo, Massa, and Carrara, all have but one wish, for his restoration. Any intervention that should promote this object would be hailed with enthusiastic gratitude. Ay, the very Austrians themselves would be looked upon as deliverers in such a cause. The peasantry are universally with their prince, as are the priests, who already have coupled his fate and future fortunes with that of the extinct pope.

That the country is devotedly and warmly attached to the Grand Duke, is perfectly clear ; but that any successful effort to restore him will ever originate within its frontier, is more than I readily believe. His fortune, whatever it may be, involves that of many others. There are names, and high ones too, who, for their long services to royalty, have been already designated as the first victims of popular vengeance ; and yet these men, with all upon the die, stand motionless, inactive, and terror-stricken ; and while the hardy peasantry only ask for leadership and guidance, not one—not a single man—stands forth to risk his fate upon a chance, when success would be a triumph, and even failure but a few hours' anticipation of a predestined ruin. The "National Guard," whose every interest is wound up with the restoration, have been terrified into a submission to the Provisional Government. In a word, it is here precisely as it was in Paris, and as it might have been the other day in Ireland. A few bold and daring men, with audacity to venture and recklessness to risk their lives, have taken the whole rule and governance of an entire people ; and until the "impetus" of this daring be spent, it is in vain to hope for any attempt at popular reaction. The nation must suffer—suffer in all the severe and terrible penalties which are the price of popular tumult. There will be the pauperism, the beggary, the grinding taxation, the ruined trade, and the bankruptcy of Paris. There will be the hundreds of unknown mediocrities rising into wealth and affluence on the traffic of their violence, and there will be the exile of all who prefer an indigence in a fo-

reign land to the degradation of slavery at home.

This is no prospective picture—no imaginary future: it has already begun. Florence is suffering in every rank and class. The most painful sacrifices to support existence, are made in families, where no previous want existed. The departure of every foreigner, whose means diffused wealth through the capital, has assisted the stagnation of trade. The streets exhibit no crowds, save of the ragged mobs of Livorno, who, all armed at the expense of the state, are retained as the body guard of the new government. Street-robbery, and even murder, are added to the list of terrors: and in a country where some months ago, brigandage was unknown, the high roads are now impassable after dark. Is this to continue? Is the fairest province of Europe—the garden of Italy—to be left to the merciless dictates of unprincipled men, whose whole lives have given no other guarantees than their hatred of legality—their sworn enmity to a class? This is the question asked equally by Italians and by foreigners. In one of his interviews with the English minister at Florence, Guerazzi, stung by the steady determination of the envoy not to treat with the provisional government, nor recognise it in any other way than as acting for the Grand Duke, went so far as to threaten that if this policy were persisted in, he should “quit the country, and leave it in the hands of Marmocchi and the red Republicans.” It is difficult to conceive a man, who, a few days previous, had been the minister of a constitutional sovereign, making use of a menace like this; but for the exact truth of the incident I am enabled to vouch.

As for Montanelli, with very inferior abilities, he enjoys a degree of popular favour fully as great—some would say greater—than the chief of the government. In so far as he is a more honest man, that he entered the cabinet with the assertion of the widest democratic opinions, and never scrupled to avow that the levelling process of a republic could alone re-uscitate the long dormant energies of Italy.

Mazzoni is little known, in compa-

risson with either of the others; but he has the reputation of being a man of respectable capacity, and a most inveterate socialist.

Such are the men to whom the destinies of this beautiful country are for the moment committed; but it does not need the example of Tuscany to show, in the year in which we live, the truth of the Swedish chancellor's apothegm!

The revolution of the country has, however, established another problem, that neither the widest concessions to popular demand, nor the personal merits of a prince, can ever stay the onward march of a faction, whose mission is anarchy, and not reform.

There was not a single privilege necessary to the independence and perfect freedom of the subject denied to Tuscany, nor were the liberties the late concessions extorted by the events in other parts of Europe. For a period of thirty years the Grand Duke has followed a policy of the most consistent liberalism; and, whether under the ministries of Fozzombroni or Ridolfi, the policy of the government was gradually to extend popular privileges. An elective chamber, on the basis of universal suffrage—a national guard, whose officers are elected by the companies—a most absolute liberty of the press—freedom of assemblage without control, might have satisfied most, even among the inveterate assertors of popular right; and so had they done, too, were it not that the personal interests of men who look to times of revolution as their harvest, decreed otherwise. The convulsions of the past year inflicted no heavier curse on the happiness of Europe than in removing the restriction by which many exiles were debarred a return to their homes. The quarantine against men of dangerous opinions and disreputable lives withdrawn, a vast number who had been for years concealed, hatching the projects they hoped one day to see prevail, came back to their native countries, their old hatreds augmented by years of poverty and banishment. They came, spurred on by a sense of personal wrong, and animated far less by thoughts of political enfranchisement than by hopes of a long-coveted vengeance.

These men came back without any

guarantee for the future, nor by the faith of any amnesty—they came exactly as our smugglers are accustomed to smuggle so many thousand pounds worth into Barcelona, whenever a mock revolution of a day or two is enacted in Spain. It is a time of universal confusion, when no one can attend to trifles! Florence is crowded with such, for it would seem a law of revolution that the regeneration of a country is mainly dependent on the philanthropy of the incendiary, and the generous forbearance of the galley-slave!

How the crisis is to end it would be difficult to guess. I have not yet seen one who believes that the Republic, even “*Unita con Roma*,” as the popu-

lar cry has it, can last; but there are many who entertain serious doubts that the grand-ducal power can ever be re-established on a secure and solid basis; while a third element already threatens to contribute its aid to the general discord—the claim of Austria to Tuscany, in the event of either abdication or failure of heirs.

“Will there be an intervention? and, if so, from what side?” are the questions in every mouth. Will Carlo Alberto refuse that aid which alone can strengthen the foundation of his own throne? or will he, failing to profit by the fate of the Pope and the Grand Duke, enter upon that fatal course, which begins by an orgie of popular enthusiasm, and ends at Gaeta?

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THE Editor of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, finding it quite impossible to read and answer the innumerable communications sent to him, gives notice that he will not undertake to read or return MSS. unless he has intimated to the writer his wish to have them forwarded for perusal.

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VOL. XXXIII.

IRISH POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

"Such tales Momonia's peasant tells no more."

"There is every reason to hope, however, that the decay of such superstitions is not far distant, and that the diffusion of learning will remove every vestige of them. In the mean time these playful inventions of the fancy will serve to amuse the reader; nor will they appear more extravagant than the poetic fictions of ancient times."—NEILSON'S INTRODUCTION TO THE IRISH LANGUAGE, 1808.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

REVOLUTION IN IRISH PEASANT'S LIFE; ITS CAUSES AND EFFECTS—OBLITERATION OF SUPERSTITIONS—INTRODUCTION OF DABBY DOOLIN—LOSS OF THE GENTRY—THE IRISH PANTHEON—TENANT'S RIGHTS AND TAXES—DEMOLITION OF THE POPULAR AND RURAL PASTIMES—THE SURVEY AND THE CENSUS—EFFECT OF THE POTATO FAILURE ON THE POPULAR MIND—EMIGRATION AND PATRIOTISM—WHO IS TO BE THE BUYER?—WHAT WE ARE, WHAT WE MAY BE, AND WHAT WE OUGHT TO BE—THE WAY TO LEARN ENGLISH—HOW TO PROVE A MAN MAD—THE LAST OF THE SUPERSTITIONS—QUACKS.

CERVANTES, it is said, by the sarcasm of his Don Quixote, first threw ridicule upon the followers of Amadis De Gaul, checked the spirit of knight-errantry, and in fact sneered away the chivalry of Spain. No doubt the effect produced by that work was sudden and decisive; the period, however, was propitious; light was beginning to shine out from the surrounding darkness, and the people to whom the work was addressed, were learned enough to read, and had sufficient wisdom and common sense to appreciate its value, and also wit enough to perceive its point. Rapid as, it is said, was the spread of this revolution of opinion in the Peninsula, and, indeed, throughout civilised Europe generally, it was nothing, in comparison to that which has taken place, and is still going forward in matters of belief, and popular prejudice, and national opinion in Ireland.

The great convulsion which society of all grades here has lately experienced; the failure of the potato crop, pestilence, famine, and most extensive emigration, together with bankrupt landlords, pauperising poor-laws, with their grinding officials and de-

moralising workhouses, have broken up the very foundations of social intercourse, have swept away the established theories of political economists, and uprooted many of our long-cherished opinions. In some places, all the domestic usages of life have been outraged; the finest bonds of kindred have been severed—some of the noblest and holiest feelings of human nature have been blotted from the heart, and many of the firmest links, which united the various classes in the community, have been rudely burst asunder. Even the ceremonial of religion has been neglected, and the very rites of sepulture—the most sacred and enduring of all the tributes of affection or respect have been forgotten; the dead body has rotted where it fell, or formed a scanty meal for the famished dogs of the vicinity, or has been thrown, without prayer or mourning, into the adjoining ditch. The hum of the spinning-wheel has long since ceased to form an accompaniment to the colleen's song; and that song itself, so sweet and fresh in cabin, field, or byre, has scarcely left an echo in our glens, or among the hamlets of our land. The Shannaghie, and the Callegh

in the chimney corner, tell no more the tales and legends of other days. Unwaked, *unkeened*, the dead are buried, where Christian burial has at all been observed; the ear no longer catches the mournful cadence of the wild Irish cry, rising up to us from the valleys, or floating along the winding river. The fire on the peasant's hearth was quenched, and its comforts banished, even before his roof-tree fell; while the remnant of the hardiest and most stalwart of the people crawl about, listless spectres, unable or unwilling to rise out of their despair. In this state of things, with depopulation the most terrific, on the one hand, and the spread of education, and the introduction of railroads, &c., on the other, together with the rapid decay of the Irish vernacular, in which most of our legends, romantic tales, ballads, and bardic annals, the vestiges of Pagan rites, and the relics of fairy charms were preserved, can superstition, or if superstitious belief, can superstitious practices continue to exist?

But these matters of popular belief and folks'-lore—these rites, and legends, and superstitions—were, after all, the poetry of the people; the bond that knit the peasant to the soil, and cheered and solaced many a cottier's fireside. Without these, on the one side, and without proper education, and well-directed means of partaking of and enjoying its blessings, on the other, and without rational amusement besides, he will, and must, and has in many instances already, become a perfect brute. The rath which he revered has been, to our own knowledge ploughed up, the ancient thorn which he revered has been cut down, and the sacred well polluted, merely in order to uproot his prejudices, and efface his superstition. Has he been improved by such desecration of the landmarks of the past—objects which, independent of their natural beauty, are often the surest footprints of history? We fear not.

"Troth, sir," said Darby Doolin, an old Connaughtman of our acquaintance, when lately conversing

upon the subject, "what betune thim National Boords, and other sorts of larnin', and the loss of the pratey, and the sickness, and all the people that's goin' to 'Merica, and the crathurs that's forced to go into the workhouse, or is dyin' off in the ditches, and the clargy settin' their faces agin them, and tellin' the people not to give in to the likes, sarra wan of the *Gintry* (cross about us!) 'ill be found in the counthry, nor a word about them or their doins in no time."

The reader must not from this suppose that our friend Darby in any way commiserated or sympathised with the bankrupt landed gentry, or felt "sore or sorry" that the landlord and the noble were, *en masse*, reduced to the same condition that the merchant, the trader, or the professional man are, from day to day. Oh! no. These were not the people honest Darby alluded to. Small blame to him, if he had but little personal acquaintance with such gentry; for, "few of them ever stood in the street, or darkened the doors" of the cottages of Kilmacafaudeen. Darby Doolin's gentry were, a short time ago at least, *resident*, and transacted their own business without either agent, keeper, driver, or pound-keeper; they seldom visited London, and much more rarely, Paris, or the Continent; and though reputedly *lucky*, were scarcely ever known to frequent the gambling-table or the horse-race, but lived "in pace and quiteness" at home in "the ould ancient habitations of the counthry," riding by night up and down upon the moonbeams—changing their residences or localities with the whirlwind—sleeping in summer in the purple pendent bells of the foxglove or the wild campanula; quaffing the Maydew from the gossamer threads of the early morning; and living a merry, social life, singing, dancing, and playing, with all sorts of music, by the streamlet's bank, upon the green hill side, or round the grassy fort. And though they neither canted nor dispossessed; never took nor demanded, "meal or malt," head-rent, quit-rent, crown-rent, dues or duties,* county-cess, parish-cess, tithes,

* In most of the leases made in the county Galway, even twenty years ago, and we believe the practice was common in other parts of Ireland also, there was, besides the ordinary rent, a covenant for so many fowls, geese and turkeys, and so

priest's dues, poor-rates, rates in aid, driverage, poundage, nor murder-money;* employed neither agents, sheriffs, magistrates, barony constables, bailiffs, keepers, drivers, auctioneers, tax-collectors, process-servers, guagers, spies, potteen-hussars, police, nor standing army; passed no promissory notes, and served neither notices to quit, ejectments, nor civil bills, they exacted from the people a reverence and respect such as few potentates, civil, military, or ecclesiastical, could ever boast of.

True for you, Darby, they are going fast, that *gentle* race (the Lord be with them!); but sure you wouldn't have them wait, they that were always an *out-door* population, to be taken by the scruff of the neck and sent by the guardians and commissioners just to try their feet on the flure of the poor-houses,† or be shot down like thrushes, as the boys at Ballingarry were. The *good people* are leaving us fast: nobody ever hears now the tic-tac of the *leprechaun*, or finds the cute little chap with his Frenchman's hat and yellow breeches, sated on a boochalaun of a summer's

morning. God be with the time, when Donall-na-Trusslog (Daniel of the leaps), met the *leprechaun* one morning on Rahona bog, with the *adhaster buidhe* (golden bridle, which, whenever shook, was found with the yellow steed attached to it) in one hand, and *sporrán-na-shillinge* (the purse that was never without a shilling) in the other. He laid hold of him, and swore that he should never part him till he had given him up these treasures. "Yarrah," said the little fellow, "what good is it for you to get them, when that fellow behind you will immediately take them from you?" Daniel gave one of his sudden circuitous leaps, but on his turning again to the little fellow, he found, to his eternal grief, that he had scampered off.

Sure the children wouldn't know anything about the *pooça* but for the blackberries after Michaelmas.‡ The warning voice of the *banshee* is mute; for there is but few of the "rale ould stock" to mourn for now; the *sheogue* and the *thivish* are every year becoming scarcer; and even the harmless *linane shie* § is not

many days' work in spring and harvest, and so many pounds of grey yarn thread. These remnants of the feudal system were termed, "duties." The driver also and the pound-keeper had his dues. Independent of the ordinary legal fees of the latter, there were others which he obtained from the tenantry. If a man's cow was in pound, and his family in want of its support, he went to the pound-keeper to get it back, until the day of the *cant*, instead of leaving it starving, and up to its middle in mud in the pound for a fortnight. The cattle-jailer took out a piece of paper—the leaf of a book, or the back of a letter—anything, in fact, having printing or writing upon it—laid it down on the road, and the owner of the beast taking it up, pledged himself upon it to deliver up the animal within the appointed time. Rarely, indeed, was the pledge ever known to be broken, although many a serious riot, and attempt at rescue, had been made on the first capture of the beast.

* It is but too fully established, that in most instances of agrarian murder, the whole townland was compelled to contribute to the price paid for the bloody deed, or heavily taxed to support the murderer, or pay his passage to America.

† We lately expostulated with one of our old beggars as to why she did not go into the poor-house—"Arrah, sure agra, I wouldn't be alive a week in it; I that's ate up with the rheumatics. Troth, I went there the other day, jist to try my feet on the flure, and I wouldn't be alive in it a week," was the graphic reply.

‡ It is a popular belief—kept up probably to prevent children eating them when over-ripe—that the *pooça*, as he rides over the country, defiles the blackberries at Michaelmas and Holly-eve.

§ These various personages, and the ideas attached to them, will be explained, during the course of these papers. The representation of the "The Lianhan Shee," as given by Carleton, in his "Traits and Stories," does not hold good in the west, where that familiar spirit is looked upon as a much more innoxious attendant of the fairy woman. The *leprechaun*, or *clurichaun* as he is termed in Munster, and the *banshee* and *phooka*, or *pooça*, are already well known, even to English readers. The *sheogue* is the true fairy; *thivishes*, or *thoushas* (shadowy apparitions), are literally ghosts; and *pisherogues*, or *pishogues*, a term used both in the Irish manuscripts and in the vernacular, means properly witchcraft or enchantment.

talked about now-a-days, and does not hold discourse with e'er a fairy woman in the whole barony—them that were as plenty as lumpers afore the yallow male came amongst us, and made us as wake and as small as a north country rushlight, or a ha'penny herring.* No lie to say the times are altered; sure the snow and the frost itself is lavin' us. Darby Doolin writes us word (for he is a mighty knowledgeable man, and fit to plade with a barrister),† that all the stories about the fairies and the pishogues are going fast, and will soon be lost to us and our heirs for ever.

The old forms and customs, too, are becoming obliterated; the festivals are unobserved, and the rustic festivities neglected or forgotten; the bowlings, the cakes and prinkums‡ (the peasants' balls and routs), do not often occur when starvation and pestilence stalk over a country, many parts of which appear as if a destroying army had but recently passed through it. Such is the desolation which whole districts—of Connaught, at least—at this moment present; entire villages being levelled to the ground, the fences broken, the land untilled and often unstocked, and miles of country lying idle and unproductive, without the face of a human being to be seen upon it. The hare has made its form on the hearth, and the lapwing wheels over the ruined cabin. The faction-

fight, the hurlings, and the mains of cocks that used to be fought at Shrovetide and Easter, with such other innocent amusements, are past and gone these twenty years, and the mummers and May-boys left off when we were a gossoon no bigger than a pitcher. It was only, however, within those three years that the *waits* ceased to go their rounds upon the cold frosty mornings in our native village at Christmas; and although the "wran boys" still gather a few halfpence on St. Stephen's day, we understand there wasn't a candle blessed in the chapel, nor a *breedogue*§ seen in the barony where Kilmacafaudeen stands, last Candlemas day; no, nor even a cock killed in every fifth house, in honour of St. Martin; and you'd step over the *brasnach*|| of a bonfire that the childer lighted last St. John's Eve.

The native humour of the people is not so rich and racy as in days of yore; the full round laugh does not now bubble up from the heart of the Irish girl, nor the joke pass from the pedlar or bagman to the pigdriver, as they trudge alongside of one another to fair or market. Well, honoured be the name of Theobald Mathew—but, after all, a power of fun went away with the whiskey. The spirits of the people isn't what they were when a man could get drunk for three halfpence, and find a sod on a kippeen¶ over the door of every second

* The *scuddaun laffen*, or halfpenny herring, is often used as a term of insignificance.

† By the term "barrister," the Irishman does not mean a lawyer generally, but the county assistant-barrister, who is held in great veneration.

‡ In Connaught, in former times, when a dance was held on a Sunday evening at a cross-roads, or any public place of resort, a large cake, like what is called a barnbrack, with a variety of birds and outlandish animals in bold relief on its upper crust, was placed on the top of a churn-dash, and tied over with a clean white cloth; the staff of the churn-dash was then planted outside the door as a sign of the fun and amusement going on within. When they had danced and drank their fill, the *likeliest* boy took the prettiest colleen, and led her out to the cake, and placed it in her hands as Queen of the Feasts; it was then divided among the guests, and the festivities continued. The word *prinkum* is sometimes used in the county Galway, to express a great rout or merry-making, in which dancing, courting, coshering, whiskey-drinking, card-playing, fighting, and sometimes a little ribbonism, formed the chief diversions.

§ The *breedouge* was an image of St. Bridget, generally styled by the country girls, "Miss Biddy." It was carried about on the 1st of February. As one of the objects of this paper is to record the "humours" and ceremonial of this and other like festivals formerly observed in Ireland, it is unnecessary to enter further into their description in the notes to the present chapter.

|| The term *brasnach* is generally applied to an armful or an apronful of sticks used for firing. A brusna of furze is carried on the back; it literally means a bundle of rotten sticks for firing.

¶ A sod of turf stuck on a sally switch or kippeen, and placed in the thatch of an Irish cabin, is the sign of "good liquor within."

cabin in the parish, from Balloughoiage to the bridge of Glan. The pilgrimages formerly undertaken to holy wells and sacred shrines for cures and penances have been strenuously interdicted: the wells themselves neglected, the festival days of their saints passed by, and their virtues forgotten; their legends, too, often of great interest to the topographer and historian, and many of which were recounted by the bards and annalists of earlier times, are untold; and the very sites of many of these localities are at present unknown. The fairies, the whole pantheon of Irish demi-gods are retiring, one by one, from the habitations of man to the distant islands where the wild waves of the Atlantic raise their foaming crests, to render their fastnesses inaccessible to the schoolmaster and the railroad engineer; or they have fled to the mountain passes, and have taken up their abodes in those wild romantic glens—lurking in the yellow furze and purple heath, amidst the savage disrupted rocks, or creeping beneath the warrior's grave, learnedly, but erroneously, called the Druid Crumlegh—where the legend preserved by the antiquary, or the name transmitted by the topographer, alone marks their present habitation. When the peasant passes through these situations now he forgets to murmur the prayer which was known to preserve from harm those who trod the paths of the good people, and by thrusting his thumb between his fore and middle finger to make the sign of the cross—indeed, he scarcely remembers to cross himself at all; and in a few years to come the localities of the fairies will be altogether forgotten. The wild strains of aerial music which floated round the ancient rath, and sung the

matin and the vesper of the shepherd boy, who kept his flocks hard by, are heard no more, and the romance of elfin life is no longer recited to amuse or warn the rising peasant generation. To the log-house by the broad waters of the Ohio or the Mississippi, or even to the golden soil of California, the emigrant has carried the fairy lore of the mother-country; so that, to the charming descriptions of our countrywoman, Mrs. Hall—to the traits and stories of Carleton—the happy illustration of Irish manners by Banim and Gerald Griffin—the pencillings of Lady Chatterton, or the graphic sketches of Cæsar Otway and Sam. Lover—but, above all, to the Munster legends, embalmed by Crofton Croker, must the enquirer after fairy lore refer, who would seek for information on such matters in Ireland twenty years to come.*

Would that the Irish emigrant carried with him his superstitions only. But no. In the rankling hatred towards the English rule in Ireland—increased by the very circumstances under which so many of our countrymen now quit our shores, fostered and transmitted unalloyed for generations to a foreign soil—has future England more to fear from future America than all the rebellions and agitations which Ireland could possibly excite, now or hereafter.

The ordnance survey, of which we feel so justly proud, is a case in point. It was commenced in 1825, and finished a few years ago. Eminent scholars, well acquainted with the language and habits of the people, and educated up to the point required, traversed the country in all directions, talked with, and lived among the people, for the purpose of fixing ancient boundaries,

* The best of all our fairy tales are, perhaps, the "Superstitions of the Irish Peasantry," in the volumes of the "London and Dublin Magazine," published from 1825 to 1828. "The Newry Magazine," and "Bolster's Cork Magazine," also contain much interesting information on this subject.

One of our most learned and observant Roman Catholic friends has just written to us, in answer to some queries relative to superstitions. "The tone of society in Ireland is becoming more and more 'Protestant' every year; the literature is a protestant one, and even the priests are becoming more protestant in their conversation and manners. They have condemned all the holy wells and resorts of pilgrims, with the single exception of Lough Derg, and of this they are ashamed: for whenever a Protestant goes upon the island, the ceremonies are stopped!! Among all the affectionate mentions of his dearly-beloved father made by John O'Connell, he had not the courage to say '*the Lord rest his sowle*.' I have watched these changes with great interest."

testing the accuracy and value of ancient documents, and collecting that great amount of traditional, antiquarian, and topographical information which our ordnance records at present embody; while another class of men were occupied at home in arranging, collating, testing with ancient Gaelic manuscripts, and finally preserving the information transmitted to them by the former. Could the materials then obtained be collected now? No. We may confidently appeal to Petrie, Larcom, O'Donovan, Curry, and other eminent men employed upon that great national work, for the truth of this assertion.

The last Irish census, that for 1841, has been praised for the amount of information it furnishes, for the accuracy of its details, and for the absence of assumption in its memoirs. It may safely be asserted that the statistics of Ireland, and the movement of the population for the ten years previously, were there better set forth than upon any similar occasion, or in any other record purporting to affect the like end. Could that census, or one giving a similar amount and accuracy of information, be effected now? Quite impossible; as those who collected and arranged it well know.

The dynasties of Europe have been shaken; many of the most ancient governments overthrown; and the whole of the Continent convulsed with internal strife, or shaken by sudden change as the late tempest of revolution swept along its plains and leaped over its mountain tops. The very Pope himself, the head of the most widely-spread and numerous sect of Christians in the world, has been rudely driven from the seat of St. Peter, a wanderer and an exile, though assisted by the contributions of the "*starving Irish!*" and in all probability his temporal power has been for ever abridged or even annihilated: but what

are these revolutions to that which has been and is now effecting in Ireland by the failure of a single article of diet? All these countries will settle down, more or less, into the condition in which they were before 1848. Some change emperors—young ones for old—though, as in the case of Aladdin's lamp, the change may not be for the better; others discard kings, and, under the name of republicanism, enjoy presidents or dictators; parliaments appear to be the panacea with one set of people, and a scoffing disregard of excommunication, the chief delight and boast of another; but in the end it will be found that they will nearly all shake down with a very little more or very little less of liberty than they had in the beginning of last year. The German will twist his moustache, smoke, and live on his beer and sour kront; and the Frenchman drink his wine at three sous a bottle, shrug his shoulders, and enjoy his *fête* as before. Not so the Irishman; all his habits and mode of life, his very nature, position, and standing in the social scale of creation, will and must be altered by the loss of his potato. Ay, even more than if he was suddenly compelled to turn Mahometan; changing all his chapels, churches, and meeting-houses into mosques, or had a parliament going round with the judge of assize, and sitting in every county town in Ireland twice a-year.

"I wasn't asey in myself," says our old friend Darby, "till I wrote to tell you all the doins that's gettin' on with in the counthry, and how, if times doesn't mind, I'll sell the two little slips*—them that was bonoveens last Lady-day—and gather in the trifle of money that's due me out of the *gombeen*† these two years; and when I've made *baton*‡ of the meddin, and dishposed of the cabin and the little garden to Phauric Brannach, I'll be after taking myself and the ould

* *Slip* is the term applied to a young pig, of from six months to one year old; while *bonov*, or *bonoveen*, means a piggin-riggin, or sucking pig, or one much younger than a slip.

† *Gombeen* means lending out money or provisions upon an exorbitant and most usurious rate of interest; by it, however, has commenced the foundation of many a considerable fortune. A *gombeen* man is among the country people what the bill-broker and money-lender is among the higher classes.

‡ *Baton*—skinning the land and burning it, in order to extract its utmost value as manure. Various acts of parliament are in force against this most injurious practice; but it is still had recourse to, to the detriment of both land and landlord.

woman to the place they're diggin' up the goold as thick as poreens* used to be in harvest. Besides I'm noways contented at stayin' here at this present writin', and I'm tould the Lord Liftinant's watching me like a tarrier after a weasel. Sure I'm tould he brought over a man—an Irishman, too, but I can't give in to that—to be writin' agin the counthry. Is it true,orra, that none of the quality ever cared him if he had a mouth upon him, and he so late of Lonnon.

"Whisht! sure avourneen, I was out in the ruction in '98; and I walked all the ways to see Dan (the heavens be his bed this night!) at Tara, and bring home a sod from off the grave of the toys we planted there the night afore I ran back into Connaught—just to the ould spud, where your own four bones were bred and born, a one side of Rawcroghan."

If ever there was a nation that clung to the soil, and earned patriotism by the love of the very ground they walk on, it is (or was) the Irish peasantry. The Jew carries about with him from land to land a portion of the soil of Palestine, that it may mingle with his grave. Lately, when the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" was interred, a deputation of the Poles of London cast into his tomb—an offering to his genius—some earth from the grave of Kosciusko. Not many years ago, we stood upon the custom-house quays of Dublin, watching a large emigrant ship, bound for St. John's, getting under weigh. The wind and tide were favourable; the captain was impatient, and the names of the passengers having been called over, it was found that one was missing, a stout labourer from Killeenny, and a great favourite with his neighbours and fellow-passengers. The captain swore, as captains will on such occasions, that he would not wait a moment for the rascal, who, he supposed, was "getting drunk" in some of the neighbouring public houses.† The prayers and entreaties of his fellow-passengers were in vain; the last plank was about to be hauled on board, when the missing passenger

rushed breathless through the crowd towards the ship, carrying in his hands a green sod, about as large as that used to "estate" a lark, which he had just out from one of the neighbouring fields. "Well," said he, as he gained the deck, amidst the shouts of his friends, "with the blessing of God, I'll have this over me in the new country."

There is at present a springtide of emigration from Ireland, and great is the rejoicing of those who imagine we are to be benefited by it;—the Malthusian who feared for the consequences of over-population (although we are inclined to believe the country was by no means over-populated as a whole, although it certainly was most unequally populated); the ratepayer, who is now paying twenty-five shillings and six-pence in the pound! and the landlord who is buying up the small holdings for three or five pounds each, from those who "cumber the ground." Every one who can muster three pounds ten by the pledge of his crop, or for the good-will of his holding, or by "making-off" with the rent, or by any means within his power; all the able-bodied among the people, from the snug yeoman and frieze-coated cottier to the top-booted buckeen, are on the move for America, leaving us the idle and ill-conditioned, the weakly, decrepit, aged, and orphan, to be supported in our workhouses, or to drag out a miserable existence begging from door to door,—so that it may well be said, the heart of Ireland now beats in America. The sums of money that are returned to this country from the western continent, daily, for the purpose of taking out emigrants, are quite astonishing. Not only that, but the feelings with which they leave are becoming altered. There is scarcely an observer of Irish manners, or who has mixed much among the people, that has not witnessed many heartrending scenes at the parting of emigrants for some years past. It was not amidst the noise and bustle of the crowded quay that these outpourings of the heart could always be seen; but by the canal's banks, when the "whole

* Poreens—small potatoes.

† The facetious, witty, and sarcastic Brennan was once asked at dinner, whether he did not like to be drunk?—"No, ma'am," was his reply, "but I like to be getting drunk."

country side" came to bless and bid adieu to the travellers, and crowded round at every lock and station for miles along the road, raising at times the wild Irish cry, and often forcing their way upon deck to have another last embrace. We remember many such scenes ten or twelve years ago. There was one instance, in particular, which struck us not only as characteristic of a mother's love, but of the ideas which the Irish peasantry possessed on the subject of the new continent, and of the complete earthly severing which took place when friends and relations parted on the bog of Allen. The Royal Canal packet-boat, dragged at the rate of three miles an hour, had taken in a cargo of emigrants, principally labourers from the county of Longford. Their friends followed for a considerable distance; many brimful of whiskey as well as grief, crowding upon the bridges, and sometimes pulling the boat to the brink by the tow-rope, for the purpose of sending a message to one of their transatlantic friends, to the great terror and no small danger of the non-emigrating passengers.* All gradually fell back, except one very old woman, who, with her grey elf locks streaming on the wind, her petticoat tucked above the knees, and her old red cloak floating free from her shoulders, still, with unabated energy, ran after the vessel which contained her only son. He was a red-headed, freckled faced *codger* of about twenty years of age, rather diminutive in size, but what is called *set* in his build, clad in a huge whitish frieze *coatha more*, corduroy smalls open at the knees, a Killamanka waistcoat, and a grinder round his neck, and, with sullen looks, trembling lips, and swollen eyes, sat upon his *chist*, with his legs hanging over the sides of the vessel. Whenever our speed slackened, or we came to a lock, or any impediment stopped our way, the poor woman knelt down and offered up a fervent prayer for the child she was

parting with for ever, and occasionally gave him some advice as to his future conduct. At last, having invoked, with all the eloquence of frantic grief, a pathetic blessing upon his head, she cried out, "Orah, Thomasseen, don't forget to say your prayers, and never change your voice nor your colour when you go among the blacks."

What a difference has ten years made in the feelings of the Irish peasant; he now no longer looks forward to better or happier times in his fatherland; seed-time and harvest, the price of pigs or the rise of grain, enter not into his calculations, but he turns with a longing eye to his far-distant destination in the west, and he starves, and grinds, and toils, not for the good of the land which gave him birth, but to amass and husband the means which are to transport him for ever from his once-loved Erin. The friends who now accompany the band of emigrants to the railway terminus, part as if they were but going into the next county—"Well, Jim, God be with you, and a safe journey to you; take care of the woman that owns you, and remember me to Biddy Sullivan. Tell her I'll be after you agin Aesther." The bell rings, the shrill whistle of the engine gives the warning note, and the parting is over.

Take care, landlords, gentlemen, and governors of Ireland. The clearing system, if not carried too far, has been, at least, carried on too rapidly. Had you improved the condition of the peasantry, or even attempted to do so, some twenty years ago, you might not have to support them in the poorhouse now, nor receive their dying malediction. You may want the labourer yet; the English farmer also may require the aid of the *spalpeen* before harvest is over. We will not press this subject further, at a time when almost every hand and every pen is raised against the landed proprietors indiscriminately, and when, perhaps, one of our next papers may be upon the *paleontology* of the Connaught

* During the emigrating season, of late years, the canal company were obliged to employ police to travel with the packet-boat, in order to keep back and preserve order among the crowds which rushed on board whenever the vessel approached a landing-place. About three years ago, a frightful accident occurred upon the Royal Canal; the boat was overpowered by numbers both of emigrants and their friends, and sinking with great rapidity, upwards of fourteen persons were drowned.

estated gentry, as well as those who reside in the butter-cups and among the raths and mounds erected by our ancestors.

At our request, however, Darby has remained to see what the end of all agitation, if such a thing is possible in Ireland, and the harvest of '49, may do for the country. Perhaps we have been somewhat selfish in this respect, for as he has long been considered the knowingest man in the whole country, and could tell more stories about the ould times and the "good people," and knew more about cures and charms than "all the books that were ever shut and opened;" and was up to the genealogy of all the ancient families, and had been at every bawn and coort* in Connaught as often as he had fingers and toes, we desired to preserve some of his curious lore before he crossed the Atlantic in his old age.

If, however, we cannot hope much for the future, let us for the present, at least, live in the memory of the past.

We are now in the transition state, passing through the fiery ordeal from which it is hoped we are to arise purified from laziness and inactivity, an honest, truth-telling, hard-working, industrious, murder-hating, business-minding, rent-paying, self-relying, well-clad, sober, cooking, healthy, thriving, peaceable, loyal, independent, Saxon-loving people; engaged all day long, and every day except Sundays (though Archbishop Whately—more power to him!—would back us at a hurling on that same), in sowing and mowing, tilling and reaping, fattening bullocks, and salting pork, or fishing and mending our nets and lobster pots; instead of being a poor, idle, ignorant, dirty, slinging, *sleeveen*, cringing, begging set; governed by the bayonet or the bribe; generally misunderstood; always *sould* by the agitator at home, and the mimber abroad; ground down by the pauper absentee or his tyrannical agent; bullied by the petty sessions magistrates; alternately insulted and cajoled by the English minister; vilified by the press of a London Mortgagee Company, and demoralised by charity jobbing. In fact, the most ill-used, and, to adopt the phraseology of Mr. Doolin,

"the most jury-packing, road-jobbing, paper-reading, buckeen-breeding, sea-bathing, car-driving, cockle-eating, cup-tossing, tea-and-whiskey-drinking, ribbon-lodging, orange-lodging, fighting, shouting, landlord-shooting, pig-jobbingest, potato-lovingest, good-for-nothingest nation on the face of the universal globe." All this, and more to boot, is, it is said, to be brought about, and we hope to live to see the day it may come to pass, though we don't know exactly how it is to be effected.

Repeal is dead; its ghost was last seen at Ballingarry, but vanished in smoke and a flash of fire: some say it is hid in a cave in Slieve-na-mon, but I don't give into that. O'Connellism was kilt by the young Irishers, who blew themselves up with the infernal machine with which they had arranged to shoot Dan and the sodgers. Education, emigration, Queen's colleges, stopping the Maynooth grant, discriminating rates, rates in aid, and other variations in the poor-laws; soil analysis, green crops, agricultural missionaries, model-farms, manufactories, rotatory parliaments, quakers' fisheries, suspension of the habeas corpus, waste land improvements, paying the priests and putting down the establishment, arming the Orangemen, and Peel's plantations, with a thousand other speculations, schemes, and propositions, have each their advocates. One thing, however, is certain, the great bulk of the land in the west must change owners; sooner or later it must come into the market either in wholesale or retail. Now, who will be the buyers? Oh! Englishmen—English capital, that is what we want. "Just wait a bit;" we have been planted, replanted, and transplanted by the English and Scotch on several occasions, and in various ways; we are, it may now be said, undergoing the process of subsoil ploughing; the great bulk of the old population in the south and west is being put *under the sod*, and we sincerely trust the noxious weeds may be got rid of in the process. Let it, however, be remembered what the country gained by these various plantations: the "mere Irish" were driven like

* Bawn: an enclosed keep—an ancient castle. A modern noble residence is frequently called a coort, or court.

wolves into the wilds and fastnesses of Donegal and Connaught, without their condition being one iota improved in two centuries. The Cromwellian soldier has, in some instances, become the Tipperary murderer. At the Boyne this country changed masters, and the land its owners—the native Irish gentleman, the adherent of the Stuarts, was replaced by the victorious English captain or lieutenant, whose descendants are now some of the first to “go to the wall,” although these persons obtained the fee of their estates merely on condition of driving out the Celts; and as to the Scotch agriculturists, they never effected a single improvement outside their employer’s demesne, or bettered the condition of the Irish farmer in any respect. In these cases, however, it must be confessed the change was rather sudden.

Well, no matter what comes, we’ll lose the *gintry*, so we have made arrangements with Darby and some of our old Connaught acquaintance, aided by friends in the other provinces, to furnish us, from time to time, with a few particulars about the old customs and social antiquities of Ireland, especially such as have not already appeared, at any length, in print. It is possible, however, that we may frequently be found quoting inadvertently without acknowledgment, as the old newspapers and magazines frequently recorded instances of superstition; and local histories also mention many such. It would be impossible, indeed, to say how frequently we are making use of, without acknowledgment, the numerous contributions afforded us by our country friends.

This is, as our readers, who have been able to follow us thus far, have already perceived, rather a discursive chapter, but so is our subject, which must be taken up like the sybil’s leaves, disarranged, in rags and patches, as time, opportunity, or the immediate matter in hand may invite. We have already alluded to the decay of the Irish language as one of the means

by which our legends and superstitions are becoming obliterated. It is scarcely possible to conceive the rapidity with which this is being effected, or the means taken to bring it about.

We may relate the following incident as characteristic of the love of learning, and the spread of education among the peasantry in the west of Ireland, as well as the means forcibly employed to expunge the Gaelic as a spoken language. Some years ago we were benighted on a summer evening by the shores of Loch Ina, near the foot of those picturesque mountains, called the twelve pins of Benna-Beola, in Connemara. Our guide conducted us to a neighbouring village, where we were received for the night with that hospitality which has ever been the characteristic of those wild mountaineers. While supper was preparing, and the potatoes laughing and steaming in the *skiah*,* the children gathered round to have a look at the stranger, and one of them, a little boy about eight years of age, addressed a short sentence in Irish to his sister, but meeting the father’s eye, immediately cowered back with all the appearance of having committed some heinous fault. The man called the child to him, said nothing, but drawing forth from his dress a little stick, commonly called a scoreen or tally, which was suspended by a string round the neck, put an additional notch in it with his penknife. Upon our inquiring into the cause of this proceeding, we were told that it was done to prevent the little boy speaking Irish; for every time he attempted to do so, a new nick was put in his tally,† and when these amounted to a certain number, summary punishment was inflicted upon him by the schoolmaster. Every child in the village was similarly circumstanced, and whoever heard one of them speak a word of Irish was authorised in putting in the fatal nick. We asked the father if he did not love the Irish language—indeed the man scarcely spoke any other; “I

* Skiehogue—the oval basket in which potatoes are served up.

† We have known a young man, who had assumed a very *fine* English accent, twitted with the circumstance of his having once carried the “score,” by being told, “Arrah, lave off your English, ’tisn’t so long since the beam was round your neck.”

do," said he, his eye kindling with enthusiasm; "sure it is the language of the ould country and the ould times, the language of my father and all that's gone before me—the language of these mountains, and lakes, and these glens, where I was bred and born; but you know," he continued, "the children must have larnin', and, as they tache no Irish in the National School, we must have recourse to this to instigate them to talk English." Upon further inquiry we found that the school alluded to was upwards of three miles distant, and that one of the able-bodied villagers escorted the children there each day, summer and winter, occasionally carrying the weak, and conducting the party with safety across the fords, and through some difficult passes which intervened.

"The fairy legends and traditions of the south of Ireland;" the Cluricaune, the Merrow; the Duhallane, and the O'Donohues, &c., have been already faithfully described by Mr. Crofton Croker; but the subject is by no means exhausted, even in Munster; while a new set of elves, spirits, and goblin influences, with somewhat different ideas attached to each, pervade the west, particularly Mayo, Galway, and the Isles which speckle the wild Atlantic along their shores—the group of Arran, Turk, Boffin, Innis Shark, Clare Island, Achill, and from Innis-Beagle to the far-famed Innis-Murray, opposite to the Sligo coast. Even when the legend common to the south or north is retained in these localities, it is in a new dress, with new dramatic personæ, and entirely new scenery, machinery, decorations and processions; thus, the story of Daniel O'Rourke is told upon a winter's night, by the laussogue's blaze,* in the Islands of Shark and Boffin, as a warning to the stayers out late, under the name of Terence O'Flaherty, by people who never heard of the work we have alluded to.† The phraseology of our Connaught story-teller is also different in many respects from that of the northern or Munsterman, as may be gleaned even from this chapter.

But it is not in the west, or among what is termed the true Celtic population alone, that superstitions and mystic rites are still practised. We have fortune-tellers within the Circular-road of Dublin! and fairy doctors, of repute, living but a few miles from the metropolis. Not six months ago, a man was transported for ten years, for so far practising upon the credulity of a comfortable family, in the county of Longford, as to obtain sums of money, by making them believe he was their deceased father, who was not dead, but only among the *good people*, and permitted to return occasionally to visit his friends. While we write, a country newspaper informs us of the body of a child having been disinterred at Oran, in the County Roscommon, and its arms cut off, to be employed in the performance of certain mystic rites. About a year ago, a man, in the county of Kerry roasted his child to death, under the impression that it was a fairy. He was not brought to trial, as the crown prosecutor mercifully looked upon him as insane.

Madness has been either assumed, or sworn to, as a means of getting off prisoners, on more than one occasion, to our own knowledge. We remember sitting, some years ago, beside a celebrated veteran prisoner's counsel in a county town in Connaught, who was defending a man on his trial for murder, committed apparently without provocation, in the open day, and before a number of witnesses; the prisoner having, with a heavy spade, clove through the skull of his unresisting victim. The defence intended to be set up was, as usual, an alibi. Numbers of people were ready to come forward and swear he was not, and could not, be at the place specified in the indictment at all. As the trial proceeded, however, the sagacious lawyer at once saw that he had not a leg to stand on, and, turning abruptly to the prisoner's attorney, swore with an oath bigger than that taken by any of the witnesses, "He'll be hanged. Could not you prove him mad?"

"O! yes; mad as a March hare.

* Laussogue, or Sup—a piece of dry bog-deal used as a candle.

† The story of Daniel O'Rourke appeared many years before the publication of the Munster Legends, in a periodical called the "Dundee Repository."

"I'll get plenty of people to prove that," was the solicitor's ready reply.

"But did you ever know of his doing anything out of the way? Now, did you ever hear of his eating his shoes, or the likes of that?"

"Shoes! I'll get you a man that will swear he eat a new pair of brogues, nails and all."

"Well, then," said the barrister, "put him up; and let us get our dinner."

The attorney retired to look after his witnesses, while a prolonged cross-examination of one of the prosecutors then upon the table, enabled the "sharp practitioner" to alter his tactics and prepare for the defence. Accordingly, the very first witness produced for the defence swore to the insanity of the prisoner; and the intelligent jury believing in the truth of the brogue-eating, including the digestion of tips, heel-taps, sole-nails, squares, tacks, sprigs, hangups, peavers and sparables, acquitted the prisoner. He was about to be discharged from the dock, when the judge committed him to the Lunatic Asylum.*

There are certain types of superstition common to almost all countries in similar states of progress or civilisation, and others which abound in nearly every condition of society; and strange to say, what was science—written, acknowledged, and accepted science—not more than two centuries ago, is now pronounced vulgar error and popular superstition. It would, no doubt, form a subject of great interest to trace back our traditional antiquities, and to compare them one with another—the German and Scandinavian with the Irish, Scotch, or English—those of the western and eastern continents generally, with the rites and ceremonies, or opinions, of which vestiges still exist among ourselves; when, indeed, strange affinities and similarities would be found to obtain among the North American Indians, and the Burmese and other Orientals, with those even yet practised in the Irish highlands and islands; but this would be a labo-

rious task, and unsuited to the pages of a periodical, or to the popular elucidation of our fairy lore.

Of all superstitions, the medical lingers longest, perhaps, because the incentive to its existence must remain, while disease, real or imaginary—either that capable of relief, or totally incurable—continues to afflict mankind, and, therefore, in every country, no matter how civilized, the quack, the mountebank, the charm-worker, and the medico-religious impostor and nostrum-vender, will find a gullable, *payable* public to prey upon. The only difference between the water-doctor living in his schloss, the mesmeriser practising in the lordly hall, or the cancer and the consumption curer of the count or duchess, spending five thousand a-year in advertisements, paid into the Queen's exchequer, who drives his carriage and lives in Soho-square, and the "medicine man" of the Indian, or the "knowledgeable woman" of the half-savage islander, residing in a hut cut out of the side of a bog-hole, or formed in the cleft of a granite rock, is, that the former are almost invariably wilful impostors, and the latter frequently believe firmly in the efficacy of their art, and often refuse payment for its exercise.

We commenced a collection of Irish popular superstitions, chiefly, however, bearing upon the subject of medicine, some years ago, and when we had filled a goodly manuscript volume with cures, charms, mystic rites and fairy lore, we found them so much intermixed with the general popular antiquities of the country, that it was almost impossible to separate them completely without destroying in a great measure the interest of both, as may be seen by the tales and legends in the following chapter. Some of these medical superstitions are, like many other subjects connected with the healing art, unsuited to the general reader, and others would possess little interest, except for their antiquity or absurdity.

* During the late assizes, in one of the southern counties, a witness, who prevaricated not a little, was rather roughly interrogated in her cross-examination, as to the nature of an oath, and the awful consequences of breaking it. "Do you know, my good girl," thundered the crown lawyer, "what would happen to you if you perjured yourself?"

"Troth, I do well, sir," said she; "I wouldn't get my expinzes."

CHAPTER II.

MEDICAL SUPERSTITIONS AND MEDICO-RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

THE BLAST—STORY OF JOHN FITZ-JAMES—THE FAIRY-WOMAN—THE DEDICATION—THE FALLEN ANGELS—MAC COISE'S SWAN—MARY KELLY'S FAIRY ABDUCTION—THE GRAVE WATCHERS, A LEGEND OF FIN VARRAH, AND KNOCKMAN—THE FAIRY NURSE, A LEGEND OF INNIS-SHARK.

THE fairies, or "good people"—the *dhoiné shé* of the northerns—are looked upon by us from beyond the Shannon, as the great agents and prime movers in all accidents, diseases, and death, in "man or baste;" causing the healthfulness and fertility of seasons, persons, cattle and localities; blighting crops, abstracting infants or young people, spiriting away women after their accouchements, raising whirlwinds and storms, and often beating people most unmercifully. In fact, in former times, and even yet, in the islands of the extreme west, except from sheer old age, or some very ostensible cause, no one is ever believed to "die all out." True it is, that all the outward and visible signs of death are there—speech, motion, respiration, and sensation have ceased; the fountains of life are stopped, and heat has fled, the man is "cowl'd as a corpse, but what of that? isn't it well known he got a blast. Sure 'tis no later than the day before yesterday week he was up and hearty, the likeliest boy in the parish, and there he is to-day as stiff as a peeler's ramrod. Didn't I see him with my two livin' eyes at Cormac Maguire's funeral, and he riding home fair and asey, the quietest baste that ever was crass'd, without as much as a *deligeen brostoh** on him—and he, I may say, all as one as *black fasting*;† only he tuck share of three half-pints at Tubber-na-Skollig—when the mare boulded at a wisp of straws that was

furlin (whirling) at the cross-roads, when off she set, gallopin' ever ever, till he fell on his head in the *shuch*‡ forninst his own door, and when they lifted him he was speechless and never tasted a bit of the world's bread from that day to this. The priest said an office for him, and the doctor said he was fractured; but sure everybody knows the good people had a hand in it."

Decomposition may indeed afford the physiologist proof positive that the vital spark has fled, but why argue the question with the people, who firmly believe that he is "with the fairies on the hill of Rawcroghan (Rath Croghan),§ or the Fort of Mullaghadoeey,¶ where there's plenty of the neighbours gone afore him." So rooted is this belief that we have known food of different kinds, bread, meat, and whiskey to be brought by the relatives of deceased persons, and laid for weeks after in these places for their comforts. Fairy-women are often employed to "set a charm," and bargain for their release with the king and queen of the gentry. Years may elapse, yet will the friends and relatives still cling with desperate intensity to the delusive hope that the fairy-stricken will return; and they listen with avidity to the various legends which tell how such and such of their neighbours, or the people in former times were seen in the court of Fin Varrah, or down in the Well of Oran, and sent home

* A spur; literally "the thorn that incites."

† Black fasting, in the religious sense of the word, means total abstinence from meat and drink; but it is an expression not unfrequently used in Connaught, as meaning abstaining from whiskey. It is, however, generally used in a bantering sense.

‡ Shuch: the sink or pool of dirty water that is to be found opposite the entrance of the Irish cabin.

§ For a topographical and antiquarian description of the ancient palace of Rathcroghan, the Tara of the west, in the parish of Kilcorkey, near Belanagare, county Roscommon, see Mr. O'Donovan's edition of the "Annals of the Four Masters," A.D. 1223. pp. 204, 205.

¶ Mullaghadoeey, *mullach a dumha*, i. e., the summit, or hill of the tumulus or sepulchral mound; a very remarkable conical hill, in the parish of Baslick, and barony of Ballintubber, near Castlereagh.

messages to their friends to be no ways uneasy about them, for that they would return one day or another. But when the death is very sudden, and no apparent cause can be assigned for it, nothing will persuade the lower orders—and, during the last century, not only the peasantry, but the middle and upper classes—that the person has not been spirited away by supernatural agency. The following historic Munster tale will illustrate this opinion better than any other which we can at present remember.

In the year 1736, John, the son and heir of James Fitzgerald, was affianced to a young lady near Fermoy. Munster did not produce in his day a man more noble in person, or with more accomplished manners, or who more excelled in arms and rural sports, than John Fitzjames. His betrothal and expected wedding were the pleasing theme of conversation through the country round, for weeks before the latter occurred, and heavy and substantial were the presents and the contributions to the festivities, sent in by the numerous and powerful friends of the affianced parties, who themselves were to be guests on the happy occasion. The wedding-day arrived, the knot was tied, the feast concluded, and the music and dancing commenced. The new-married couple were, as is usual, sent down first in the country dance, and never, perhaps, in Munster, nor Ireland itself, did chanter and bow give forth a merrier strain, or timed the dance of a nobler pair than John Fitzjames and his blooming bride: and so thought all who had the happiness to witness them. In the height of his pride and joy, and in the heat of the dance, when he had gone down the middle and up again, changed sides and turned his partner with five-and-forty couple, John Fitzjames clasped his beautiful bride in his arms, impressed a burning kiss upon her lips, and as if struck by a thunderbolt, dropped dead at her feet! The consternation and horror which seized

all present, were indescribable; every means was adopted to restore animation, but John Fitzjames arose no more. For months and years after, the most reputed fairy-men and women throughout Munster were retained by his own and his virgin bride's friends, in the fruitless endeavour to bring him back from fairyland, whither it was universally believed he had been carried.

Our esteemed friend, Mr. Eugene Curry, to whom we are indebted for this and other tales, has kindly afforded us the following notice:—

“ There are many mournful elegies in the Irish language still extant, which were written on John Fitzjames at the time of his decease, the best of which is that by James Fitzgerald. Among the many persons who repaired to Glinn to make battle with the fairies, were *Caitileen Dubh Keating*, and her daughter, *Caitileen Oge*, from Killclocher, near Loophead, in the county Clare. Caitileen Dubh and her daughter repaired from Glinn to Carrig Cliodhna* (Cleena's Rock), near Fermoy, where Cleena, the fairy queen of South Munster, resides in her invisible palace. Here Caitileen (who tarred her clothes and rolled herself in a shower of feathers of various colours) met the queen face to face, and reproaching her (with all the authority of a being unknown to Cleena) with the abduction of John Fitzjames, demanded his restoration. Her majesty acknowledged the soft impeachment, but peremptorily refused to restore so noble a prize to any mere creature of earth. A long argumentation then ensued between them on the matter, which ended however, in the defeat of Caitileen and her daughter by the superior power of Cleena, who is one of the Tuath-de-Dannan race, and whose history is preserved in the Book of Lismore, one of the ancient Irish manuscripts in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy. The whole of the argument between the queen and Caitileen was by the latter cast into a very curious and amusing Irish poem, which is still preserved in the county of Limerick, and of which I possess a fragment; the following rough but literal translation is a specimen of one of the stanzas:—

“ ‘ O Cleena, Christ himself salute thee!
Long is the journey I have made to thee,
From Cill Cluhar of the ripe berries,
And from Shannon's bank, where sail the swift ships.

* *Carrig-Cleena* is in the parish of Kelshannick, barony of Duhallow, county Cork. There is another Carrig-Cleena near the loud surge of Cleena's wave, in the vicinity of Glandore. See “Annals of the Four Masters,” A.D. 1557. p. 1549.

Look down and quickly inform me
 What is the state of John Fitzjames?
 Or has he parted with Isabel Butler?
 Or has he married the maid with the flowing hair?
 'To marry or wed I shall not allow him:
 I prefer even tho' dead to have him myself,
 Than married to any beauteous maid of Erin.
 And here now, Caitileen, is thy information.' "

We remember a lady of wealth and high respectability in Connaught, who, having lost several of her children in succession, dedicated her next born son to the Virgin, and dressed him completely in white from top to toe, hat, shoes, and all, for the first seven years of his life. He was not allowed even to mount a dark-coloured horse, but had a milk-white pony for his own use. In this instance, however, the people's prediction, that there was "no use in going agin the good people," literally occurred; for when he grew up to manhood, he died from the effects of a fall from his horse.

Whenever the smallest accident takes place, as when one falls, or even trips in walking, or sneezes,* it is attributed to fairy influences by which the person is at that moment supposed to be surrounded, and therefore it is expedient immediately to cross one's-self, and invoke a benediction. It would be considered not only disrespectful, but very unlucky, if the bystander did not say, "God bless you," or "God between you and all harm," or spit on you in such a case.†

It would be a difficult task to reduce to precise terms all the popular ideas on Irish pantheology, and as they can only be gleaned and sifted from the tale, the rite, or legend, they are best expressed by the same means. The general belief, however, is, that the good people (or the "wee folk," as they

are termed in Ulster) are fallen angels, and that their present habitations in the air, in the water, or on dry land or under ground, were determined by the position which they took up when first cast from heaven's battlements.‡ The popular impression is, that the great majority of them are old, ugly, and decrepit, but have a power of taking on many forms, and that they generally assume a very diminutive size. It is also believed that they can at will personify or take on the shape of men or animals when they reveal themselves to human beings. The latter is not now, however, so generally believed as in former times, but there are still well-established visitations of both good and bad people in the shape of black cats, which constantly appear to the faithful in this description of folk's lore.

It is a fact strange, but nevertheless true, that, according as the people are forgetting how to talk Irish, and have taken to reading Bibles and learning English, and thus losing the poetic fictions of other times, so have the animals which used in former times to be excessively communicative, given over holding any discourse with human beings. We must, therefore, go back to the ancient records for any well-authenticated instance of this description, and no better can be got than the following: In the wonders of Ireland, ac-

* Sneezes. For most curious authorities respecting the superstitious belief about sneezing, see the "Irish Nennius," p. 145, note z.

† Spitting, forms the most general, the most popular, and most revered superstition now remaining in Ireland, and the cure by the "fasting spittle" is one of the most widely-spread of all our popular antiquities; therefore it shall in due course have a portion of a chapter devoted to its consideration.

‡ These are almost the very words used by the peasantry when you can get one of them to discourse upon this forbidden subject. They believe that God will admit the fairies into his palace on the day of judgment, and were it not for this that they would strike men and cattle much more frequently. They sometimes annoy the departed souls of men who are putting their pains of purgatory over them on the earth. See the life of Cairbre Crom, in Colgan. The idea of their being fallen angels, came in with Christianity. In the "Book of Armagh" they are called "*the gods of the earth*"; and in the "Book of Lismore" they are described as the spirits or rather immortal bodies and souls of the Tuatha de Dananns.

according to the Book of Glendalough,* it is related, that "on a certain day the poet Mac Coise was at the Boyne, where he perceived a flock of swans, whereupon he threw a stone at them, and it struck one of the swans on the wing. He quickly ran to catch it, and perceived that it was a woman. He inquired tidings from her, and what it was had happened unto her, and what it was that sent her thus forth? And she answered him, 'In sickness I was,' said she, 'and it appeared to my friends that I died, but really it was demons that spirited me away with them.' And the poet restored her to her people." This must have occurred about the middle of the tenth century, the time when the elder Mac Coise, chief poet to O'Rourke, prince of Breifny, in Connaught, flourished.†

The following instance of popular superstitious prejudice has been afforded the writer by a person who was present at the transaction; and, as it is best expressed in the words of the narrator, it is here inserted as a quotation: "I well remember in the year 1818, that Mary, the wife of Daniel Kelly, a bouncing, full, auburn-haired, snow-white-skinned woman, about twenty-eight years of age, died suddenly on a summer's day, while in the act of cutting cabbages in her garden. Great was the consternation throughout the entire parish of Moyarta (in the south-west of Clare) at this sad event, the more particu-

larly as several persons who were in a westerly direction from her at the time, declared that they had seen and felt a violent gust of wind pass by and *through* them in the exact direction of Kelly's house, carrying with it all the dust and straws, &c., which came in its way.‡ This confirmed the husband and friends of the deceased in their impression that she had been carried off to nurse for the fairies. Immediately Mary Quin, alias the Pet (*Maire an Pheata*), and Margaret Mac Inerheny, alias Black Peg, two famous fairy-women in the neighbourhood, were called in, who for three days and three nights kept up a constant but unavailing assault on a neighbouring fort or rath for the recovery of the abducted woman. But at the end of that time it was found that the body, or what in their belief appeared to be the body, of Mary Kelly, could not be kept over ground, wherefore it was placed in the grave with a total unbelief of its identity. Her bereaved husband and her brothers watched her grave day and night for three weeks after, and then they opened it with the full conviction of finding only a birch broom, or the skeleton of some deformed monster in it. In this, however, they were mistaken, for they found in it what they had put into it, but in a much more advanced state of decomposition."

There is no prejudice more firmly rooted than the belief in the abduction

* The "Book of Glendaloc" does not now exist; but a transcript of its "Wonders" is preserved in the "Book of Ballymote," in the library of the Royal Irish Academy. The belief in the *brownie* still exists among the superstitious Presbyterians of the mountains of Derry and Antrim, who leave bread and milk for him on the hearth every night. It is, however, very difficult to find any genuine pagan Irish superstition without being more or less modified by the wonders of the Old or New Testament. The witch of Endor, and the serpent turned into the rod of Moses, have modified all our superstitions—the marvellous corrupting the marvellous. The devils going into the swine have also helped to tinge all our *saints' legends*. The only genuine stories we have are told in the "Discourse between Patrick and Caoilte Mac Ronan," a work which has not been interpolated by the monks. It is a purely bardic production. In all his lives, Patrick is made a greater man than Christ, and therefore all his miracles become ridiculous.

† See "The Irish version of Nennius," by the Rev. Dr. Todd, in the "Irish Archeological Society's Transactions," page 209.

‡ Whenever the good people venture abroad, or suddenly change their residence in the open day, their transit is marked by a whirlwind, in the eddies of which dust, straws, and other light substances, are taken up and carried along. When such occur, the Irish peasant, if conversing, ceases to speak, crosses himself, holds his breath, and mentally repeats a short prayer; and no irreverend expression with regard to the supernatural movement ever drops from him. Many persons have told us that they have often heard and **FELT** the fairies pass by them with a sound like that of a swarm of bees, or a flock of sparrows on the wing.

of recently-confined females, for the purpose of acting as nurses either to the children of the fairy queen, or to some of those carried away from earth. In certain cases of mental aberration which sometimes occur at this period, the unhappy state of the patient is always attributed to fairy interference. It is believed that the real person is not physically present; but that the patient is one of the fairies who has assumed the features and general appearance of the abducted individual, while the actual person is "giving the breast" to one of Fin Varra's children in the fairy halls of the hill of Knockmaah. In such cases, if there has been any delay in recovery, the medical attendant is at once discarded, and if the priest had been called in to read prayers over her, and if this did not prove immediately effectual, all legalised practitioners, medical or ecclesiastical, are dismissed, and the fairy doctor is applied to. His mode of proceeding is usually as follows: he fills a cup, or wine-glass with oaten meal, and mutters over it an Irish prayer. He then covers it with a cloth, and applies it to the heart, back, and sides, repeating the incantation on each application. If it is a fairy that is present, one half of the meal disappears at one side of the vessel, as if it were cut down from above. That which remains is made into three small cakes and baked upon the hearth. The sick person is to eat one of these every morning "fasting;" when the spell is broken, the fairy departs, and is once

more replaced by the real mortal, sound and whole.*

As the person is not always conscious of her state while labouring under what is termed by physicians, "puerperal mania," it is rather difficult to get any very accurate or collected account of the fairy nursery in which they pass their time; and when the cures and charms prove ineffectual, and they "die all out," the truth becomes more difficult to attain, nevertheless it is not quite impossible. In proof of this, we would refer our readers to a very poetic and well-told legend in the Rev. Mr. Neilson's "Introduction to the Irish Language,"† where we have an account of one Mary Rourke, who, having died in childbirth, in the county of Galway, was washed, laid out, waked, keened, and buried with all due form and ceremonial. Mary, however, "was in Knockmagha, three quarters of a year, nursing a child; entertained with mirth and sweet songs, but notwithstanding, she was certainly in affliction. At length the host of the castle told her that her husband was now married to another woman, and that she should indulge no longer in sorrow and melancholy; that Fin Var and all his family were about to pay a visit to the province of Ulster. They set out at cock-crowing, from smooth Knockmaah forth, both Fin Varra and his valiant host. And many a fairy castle, rath, and mount they shortly visited from dawn of day till fall of night, on beautiful winged coursers:—

" ' Around Knock Greine and Knock-na-Rae,
Ben Bulbin and Keis-Corainn,
To Ben Echlann and Loch Da éan,
From thence north-east to Slieve Guilin,
They travelled the lofty hills of Mourne,
Round high Slieve Donard and Ballachanèry,
Down to Dundrim, Dundrum and Dunardalay,
Right forward to Knock-na-Feadala."‡

* The "meal cure" is likewise employed, with some modification, for the heart-ache, in that case, the expression, "Foir an Cridhe, ease the heart, ease the heart," is made use of by the charmer on each application. Here the patient generally visits the doctor on a Monday, Thursday, and Monday, and the meal in the cup is lessened each time in proportion to the amount of disease removed, until at last it is completely emptied. The remnant is brought home each day by the patient, who must not lose any of it, nor speak to any person by the way. The invalid is then to make it into a cake, and sit by the fire until it is baked, taking care that neither cat, dog, nor any other living thing passes between him and his cake until it is baked and eaten with three sprigs of watercress, in the name of the Trinity. The meal cure is a very good specimen of fairy sleight of hand, and worthy the mention of modern wizards.

† Dublin, printed for P. Hogan, 1808.

‡ These are all the celebrated haunts of the fairy people in the west and north.

Now at the foot of Knock-na-Feadala there lived with his mother, who was a widow woman, a boy named Thady Hughes, an honest, pious, hard-working bachelor. Well, Thady went out on Hallow-eve night, about the very time that the court of Fin Varra were passing through the air, and as he stood in the gap of an old fort looking up at the stars that were shining bright through the clear frosty air, he observed a dark cloud moving towards him from the south-west, with a great whirlwind; and he heard the sound of horses upon the wind, as a mighty troop of cavalry came over the ford, and straight along the valley, to the very rath on which he stood. Thady was in a mighty flustrification, and trembled all over, but he remembered that he had often heard it said by knowledgable people, that if you cast the dust that is under your foot, against the whirlwind at the instant that it passes you, "them that's in it," if they have any human being along with them, are obliged to be released. So, being of a humane disposition, he lifted a handful of the gravel that was under his foot, and threw it lustily, in the name of the Trinity, against the blast, when, lo and behold! down falls a young woman, neither more nor less than Mary Rourke from Galway, all the way, but mighty weak entirely. Thady took courage, having heard her groan like a Christian, so he spoke softly to her, and lifted her up, and brought her home to his mother, who took care of her till she recovered. In process of time the heart of Thady was softened, and he took Mary to wife, and they lived mighty happy and contented for a year and a day, the lovingest couple in the whole county Down, till a stocking merchant from Connemarra, passing that way, recognised her as the wife of Michael Joyce, of Gort, who shortly after came all the ways from Connaught to claim her: and it took six clergy and a bishop to say whose wife she was.*

A few, however, of those who have

been carried away have returned, and have left us faithful records of all they saw, and what was said and done in the court of his elfin majesty. There lived a woman in Innis Shark, one Biddy Mannion, as handsome and likely a fisherman's wife as you would meet in a day's walk. She was tall, and fair in the face, with skin like an egg, and hair that might vie with the gloss of the raven's wing. She was married about a twelvemonth, when the midwife presented her husband, Patsy-Andrew M'Intire,† with as fine a man-child as could be found between Shark and America, and sure they are the next parishes, with only the Atlantic for a mearing between them. The young one throve apace, and all the women and gossips said, that Biddy Manion was the lucky woman, and the finest nurse seen in the island for many a day. Now the king of the fairies had a child about the same age or a little older, but the queen was not able to nurse it, for she was mighty weakly after her lying-in, as her husband had a falling out with another fairy potentate that lives down one side of the Giant's Causeway, who, by the force of magic and *pis-rogues*, banished the suck from the Connaught princess for spite. The gentry had their eye upon Biddy Mannion for a long time, but as she always wore a *gospel* round her neck, and kept an *errub* sewed up in her clothes, she was proof against all their machinations and seductions. At long run, however, she lost this herb, and one fine summer's night the young *gaurlocht* being mighty cross with the teeth wouldn't sleep in the cradle at all, but was ever more starting and crying, as if the life was leaving him, so she got up at last, determined to take him to bed to herself, and she went down to the kitchen to light a candle. Well, just as she was blowing a coal, three men caught a hold of her, before she could bless herself, and she was unable to shout or say a word, so they brought her out of the house quite

* For further particulars on the subject of Irish medical superstitions, as regards the obstetric art, see the "Edinburgh Monthly Journal of Medical Science" for the present month.

† Patsy, Pad, Paddy, Parra, Pauric, Paddeney, Paurikeen, and Pauden, are all abbreviations, synonymes, or short names for our patron saint.

‡ A very young infant.

easy, and put her upon a pillion, behind one of themselves, on a fine black horse that was ready waiting outside the door. She was no sooner seated behind one of the men, than away they all galloped without saying a word. It was as calm and beautiful a night as ever came out of the sky, just before the moon rose "between day and dark," with the gloom of parting twilight, softening every break upon the surrounding landscape, and not a breath of air was to be felt. They rode on a long time, and she didn't know where they were going to; but she thought to herself they must be on the mainland, for she heard the frogs croaking in the ditches; the *bunnaun lena* was sounding away in the bogs, and the *minnaun airigh** was wheeling over their heads. At last the horse stopped of itself all of a sudden before the gate of a "big house,"† at the butt of a great hill with trees growing all round it, where she had never been before in her life. There was much light in the house, and presently a grand-looking gentleman dressed all in scarlet, with a cocked hat on his head, and a sword by his side, and his fingers so covered with rings that they shone "like *lassar lena* in a bog hole,"‡ lifted her off the pillion as polite as possible, handed her into the house, and bid her a *read mile failte*, just the same as if he had known her all his lifetime.

The gentleman left her sitting in one of the rooms, and when he was gone she saw a young woman standing at the *thrashal* of the door, and looking very earnestly at her, as if she wanted to speak to her. "Troth I'll speak, any way," says Biddy Mannion, "for if I didn't, I'm sure I'd burst." And with that she bid her the time of

day, and asked her why she was looking at her so continuously. The woman then gave a great sigh, and whispered to her, "If you take my advice, Biddy Mannion, you'll not taste bit, bite, or sup, while you are in this house, for if you do you'll be sorry for it, and maybe never get home again to your child or husband. I eat and drank my fill, *forrior geraugh*,§ the first night I came, and that's the reason that I am left here now in this enchanted place where every thing you meet is bewitched even to the mate itself. But when you go home send word to them that's after me, Tim Conneely that lives one side of the Killaries, that I am here, and may be he'd try what Father Pat Prendergast, the blessed abbot of Cong, could do to get me out of it." Biddy was just going to make further inquiries of the strange woman, when in the clapping of your hand she was gone, and the man with the scarlet coat came back, and the same woman bringing in a young child in her arms. The man took the child from the woman, and gave it to Biddy to put it to the breast, and when it had drank its fill he took it away and invited her into another room where the queen—a darling, fine-looking lady, as you'd meet in a day's walk—was seated in an arm-chair, surrounded by a power of quality, dressed up for all the world like judges with big wigs, and red gowns upon them. There was a table laid out with all sorts of eating, of which the man in the cocked hat pressed her to take something; she made answer that she was no ways hungry, but that if they could give her a cure for a little girl belonging to one of her neighbours, who was mighty *daune*, and

* There are no frogs in these small islands. The *bunnaun lena* is the bittern, and the *minnaun airigh* (the airy kid,) is the clocking snipe, so called from the noise which it makes like the bleating of a kid, while wheeling in the air during the twilight of a summer's evening. Neither of these birds are found in the small islands of the west.

† The word "big house" is applied by the peasantry to most gentlemen's seats.

‡ This, though a homely simile, is one very frequently used in many parts of Connaught, to express any bright shining appearance. The *lassar lena*, which grows in bogs and marshy places, is the *ranunculus flammea*, so called, from its brilliant yellow colour. It is a plant possessing many medicinal virtues, and will claim a special notice when we come to treat of the herb cures, and popular botany of the Irish.

§ Literally, bitter grief, woe, or sorrow; it is an expression denoting great regret.

never well in herself since she had a fit of the *feur-gurtagh*,* and to send herself home to Shark, she would be for ever obliged to them. The king, for that was the gentleman with the cocked hat, said he had ne'er a cure.

"Indeed, then," said the mother of the child, "as I was the cause of your coming here, honest woman, you must get the cure; go home," says she, speaking for all the world like an Englishwoman, "and get ten green rishes from the side of the well of Aughavalla,† throw the tenth away,‡ and squeeze the juice of the rest of them into the bottom of a tacyup, and give it to the colleen to drink, and she will get well in no time."

The king then put a ring on her finger and told her not to lose it by any manner of means, and that as long as she wore this ring no person could hurt or harm her. He then rubbed a sort of an ointment on her eyes, and no sooner had he done so than she found herself in a frightful cave where she couldn't see her hand before her. "Don't be any ways afraid," says he; "this is to let you know what kind of a people we are that took you away. We are the fallen angels that the people up above upon the earth call the fairies;" and then after a while she began to see about her, and the place was full of dead men's bones, and had a terrible nasty smell: and after a while he took her into another room where there was more light, and here she found a

wonderful sight of young children, and them all blindfolded, and doing nothing but sitting upon *pookams*.§ These were the souls of infants that were never baptised. After that he shewed her a beautiful garden, and at the end of it there was a large gate which he opened with a key that was hung to his watch-chain. "Now," says he, "you are not far from your own house;" so he let her out; and then says he, "who is that, that is coming down the boreen?" and when she turned her back to look who it was, behold the man with the red coat and the cocked hat had disappeared. Biddy Mannion could not see anybody, but she knew full well the place where she was in a minute, and that it was the little road that led down to the *annagh*|| just beside her own house, and when she went up to the door she met another woman the very *moral* of herself, just as fair as if she saw her in the looking-glass, who said to her as she passed, "What a *gomal* your husband is that didn't know the difference between you and me." She said no more, but Biddy went in and found her child in a beautiful sleep, with his face smiling, like the butter-cups in May.

Here for the present we close our superstitions, with many kind thanks to the various friends who have assisted us. At some future period we hope to continue them. In the meantime, we would "thankfully receive, and gratefully acknowledge, the smallest contribution" from town or country.

* *Feur gortac*, literally, "the hungry grass," a weakness, the result of sudden hunger, said to come on persons during a long journey, or in particular places, in consequence of treading on a particular kind of *fairy-enchanted* grass, called the *féar gortac* by the native Irish. A bit of oaten cake is said to be the best cure for it.

† A holy well, in the barony of Murrisk, not far from Croagh Patrick, celebrated for its "cures," and its blessed trout.

‡ The antiquity of tithes is instanced in numberless examples in our "cures," and fairy lore. For example, ten gooseberry thorns are plucked to cure "the styne;" nine are pointed at the part effected, and the tenth thrown over the left shoulder. Nine was the mystic number, but the additional one was added by the church for wise purposes.

§ Mushrooms, fairy-stools, or puff-balls: the term is applied to all the family of fungi.

|| A cut away bog.

EASTERN RAMBLES.*

CHAPTER I.

SYRIAL. ITS LEADING FEATURES AND MOST REMARKABLE LOCALITIES—ANCIENT TRADITION AND MODERN HYPOTHESIS—WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY WAY OF PREFACE, TO THE CONVENT COOK.

It was chill and cold to a degree, when, fatigued with the exertions of the day just passed, I betook myself to the convent kitchen, in quest of food and fire. There is, indeed, nothing more trying to a wayfarer of the desert, than the rapid transition from heat to cold, in the four-and-twenty hours—you experience extremes of both. Well might the patriarch complain to Laban: "Thus was I, in the day drought consumed me, and the frost by night; and the sleep departed from mine eyes." Often I have felt the truth of poor Jacob's words; but at the present moment hunger and cold had succeeded heat and drought. Our servants were dispersed in all directions, and the bustle, infallibly incident on the arrival of a rather numerous party, neither had, nor seemed likely to subside. A cheerful fire, however, always a welcome sight, blazed in the ample hearth of the convent kitchen, over which hung a capacious caldron, simmering good-humouredly above the flickering flame, holding out the fair promise of a substantial supper for our hungry crew, to which there was little fear we should not do ample justice. But a man seldom knows when he is well off; and so instead of "letting well alone," I must go to turn a pile of fresh charcoal, as I imagined, into the already well-filled fireplace.

"What on earth are you about, my good fellow?" shouted a well-intentioned friend at my elbow; and, unceremoniously arresting my labours, he plunged a stick into the burning mass, tossing out of it a heap of Red Sea mullet, charred and smoky, which in my innocence I had mistaken for fuel, and thrown on as wood. Hunger no doubt quickens some men's faculties, while it dulls those of others. The staple commodity of our repast,

"in petto," was rescued by the acuteness of my good friend's nose—to his credit I record it—I reserve the name.

Presently in rolled by no means an unimportant personage, to wit, the brother who filled the multifarious offices of convent cook. He was a jolly, little, old fellow, short, stout, and well-conditioned; a hoary head and silver beard compensating in some degree the fire of his rubicund countenance; but on the present occasion this good brother was evidently "chock full" of Arakee, and for the moment up for anything rather than the dull routine of his everyday avocations.

Coquus, on entering, steadied himself, looked superciliously all around him, and commenced operations by incontinently kicking the convent cat; he then seized grimalkin by her tail, and flung her to the remotest end of the apartment. My turn comes next, thought I; but no, his reverence had fallen foul of some pewter platters, laden with dirty rice and other delicacies; and finally jamming a flaring rush-light against a wooden shelf, the shelf took fire, and that end of the kitchen was in a blaze. Elated with this last and brilliant achievement, the cook turned his back on the conflagration, and solemnly declaring "he never would cook any man's dinner any more," retired under cover of the smoke. Fortunately the room was walled with granite; there were no more inflammable materials within reach; moreover neither cook nor convent being mine, I sat quiet and looked on.

At this juncture of affairs Paulo very seasonably appeared; but not, I must confess it, as Paulo ought, or as Paulo was accustomed to appear, for even Paulo had not abstained from Arakee, and was, in consequence, to

* See Vol. XXXII. August, 1848.

use an Irish idiom, "somewhat the worse for liquor;" but, indeed, I cannot say much the worse. Cooking, as luck would have it, was one amongst Paulo's numerous hobbies; so, *con amore*, he took up a mighty ladle that lay near, and, chaunting a sonorous refrain, or rather war-song, commenced the composition of a black, suspicious-looking mess, which he imaginatively termed soup. I had eaten of too many incomprehensible messes since I first set foot in Alexandria, to doubt the edibility of anything, so I took him at his word. Paulo was always what is called "a character," but Paulo, as he then stood before me, was a picture; the well-turned features, topped with the red tarboush—the bushy beard—the flashing eye—the countenance lit up, or left in dim obscurity, as the fitful blaze of the wood-fire rose and fell—his attitude as he brandished the reeking ladle—then the bubbling caldron, and the forgiving cat, which had resumed her station on the hearth, and gazed in mute astonishment at Paulo—formed, all, a most imposing tableau, the more satisfactory as affording a proof presumptive of something in the way of supper in the end.

Different was the scene, as on awaking about midnight, I rose from bed and walked out to the gallery outside my chamber, which looked down on the interior of the convent. The moon was rising over "the Mountain of the Cross," touching each rugged peak and beetling cliff with the first faint beaming of her silvery radiance, while the pile of crowded, strange-grouped buildings underneath me still slumbered in the shade; a light was glimmering from the chapel window, and presently the low, clear, chaunting of the monks, engaged in their midnight worship, fell softly on my ear. It was a scene of tranquillity, repose, and peace, that suited well the sacred precincts of "Horeb, the Mount of God."

The march of the preceding day had been full of interest and highly-pleasurable excitement. Sinai, from the day we left Suez, had been our grand object, and we joyfully "struck tent" by Serbal at break of day, determined to reach the convent in good time. As we cleared Serbal and its adjacent ranges, the country became more open, and the towering

mountains of days before were replaced by low, yet varied, ranges of rocky hills; until, as we neared the outskirts of Sinai, the eye wandered back on a world of round-topped crags, standing out in bold relief against the deep blue of the horizon. But mountain scenery in these wilds of Arabia, is, I believe, unlike mountain scenery in any other portion of the known world. The Alps of Switzerland, for example, present a combination of at once the beautiful and sublime—the pine-girt sides, green in eternal verdure; the snow-capped summits, mingling with the fleecy clouds, till earth meets heaven; but the scenery of Arabia Petrea is sterile, sublime, and unearthly.

Leaving the Desert of Sin, and entering that of Sinai, what a stupendous change!—gashes or deep gorges furrow the entire face of the country—mountains of entire rock arise on every side, craggy, precipitate, savage, bare, and desolate; in colour black, or brown, or red, or violet, or grey, or of a creamy whiteness: in form, various, fantastic, and at times grotesque—gigantic harlequins, grouped without order, now thronged together, so as scarcely to admit of elbow-room between, now encircling some isolated wádi, where the prickly gum or sickly acacia struggle for existence with the arid soil; it would seem the chaos of an universal earthquake—or the battlefield of quenched volcanoes—or the bones and bowels of an antediluvian world exhumed or half-protruding from the sepulchre—or a masquerade of nature—or, or, or—supply a fresh comparison, good reader, for I am positively run out; not but there are glimpses of the beautiful enhancing the sublime. How beautiful is that oasis in the desert, Wádi Feiran, with its cool streams and umbrageous date woods—beautiful as well as grand, Mount Serbal and its neighbouring valleys; but if we run beautiful and sublime against each other, I maintain it, in Arabia Petrea, the beautiful has not the vertige of a chance.

Now all this time while we have been discussing scenery, our dromedaries have jogged on to Wádi Soláf, and we are actually entering Nakb El Hawa, "The Pass of the Wind." Well, the baggage having been sent the long way round, we prepared to

penetrate the outworks of the Sinaite range.

The ascent of this pass is steep and toilsome; the narrow causeway, constructed with huge granite blocks, now plunging among frowning crags—now shelving along a mass of rock, while a yawning chasm opens at one's feet. I had tested my cross-grained dromedary's powers at a scramble, as I scaled that pleasant pass called Nagaboulboudra—I had fenced him a little over some cliffs by the Red Sea, the up-leap, by the way, was rather clumsy; but I would back him to any extent for "a heavy down." Here in this "pass of the wind," whatever might be the capacities of my steed, I could get no good of the saddle, for back it would go—then forward—perambulating all quarters of the quadruped, instead of staying where nature intended, on the hump. A *lively* saddle it was to me that day. If you can't ride, you walk, and walking I hold to be the meanest of all methods of locomotion; but we had e'en to betake ourselves to our respective legs, and trudge over Nakb El Hawa as best we could. On gaining the crest of the pass, the perplexities and perils of the path were amply recompensed by an accidental rencontre with two fair ones of "Araby's daughters"—right pastoral demoiselles—who were pasturing their goats by the way-side—long-eared, shaggy, ordinary-looking animals enough; understand me, I said that of the goats—not the maidens, who, gentle beings, were anything but ordinary animals, they being of position eminent, both perched on a conspicuous rock; of appearance unique, if not prepossessing; complexion, brown, perhaps a wee thought sooty, but well calculated (as jet blacking manufacturers advertise) "to retain its brilliancy in any climate"; coiffure, a cheveux-de-frise of razor-shells (or the like), planted in the well-greased side plaits; a scolloped shell poked in front, like the peak of a hunting-cap, completed the tasteful arrangement. As to features, three parts of the nose, and the whole lower extremity of the face, being enveloped in the loose abaiyeh, which, descending from the head, enwrapped the entire person, I am not capable of giving a positive opinion; but if the rest only equalled the eyes, I do not believe the young ladies would

have hidden them; there they sat, and there we left them, and there they may be, tending flocks and herds to this very day. Clearing the pass by a narrow defile, a long, broad plain, walled in on either side by a red granite range, lay spread before us, at the extremity of which, but partially screened from view by the swell of the ground, Jebel Horeb rose in front; and as we gained the highest portion of the wádi, the mighty panorama of the sacred mountains burst gloriously on the sight. On our left, the red and sterile ridges of ed-Deir; a little to the right, long looked for Horeb, shooting abruptly from the plain, while the higher summit of Jebel Katharine outpeered it in the distance. Leaving the long wádi of es-Sheik on our left, and rounding the eastern edge of Horeb, we entered the defile of Wádi Shueib, a narrow gorge between ed-Deir and Sinai, and at less than a mile's distance from its entrance. On the skirt of Sinai, the white walls of the convent, with its garden of dark cypress, tall poplar, and green olives, greeted our eyes—a convent it is called, and no doubt a convent it actually is, but despite of the peaceful appellation, it has all the external appearance of a mountain fortlet—the lofty wall with embrasures, not to mention more than one suspicious piece of ordnance, giving, on the whole, a gentle intimation that however the holy fathers may disclaim the "arm of flesh," they deem it not superfluous to erect an imposing barrier between the potency of the Arab and the impotence of the recluse—the wolves of the desert, and the lambs of the fold. Be the case as it may, at the foot of this said high wall we were glad to find our baggage, bedawin, and dromedaries huddled, as they were, promiscuously beside the water-tank. Some little delay was occasioned while we waited the success of a missive which Paulo had just sent up, dangling at the end of a substantial cable that had been lowered on our arrival from a little door near the top of the fortification. This epistle, procured from the branch convent in Cairo, setting us forth, I suppose, as unexceptionable characters, produced a satisfactory result. First there appeared a head and shoulders from the orifice aforesaid; next issued the cable, slowly descending, with an omi

nous noose at its extremity ; and, lastly, an inharmonious voice from the top of the wall bade us welcome in unintelligible Greek. By twos and threes, our arms and light goods hung round us, we were hauled up the wall, to the music of the windlass, and, on landing, were embraced, like old acquaintances, by the superior and a bevy of the brotherhood ; very friendly old gentlemen, thought we, but beards uncomfortably bushy ; in fact, it was equal to saluting a score of scouring brushes, but not near so clean. Piloted through an heterogeneous heap of building thrown in complete "chance medley" together, (a Christian church and Mohamedan mosque figuring amongst the rest in a contiguity so fraternal, I half imagined for the moment it was planned by the National Board of Education for Ireland), we were ultimately delivered into the hands of Brother Pietro, a mercurial genius, who, though the evening was "cold as charity," came to meet us arrayed in a fur-lined pelisse, but destitute of any other article of clothing from head to foot. Pietro was a lay brother, and a mad monk, an accomplished linguist, a polite gentleman, an untiring cicerone, and interminable talker, but with all his excellencies, gifted with so enormous a bump of acquisitiveness, that he asked for almost every article he set eyes on, and what he failed to get for asking, he appropriated by stealth. Poor Pietro, he belonged, I learned afterwards, to a family of respectability in Cairo, but becoming light in the head through illness, was banished to the wilds of Sinai.

Mounting a narrow staircase, we were led along a respectable corridor, from which opened the apartments destined for the use of travellers. This portion of the convent was new, and showed rather an increase of custom in the hotel department. Pietro having paraded us along the gallery, led us back to the head of the staircase from which we had set out, introducing us to the reception-room, a small chamber, comfortably carpeted and divaned, where a rosy-gilled little padre awaited to do the honors for the superior, whose absence he excused. All this and a complimentary oration, placing the convent and its delights at our disposal—allowing us to import, moreover, our own mutton from the other side of the

wall, with sundry other privileges and immunities, for he understood we were not *Latin* Christians—Pietro interpreted, with a variety of interpolations.

The honest monk having exhausted his stock of rhetoric, customary on such occasions, the learned man of our party, laying by his shebook, and hemming nervously, as being about to commit himself in Romaic, rose to reply. We were rather elated at having so erudite a member in our party, and awaited in some anxiety the display of elocution that was to amaze the dwellers in the convent, but, alas, for the vaunted powers of our good friend—he stammered, stumbled, grew red, hot, and choky, but his tongue refused to turn Romaic *pro hac vice*, so after blundering till the jolly father was convulsed with merriment, and Pietro leaped on his nether extremity, like a galvanized frog, the orator gave up in confusion, and betook himself vigorously to his pipe—of course, we loudly applauded, and our monk, rising from his cushion, departed, to put into execution the hospitable intents he had expressed.

Next morning, about ten o'clock, with a long-legged lay brother as our guide, and an Arab serf of the convent, laden with a leather bag of edibles, as commissariat, we set forth in high spirits to explore the heights of the sacred mountain. This time we were not compelled to have recourse to the trap-door, windlass, and cable, but entering a long, dark passage, secured at either extremity by a low but massive iron gate, we emerged at once into daylight and the convent garden. This garden, as far as trees and shrubs could make it, was very pleasant to behold ; the fig, the almond, and the olive flourished in luxuriance ; pot-herbs, and plants of various descriptions, looked fresh and vigorous, but as for neatness, or even the appearance of careful culture, many as were the pious proprietors of the premises, few were the gardeners of the establishment ; indeed, to speak generically, your monk is a ruminating animal, and incontestably addicted to repose ; he is neither given to wear out his brain by over study, nor his body by over work—he goeth through his offices, eateth, drinketh, sleepeth, and groweth fat, living to a good old age—he wanteth not for the

milk of human kindness ; but on contradiction, he waxeth cross—he is a lover of small talk, and doth take delight in gossip—nor hath he a holy horror of good cheer—moreover, he despiseth not the sight or touch of gold, but the clink of the merry metal is as music on his ear—he is of a quiescent quality, and his worth is negative, if not nought.

Our guide was, however, well satisfied with his garden, and pointed out its beauties with a triumphant air, at which Pietro fell into raptures ; but he was like a shuttlecock, going off at the slightest tap. Arriving at the end of the pleasure-ground, we were shown a gap in the wall, by which we descended, aided by a rope fixed on the outside.

The ascent of Sinai by the usual path is exceedingly easy, the remnants of a road, accommodated with occasional flights of steps, materially facilitating one's progress. Our first halt was at a spring of clear, cold water, in itself invaluable in the desert, but with a value enhanced by its miraculous origin. If the long lay brother was to be credited, this spring spouted from the rock to reward the piety of a prince of cobblers, who was determined to turn anchorite, yet, with all his devotedness, afraid to face the dog-days in these arid regions. So disregarding the well-known adage, "*ne sutor,*" &c., he invoked the subterraneous waters, and set up a hermitage by the well. Becoming an established saint, he worked wonders, and grew into renown ; amongst other miraculous achievements, he actually compelled the Mokàttim mountain, like the moving bog of Allen, to walk from, heaven knows where, to the back of Grand Cairo, and lest any one should doubt the marvel, there stands the mountain to the present day. This I call proof positive, and class the miracle above the annual liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, which so far from retaining its fluidity, obstinately congeals again, and, for no apparent reason in the world, has yearly to be melted by the powers of the Church.

Paul, an acknowledged sceptic in such matters, actually corroborated the account of the cobbler ; he could not fail to believe it, so often had he heard the repetition of the story ; indeed so impressed was he with the circumstan-

ces, that he hinted his intentions of returning at some future time, and setting up business as anchorite and miracle-monger on "his own hook." After we left the spring, the path which wound considerably, became steeper, and we arrived, after visiting the chapel of the Virgin, at the ruins of a gateway ; where in the palmy days of monasticism, the fathers of the convent were wont to confess and toll the pilgrims, who came in crowds to visit the stations on the mountain ; and a very pretty thing the monks must have made on the transaction. We now entered the little dell, where, as our monk informed us, the prophet Elijah held his solemn interview with God. It is a little valley, smooth and green ; near the centre stands a fine old cypress, shading an ancient well ; the craggy peaks of Sinai rise on either side, and a rude chapel marks the cave where the prophet hid himself from the presence of the Lord. This tradition may be true or false—it must rest on vague conjecture, but certainly the situation accords well with the tradition.

There, far withdrawn from the turmoil and din of men, in the heart of the "eternal hills" of Sinai, alone—but yet, alone with Deity—the prophet may have bowed before the "still, small voice." It is impossible to describe the feeling with which one treads the very ground whereon the presence of Jehovah rested once in glory—you look round you on those mighty barriers of rock, and reflect that this is Sinai, which "melted at the presence of the Lord." Visit the shores of classic Greece—stand on the hills of once imperial Rome—wander, with wondering awe, amidst the colossal skeletons of Egypt's bygone greatness—all tells at best of man—but this Horeb speaks of God—"The place whereon thou standest is holy ground." I would rather pass one hour on Sinai, or rest beneath the ancient olives of Gethsemane, pondering the fallen fortunes and the future prospects of that Jerusalem before my eyes, than view "all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them."

In about half an hour we gained the top of Jebel Mousa, the loftiest peak of Sinai, and the spot fixed on by Arab as well as Christian tradition as the place from whence the law was

given to Israel. This summit has been frequently, and very accurately described, consisting of an area of huge rocks, of about eighty feet in diameter. The ruins of a small chapel occupy its eastern extremity, and at the distance of about forty feet there stands a dilapidated mosque. From this platform the view is extensive and grand beyond expression; the eye roams over one chaotic mass of mountain—vast cliffs of bare red granite—crag heaped on crag—peak towering over peak—tumultuous, terrible—as it were, some angry ocean, lashed by the tempest's wildest madness—then suddenly transfixed in stone. Dr. Wilson, in his interesting work, "The Lands of the Bible," gives a minute and admirable description of the principal objects of view from the summit of Jebel Mousa. In vol. i. pp. 217–218, he writes:—

"Happily we had a perfectly clear atmosphere when we stood on Jebel Músá, and there was nothing around us except the higher peaks of Jebel Káttárin, and the ridge of which it is a part, to the south and west of us, to interrupt the view. It was terrific and sublime beyond all one's expectations. We were on the very axis, as it appeared, of the most remarkable group of primitive mountains in this remarkable peninsula. In the stability of their foundations, the depth of their chasms, the magnitude and fulness of their masses, the loftiness of their walls, and the boldness of their towering peaks, we had the architecture of nature revealed to us, in all its grandeur and majesty. The general impression of the scene was so overpowering that it was exceedingly difficult for us, for some considerable time, to fix our attention to its component parts; still we made the effort. Looking to the north-west, we saw a small portion of the sea of Suez, at the base of the mountains Deraj and Atákah, on the Egyptian side, and nearer to us, in the same direction, part of the peaks and shoulders of Serbál, and other mountains, contiguous to Wádi Feirán and Mukatee. To the north of us, overlooking the sandy plain of Ramlah, or Hadhras (Hazereth), we had the long range of Jebel Téh, with its dark summit and white flanks crossing the peninsula, and sending out several secondary ridges into the great and terrible wilderness, in which the children of Israel so long wandered under the curse of the divine displeasure, but miraculously supported by the divine grace and bounty. To the south-east we had before us a

portion of the sea of Akabah, with its deep blue surface, with the island of Térán, the largest in these parts, and some of its neighbours, of smaller dimensions, lying at its entrance. Beyond these we had the lofty mountains of Arabia, near and above Mowilah, bounding our horizon. Restricting our vision we had apparently quite close to us Jebel Katherine, with its two conical summits resting on a considerable platform, and outpeering the eminence on which we ourselves stood, as well as all the neighbouring heights. Looking over the gash, in our own mountain, in which stands the chapel of Elijah, which we had noticed in our ascent, we had a very distinct view of the hinder part of the remarkable peak which we had seen fronting the valley of er-Rehah, in which the Israelites were encamped before the Lord. . . . We looked down distinctly on Jebel Edeir, close to the convent, and the Jebel Sáléb, or the summit of Monayah behind, surmounted by the cross.

"The view from Jebel Músá is *all and more than I have represented it to be*, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, and particularly by Dr. Robinson, in his able work, *we could find no sufficient reason for opposing the ecclesiastical and local tradition of about fifteen centuries, according to which it is the very spot where the Lord descended to commune face to face with his servant Moses. The tradition now referred to is in strict accordance with the inference which the Scripture narrative suggests.*"

So writes Dr. Wilson, and accurately and excellently has he depicted the leading features of the vast prospect that lies round the traveller as he stands on the commanding height of Jebel Mousa. But Dr. Robinson, the recent American traveller, whose learned work on Palestine, Mount Sinai, and Arabia Petræa, has for some years been before the public, deserves more than a summary dismissal from our hands. Dr. Robinson, in direct opposition to the explicit statement above, asserts, "that there is not the slightest reason for supposing that Moses had anything to do with the summit that now bears his name," an assertion which, from so respectable an authority, demands a fair investigation; and as neither Drs. Wilson or Robinson appear to have examined the valley as you look south-east from Jebel Mousa, I may perhaps be permitted briefly to give the result of my

own researches on that quarter of the mountain, under which tradition would lead us naturally to infer the Israelites had encamped; for to fix on Jebel Mousa as the summit from whence the law was given to Israel, and then to place the encampment of the people in the valley of er-Raha, three miles distant, with deference to Dr. Wilson, I must maintain it, is manifestly absurd. Now Dr. Robinson's hypothesis is as follows: Wadi-er-Raha (which lies at the extremity of Mount Sinai—most remote from Jebel Mousa) must have been the valley in which the congregation of Israel assembled; consequently the Peak of Sinai, called Ras-es-Süfsafeh (the Horeb of the Monks), must, from its contiguity to Wadi-er-Rahah, have been the spot where Moses was commanded to come up into the Mount. "As we advanced," says Dr. Robinson, at vol. 1, p. 130, "the valley (of er-Raha) opened wider and wider, with a gentle ascent, and became full of shrubs and tufts of herbs, shut in on each side by lofty granite ridges, with rugged, shattered peaks a thousand feet high, while the face of Horeb rose directly before us. *Both my companion and myself involuntarily exclaimed, 'Here is room enough for a large encampment.'*" And at p. 141, after giving the dimensions of the valley as of two geographical miles in length, and in breadth ranging from one-third to two-thirds of a mile, he continues:—"The examination of this afternoon convinced us *that here was space enough to satisfy all the requisitions* of the Scriptural narrative as far as it relates to the assembling of the congregation to receive the law." Hence, at p. 176, Dr. Robinson concludes:—"The details of the preceding pages will have made the reader acquainted with the grounds which led us to the conviction that the plain of er-Rahah, above described, is the probable spot where the congregation of Israel were assembled." Having thus satisfactorily ascertained the locality of the encampment, the next thing was to look out for the mount from whence the law was given; this Dr. Robinson has with *equal* facility determined; for, turning to pp. 157, 158, we read—"At two o'clock we reached a third basin, surrounded by a like number of higher peaks, one of which is Ras-es-

Süfsafeh, the highest in this part of the mountain." . . . While the monks were here employed (at the Chapel of the Virgin of the Zone) "in lighting tapers and burning incense, we determined to scale the *almost inaccessible peak* of es-Süfsafeh before us, in order to look out upon the plain, and judge for ourselves as to the adaptedness of this part of the mount to the circumstances of the scriptural history. This cliff rises some five hundred feet above the basin, and the distance to the summit is more than half-a-mile. *We first attempted* to climb the side in a direct course, but found the rock so *smooth and precipitous* that, after some falls and more exposures, we were *obliged to give it up*, and clamber upwards along a steep ravine by a more northern and circuitous course; from the head of this ravine we were able to climb around the face of the northern precipice, and reach the top, along the deep hollows worn in the granite by the weather during the lapse of ages, which gives to this part, as seen from below, the appearance of architectural ornament. *The extreme difficulty and even danger* of the ascent was well rewarded by the prospect that now opened before us; the *whole plain, er-Rahah, lay spread out beneath our feet with the adjacent wadys and mountains*; while Wady esh-Sheikh on the right, and the recess on the left, both connected with and opening broadly from er-Rahah, presented an area which serves nearly to double that of the plain. Our conviction was strengthened that here, or on some one of the adjacent cliffs was the spot where the Lord "descended in fire" and proclaimed the law; here lay the plain where the whole congregation might be "assembled."

Such, then, is Dr. Robinson's hypothesis respecting these sacred localities, and such the grounds for his hypothesis—the natural "adaptedness" of the plain of er-Rahah and contiguous Peak of es-Süfsafeh "to the circumstances of the scriptural history;" but, however unexceptionable *per se* the Wadi of er-Rahah may appear as the place of assembly, still one must pause before he concludes, with Dr. Robinson, that this plain is the probable spot where the congregation of Israel were assembled, *and that the mountain impending over it was the*

scene of the awful phenomena in which the law was given;" for, first, is it probable, if this natural "adaptedness" be so apparent, and these localities be truly what by Dr. Robinson they have been assumed to be, that not one vestige of tradition corroborates this assumption?—nay, that the only tradition that exists places the scene of the scriptural narrative at the very other extremity of Mount Sinai? Call this tradition a monkish fable, if you will; but how comes it to be a *local tradition of the Arabs also*? What inducement could the Arabs have to perpetuate the superstition of the monks? None, surely. Yet a tradition of 1,500 years attests that the giving of the law took place on Jebel Mousa, the Mount of Moses, and that tradition is still held religiously *by the inhabitants of the region* in which this great transaction took place.

But dismiss tradition, and consider the capabilities of Ras-es-Sûfsafeh for the interview of Moses with his God. Dr. Robinson describes this summit of Sinai as "*almost inaccessible*"—nay, its side "*so smooth and precipitous* that, after some falls and more exposures," Dr. Robinson and party "*were obliged to give it up.*" They were actually unable to climb it "*in a direct course,*" and, with considerable difficulty, at length reached the summit by clambering "*round the face of the northern precipice.*" Now, Jehovah selected this—not the most lofty, nor yet the most prominent, but confessedly the most inaccessible height of Sinai—there to hold an interview with Moses, a man at the time of upwards of *eighty* years of age! I must say this fact relative to the impracticability of the ascent, coupled with the negative argument derived from the absence of tradition, affords a *prima facie* evidence against Dr. Robinson's position.

Once more, if Dr. Robinson's hypothetical localities were incompatible with the scriptural narrative, would there not be demonstrative evidence that neither Wadi er-Rahah nor Ras-es-Sûfsafeh was the scene of the giving of the law and the assembling of the congregation of Israel? Now, we may strike out the "if," for the hypothesis is incompatible with the scriptural narrative. Let us read a few

Book of Exodus—begin at verse 15:—
 "And Moses turned and went down from the mount. . . . And when Joshua *heard* the noise of the people as they shouted, he said unto Moses, there is a noise of war in the camp. And he (Moses) said, it is not the voice of them that shout for mastery, neither is it the noise of them that cry for being overcome, but the voice of them that sing *do I hear.* And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that *he saw* the calf and the dancing." Now, it is evident that neither Moses, from the *top* of the mount, nor Joshua, from a less elevated position, *saw* what was going on in the camp; they both spake as men who judged, not from *sight*, but *sound*. "When Joshua *heard*"—"It is the voice of them that sing *do I hear*"—"As soon as he came nigh to the camp, Moses *saw,*" &c.

The place of encampment, therefore, was not visible from the summit of the mount, or its immediate neighbourhood. Now, contrast this fact with Dr. Robinson's account of the prospect from es-Sûfsafeh:—"The whole plain of er-Rahah lay spread beneath our feet with the adjacent wadis and mountains, whilst Wadi es-Sheikh on the right, and the recess on the left *presented* an area which serves nearly to double that of the plain." The place of encampment was invisible, says the Scripture—"er-Rahah and its adjacent wadis lay spread beneath our feet," says Dr. Robinson. Well, then, on Dr. Robinson's own showing, neither er-Rahah nor any one of the valleys adjacent could, by possibility, have been the place of the encampment of Israel. So much for Dr. Robinson's defence of his position. And now a word on his assault on the traditionary claims of Jebel Mousa. Let us open the "Researches" at p. 154, vol. 1:—My first and predominant feeling, while upon this summit, was that of disappointment. Although, from our examination of the plain of er-Rahah below, and its correspondence to the scriptural narrative (?), we had arrived at the general conviction that the people of Israel must have been collected on it to receive the law; yet we still had cherished a lingering hope or feeling that there might, after all, be some foundation for the long series of monkish tradi-

tion which, for at least fifteen centuries, has pointed out the summit on which we now stood as the spot from where the ten commandments were so awfully proclaimed." (Observe, Dr. Robinson does here limit the *local Arab tradition* to a period of fifteen centuries.) "But scriptural narrative and monkish tradition are very different things; and, while the former has a distinctness and definitiveness, which, through all our journeys, rendered the Bible our best guide-book, we found the latter not less usually, and almost regularly, to be but a baseless fabric. *In the present case there is not the slightest reason for supposing that Moses had anything to do with the summit which now bears his name.* It is *three miles* from the plain on which the Israelites *must* have stood, and hidden from it by the intervening peaks of the modern Horeb. No part of the plain is visible from its summit, nor are the bottoms of the adjacent valleys, nor is any spot to be seen around it, where the people could have been assembled. *The only spot which is not immediately surrounded by high mountains, is towards the S.E., where it sinks down precipitously*" this it does not "to a tract of *naked, gravelly hills.* Here just at its foot is the head of a small valley, wady-es-Sebaiyeh, running towards the N.E., beyond the Mountain of the Cross, into Wady-es-Sheik; and of another, not larger, called El-Wârah, running S.E. to Wady Nûsb, in the Gulf of Akabah; but both of these together hardly afford a tenth part of the space contained in El-Rahah and Wady-Esheit *indeed in almost every respect the view from this point is confined* yet Laborde professes to have seen from it Serbal-um-Shaumer, and the mountains of Africa beyond—it *must have been with the mind's eye*;" for the accuracy of this latter assertion, as to the limited prospect from Jebel Mousa, turn back to the extract from Dr. Wilson, quoted above. . . . "In short, the visit to the summit of Jebel Mousa *was to me the least satisfactory incident in our whole sojourn at Mount Sinai*;" and little marvel that it was, for, with an hypothesis, ready cut and dry, backed by a latent determination not to see, and a deep-rooted horror of tradition, Dr. Robinson must have spent a dis-

mal "two hours and a-half" on the top of Jebel Mousa. With his predilection for er-Rahah, we have nothing to do here; but the assertion contained in the latter part of this paragraph, if correct, appears at the "first blush" to be a finisher: "Nor is any spot to be seen around it where the people could have been assembled"—for if such spot be in the neighbourhood, from this height, it must be visible: if not visible, it cannot exist, *ergo*, &c., &c. Not so fast, most logical reader; for if you have not forgotten the passage in Exod. xxii—"The place of encampment could not be seen from the top of the Mount;" consequently, the fact of Dr. Robinson's not being able to *see* it should lead one to conclude, not that such place did not exist, but that some place for an encampment, in the direction of these "naked, gravelly hills," should be searched for, either by descending the mountain in the S.E. direction, or going all the way round by the Wady-Sebaiyeh.

Dr. Robinson, then (unless he be far more keen-sighted than Moses or Joshua), has unintentionally given us a lift in pursuing our investigation of this missing locality. "No doubt Dr. Robinson put into execution your very natural suggestion?" No doubt, my good sir, he ought to have done so; but, strange to say, this neither Drs. Robinson nor Wilson did, leaving it to a poor blunderer like myself to examine the localities as I best might; so if you are not wearied by your ascent of Jebel Mousa, return with me to the convent, and we will set out on our travels anew. I suppose you will not require luncheon there, for I perceive you have played your part in discussing the contents of our friendly Arab's "leathern bag."

Allons donc, let us walk up Wady Shueb; now we turn sharp to the right, round the edge of Jebel ed-Deir; we have entered Wady es-Sheik. Observe, by the way, that insulated mass of rock near the entrance, which Dr. Robinson overlooked in his map. Leaving an imposing space at the opening of Wady-er-Rahah, you have Jebel el-Furia on your left, on your right hand, of course, Jebel ed-Deir. Now mark this narrow gash at your right elbow, this is Wady Abouma-thee; we will turn in here—"but for

what purpose ; don't you see in Dr. Robinson's map, this wadi runs but a short way into the mountain—it is a mere blind alley, and no thoroughfare." And how can *I* help that? *I* did not make the map. Captain Basil Hall, in cruising off the coast of Japan, I think, went to consult his chart, and found himself at that moment sailing through the body of a large elephant, depicted thereon! but he held his course notwithstanding—so shall we; for maps, unlike popes, are fallible. You perceive we have taken a short cut, and got into Wady-Sabaiyeh; to your left it runs into es-Sheik—but we turn to the right towards Jebel Mousa.

"Now this is by no means a narrow wadi, as Dr. Robinson, without having set foot in it, asserts," says Dr. Wilson, vol. i. p. 249. "Before starting, we examined the opening of Wady es-Sebaiyeh, which we found to be *much* wider than we had supposed. Mr. Sherlock remained at it for some time, endeavouring to measure it by pacing; and, directing our artist to make a sketch of Jebel Mousa in the distance, which he took in the valley, about a quarter of an hour from its entrance, Jebel Mousa pointing S.S.W." Mr. Sherlock then came down the valley somewhere about to where we are. Nor is this wadi a very short one; for take that thread you are winding round your finger, measure on it, by Mr. Robinson's scale, two geographical miles, now apply it to the extreme length of this wadi, as laid down in Dr. Robinson's large map of Sinai, and you will find the extreme length of this valley, from its opening into es-Sheik to the outlet of Wadi Shueb, at the point of Jebel ed-Deir, to be above three and a quarter geographical miles!—this, according to his own map, is Dr. Robinson's "small valley of Wady-es-Sebaiyeh," the opening of which he saw from the top of Jebel Mousa!

We have now got to the corner of ed-Dier, where Wadi-Shueb divides it from Sinai; you perceive our valley here widens considerably. Before you is Jebel Mousa, distinct from ed-Deir on its right, and the more distant elongation of St. Katherine on its left. It presents itself a bold, towering, imposing mountain, receding with a sweep from the plain, and terminating

in a fine grey peak of granite. Unlike Horeb, it has scarcely any feature in common with the mountains on either side, or the range at our backs; they are red, bare, and craggy—this is covered with green herbage nearly to its peak, which peak as you observe is grey—"Grey-topped Sinai," as Milton emphatically calls it. The surrounding mountains are irregular and multiform; this is rather conical in shape, and outtops its compeers. The mountains both left and right are to all appearance inaccessible; this Jebel Mousa is, as you perceive, easy of ascent, at least to yonder crags which gird it, some distance up there. Now step the valley from the range behind us to that insulated mound, like the remnant of an artificial barrier at the base of Jebel Mousa; it measures 540 paces even of my long legs, and the top of the mound is some 315 paces across. We compute here the 540 yards of *dead level*; but you see the opposite range does not rise abruptly from the valley, but its base retires gently from the level, so as to add most considerably to the practical width of the wadi; moreover, this continuation to Wadi Sebaiyeh, taking the base of Jebel Mousa, and the projection of Mount St. Katherine in its direction, rises and rises: so the farther you leave Sinai behind you, the higher you ascend, commanding a distinct view of Jebel Mousa for at least two miles. Now add two miles to three miles and a quarter (geographical), and you have pretty accurately the length of Wadi Sebaiyeh and its continuation; but Wadi Sebaiyeh opens broadly into Wadi es-Sheik, which affords good space for the skirts of an encampment—beyond the mound you will perceive Dr. Robinson's unfortunate gravel hills, forming an undulation at the inner edge of the wadi. "But how came it we did not see this plain from the top of Jebel Mousa?" Simply because the mountain retreats so far and so gradually from its base, and then shoots so abruptly into a narrow peak that this undulating outskirts screens the valley from the observation of one that looks for it from that summit; the state of the case is plain, and the invisibility of the valley from the top of the mountain, is a striking peculiarity which marks its strict local accordance with the Scripture narrative.

Again, if the Israelites approached by way of Tûr, as some suppose, their route directly opens into this wadi. If, on the other hand, they journeyed by es-Sheik, Wadi es-Sheik opens directly into Wadi es-Sebaiyah. A man must be fastidious about localities who can cavil with a tradition that maintains this wadi and its impending mountain to be the scene of the giving of the law. But let us ascend Jabel Mousa. You are fatigued; well, sit you down, and I will give you a full and true account of my ascent, when I was passing a few days at the convent, early in the spring of 1845.

One fine afternoon I had employed myself in taking the dimensions of this wadi we have just stepped; and, having some time on hand before the day closed, the bright thought took me of climbing the mountain, exactly opposite to where we are now sitting. A little Arab urchin had been following me for some distance, so for lack of better company I took him with me, and up we began to trudge. As you can perceive, the ascent was exceedingly easy in the commencement (I have ridden up many a more difficult hill); but, after a while, the path became steep, though neither rough nor wearisome; in fact, we encountered nothing to retard our progress until we reached that crest of rock above there: here we came to "a stand still"—for, although we clambered over the cliffs with ease, a deep chasm ran along their inner base, penetrating, as it appeared, the very roots of the mountain, and extending all the way across. However, after a short search, we found a natural bridge of rock which spanned the chasm, and by it we reached the opposite side; here another barrier of crags ran parallel with the former, and this we climbed.

To my surprise, I now found myself descending into a basin deep and spacious, carpeted with a close green turf; while directly opposite me rose a vast perpendicular wall of rock, terminating in that dark grey peak before us. On its extremity to the right, this wall of rock gradually subsides into a series of low crags, while its left wing slopes gently till it meets the outer and higher margin of the basin in which I stood. I dare say the summit might be gained by mounting the crags on the right hand; but

at the extremity on the left, a very slight detour must bring one with ease to the top of the peak.

Such a scene of secluded solitude I never before witnessed. A barrier of rock cut off the plain below, and red and rugged peaks of sterile mountains reared their bleak heads on either side; but towering above all, in savage grandeur, there rose the awful front of Sinai. The loneliness and desolation of the spot was indescribable—not a sound to break the solemn stillness—not a moving thing to indicate life—not even a passing cloud to chequer the deep, monotonous, unbroken blue of heaven. The poor child I brought up with me had got terrified, and crept down. I was, indeed, alone. Could I regret it? No. I could now give utterance to my feelings without restraint; thoughts crowded on me. I was hurried back in thought, through a lapse of ages, to the days when Moses was wont to lead his flock to Horeb—"this mount of God." How often had he climbed this hill-side?—how often meditated, mused, and prayed, even on this lonely spot?—loving it for its loneliness, lingering in its solitude. Moses the Egyptian exile—then the mountain shepherd—then the great deliverer, the law-giver of Israel—the mediator between Jehovah and his backsliding people—Moses a child of nature, the man of God. I thought of Moses; but I remembered one greater than Moses had stood here; that above me, on that mysterious pinnacle, the presence of God incomprehensible had been manifested. There "Clouds and darkness were around him; righteousness and judgment were the habitation of his throne; his lightnings enlightened the world; the earth saw and trembled; the hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth; the mountains melted from before the Lord, even Sinai from the God of Israel." The cloud of glory had departed, the presence of Jehovah no longer burned "like a devouring fire" on the heights of Sinai. But had the secret, spiritual presence of the Lord departed also with his visible glory? No, truly; my heart then told me—"Surely God is in this place." I shall never, I trust, forget that hour upon the mountain.

I have now, I hope, said sufficient to show that the hypothesis advanced by Dr. Robinson is in itself untenable, and even if tenable, unnecessary to elucidate the narrative of the Word of God. Dr. Robinson is, I should think, a talented, a learned, and what is better far, a good man, and a sincere inquirer after truth; but he affords an example of the danger of examining a subject under the influence of a pre-conceived theory. Had he been less satisfied with his supposed discovery of the "adaptedness" of Wadi-er-Rahah to the scriptural account of the encampment of Israel before the Mount, he would, no doubt, have exhibited more energy in pursuing his inquiry with respect to the immediate localities of Jebel Mousa, and thereby saved himself a dangerous clamber, and much disappointment; but we all of us are too much given to play the part of the country smith. A horse is brought into the forge to be shod, and the smith takes down a ready-turned shoe; the shoe is a thought too small—so what does our knight of the bellows? Not take his bar of iron and turn his shoe to match. No, he has a readier method; he takes the horse's hoof, and pares and burns until he makes the hoof to fit the shoe, not the shoe the hoof. Our ready-turned theory is the shoe, the subject to be fitted is the horse-hoof, ourself the sapient smith, and so we pare, and cut, and burn, till we make a "neat job of it." 'Tis true the horse is crippled, and goes wondrous lame? but what of that. Ply whip and spur, urge the ill-used animal, and you will scarcely notice the defalcation when he "warms to his work." I may add, I was not the only member of the party who came to a like conclusion with respect to the local claims of Jebel Mousa and its subadjacent valley. Two German gentlemen, both men of learning and intelligence, went over the same ground, and made a similar examination. They went by themselves; we had not even told each other of our respective intentions; but on comparing notes in the evening, we found the result of our investigations materially the same. According to their measurements, however, the valley in question was more

extensive than my less accurate computation of its dimensions led me to suppose. Some months after, I had the pleasure of meeting a talented American artist, who had gone over the same ground, and made some admirable sketches of Jebel Mousa from the quarter I have endeavoured to describe. His opinion concurred with my own; indeed I always made it a point to pencil down my observations on the spot, before I wrote the proceedings of the day in my journal. In my account, I omit many names of places given me by the Arabs at the time, not only to avoid complexity in my narrative, as an Arab has a name for every little turn in a wadi or angle of a mountain, but principally to save myself superfluous annoyance from the printer's devil in correcting for the press, said demon not only making sad and, I grieve to say, habitual blunders in the proof-sheet, but falling foul, with especial malignity, of all foreign terms, phrases, and expressions, as if he thought one language was sufficient for the universe, and that his vernacular tongue. I trust most sincerely he will attend to this friendly hint. To the dry disquisition I have inflicted on the reader, I could add sundry other impertinences—as, how I ascended Mount St. Katharine, and lost my way at nightfall; how that mad monk, Pietro, broke bounds, and ran away from the convent; also the true narrative of the old Bowab's skeleton in the cemetery, who, three times incarcerated in the sepulchre, three times broke ground again, and took up his position at the doorway, sitting sentinel over the ghastly dead, and there he remains in his obstinacy, with drooping head and eyeless sockets, an impracticable ghost. The convent chapel, the shrine of the burning bush, the imaginary rock of Rephidim, even the very mould in which Aaron is fabled to have cast the golden calf, have all been abundantly described; and although truth and falsehood, fact and fiction, blend in the wild traditions of this region, yet surely enough remains to convince the unprejudiced inquirer that on Sinai may be traced, even to the present day, true records of Israel's wanderings, as well as an unfading imprint of Israel's God.

[THE ISLAND OF SARDINIA.*

SARDINIA, although in the highway of the Mediterranean, has become so little known that, as Heeren says, "we are less acquainted with it than with Owhyhee or Otaheite;" and yet, in size, as well as in fertility, it is nearly equal to Sicily; and several of the ancient, and some amongst the modern writers, even hold that it is the larger island of the two: of the former is Herodotus, and of the latter, Captain Smyth, R.N., who surveyed its coasts, and published an account of it in 1828. Lord Nelson's letters afford abundant evidence of the importance which he attached to Sardinia, both as a naval station, and as an insular possession. "If I lose Sardinia," said he, "I lose a French fleet;" and he repeatedly pressed upon the government the policy of gaining it either by conquest or by purchase. "This," he writes to Lord Hobart, "which is the finest island in the Mediterranean, possesses harbours fit for arsenals, and of a capacity to hold our navy within twenty-four hours' sail of Toulon—lays to ride our fleets in, and to watch both Italy and Toulon; no fleet could pass to the eastward, between Sicily and the coast of Barbary, nor through the Faro of Messina. Malta, in point of position, is not to be named in the same year with Sardinia. All the fine ports of Sicily are situated on the eastern side of the island; consequently of no use to watch anything but the Faro of Messina." He adds: "In the hands of a liberal government, and free from the dread of the Barbary States, there is no telling what its produce would not amount to. It is worth any money to obtain; and I judge my existence it could be held for as little as Malta in its establishment, and produce a larger income." Lord Nelson's view of the capabilities of Sardinia is fully corroborated by the careful examination of its resources, as exhibited in the work before us; and it is melancholy to contrast it with the actual condition of the people of

that island, of all ranks, with their common misery and degradation—induced, partly by the many revolutions to which their country has been exposed—the various powers to which it has been from time to time a dependency — Phœnicians, Tyrrhenians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Saracens, Pisans, Genoese, Spanish, and Piedmontese. The evils incident to such vicissitude of rule have been immeasurably increased by the neglect which this unhappy island appears to have experienced from all alike, and especially owing to the restrictive policy and injudicious legislation which have been its fatal dowry since its union with the House of Savoy—from the earliest date of that connection up to almost the present hour. We say almost, because within a year or two there have been some hopeful improvements.

Sardinia was, we are told, in early times named Ichnusa, from its resemblance in form to *ιχθυος*—the track of a foot; and that on the arrival of Sardus—known as the Theban Hercules—with a Libyan colony, this appellation was exchanged for that of Sardinia. Captain Smyth represents the island as 163 miles long, and 70 wide. It is most advantageously placed for commerce with Spain, France, Italy, Sicily, and Africa, and is about 170 miles distant from Sicily, and 120 from Tunis. In the year 1843, Mr. Tyndale, who we find has travelled in very many distant lands, took into his head the strange notion of visiting Sardinia; strange, because nobody goes there now; more strange, as he was travelling for his health, and this island has had, in all time, classic and modern, the bad reputation of being unhealthy. We have to rejoice that he returned at all; and chiefly, that by his bold adventure he has been enabled to supply us with a mass of information on the subject of this lost Atlantis and forgotten land. His work is "work," showing wide observation and research,

* "The Island of Sardinia." By John Warre Tyndale, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. vols. Bentley: London. 1849.

with, however, a fair allowance of such lighter reading as is likely to make it popular.

We shall endeavour to collect for our readers enough of matter to enable them to form their own opinion on the resources of this country, and the character and condition of its people; and shall, then, if our space permit us, advert to one or two topics of interest peculiar to the island. The first is connected with antiquities—the unexplained and remarkable remains called the *Noraghe* and *Sepoltura de is Gigantes*; the other is historical—the singular institution of the *Giudici*, so long connected with the Sardinian polity.

In the spring of the year 1843, Mr. Tyndale left Genoa in one of the government steamers, bound for Porto Torres, in Sardinia, where he just touched, and then proceeded in the same vessel to Alghero, to which place it was conveying a passenger of importance, the new bishop of that diocese. Having rounded the island of Assinara, they coasted a shore of great beauty, and passed the *Capo dell Argentiera*, the highest and most westerly point of the island, upwards of 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. The whole of this western coast has, we are told, from thirty to forty fathoms of water, within a mile of the shore:—

“Some thirty Neapolitan boats in the offing had commenced the coral fishery, and in their form, and the cut of their sails, resembled the nautilus, numbers of which were basking around us, and spreading their transparent canvas to the light breeze, which scarcely ruffled the deep blue sea. Shoals of dolphins occasionally ‘bared their backs of gold,’ and made those timid, fragile wanderers of the ocean appear and disappear from the surface; while thousands of sea-birds, floating and flying before us, gave a cheerful animation and voice to the surrounding beauties of nature.”—Vol. i. p. 51.

The bishop, whose acquaintance our author now made, had filled some high ecclesiastical offices in Greece, Turkey, and Wallachia, and having been lately appointed to the see of his native town, Alghero, was returning there. He is described as a well-informed and agreeable man, with handsome features, set off by a long beard, which, in Oriental fashion, he was continually stroking

and smoothing. Alghero, where they landed, derives its name from the word *alga*, the Latin for the sea-weed which lies in great quantities on its shores. The province of which it is the capital is about 536 miles square, with a population of about 32,000 souls. Two-thirds of this territory is, we are told, mountainous; and though most of it is fertile, not more than one-sixth of the whole is cultivated. The pasturage also is neglected, and there is not much timber, which in most of the other districts of the island forms a fine feature, and a material source of wealth. The chief productions of this province are corn, wine, and oil, but the quantities exported are small; and the coral fishery, which ought to be a great source of industry, is altogether in the hands of the Neapolitans and the Genoese. There are no manufactures, and education is neglected. Out of the whole population of the district, amounting to about 32,000, not more than 150 attended schools, while of the adults engaged in rural occupation, only one in sixty can read or write. The moral character of the people is not, as may be inferred, high. The principal crimes are “vendetta,” cattle stealing, and the burning of underwood. Of the first we shall presently speak; the others are much encouraged by the want of pasturage and by inattention. Judging from the nature of their crimes, we should form no very unfavourable idea of the elements of the Sardinian character. The term *fuorusciti*—homeless—or, as Mr. Tyndale renders it literally “outgoers,” embraces large numbers, and includes the bandit, the petty robber, the fugitive from the arm of the law, and those who fly from the consequences of the “vendetta,” or revenge of an insult or an injury. The petty robbers are few, and the two last-named classes constitute, we are told, seven-eighths of the whole *fuorusciti*:—

“Innocent or guilty—for they are a mixed herd—they lead a vagabond life in the forests and mountains with greater security and happiness than were they to undergo the risk of a trial by the law authorities, finding their own revenge for injury or insult more satisfactory and attainable than any legal justice and retribution. *Facinorosi*, the wicked, and *Malviventi*, the evil livers, are the names generally applied to these two classes

by way of contradistinction to the banditto and ladro, the bandit and the robber; for, continually in communication with their families, they obtain from them what they require, and only when hard pressed will a sheep from a neighbour's flock be stolen, or the stranger be stopped and applied to for assistance."—Vol. i. p. 93.

This state of things has arisen from long negligence and the maladministration of bad laws. Carlo Alberto, the present king, has done a good deal towards remedying it; but his efforts have been too exclusively directed to improving the police, without enough attending to the true source of the evil—the defective administration of justice. Some of Mr. Tyndale's bandit stories remind us of those gentlemen robbers of whom Mr. Ford makes honourable mention in his *Hand-book of Spain*. We shall indulge our readers with the main facts of one of them, especially as it comes in an authentic form, and illustrates the condition of the country at the present day.

Pepe Bona was born in the neighbourhood of Alghero, in 1787. In 1814 he was accused of the murder of a baronial law officer, and fled to the mountains, where he remained for five years, a fuoruscito, but returned to his home on the accusation being disproved. He lived with his family for many years industriously, and bearing a good character; but the friends of the law officer cherished against him a rancorous vendetta feeling, and in 1829 charged him with another crime. Conceiving that anything was better for him than to stand his trial, he fled again to the mountains, where he was joined by friends, partisans, and other fugitives, of whom he became the absolute and all-famed leader. In the year 1836, Pepe Bona sought an interview with the Marquis de Boyl, the principal proprietor in the neighbourhood of Alghero, of which the following extract is an account. It was given by the Marquis himself to Mr. Tyndale, and is in fact part of a letter which he wrote immediately after the circumstance to the Marchioness:—

"Towards nine o'clock in the evening, as I was finishing my dinner, a servant came and whispered to me that the celebrated Pepe Bona desired to have the honour of presenting himself to me.

The minister of justice, and all the official authorities of the village being at table with me, I ordered in a low voice which none could hear, that he should be conducted to my bed-room without passing through the room where we were dining. I then went there, and soon saw enter a man of middle stature, about forty-seven years of age, of calm and majestic deportment. His hair was grey, as was also his long beard; his eyes were dark, and his face much wrinkled. Four others were behind him, one of whom was a very handsome young man of twenty-one, of slender figure, with light beard and dark eyes. All were armed from head to foot, each carrying a gun, a bayonet, and a brace of pistols; and each of them held by a cord a dog of most ferocious aspect—a thorough Cerberus. Pepe Bona, followed by his sons—for thus he calls his comrades—advanced towards me, and they all kissed my hand with the greatest courtesy imaginable. After apologising for presenting himself thus armed before me, he hoped I understood his position, being continually pursued by his enemies and the hand of the law. He then proceeded to narrate to me the kind of life he had led for eleven years in the mountains, and, as he said, 'from having been calumniated by his enemies and the law authorities, without having killed any one'—alluding to the Primo and second affair of 1829. I was extremely delighted with his conversation, and questioned him on many subjects. He then begged me to ask pardon for him; and I replied that he could obtain it easily himself, as he already knew, *per impunità*—that is, by giving up another who had a price fixed on his head. At these words, my hero, drawing himself back a couple of steps, and grasping the handle of the bayonet, which was placed diagonally in his waistband, said, 'My lord, Pepe Bona has never betrayed any one; if the government does not choose to change the sentence on me, and I am to buy my liberty by treachery, I do not wish for that change; I prefer a thousand times to reside in the mountains with my sons and my honour—yes, with my honour, which I regard more than my life.' At this answer, I could no longer restrain myself, and giving him my hand, he kissed it most respectfully, bending his head. I commended the honourable sentiments with which he was animated; and after having promised to do all in my power to intercede with the government for his pardon, on the other condition, I endeavoured to reason with him, and make him see that some day or other he might be wounded, and then easily arrested. The four men

who were with him, and who had not hitherto spoken a word, here interrupted me as I was proceeding, and all of them simultaneously exclaimed, 'Inantio heus a morriri totus conca a issu' (Before that, we will all perish for his head). I then withdrew myself from them for a little while, to take leave of my guests, who were waiting for me in the other room, and ordered a supper for them, which they accepted with much pleasure; and to avoid any restraint on them, I retired to a little distance. How I longed for the pencil of Vandyke to paint their animated countenances, their large dark eyes turning from all sides to the door whenever it was opened. The five dogs beside them, their eyes fixed on their masters, watched greedily for the pieces of food which were thrown to them from time to time. My *maitre d'hotel* sat at table with the *fuorusciti*, and had to taste everything first, according to their request, as the *dragoni*, the government troops, might, as they hinted, have become acquainted with their arrival at the palace, and it was necessary to be on their guard, lest they should 'die the death of rats.' They gave me an account of their mode of life: wandering about all night, resting and concealing themselves during the day; and, outcast as they were, on assembling in the morning, they go through the *rosario*; and, courageous beyond all belief, are yet most humble in the presence of their chief, nor dare to raise their eyes when he reproves them. Their principal amusement is firing at a target, which they do constantly and with great dexterity. After supper they again kissed my hand, and it being past midnight, and every one in bed, I expressed a wish to accompany them to see them start on their horses. I was perfectly astonished in meeting, at a short distance, twenty more of his band, who, acting as a *vidette*, with their dogs, were guarding the security of their chief and their companions."—Vol. i. pp. 96-8.

The marquis was not successful in his application to the government; and two years afterwards—that is, in the Sept. of 1838—another *fuoruscito*, named Rosas, between whom and our bandit there had been a quarrel, found Pepe Bona asleep, unarmed, at the foot of a tree, and shot him dead on the spot. Pepe, we are told, was loved as well as feared,—and though

we much distrust the eulogy of any robber—it is added, that during his whole outlawry he never injured an individual who had treated him fairly.

Leaving the neighbourhood of Alghero, Mr. Tyndale proceeds to permeate the other districts of the island, and this, it is plain, was no easy undertaking, for the country is almost roadless, and a few public caleches, and about ten private carriages, comprise the statistics of all its locomotives. Small is the encouragement for travelling in Sardinia; comfort and cleanliness are not in favour there; and in all the island there is no hotel, and only three houses, which take ambitiously the humbler name of inns. As, however, in most countries where there is no public accommodation for travellers, hospitality is so uniformly met with, that it seems to be less a usage than a law. Mr. Tyndale says that his only embarrassment was the choice and decision as to the party from whom he should accept his board and lodging. "The traveller is sent from village to village, with a note, or a verbal message, and either, we are assured, is sufficient to insure him a hearty welcome." Some trifle may be given to the servant on leaving; but it would not be safe to offer anything in payment to a host, however humble he may be. The disadvantage is, that the privacy of the guest is not respected, and that he is as liable to cool questions and intrusive visits, as if he were in Kentucky.

The climate is, as we have said, unhealthy; and the ancient classics have many references which show that they thought as badly of it as we do. Cicero says, sarcastically, of one Tigellius, who was a native of this island, that he was "a man more pestilential than his country."* Martial uses the word Sardinia as synonymous with death. Tacitus, in speaking of the expulsion of the Jews from Rome to this island, adds, "and if they should die of the unhealthiness of the climate, it would only be a paltry loss." We find, too, a like character ascribed to Sardinia in the middle ages, by Dante, who compares it to the worst localities of Italy:—

* The authorities for this, and many such other passages, will be found in Mr. Tyndale's work.—vol. i. p. 61, *et seqt.*

"Qual dolor fora se delgi spedali
Di Valdichiana tra Juglio e Settembre,
E di Sardegna e di Maremma i mali
Fossero in una fossa tutti insembre."
Inferno, canto xxix., st. 46.

"Intemperie" is the native term for the malady of the island, which seems to be a combination of fever and ague, or, as our author describes it, "malaria and something more." Captain Smyth mentions that it is a common opinion amongst the Sardes that the green figs of an infected district imbibe and evolve the deleterious principle of intemperie, and that he was cautioned by the viceroy himself against allowing his seamen to eat of the fruit of the delicious vale of Pula; "nor," as he further observes, "when the known quality of the fig-tree for intenerating meat is considered, does it seem a question unworthy of investigation;" yet, we collect from him that corn grown on such grounds is esteemed the best, the land being most fertile in the low and damp valleys. There seems, however, to be no room for doubting, that if the country were more cleared of wood, more drained, and better cultivated, it would be quite as healthy as most other lands.

The coral fishery has been, from of old, a branch of trade in Sardinia; and yet, of the boats engaged in it, about seven-eighths are Neapolitan; and of the small remainder, most are Tuscan, and but a few Sarde. "The fishing ground," says our author, "extends from the island of Asinara down to Oristano, at about twenty miles off the shore, and at the average depth of about 300 feet." The coral is much superior to that found off the Sicilian coast; and the annual value of the fishery is estimated at £60,000. The Sardine and Anchovy fisheries are also important branches of industry; but owing, it is thought, to the want of energy of the Sardes, they have much decreased within a few years. During his stay in the province of Sassari, Mr. Tyndale had an opportunity of examining another source of maritime industry, and one which forms a main branch of the export trade of Sardinia. This is its tunny fishery, which is described minutely and at length. The value of this great fishery has of late years much decreased, owing in great part to the indolence and consequent want of capital which

afflict Sardinia, as they have long done our own unhappy country. The two great Tonnare, or tunny fisheries of Sardinia, are at this moment rented by foreigners, and four-fifths of the hands employed in them are Genoese:

"The tunny fish enter the Mediterranean about the end of April, follow the lines of coast into the Black Sea, and then returning back to the Atlantic, disappear about the middle of August; such, at least, is the general belief, but the cause of their short and rapid visit has never been ascertained.

"According to Aristotle, Pliny, and Ælian, they proceed to the Black Sea for the purpose of spawning, it being the only place where they do, 'nec alibi fetificant;' but this supposition is not tenable, as the eggs are found equally in the Mediterranean, and that they are driven in to escape the attack of the sword-fish, is no less erroneous, for that fish is found to mix with them without any hostility.

"The pursuit of innumerable shoals of small fish in the Mediterranean is another opinion; and Polybius speaks of their fondness for the acorns found on the well-wooded shores, from which circumstance Athenæus calls the tunny the 'sea-pig.'

"The last reasons are equally objectionable, as the shoals of small fish and the acorns do not abound till a later period in the year, when the tunny have returned to the Atlantic; and, indeed, no cause has been satisfactorily assigned beyond the natural instinct.

"The fact of the tunny keeping close to the shores in its grand tour is well attested; but the idea entertained by the ancients, that the visual power of the right eye was greater than that of the left; and, consequently, when entering the Black Sea, they kept on the south shore, and on the north when returning, would not be worth mentioning, were it not still prevalent among many of the fishermen.

"Æschylus, Aristotle, Athenæus, Ælian, Plutarch, Pliny, and other classical authorities, speak of this ocular peculiarity in a literal, as well as proverbial sense; and in the present day the 'ojo de atun,' and the 'occhio de tonno,' are Spanish and Italian proverbs for a side-look, an obliquity or cast of the eye; and, perhaps, our own expression of a 'sinister look,' may have been derived from it.

"The antiquity, estimation, and value of the tunny fishery are equally well authenticated; and it may not be generally recollected, that the Golden Horn at Constantinople, the Chrysoceras of

the Greeks, and Ausrei-Cornus of the Romans, inherits its name from the riches of the tunny fishery which existed at that point. Athenæus calls it the 'mother of tunnies.'—Vol. i. pp. 156-7.

The ancient method of catching the fish, as described by Ælian, corresponds, we are told, with that of the present day. The spectacle is now named a "mattanza," and the proper pendant to the picture is, as Mr. Tyndale remarks, a bull-fight at Seville or Madrid. Such of our readers as are desirous of knowing more of this important fishery will find it described at length, and apparently with great care, in Mr. Tyndale's first volume, of which it occupies twenty-six pages.† It is a characteristic of the indolence of the Sardinians, that although they are islanders, and have such rich fisheries on their coast, they profess an idle aversion to the sea. Most of the hands engaged in the tunny-fishery are, as we have seen, Neapolitans or Genoese; and the island does not contribute more than two officers and fifteen sailors to the whole navy of the Sardinian states.

The forests, which cover a fifth, or at least a sixth, of the island, might easily supply another source of national wealth; but they are mismanaged by the government, neglected and damaged by the people, and thus the profits derived from them are greatly below what, with ordinary attention and a tolerable system, they ought to be. A valuable oak—the *quercus sessiflora*, known there as the "quercia bianca," from its silvery green and palish medullary rays—is the prevailing tree. It is, next to the British oak—the *quercus pedunculata*—the best for ship-building, combining, like it, the qualities of compactness, resistance to cleavage, and lightness. The cork, the chestnut, and the *ilex*—the *quercus gramuntia* of Linnæus, and the *Balota*, or acorn-tree of Spain—are also common. This last is, as Mr. Tyndale thinks, more abundant in Sardinia than in Spain, and the swine fed upon the acorns are, in both countries, famed for the flavour of their meat. It seems

that the attention of the English government has been called to the importance of the timber trade of Sardinia; but unless some measures be taken to prevent the destruction of the forests, as now going on, they will soon become of little value to any one.

Horses and horse-racing—ever the industry of the idle—are the national passion of the Sardes. Their ancient laws indicate the early attention paid to the breed of horses, and there is hardly a villager so poor as not to own one. Boast of the merits of their steeds they all do, and "and to disparage a Sarde's horse is," as Mr. Tyndale observes, "as dangerous as to praise his wife." The abundance of these animals is easily accounted for. In the first place, their average price is about four pounds; in the next, they keep themselves, as the owner has only to turn them loose upon the common, always at hand; and, lastly, they are much required, as in most parts of the island they are the only means of transport. The Sarde horse has the valuable qualities of sure-footedness, docility and endurance, and with the aid of a stick, a sharp bit, and starvation, he is indoctrinated into a peculiar step called the *portante* pace. This movement is described as something between a Turkish amble and a trot—a *glissade*—and delightfully easy, "Il viaggiare in Sardegna," says an Italian writer, cited by Mr. Tyndale; "e perciò la piu dolce cosa del mondo; l'antipongo all' andare in barca col vento in poppa." "Travelling in Sardinia is, on this account, one of the most agreeable things in the world; I prefer it to going in a boat with the wind astern." Mr. Borrer,‡ we remember, mentions, that except the "chasseurs d'Afrique," who have Arab steeds, the cavalry in Algeria are mostly mounted on Sarde horses.

The Sarde language assimilates quite as much to the ancient Latin as to the modern Italian, and this and many of their usages show how long the Roman influence has lingered there. It has a good deal the aspect of the Romance dialect, but on examination is found to

* From the Spanish *matare*, to stay; but its accepted meaning in Italian and Sarde is *check-mate*, or conquer.—*Vide* vol. i. p. 154.

† *Vide* vol. i. p. 153 to 179.

‡ "A Campaign in the Kabylie, by Dawson Borrer, Esq."

resemble more nearly the Roman and Neapolitan ; and it is singular that it should approximate to them, rather than to the speech of Piedmont, with which country it has been so long and so intimately connected.

Dante and others refer to the too careless costume of the Sardinian women. Mr. Tyndale does not much complain of this particular, but he assures us of the sober truth of what is a good deal worse, that is, that in most parts of the island the people of both sexes, young and old, wear at night no clothes whatever. Here are his "*ipsisima verba*:" "The Sardes almost always sleep naked, married and single ; and no matter how many may be in the bed—father, mother, and children—all are in a state of complete nudity, a practice I had several opportunities of witnessing." Where such indelicacy prevails, no one will be surprised to hear that the standard of morals is not high.

The Sardes have to a remarkable degree the Italian talent of improvising ; and one district—the Limbarra—is especially the Parnassus of the island. These Improvisatori and Improvisatrici are wont to "lisp in numbers, and to breathe in song ;" and yet, it seems, few, we believe none, have been recognised as poets. "The shepherd," says our author, "roaming on the mountains, with a happy indifference as to A or Z forming any part of his speech, will perpetrate couplets and stanzas, *ad infinitum*, either to his mistress or to his flock. His heart is a high-pressure rhyming engine, which must have a vent, and the length of his pastorella's locks, or the tails of his sheep, are equally his safety-valves. This innate power of making verses is much aided by the nature of their language, which, like the Italian, is simple, melodious, and abounding in vowel endings. The mode, however, in which they can most of them deal with a given subject, so much above what might be expected from either their station or their education, is very deserving of notice.

The soil of Sardinia is, as we have said, fertile ; and on this account the colonise thens were eager to gain and Carthagina island. When from their

hands it passed into those of the Romans, Polybius describes it (lib. i. c. 79-82) as "an island very considerable, as well by the greatness and the number of its inhabitants, as for the fruits and produce of the country."

While subject to Roman rule its agriculture appears to have advanced, for we find in the Latin writers many references to its productiveness. Not to speak of Pomponius Mela, Silius Italicus, Lucan, and Pausanias, and many others,* we shall just mention that Claudian, himself a native of fertile Egypt, describes it as "*dives ager frugum*," and that amongst some better known to us—Horace, tells of the "*opimas Sardinie segetes feracis* ;" Cicero calls Sicily, Africa, and Sardinia "the three granaries of the state ;" and Livy says that the corn for the Roman army and navy was supplied from this island. When we compare the present condition of the country with passages such as these, authenticating its former fertility, it is instructive to observe what wonders native indolence, the want of settled order, evil usages, and bad laws, have wrought in rendering it poor and unproductive. During the seven centuries that it remained connected with the Roman empire, it was, as we have seen, one of the granaries of the state. The population, in the time of the Romans, amounted to about two millions, and most of the land was under cultivation. In the present day the population is stated at 524,000, that is a little more than a fourth of what it was, and three-fourths of the lands are uncultivated. The main causes of this reverse appear to be, the decay of the Roman empire, and the loss of the impulse which the prosperity of Sardinia had derived from her connexion with Rome ; then her complete separation from the Roman rule, and the disorganization into which she was thrown by the irregularities, and the unsystematic sway of the Vandals and Saracens. Consequent on all this was the decrease of population, which appears to have, of itself, led to an early and extensive "communanza" of land ; "for private property," Mr. Tyndale observes, "re-signed or unclaimed, naturally merged

* The authorities are collected in Mr. Tyndale's 2d vol. pp. 103-4.

into open and public possession." These communal, called also "vidazzone" portions, are at the present day so numerous, that the "tancae," or inclosures (from the Sarde "tancare," to enclose), belonging to individuals, are but few in comparison to them. The latter are usually vineyards, olive grounds, almond plantations, orchards, and the like, with small portions for tillage or pasture. "The vidazzone is," says our author, "a large extent of land possessed by either communes or individuals, divided by an ideal line into three portions, one of which is annually set apart for tillage, the rest being left fallow, and open for pasturage; but the name, though generally applied to the entire of the land, is nevertheless used as the part cultivated, in contradistinction to the parabile, or fallow, a word derived from the Latin 'pabulum.' The communal as well as the private vidazzone are alike subject to the immemorial usage of letting about two-thirds lie fallow. The former are annually apportioned by lot, and the latter changed at the will of the proprietor, consequently the cultivators of the soil under either tenure have no interest in its improvement, for," as Mr. Tyndale says, "the same portion seldom falls to their lot on the next partition, and it is only one year in three that they obtain any profit for their labour." This injurious usage of leaving two-thirds of the land fallow, is obligatory on the landowners and the tenants alike: all admit its evil, but all pertinaciously oppose every attempt at alteration.

The oppressive feudal system prevailed in Sardinia until the year 1836, when it was abolished; but so much that is bad was left, that even this change has made no perceptible improvement. The lands were, on the abolition of feudalism, divided "into extensive freeholds, held by the king and the nobles; into common lands, belonging to, and occupied or leased by, the communes; and a very small portion held by the labourers in mountainous districts"—

"The private land owners, who scarcely ever reside on their estates, employ a superintendent; but when they cultivate the land themselves, the labourers are paid irrespective of their labour, though the more general system

is to subdivide the land into small allotments held on annual leases, for which the poor and wretched tenants, if such a title can be given them, are obliged to incur heavy debts to their landlords for the necessary stock; and thus becoming subject to his exactions, years of labour are frequently insufficient to clear the amount of their incumbrances. Sometimes they agree to give the landlord half the produce, somewhat on the cottier system of Ireland, they finding the labour, oxen, and implements, and he, land, seed, and dwellings; but even this, the most favourable system, gives them barely the means of subsistence, never of much profit; and in their frequent removal from farm to farm, they only exchange one misery for another. This metayer system has all the evils, without the advantages found under it in Tuscany.

"Without entering into details of the state of agriculture, it may be observed, that in a few instances the government has enacted theoretical laws, private individuals have attempted reforms, and practical improvements have been made by foreign colonists who have established themselves there; but with these exceptions it may be said to be in the lowest degree of worthlessness, and in everything connected with it the most consummate ignorance and prejudice prevail. The radical evils are the great extent of comunanza, the defect in inclosures, the system of vidazzoni, the want of cottages near the cultivated lands, the unhealthiness of the soil and air, the general idleness, listless antipathy to work, and want of population. The three first have been mentioned, and the others require but little comment. The labourers generally reside in the towns or villages, preferring them to detached cottages in the agricultural districts; and as it is their custom not to leave their homes before the sun is well up, and to be at home by sunset, for which the noxious exhalations before and after these hours are their excuse—the time consumed in reaching their destination, refreshing themselves and returning home, reduces their positive labour to half a day's work, and on this account labour is both scarce and dear."—Vol. ii, pp. 105–8.

Such is the condition of the land system in Sardinia, and yet the best authorities aver that there is enough of uncultivated soil to support seven times the present population, and that were even what is now in cultivation well worked, treble the produce might be gained with only the same amount of labour. The very fertility of the

island is assigned as the "*inopem me copia fecit*," one of the causes of its distress; another is found in the unhealthiness of the climate, its fevers, ague, and intemperie: but all these ills arise, mainly no doubt, and perhaps altogether, from neglect—from the forests which cover a large portion of the island being still uncleared, from the vast quantity of land left idle, from the want of drainage, and, in a word, from the ignorance and indolence of the people. Were they instructed in the duties of their station, rather than in Latin and belles-lettres, and taught the better methods of agriculture, the physical and moral condition of their island might wear another aspect. All the blame, however, is not to be ascribed to those idle habits of which Mr. Tyndale makes such frequent mention. The government is not guiltless: it has to answer for ill-judged laws badly administered; for what it has, and for what it has not done, for such a primary want as that of roads, rendering the transport of produce difficult, and thus reducing profits; and for export duties, which are at once fluctuating and oppressive. We are told that in consequence of this last-mentioned circumstance, cheese was in the Donori district so plentiful in the year 1842, that "for want of the means of carriage and export, some of it was used for manuring the ground; and in the Nuoso country grain was so abundant that it rotted and was destroyed;"* and Mr. M'Culloch,† in speaking of the corn trade of this island, says, with, we are told, great justice: "As if to annihilate the possibility of the peasantry emerging from their depressed condition, and to oblige them to confine their industry to the supply of their indisputable wants, it has been enacted that no corn shall be exported if its price exceed thirty reals the starello, and a heavy duty is laid on all that is exported, as a substitute for a general land-tax. Most other articles of export have been loaded with similar duties, and it would really seem that every device that ignorance and shortsighted rapacity could suggest, had been practised to reduce this 'benignant nurse'

of imperial Rome to a state of poverty and destitution."

The wheat of Sardinia is said to be heavier and harder than that grown on the Continent, bears a higher price at Genoa than that of Odessa, and is always preferred in the making of macaroni, vermicelli, and other "paste."

Before leaving the topic of agriculture, we must notice an institution of some interest connected with it, called the Monte di Soccorso. This is a fund for the loan of grain and specie, established in 1650, and designed for the aid and encouragement of agriculture. It is divided into two parts, the Monte Granatico, and the Monte Nummario, and has in every town and village ramifications, called "*giunte locali*," composed of the ecclesiastical and civil authorities. The "*giunte locale*" is in subjection to the "*giunte diocessana*," of which the bishop is president, and this again is subordinate to the "*giunte generale*" established at Cagliari under the direction of the viceroy and chief authorities.

"The object of the institution is to furnish indigent agriculturists with grain for sowing, with money for the purchase of oxen and farming implements, and to meet the expenses of labour; and to these purposes alone are the funds, on any pretext, to be applied. In September a proclamation is made in the villages, notifying to all applicants for assistance, that they must appear on a certain day before the *giunta locale*, to declare the number of their oxen, the quality and extent of the ground they have prepared, and other particulars, previous to granting their demands. These being confirmed by a visit of the local censor to the spot, assisted by five inhabitants of the place, of known probity, their claims are submitted to the *giunta diocessana*, when, if approved, the advance is made on a certain day. All grain thus borrowed is returned at harvest time, allowing an interest of one-fifteenth. When there is a superfluous quantity of grain in the magazines after all the loans have been made, the remainder, to prevent the risk of being spoiled, is distributed in equal portions to all the inhabitants of the village, of whatever condition, who are only bound to return, at harvest time,

* See vol. ii. p. 109.

† Geo. Dict., Art. "Sardinia," 636.

the quantity actually received; and this repayment, as well as the other, is made under the superintendence of the local censor, who levies the grain upon the spot previous to harvest.

"With regard to the funds in money, one-half is advanced on the purchase of oxen and instruments of labour; and the other on the expenses of the harvest, &c. The former, purchased by these means, are a security for the sum lent; and for the latter, an interest of one per cent., from September to September, is exacted with rigour, and if not obtained in cash, the institution has further a lien on the crop while on the ground.

"The funds of the 'Monte Granatico,' consisting exclusively of grain, are lent and reimbursed solely in kind; while those of the 'Monte Nummario,' although derived by the sale of produce obtained by 'roadia,' or otherwise, must always be reduced to money. To this is added the produce of the sale of any grain remaining over and above the stock which each monte granatico is required to possess as capital; as well as any bequests and fines which may fall to the establishment. Their funds, which, at the time of their foundation in 1767, amounted to 60,000 starelli (about 82,028 bushels) have now only amounted to 200,000, or about 287,097 bushels. Each giunta takes annually by 'roadia,' a certain quantity of corn and barley for seed, and hires land for its cultivation. The 'roadia' consists in the compulsory tillage and sowing of the land by the inhabitants of the village, each of whom is bound to contribute in his turn a day's labour with his oxen, or some other service, under pain of a proportionate fine; shepherds alone being exempt from this duty. These unpaid services are confined to such labours as precede the harvest; but the expenses of the threshing, winnowing, and transport of the grain to the magazines, are defrayed by the monte, unless any labourers should not have been included in the former task, in which case they are bound to perform these duties."—Vol. ii., pp. 116, 117.

If, after payment of demands, a surplus should remain, the monti may, with permission of the Viceroy, apply it to public objects, such as the construction of roads, bridges, drainage of marshes, &c. In some of the monti the funds have, as we learn, increased one-third since their foundation, and yet so dilatory are the local authorities in availing themselves of the means of

doing anything for the benefit of their neighbourhood, that a considerable loss of life is incurred every year from the want of bridges.

We are disposed to agree with Mr. Tyndale, in thinking, that as private institutions, unfettered by government restrictions, something of the nature of the Monte di Soccorso might be advantageous. It seems, however, that they have not proved so in Sardinia; the central system on which they depend has not worked well, and has tended to encourage indolence rather than exertion. The repayment of the loan is often evaded, fraud and partiality prevail in the administration of the funds, the government is placed in the position of an exacting creditor, while its many debtors experience a constant persecution.

The system of the Sardinian government was introduced by the Aragon dynasty and, based on the principles of the Catalonian Cortes; it was for that period extremely liberal. The "Corte Generale" assembly, or parliament, was formed of three chambers, or "Stamenti"—the ecclesiastical, the military, comprising nobility and gentry of the age of twenty-one, and the royal chamber, composed of deputies from the towns. The "Stamenti," which became the established title of the Sarde parliament, met in early times once in every ten years; but they do not appear to have been at any time an effective assembly, and for about three centuries and a-half—that is, during the whole period of their connection with Spain, they were convoked no oftener than seventeen times, which is about once in every twenty years. Since the transfer of Sardinia to the house of Savoy, the Stamenti have been as they are now, but the shadow of a name. They were at first applied to for donations, but their power of refusal was not recognised, and they were not even assembled. For upwards of a century the application to the Stamenti has continued to be an unmeaning form, and at the present day, the Sardes have no longer the semblance of representation, or anything to do with taxes but to pay them. Although the rule of the present monarch* has thus be-

* This article, it will be seen, was written before the recent abdication of Carlo Alberto.—ED.

come absolute in Sardinia, it would be unjust to withhold from him the praise of having done, at least, more than any other sovereign of his race towards cleansing the Augean ills of that ill-fated island. He has, as we have seen, abolished the feudal system, and he is now applying himself to the introduction of a new code of legislation, and a better arrangement of the public departments. Never, indeed, was there a state which it was easier to improve; in no other, perhaps, were the laws so confused, so conflicting, so badly administered, or the people so universally involved in litigation.

The relation between Sardinia and Piedmont has been at times compared to that of our own country with England. We do not see that the parallel is at all more striking than a celebrated one which was once instituted between the river in Macedon and the river in Wales; and the resemblance, if any, lies in the fish which are in both. The Sardes, like our fellow-countrymen, are intelligent, but like them, they are disposed to indolence, and more patient of misery than of toil. With soils which energy might make to teem with produce, each rests content with the lowest scale of subsistence; while the fisheries around their mutual shores either lie neglected, or yield their rich profits to other hands.

Whether these traits are the result of race, or have been wrought by wrong influences to which the inhabitants of these islands have been re-

spectively exposed, it is not our purpose to inquire; neither can we dwell on phases of better character in which the nations are again alike. If, as has been averred, they are both of Punic origin, there seems but little reason to suppose that their common indolence is a native attribute—it apparently formed on ingredient in the Carthaginian character. Of that great people we know hardly anything, save through their jealous rivals; but even from them we may collect, that there was no more enterprising nation in all antiquity—none who so fearlessly explored the seas, or who carried commerce and colonies to such distant lands. In connection with this topic, it may be worth while to direct attention to those singular Sardinian ruins called the *Noraghe*, and which appear to be of Phœnician, or Carthaginian origin. Their main feature is a truncated cone, or tower, from thirty to sixty feet high; and they have a sufficient resemblance to the round towers of our own country, to excite our interest about them. Mr. Tyndale, in a learned dissertation on the subject, refers to the able work of our distinguished antiquary, Dr. Petrie. We had intended to have examined at greater length both the *Noraghe*, and the *Sepulture de is Gigantes*, but exhausted limits warn us to desist; and for these and other points deserving of notice, but quite untouched upon, we commend the reader to the well-filled pages of Mr. Tyndale's scholarlike book.

THE LEGOFF FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

ON the coast of Brittany, between the town of St. Brieuc and the village of *Bignic*, lies a kind of manor-house, at all times ennobled by the surrounding country with the appellation of "*the Castle*;" the origin of this name arose from an embattled tower that overshadowed the rest of the building. In fact, before the revolution of '89, the Coat D'Or was the dwelling of the lords of that place; then becoming national property, the owls took possession of it, and there, in peace, propagated their species until 1815, when the *Legoff family* bought this demesne and came to live on it. Its aspect was gloomy, and its environs uncultivated; on one side the ocean, and, on the other, wilds of rushes stretching out of sight. Between the two seas which it commanded, like a promontory, the castle appeared lonely and sad, and the tower, a kind of lighthouse.

On a winter's evening, the three brothers Legoff were sitting in a chamber on the ground floor, which they generally used as a parlour. It was a large room, presenting a *bizarre* mixture of luxury, elegance, and rustic simplicity; for, whilst a rich carpet spread its brilliant colours over the floor, the ceiling was blackened both by smoke and time; the walls were merely whitewashed, but the hangings were of white silk, with red damask under-curtains; a few rush-bottomed chairs humbly bore company to a magnificent *fauteuil* of rosewood and velvet, surprised to find itself in such bad society. Carbines, sabres, daggers, boarding-pikes, and fowling-pieces in their leather cases, were suspended over the chimneypiece; an ebony piano, inlaid with brass, occupied the further end of the apartment, of which the three brothers Legoff were not the least ornament.

The sweet and intelligent countenance of Joseph made a pleasing contrast with the ugliness of his brothers. Everybody was at once attracted by his delicate and thoughtful appearance, and soon found him most agreeable. With his long brown coat buttoned to the chin, and his sleek fair hair di-

vided in the middle, falling negligently on his neck and shoulders, you would have thought him one of those old Breton bards who mingled their pious meditations with the holiest inspirations of the muse. The two others, to speak candidly, had the look of unlicked bears.

The brother Christophe wore, under a wrapper of goat-skin, the dress of a sailor during the time of the emperor; he had short legs and remarkable *en-bonpoint*; a long and uncultivated beard, heavy eyebrows, and an enormous head, covered with a forest of black hair: with a fillip he could have killed Joseph, or a bull with a blow.

Jean, the eldest of the family, about fifty years of age, was a long, thin fellow, and beside Christophe, bore no small resemblance to Don Quixote in the company of Sancho Panza; his red moustachios were bristling like the quills of a porcupine; the most important portion of his dress was a grey coat, which he wore *à la façon de l'Empereur*. The three brothers wore great wooden shoes, in which they strutted with ease over a carpet worth a thousand crowns.

Seated around the fire-place all three appeared the prey of a violent anxiety, which each expressed according to his character: Jean and Christophe by swearing, Joseph praying in a low tone, and watching in an absent manner the blazing fire. From time to time, Christophe or Jean, each in his turn, would start up and look through the window for some minutes, then returning to his place would sit down more agitated than before. Joseph interrupted his prayers to consult one of those wooden clocks, called *coucous*, which mingled its monotonous ticking with the chirruping of the crickets and the whistling of the wind.

The evening was already far advanced, and exceedingly dark; the apartment was lighted by the fire only. The storm raged without.

The clock struck seven, and at the seventh stroke Christophe and Jean stood up together, and began walking

up and down the room, a lively anxiety imprinted on their faces: motionless on his seat, Joseph redoubled the fervour of his prayers. They listened to the noise of the rain beating against the windows, and the roaring of the ocean as it broke against the rocks.

"Bad weather," said Jean.

"Fatal anniversary," added Christophe; "nineteen years ago, on the same day, and in like weather, our old father and young brother perished at sea."

"God be merciful to them!" murmured Joseph, crossing himself.

"Ay, and day for day, hour for hour, seventeen years since, Jerome died," exclaimed Jean, shaking his head.

"Faith, it is true," said Christophe, with a kind of superstitious awe.

"My God," said Joseph, with fervour, "be it thy will that this unfortunate day brings no new misfortune."

At this moment the door opened, and a servant man appeared on the threshold, the rain dripping from his hair and clothes.

"Well, Yvon, what news—what news," asked the three brothers at the same time.

"No news—no news, masters," replied Yvon in a dispirited tone; "we beat the coast from Bignic to Herisvière, where we lost all traces of our young mistress; between the two villages she must have taken to the fields, unless, taking advantage of low water, she left the road to gallop across the sands."

"If it be so, all is lost!" cried Christophe, in despair.

"It is more likely," rejoined Yvon, "that Mademoiselle, overtaken by the storm, has taken shelter in some neighbouring cottage."

"No, no," said Jean, "she is not a girl to fly danger, and if she live, she is on horseback and galloping home."

A blast of wind shook the doors and windows, and they heard the tiles tumbling from the housetop.

"Heaven protect us!" cried Joseph, falling on his knees.

When Yvon had retired, a lively altercation took place between Jean and Christophe. They began reproaching each other with the strange manner in which Jeanne had been brought up, and concluded by saying, that neither of them were blameable on that account; and all their re-

proaches now fell upon Joseph. This point once established, the fable of the wolf and the lamb was really acted, with this difference, that instead of one wolf there were two.

"Behold, wretch!" exclaimed Jean, turning on Joseph the fury of his passion—"behold the result of the fine education you have given that child—the fruit of your cowardly condescension and blind tenderness."

"But, Jean ——" timidly interrupted Joseph.

"Hold your tongue, sir," cried Christophe, pushing him by the shoulders, "you are the whole cause of the mischief."

"But, Christophe ——" humbly began Joseph.

"Answer!" exclaimed Jean, "in what family but ours did you ever see girls of sixteen leave home in the morning, go galloping over the fields, and returning only in the evening?"

"Would to God she had returned?" said Joseph; "but, Jean, the horse which Jeanne rides for the first time to-day, it was you gave it to her, much against my will."

"Oh! *Mille Tonnerres*, I forgot that," returned Jean, striking his forehead; "a young animal, fiery, restive, scarcely broken; if any misfortune happen to the girl, I shall visit it upon you."

"You shall answer for her on your head," added Christophe, shaking him by the arms.

"I would willingly give my life to preserve her to you," replied Joseph. "But, you forget, it was you who made a present to Jeanne of the riding-dress which she wears to-day; and, was it not you, also, who gratified her wish for an English saddle?"

"But, knave! it was you who fostered those faults and imperfections which spoil her good qualities. It is you who encouraged her in all her caprices. It is to the over-tenderness of your cares, and the blindness of your compliance, that we owe her whimsical selfwilled ——"

"Without the slightest deference towards us," interrupted Jean.

"Following but her fancy," replied Christophe, "trifling pitilessly with our love and peace."

"A demon, in fine!" exclaimed Jean, burying his hands in his pockets.

"You see then, villain, that if any misfortune happen to her, you alone

ought to be blamed for it." Joseph bore the fire of this double battery with the resignation of a martyr.

"My dear brothers," began he, timidly, "I do not wish to examine how far you have been my accomplices in the weaknesses with which you reproach me—meanwhile, allow me to observe, that if, at any time, a voice were raised, to advise, direct, or even reprimand, that voice was never other than mine; if I had been consulted, if I had been allowed to act freely, Jeanne should be different from what she is, and now, we should not be trembling for the safety of so dear a being. Remember, brothers, that I always blamed the taste for violent exercises which it pleased you to encourage in her. Have I not, many a time, braved your anger in seeking to give another bent to her inclinations? How happy would it not have made me, to see at our fireside a girl pious and modest, guardian spirit of our home, devoted to the peaceable cultivation of domestic virtues? If my hopes have failed me, God knows it is not my fault. Is it not you, brothers, who have reared her a young amazon? Have I inspired her with aught else than the love of arts, and a taste for holier studies?"

"Do you mean to say, master bigot, that had we given you your way, we would have at our fireside a prude, stuffed with piety, deafening us, from morning to night, with her sermons and *oremus*?"

"Brother," answered Joseph, "do you think it preferable to tremble at every instant for the safety of her we love better than ourselves?"

"Enough, enough!" said Christophe, with an air of brutal authority; "moreover, all that shall soon be changed. I am tired to see a child giving laws in the house, and, to speak frankly, leading us by the nose. I take upon myself to give her a good scolding."

"And I," said Jean, "to point out to her a line of conduct rather different from the one she has hitherto pursued."

"Hark! hark!" exclaimed Joseph, standing up with a sudden movement of fear. It was the tempest which redoubled its fury: the waves rushed with fearful violence into the fissures of the rocks, bordering the shore. Although it was but the month of February, the thunder rumbled, and

one could see, in the glare of the lightning, the sea rolling mountains high. The three Legoffs remained motionless with fear. The clock struck eight.

"Come, brothers," said Joseph, "we have wasted too much time in words. Let us get torches lighted, and let our servants come with us, to search the coast and the environs."

But as they were preparing to leave, a violent knock shook the door of the castle; almost at the same time the pavements of the courtyard resounded under the hoofs of a horse, and the entire house re-echoed with a joyful barking.

"The holy name of God be blessed!" exclaimed Joseph, in a transport of pious joy and gratitude. Jean and Christophe compressed the emotion of their hearts, and prepared to receive the young girl according to her merits.

Frightened at the severe expression which darkened their brows—"Brothers," said Joseph, "let us be indulgent once more, let us not treat this child with a severity to which she has not been accustomed. She is a tender and susceptible being, whom we must fear to scare."

"Behold," said Christophe to Jean, "this crouching dog is going to lick her feet."

Joseph wished to insist; but suddenly two large greyhounds rushed into the room, jumped madly on the furniture, rolled on the carpet, then hastily ran away, to return almost immediately, escorting with their gambols the entrance of their young mistress.

She entered, calm and smiling—a riding-whip in her hand. She was a tall, handsome girl, haughty-looking, delicately and gracefully formed, dark complexioned, with a fine and transparent skin. She had not that extreme frailty of those *fleurs de salon*, to which must be dispensed with care, the kisses of the sun, and the caresses of the breeze. On beholding her, you would rather have thought of one of those hardy plants which love the open heaven, and bloom best in the free air. Nor in her did vigour exclude grace, and all that might be considered rather masculine in the charms of her person was softened by the sweet *éclat* of youth which beamed on her brow and in her countenance. Already might you have read in her eye that dreamy and listless expression, that first agi-

tation of a soul and of feelings ignorant of themselves; yet, she had the rosy pouting lips of a capricious and self-willed child. Her black hair, dishevelled by the rain, hung in dripping ringlets along her cheeks. She wore a velvet cap; a riding-dress of a simple taste wrapped the entire of her elegant and flexible form.

She walked straight to brother Jean, whom she kissed, saying: "Good evening, uncle Jean."

Then she kissed brother Christophe, saying: "Good evening, uncle Christophe."

The last she kissed was brother Joseph, repeating: "Good evening, uncle Joseph."

Having done so, she approached the grate, and whilst presenting to the fire her pretty little feet: "What is the matter, uncles?" demanded Jeanne; "I am told, you have been anxious about your niece! The only talk at Bignic is the anxiety caused in your house by my absence."

"It is," said Jean, "that coward Joseph, who always takes foolish notions into his head. He imagined that on account of the tempest, the coast was not safe, and that your life was in danger."

"The storm!" exclaimed the young girl; "it is delightful weather, Joseph."

"That is what I have been endeavouring to persuade him," replied Christophe, "but you know him to be as bold as a rabbit, and as brave as a hen: if he but hear the wind whistle, he thinks it the end of the world. He was frightened also on account of that horse which you rode for the first time."

"Oh! it's as gentle as a lamb," said Jeanne.

"That is exactly what I have been telling him," exclaimed Jean—"a lamb, a poor sheep in harness! but since a spirited ass made master Joseph bite the dust, he has vowed an implacable hatred to horses and donkeys."

"Dear child," said Joseph, "it is but too true; you have caused us much uneasiness. If you do love us, my darling Jeanne, you will in future be more mindful of our happiness."

"The devil take the booby!" exclaimed Christophe, crossly; "he thinks he is going to lecture the child. But what a condition you are in, my little Jeanne," added he, lifting up the folds of the riding-dress soaked with rain.

"Your hands are as cold as ice," said Jean, "and your feet are all wet—but, Jeanne," added he, startled at the paleness of her cheeks, "you can scarce hold up, your limbs bend; you see," said he, addressing Joseph, "this is the result of your severe reprimand." Christophe rolled over the sole *fauteuil* of the drawingroom; and Jean made the young girl sit down; then both disappeared, leaving Jeanne alone with Joseph.

"It is nothing, my dear Joseph," said she, giving him her hand—"the agitation of riding, that is all. That horse, to tell the truth, flew like lightning! and I must allow that it blows rather hard along the seashore."

"Heartless child," said Joseph, in an affectionate, though reproachful tone, tenderly kissing her hand, "it is not thus I would wish you to be, beloved Jeanne."

"It cannot be helped, Joseph," replied she, with a slight gesture of impatience; "for some time I know not what I feel. Tell me—tell me, Joseph, what wild spirit has seized upon my heart?—this fever which preys upon my soul?—this desire of action—this restlessness hitherto unknown, which impels me to seek for danger. To-day, for instance, I was almost mad. I escaped killing myself, doubtless, because you were praying for me. Nor is this all: often I feel sad, nor know I why; often, would you believe it? do I surprise myself weeping, and cannot guess the cause of my tears. Well, my poor Joseph, I believe the source of all this is *ennui*. Chide me not. All you could say to me, on this subject, I have already said to myself. You love me—you all three are good—your only desire is to please me. In the morning, you are rivals for my first glance, and, in the evening, for my last smile. You anticipate even my whims—you watch my caprices to satisfy them. In fact, you love me so dearly, that I own to my shame, never, to have wept for a mother, whose caresses I never enjoyed. I am ungrateful—I know it, I feel it; but weariness overcomes me."

"Jeanne, Jeanne, how changed now," said Joseph, sighing: "has that time passed for ever, when study was the only employment of your days? Where have fled those happy hours, when the reading of a loved book sup-

plied the desires of your heart and of your mind?"

"Oh! why speak of those loved books?" exclaimed the young girl, in a passionate tone; "why did you ever allow them to enter under this roof? It was they which taught me that the world ends not at our horizon; that the sun was not created alone to shine over Bignic; and that, in fine, there is still something beyond that sea, and beyond those fields, which encircle us on all sides."

"Speak thus no more, child," said Joseph; "trouble not the affection of Christophe and Jean; spare these excellent hearts—is it not enough to have troubled mine?"

"Christophe and Jean could not comprehend me; I do not even comprehend myself. If I have disturbed your heart, Joseph, 'tis because there alone I can hope to find sympathy. In the tumult of ideas which besiege me, to whom shall I turn if it be not to you, my guide, my counsel, my master in all things, you who have made me what I am? Cannot you, Joseph—you who know everything—unravel the mystery of my own heart. Why am I thus, Joseph? I rise in the morning, buoyant with life and hope: yet, what I hope, I know not, but I feel life overflowing within me. The coming day will, methinks, reveal some sweet secret which I long to hear. Hours pass in vague expectation, and evening closes around me: sad, discouraged, and troubled to feel that the past day has brought no novelty to me, and that it has glided away as unmarked as the one which preceded it. I want for nothing; you do not even leave me leisure to desire. My will is your only law. Was there ever, under heaven, a more spoiled child than I? Betimes I ask myself, if you have not the magic wand of that fairy, whose tale you so often repeated me, to put me to sleep in my cradle. Tell me, Joseph, whence comes that vague dream of a happiness unknown to me, those aimless aspirations, that undefined hope, ever deceived and ever renewed?"

Having thus spoken, the young girl fixed upon Joseph an anxious and inquiring eye; but Joseph answered not. He remained silent, gazing into the fire, his feet on the fender.

Christophe and Jean soon returned to the parlour. Jean carried gravely

on a tray a decanter of Spanish wine; Christophe held carefully two black velvet slippers, lined with swan's-down. Joseph took the tray from his brothers, and whilst Jeanne slowly sipped the sparkling wine, Christophe and Jean kneeling before her, unlaced her boots, and helped her to glide her small and pretty feet into the silky down. This done, they still remained kneeling, with their eyes turned towards their idol, bearing no small resemblance to a pair of crouching dogs, beseeching even a look from their mistress. The burly Christophe, with his enormous head, and the lank and lean Jean, with his bristling mustaches, had the appearance, the one of a bull-dog, the other of a terrier. From the manner in which the young girl received this homage, it was easy to perceive that she had long been accustomed to it. When she had warmed her feet and hands at the fire, she retired to her apartment, and returned shortly after, habited in a *robe de chambre* of white cachmere, confined at the waist by a silken cord.

During the absence of Jeanne, the three brothers had her supper served beside the fire; she seated herself at the table, and began eating with a good appetite, whilst her three uncles gazed upon her with admiration, and her two dogs jumped about her to lick up the crumbs she let fall. From time to time she addressed some kind words to her uncles, and threw to her dogs the bones of a partridge to crunch.

"Why don't you smoke, uncles?" said she to Jean and Christophe.

"I have no more tobacco," replied Jean.

"And I broke my pipe," said Christophe.

Jeanne took from her pocket some tobacco, wrapped up in grey paper, and handed it to Jean. Then she offered Christophe a common pipe, in a little wooden case.

"You see I did not forget you," said she, smiling. "Passing through Bignic, I remembered that my uncle Christophe had broken his pipe, and that uncle Jean was at the end of his store. So I stopped at the shop. Inside there was a wedding; this morning, Yvonne, the shopkeeper's daughter, was married to the son of Thomas the fisherman. They recognized me: I had to dismount, to congratulate the new-married couple. Both, young and good-

looking, were seated side by side, hand in hand. They spoke not to each other, but seemed so happy, so very happy, that I returned, my heart quite moved."

At these words, the three brothers looked at each other stealthily.

"I don't like to see people get married," said Christophe, frowning.

"Why so, uncle?" asked Jeanne, inquisitively.

"Because — because," stuttered Christophe, in an embarrassed manner.

"Simply because," replied Jean, puffing out a great cloud of smoke, "marriage is a very foolish institution."

"Marriage!" cried Jeanne, "marriage—foolish institution!—that is not what Joseph has taught me."

"Oh! but Joseph is a silly fellow, imbued with idle prejudices."

"Nor is it what the curate of Bignic says in his sermons," replied Jeanne; "to hear him, marriage is a most divine institution."

"Priests all say the same," returned Christophe; "but tell me, if they believe what they say, why do they not marry? Moreover who gets married? Nobody. Sure neither Joseph nor I ever thought of it, and those who do it once don't wish to do it twice," continued he, pointing at Jean. "Not many years since I was still good-looking, and many a damsel did I meet in my way, who coveted both my heart and hand. Nor did Jean want opportunities to try his luck once more; but thank God, both of us understand that celibacy is the natural state of mankind."

"But still my father married," said Jeanne.

"That was not the best thing he did," replied Christophe.

"Do you mean to say, uncle, that I am one too many in the house?" added the young girl, rising from the table, the tears starting to her eyes.

At these words, they took her hands, covered them with kisses, and protested that they looked upon her as a blessing from heaven. Christophe, angry with himself, tore his hair, and owned that he was a wretch unworthy of pity. Jeanne was obliged to calm him, and kissed him with a moving grace.

"Do you not see," said Joseph, "your uncles were jesting, and wished only to make you understand that you are yet too young to think of marriage?"

"Too young!" exclaimed Jeanne; "Yvonne, who was married this very day, is only sixteen, and I, next spring, shall be seventeen."

"Yes," replied Jean, "but well-educated girls never marry before thirty."

"I! am I well educated?" saucily asked the self-willed girl.

"Your mother," said Joseph, "was thirty-two when she married Jerome."

"Pray what age was uncle Jean's wife when she married him?" asked Jeanne.

"But she was a *Vivandière*," returned Christophe.

At these words Jean's brow darkened, and he was about to speak, when the conversation was interrupted by a violent clap of thunder, which shook all the windows of the castle. The storm continued with unabated fury.

"Indeed," said the young girl, "this is bad weather for those at sea."

At this moment a servant-man entered, and said, that they thought they heard, for the last quarter of an hour, the firing of some ship in danger. Jeanne and the three brothers listened attentively; but they only heard the rumbling of the thunder and the noise of the waves, which sounded, in fact, like distant firing. Christophe ordered the lantern of the tower to be lighted.

Jeanne was evidently pre-occupied; her uncles observed her with inquietude. Being of a delicate constitution, she either felt influenced by the weather, or forbode that something strange was about to occur in the order of her life. She was uneasy and nervous; she sat down at her piano, and ran her fingers over the keys, then got up, almost immediately, to go to the window. After staying some moments, her forehead pressed against the glass, watching the flashes of lightning which tore the veil of night, she returned to her piano, tried to sing, but ceasing suddenly after a few notes, she remained silent, her head resting on her hand.

The three brothers, standing round the fireplace, gazed attentively upon her.

"There is something wrong," whispered Jean, mysteriously, in the ear of Christophe.

"She is yet but a child," said the latter; "let us endeavour to amuse her, and change the current of her thoughts."

They all three approached and stood

near Jeanne, but she seemed not to perceive them.

"You are sad, dear Jeanne," said Joseph, placing his hand tenderly on her shoulder. She started.

"I sad!" exclaimed she, looking up; "why should I be sad? I am not sad, Joseph."

"I say, Jeanne," began Christophe, "we haven't gone a fishing for a long time."

"I don't care for fishing," said she.

"And hunting?" asked Jean; "when shall we go and beat our fields and preserves?"

"I don't care for hunting," said Jeanne.

"This morning," added Joseph, "after your departure, we received a parcel of books and songs."

"I care for neither fishing, hunting, books, nor songs," repeated Jeanne.

The three brothers looked at her with a disconsolate air.

"Come," said Christophe, "has any desire of yours escaped our observation? Is there some fancy we neglected to satisfy?—some caprice we did not guess?"

"Perhaps," asked Jean, "you are not pleased with the last jewels arrived from Paris?"

"If you dislike your ermine muff," said Christophe, "you must tell us so."

"I'd bet," exclaimed Jean, rubbing his hands, "that she wishes for a new cachmere shawl."

"For an Arabian horse," said Christophe.

"A double-barrelled gun?" demanded Jean.

"A diamond brooch?"

"A pair of pistols?"

At each of these questions, Jeanne shook her head with a disdainful and pettish air.

"*Mille millions de tonnerres!*" cried Christophe, at his wits' end, "what have you need of? what do you wish for?—whatever it be, I will give it to you, even should I re-equip *La Vaillance*, and, myself alone, make war against the whole world. Speak, command, order. Shall I lay at your feet all the treasures of the Indies?"

"Do you wish one of the stars of the firmament?" exclaimed Jean, wishing not to be outdone in generosity, "I will pluck it from the sky, myself, and place it on your forehead."

"And," said Joseph, in his turn, leaning towards Jeanne, "if you wished at your girdle one of the flowers which grow on the highest peak of the Alps, I would go seek it."

To all these questions the young girl replied not, nor did she seem inclined to reply, when all at once she stood up, her brow pale, her eye sparkling.

"Hark! do you not hear?" she exclaimed, running to open a window overlooking the sea; and they all four remained motionless, their eyes peering into the void. After a few minutes' gloomy silence, a pale light silvered the foaming waves, and at the same moment the sound of a gun was heard.

CHAPTER II.

PREVIOUS to their becoming owners of the Coat D'Or, the Legoffs were merely a poor family of fishermen, living as they best might. In 1806, this family was composed of the father, his wife, and four sons, of herculean stature, all healthy, and ever hungry, save the youngest, who inherited from his mother a delicate constitution, for which he was often ridiculed by the others: however, all three loved him, and if they laughed at his weakness, they protected him when necessary, so that the children of the village seldom dared to bully the little Legoff, who had ever at command the arms of the three fine lads, which were anything but paralysed.

On the first day of the year 1806,

the eldest joined the army. In the month of November, of the same year, was published the decree of the Continental blockade, dated from the imperial camp at Berlin. At this news the head of the family began to think: he was brave, enterprising, and accustomed to a seafaring life; the two sons left him (he accounted as nothing the last) were possessed by the adventurous spirit of the age. With the aid of a shipowner of St. Brieuc, he obtained letters of marque, armed the privateer *La Vaillance*, and took to cruising in the channel, accompanied by his two sons, and some willing accomplices recruited at Bignic. The trade was a good one; the Legoffs followed it conscientiously, that is, with-

out any conscience at all. The inhabitants of Bignic still remember the story of an unfortunate Danish brig, which these demons seized under the pretext of a dozen of English china plates being very innocently on board; but at that time people were not so particular, or rather were too much so.

Thanks to the honesty of their proceedings, the Legoffs were enabled, after a few months, to buy out the ship-owner of St. Brieuc, and then plunder on their own account.

In the meantime the little Legoff (his name was Joseph) grew up under the care of his mother, a pious, simple, and good-hearted woman, who reared her son in the fear of God and the practices of religion; on the other hand, the curate of Bignic, who had taken a great fancy to Joseph, for his mild and good disposition, was fond of bringing him to his parsonage, and developing the natural learning he had discovered in him; thus the young Legoff became the pride of his village. He knew not only how to read, write, and calculate, but had also picked up a little Latin, cultivated literature, and even occupied himself with theology. He sang in the choir, and it was reported, at Bignic, that he was no stranger to the fine things which the reverend curate expounded on Sundays from the pulpit. His mother's desire was, that he should enter the Church—she even hinted it to her husband; but old Legoff, who, although a Breton, had at all times shown Vol-tarian tendencies, positively declared that he would have no black-coat in his family. The good woman was, therefore, compelled to abandon the fondest of her ambitions.

In 1812, old Legoff saw his family increased by a fifth son; the child was christened Hubert, and Master Pirate invited to his table the best sailors of his crew to celebrate this happy event.

The poor mother scarcely enjoyed this last blessing of Providence. Shortly after the birth of Hubert, she fell dangerously ill, and having dragged on a lingering life for some months, she breathed her last in the arms of Joseph, who was the only one at home to assist her in her last moments. During the absence of his father and brothers, Joseph took care of the house, and watched, with care and tenderness, over the childhood of the newcomer.

At last, in 1815, old Legoff and his two sons, Christophe and Jerome, resolved to peacefully enjoy the fruits of their plunder. With the fortune they had realised, they purchased the Coat D'Or, and there retired with Joseph, little Hubert, and 50,000 francs a-year. Since the rout of the French army in Russia, no news had been heard of Jean, the eldest of the family, and they had every reason to believe that he had perished in that awful disaster. The Legoffs consoled themselves by looking at the last-born, who grew visibly; but scarcely had these good people enjoyed their happiness two years, when a dreadful misfortune befell them.

The old privateer was fond of little excursions at sea, with his youngest son. One day that the boat sailed to the open sea, a furious storm rose, and ever since, nothing was heard either of the father or of the son—both were swallowed by the waves.

You may imagine the despair of the three brothers. Nothing could depict the grief of Joseph, who, having brought up his young brother, looked upon him almost as his child; but Heaven reserved for them a consolation. A short time after, they were all three seated before the door of their dwelling, and conversing sadly over their recent misfortune. A poor wretch approached them, badly clothed, almost barefooted, and leaning on a stick; a thick beard concealed half his face. Though still young, he seemed to bend beneath the weight of years. The three brothers at first mistook him for a beggar, and Joseph was about to offer him alms. The poor man, however, after contemplating them in silence, said, in a broken tone—

“Is it possible that you don't recognise me?”

At these words six arms were thrown open to receive him. This was Jean returning from the farthest corner of Russia, where he had been kept prisoner. They at once told him what had happened in his absence; the joy of his return was, therefore, mingled with bitterness.

Thus were our four brothers collected under the one roof—rich and happy, having but to enjoy the fortune which they owed to England alone. Born and reared in misery; once humble owners of a little cot-

tage, now possessors of an old manor-house, lords of its domains, and kings of the coast along which they had once gathered seaweed and cast their nets. Nevertheless, weariness soon overtook them; and their fireside became as unhappy as it had formerly been poor.

Like branches torn from the parent tree, Christophe, Jerome, and Joseph never recovered from the misfortune which at once carried away the stem and the offshoot of the family. That sombre dwelling, no longer cheered by the green old age of the father, or the merry youth of the last-born, became as silent and desolate as the grave. Their home in losing little Hubert had lost the only charm it possessed. The three brothers loved that child—above all, Joseph cherished him with an uncommon affection. Hubert was their toy—their amusement, as well as their hope. Rather disinclined to marry, devoted to celibacy by reason as much as by taste, they had all three placed on that fair head the future of their dynasty: to him they left the care of transmitting their name to posterity. What fine projects had they not formed round his cradle!—what sweet dreams had they not caressed! In the evenings, by the fire-light, the little darling climbed upon the knees of the old pirate, or went gently to sleep in the arms of Joseph! What an education they had planned for him, the only heir of his brothers! What a magnificent fortune might he not hope to possess—fine projects and sweet dreams, blasted for ever by a single gale of wind. He alone will enter into their sorrow who knows what an abyss of mourning and sadness the emptiness of a cradle causes in a home—he who has wept over one of these cold and silent nests, once so full of joy, sportiveness, and rosy smiles. The unexpected return of Jean brightened for a time their darkened horizon. All was at first but a scene of exultation and delight. Jean felt a joyful surprise in finding a castle for his home, instead of the poor cottage he had left; and nothing could exceed the happiness of the three brothers to see once more the eldest of the family, whom they had thought dead. Time was pleasantly whiled away by marvellous tales and fraternal *causeries*. Christophe and Jerome narrated their exploits in the terrible war they had

waged against English trade. Jean told of his campaigns, and the sad story of the various calamities which had filled up the years of his absence. He spoke of his marriage with the *vivandière* of his regiment, and the poor soldier's eyes filled with tears when he described to them her beauty and courage. He told of her death, fighting beside him at the dreadful passage of the Beresina. How his heart swelled when speaking of his little Louis, the only offspring of their marriage, who was lost midst the disasters of that retreat, and who, Jean had dreamed, might yet be preserved to fight for France against his most hated foes, the English.

At this narration the three brothers could scarcely restrain their emotion, nor did Joseph fail to assign such misfortunes to a curse from heaven on their ill-gotten wealth.

“But lost!—how lost?” asked Christophe.

“Little do you know the dangers of that retreat. No sooner had my poor Fanchette been killed, than I fell wounded by her side; taken prisoner by those devils of Russians, I was sent chained to Siberia, and I have never since heard of my poor little Louis.”

Joseph listened to them, for he was the only one who had nothing to relate; however, faithful to his moralizing nature, he lost not the opportunity of pointing out to them the necessity of union and concord, and showed them that their only consolation lay in their love of each other.

Struck by the truth of his observation, the brothers, for once, paid every due attention to what he said. In fact, all went on smoothly for some months.

Jerome and Christophe were two real sailors, and Jean a true soldier: all three good companions—all having the same sympathies and political opinions. However, brought up to work, possessing active dispositions, and accustomed from their earliest youth to the hazards of a perilous life, young and full of vigour, they soon felt that weariness which inactivity engenders in strong natures. They were honest, good-hearted, but rough and coarse-mannered; incapable of replacing the activity of the body by that of the mind, long wore their days and long their evenings. Their curiosity once satisfied, they knew not what

to do with themselves, nor could they imagine how to shorten the lingering hours.

Bignic was rather a poor village, and offered them no resource; St. Brieuc had no attractions; and being people of neither taste nor imagination, they knew how to employ neither their wealth nor their time. Their desires were still as limited and simple as when they inhabited their cottage. Their meals were scarcely more sumptuous than formerly; damask and plate were perfectly unknown on their table. The elegance of their attire corresponded with the luxury of their service: they wore more jackets than coats, and more *sabots* than boots. As to the castle, it was frightfully dilapidated. Unoccupied for a space of more than twenty years, its walls were stained by the damp, the ceilings were cracked, and the surbases eaten away by the rats. All the chimneys smoked, and not a single door or window closed properly.

The Legoffs, when coming to settle themselves there, took care not to change in the least so charming an abode: they scarcely dared to replace, by oiled paper, the panes which were wanting in every window. The most necessary pieces of furniture were strewn here and there, in vast and cold apartments with earthen floors. Joseph, who had refined tastes, and in a high degree the sense of order and harmony, of which his brothers were completely destitute, had endeavoured to give the house a more decent appearance; but being roughly warned to keep his advice to himself, he complied without a murmur, and with his usual resignation: not that these good people were misers, far otherwise, but, born in poverty, they wanted that sense which may be termed the "sense of fortune." The only tribute they paid to the wonted ostentation of *parvenus*, was their having half a dozen of servants, whose sole employment was to rob and plunder their masters on the most improved principle.

The total want of occupation buried the three brothers in *ennui*, and *ennui* naturally drove them into the path of vulgaramusements: they set themselves to drink, smoke, and play at cards. The castle became a sort of tavern—a gathering point for all the bad charac-

ters of the country. Christophe and Jerome collected all the old sailors of their crew, and Jean recruited all the *vieux grognards* he could discover for twenty miles round. Every day you might see at the Coat D'Or, the army and the navy fraternizing glass in hand; but their fraternity was of short duration; for, as always happens among idle people, disunion glided between the two sailors and the soldier. Although Jean had returned from his campaigns in a miserable state, yet he had, from the very first, assumed the airs of a hero and a conqueror: talkative, a boaster, *par excellence*, he affected fine language and manners, deeply imbued with the feeling of his own importance; nor was it long before he fatigued his two brothers by his assumptions of superiority. From his own story, he had lived on terms of intimacy with the emperor, who could not do without him, and took his advice in every difficulty. You may add to such impudence, that he was often too ready to express to his brothers how little he esteemed the profession which had enriched them; nor did he refrain from giving them to understand that, after all, they were nothing else than pirates and robbers.

Jerome and Christophe began saying to each other that their eldest brother abused rather too much their credulity; and at last they became indignant to see him setting himself up as a great lord in that castle where he had had merely the trouble to enter without clothes or shoes. One fine day the war broke out: Jean did not exactly say to the pirates that they were miscreants, who twenty times over merited the rope or the galleys; nor did Christophe and Jerome exactly say to the soldier that he was but a barelegged rascal, who should beg his bread had not his brothers taken care to earn wealth for him.

These reciprocal compliments were always confined to debates, held under the pretext of deciding which of the two was superior, the army or the navy; and which was to yield the way, the flag or the colours. So much passion was displayed in the argument, that you might have imagined, on one side, Jean Bart or Duguay Trouin, and on the other, Turenne or Le Grand Condé, claiming the honour of

having saved France. Christophe and Jerome boasted of all the exploits of the French navy, and reproached Jean with all the disasters which had caused the downfall of the empire. Then Jean would take, on his own account, all the victories of the emperor, and charge his brothers with all the defeats that France had experienced at sea. You may easily imagine the exchange of civilities, which such arguments were likely to cause between folks, who handled the tongue with as much gentleness as long ago they exercised, when using their carbines or boarding-pikes; specially when arrayed: Christophe and Jerome with all the old pirates, and Jean with the wreck of *la Grande Armée*, their discussions, heated by wine, brandy, and smoke, gave rise to combats truly Homeric. These stormy sittings always began by a tender fraternity; they would at first give toasts to the glory of the emperor, and the ruin of England; they embraced each other, and drained their flowing glasses; but a single word was sufficient to destroy this tender harmony. This single word thrown into the conversation, as a spark in a magazine, the rival passions took fire, blew up, and, drunkenness aiding, became tempests, which drowned, by times, the voice of the ocean. The sailors would beat the soldiers at Waterloo, and the soldiers would beat the sailors at Aboukir. On both sides they shouted, broke glasses, and, from time to time, threw empty bottles at each other's heads, until conquerors and conquered rolled dead drunk under the table.

Meanwhile Joseph lived in this den, as an angel in the dwelling of the damned. To see him seated by the fire, with his fair hair and sweet face, in sad and thoughtful attitude, while his brothers, at a table loaded with glasses and bottles, gambled and drank, swore and smoked, you would have thought him, in truth, an angel of Albert Durer's in a *Kermesse* of Teniers, contemplating with a melancholy pity the turbulent joy of the drinkers. Imagine a hind in a wolf's den, a dove in a nest of vultures. Moreover, he assisted at these scenes of debauchery only to interfere between the contending parties, when drunkenness was at its height, and they commenced flinging insults and decanters at one another's heads.

Sometimes he succeeded in calming their passions, but oftener he was a victim. Happy, when they contented themselves with forcing him to swallow some glasses of rum, or pushing him by the shoulders, sent him to bed. Only for these events, which would have been burlesque but for the scenes with which they were accompanied, the life of Joseph flowed along, full of calmness and thoughtfulness. He had settled for himself, in the highest part of the tower, a nest, whence he saw and heard nothing but the waves. There nothing breathed of luxury or elegance, but all revealed his graceful and poetic disposition. The walls were hidden by glass-cases of butterflies and insects, and shelves laden with books, minerals, dry plants, and shells. Over his bed hung an ivory crucifix, and a little font surmounted by a palm branch; close by, a violoncello slept peaceably in its black wooden case. A table, covered with delft palettes, occupied the middle of the room. All the furniture was of walnut-wood, but neat and shining; an Indian mat spread over the floor its fine surface; the centre of the ceiling supplied by a plate of glass, over which the sea-gulls often skimmed with their light wings, left to view the celestial vault—now blue, now veiled by clouds. It was in this humble retreat that Joseph passed his days, divided between study, the fine arts, and pious exercises. He loved poetry, and composed, in the dialect of Brittany, sacred poems—sweet perfumes, which he confided to the wild sea-wind alone. He played the violoncello with great feeling, and painted with exquisite taste the flowers which he reared himself. Divine love sufficed to all the desires of his heart, and towards heaven reascended all the treasures of tenderness with which it had endowed him. Never had any desire troubled the peaceable course of his thoughts—never had any deceitful illusion disturbed the brightness of his looks. All his dreams were of God, and flew to God; he never failed to attend on Sundays both mass and vespers at Bignic. He was worshipped in the village and its environs—the very reverse of his brothers, whom no one liked on account of their fortune, which was a source of general envy, and the origin of which, according to

some, did more credit to their courage than to their honesty. Joseph himself, on this subject, was not without his scruples, and they carried him so far as to consult the priest at Bignic, to know whether he could, without offending God, accept the share of the booty which fell to him from his father, adding, that he would rather renounce it, and live peaceably by his own labour, than expose himself to the displeasure of his Divine Master. This he would surely have done, had not the old pastor dissuaded him from it, exhorting him, however, to sanctify his inheritance by alms-doing, and render to the poor what his father had taken from the rich.

Joseph had not waited for the advice of the good father to do so, for the poor blessed him for his charities. On the spot where stood the cottage in which he was born, he had built a little chapel, where masses were offered regularly, every month, for the repose of his father's soul. He had also established at Bignic a school, and an hospital containing ten beds for invalid sailors and poor fishermen. Well may it be thought that so holy a life drew upon him, at home, endless sarcasms, especially on the part of Jean, who, in his proper capacity of ex-corporal of *la Grande Armée*, boasted that he believed neither in God nor the devil. After a time, his irreligious tendencies having proselytized Jerome and Christophe, Joseph became a butt for all the soldiers' and sailors' jokes, which the three brothers could imagine. They knew, for instance, no greater pleasure than to make him lose mass, or sing before him some song that was not exactly a psalm, or else to oblige him, by some stratagem more or less ingenious, to eat meat on a Friday. Thus they took revenge on him for his superiority, the influence of which they felt, but would neither yield to nor acknowledge; nevertheless they loved him, and would not allow a single hair of his head to be harmed; still they were, unconsciously, jealous of his not feeling the same lassitude as they did. Above all, nothing vexed them more than to find him book in hand; Jean would then call him a hypocrite, and the two others a pedant and a bigot. One day they took advantage of his absence to enter his room, with the intention of burning all his books; but when they recog-

nised, hanging as a relic over the head of Joseph's bed, the last dress which their mother had worn, these savages were seized with a religious respect, and retired disconcerted without daring to effect their purpose. Joseph bore with angelic patience all the affronts which his brothers heaped upon him. His greatest sorrow was to be no more able to entertain at the castle the old curate of Bignic, whom he loved and venerated; he had been obliged to renounce the happiness of receiving him, fearing to expose him to the railleries which the redoubted corporal would not have spared. Meantime disorder daily increased: Jean, Christophe, and Jerome had gone so far as to lose all reserve and command over themselves; the Coat D'Or was the very picture of a country inn on a fair day; it merely wanted a sign hanging at the door. They kept open house, and used to get drunk from night to morning—even sometimes from morning to night. The best part of the family income was spent in wine and liqueurs of every description; they also played high, so that this holy place was both an inn and a gambling-house. The servants imitated their masters, and the kitchen had its saturnalias as well as ancient Rome. In short, after some months the place was no longer bearable, and Joseph, having several times attempted, and always in vain, to bring back his brothers to a better course of life, began to think seriously of retiring from that hell, and of going to live in the neighbouring village; however, before taking a step which could not fail to compromise his brothers, and bring on them the contempt of all honest men, he wished to try a last effort, and endeavoured once more to recall these unfortunate men to better feelings. First he went to see the curate of Bignic, and having consulted him on the miseries of his home, returned with a remedy which it only remained to beseech his brothers to apply to the redemption of their souls.

He hesitated for a long time; he knew beforehand what a rebuff he was sure to meet, how many antipathies he should have to combat. Still it was the only remedy for so many evils, the only chance of salvation for these strayed sheep. But how was he to win them to his opinions?—by what

spell could he overcome these rebellious spirits and soften their hardened hearts? At last he thought the propitious moment had arrived. It was an autumn evening: all four were seated round a cheerful fire; Joseph was silent and dreamy as usual; the three others pale, unwell, and not a little ashamed of an abominable debauch in which they had indulged the day before: they had been put to bed dead drunk; and though their constitutions were of steel, and their faces long accustomed to redden but from the effects of intoxication, they felt most uncomfortable. When Joseph turned towards them his sweet and brilliant eye, the colour rose to their cheeks; he then rightly thought that it was time now, or never, to risk his proposal. Having prayed God to assist and inspire him, at the moment when Christophe, Jerome, and Jean shook the ashes from their pipes, and prepared themselves to go to bed, on the 15th of October, 1818, at the ninth hour of the evening, Joseph began his discourse, and with a voice which he endeavoured to render firm and persuasive, spoke thus:—

“Brothers, we lead a miserable life—miserable before God and miserable before men! What would our sainted mother say were she still amongst us?—what must be her grief if from heaven she look down upon her sons?”

At such an opening they stood both silent and confounded, for whatever might be their faults, they remembered their mother with sentiments of profound love and veneration. Jean was about to reply by some impiety, but Christophe forestalled him, and said in a hasty tone—

“Jean, respect your mother; she was far before us all.”

“Brothers, it is chiefly by our actions that we should honour her memory,” replied Joseph, with more confidence. “Alas! if God restored her, could she recognise those children whom she reared in the strict observance of all the duties of religion? ‘Jerome, is this you?’ would she say, in that sweet voice, the harmony of which still vibrates in our hearts. ‘Is it you, my beloved Christophe?—and you, Jean, my first-born, the child of my election? Can these be my four sons?—they who promised to become the pride and consolation of my old age?’”

Jean bit his red mustaches; Jerome and Christophe turned aside to wipe the tears from their eyes. There was yet some good feeling in them; however, we must admit that being still under the influence of their late debauch, they were marvellously disposed to tears and repentance.

“It is but too true,” said Christophe; “we live like scoundrels; ’twas that gipsy of a Jean who infected us with the vagabond habits of the camp.”

“Halt there!” cried Jean. “In the service we were remarked—the emperor, my wife, and I—for our temperance; ’twas Jerome, ’twas Christophe, who tainted me with the abominable manners of a seafaring life.”

“Have we, then, descended so low,” cried Joseph, interrupting them, “as to accuse each other of being the cause of our vices and irregularities? There was a time when we lived united, like simple and contented children of a good God: we were poor, but work employed our days, and we went to rest each evening with joyous hearts and peaceful consciences.”

Encouraged by the silence of the assembly, Joseph drew an energetic and faithful picture of the Coat D’Or, ever since the death of their father. He sounded the abyss into which they had fallen, and unveiled the future which awaited them if they persisted in their evil course of life. He predicted the shame and ruin of their house; and whilst he expressed himself with a painful conviction, Christophe and Jerome listened with humility; nor did Jean even endeavour to hide his emotion. All three beheld with awe the degradation at which they had arrived. When Joseph found himself master of his auditory, when he felt these three men as so many grains of sand in his hand, he advanced with a more certain and confident step towards the real object of his discourse.

“Brothers,” pursued he, “we have not fallen so low that it is not in the power of God to raise us up again: for there is no abyss, whence the grace of the Lord will not draw the sinners, who tend towards him their beseeching hands.”

“What do you expect of us?” rejoined Christophe, sadly, “vainly should we stretch out our arms, none of us are learned like you, and lassitude devours and destroys us.”

"I am not learned, Christophe!" replied Joseph. "More than once have I been attacked by the evil which overpowers and consumes you; I have deeply reflected upon it; the cause of our misfortunes, brothers, is the want of some serious duty, to bind us to life; it is loneliness, it is egotism; it is, in a word, because we have no family. A family is like a sacred and eternal tree, whose trunk nourishes the boughs, and whose boughs, in their turn, carry life to the offshoots, which are at a period to restore the sap they have received. Are we not, ourselves, branches torn from the parent stem, without roots in the past—without heirs for the future? We cling to nothing, nothing clings to us: we live by ourselves, and for ourselves alone—wretched life, of which we carry the burden! Tell me—tell me, my friends, in your hours of weariness and disgust, have you never dreamt of a calm, of an honest home? Tell me, brothers, if in the delirium of your stormy life, you never turned towards holy pleasures, and more real enjoyments? Do you not remember, Christophe, and you also Jerome, the time when our young brother filled our hearts with gladness, by the tenderness of his joyous youth? He was more our child than our brother. Recall to your mind the cheerfulness which he lent to all around him. Hear ye not still the fresh laughter of his merry voice? See ye not his smiling lips and caressing arms? In the evening, what delight we took in hushing him to sleep on our knees! How we disputed his caresses, and his fair head to kiss. How happy would Jean have been to take him in his arms, and feel his rosy fingers pulling his long mustaches."

"What is the good of awaking such remembrances?" said Christophe; "Hubert is dead; the sea robbed him from us, never to restore him."

"God could restore him, brothers," said Joseph, energetically. "True it is, that we have too many reasons to fear that he is dead—but does not Jean still hope some joyful day may restore him his lost Louis?"

"Would to heaven such happiness was in store for me!" uttered Jean, no longer capable of restraining his tears.

"Many a time," continued Joseph, "have I seen in my dreams a woman—angelic creature!—seated at our fireside, and receiving from him who had

chosen her, the sweet name of wife. The three others, affectionate and respectful, called her their sister. She entered, calm and serious, bestowing upon us all the sweets of domestic happiness. She had, at the same time, that prudence which directs, that goodness which encourages, that reason which convinces, that amenity which persuades—her presence alone embellished our dwelling—her voice appeased our passions, recalled exiled order, and tightened the bonds of our sympathies. Enchanting dream! in which young children gathered round the hearth, and our mother—heavenly angel!—blessed the terrestrial angel who had brought upon us such felicity!"

Then Joseph went on depicting, under their poetic and actual light, all the salutary influences which the presence of a wife should exert at the Coat D'Or. He employed all the persuasion heaven had given him, to prove to his brothers how necessary it was that one of them should marry; either Jean, Christophe, or Jerome, for Joseph tacitly left himself out of the question. More chaste than his chaste prototype of patriarchal times, he had never gazed upon any female, save his mother; his learning, his piety, his extreme youth, his delicate health, and his bashful and retiring character, dispensed him so naturally from entering the lists he had opened to his brothers, that it never came into his mind to explain or defend himself on that point. The arguments of Joseph unrolled before the three brothers a series of ideas which they had never dreamt of hitherto. Jerome and Christophe were, by nature, so little inclined towards marrying, that they never gave themselves the trouble of thinking of it. From astonishment they passed to reflection; the poetical arguments by the aid of which Joseph had developed his proposition, had but slightly moved these men; but the perspective of real and positive good had seized upon them from the first. To speak candidly, they were weary and not a little ashamed of their course of life; they reciprocally accused each other, and asked no better than to change it; so that the lecture of their youngest brother awoke in them more sympathies than might have been reasonably expected. Christophe and Jerome imagined that the presence of a woman in the house would, in some

measure, restrain Jean; and Jean, for his part, knew by experience that a wife would bridle the excesses of Jerome and Christophe. Joseph, who had reckoned on warm opposition, saw with no little surprise, how favourably the proposition was received by his brothers.

The corporal was the first who broke silence. "Joseph is right," said he; "no doubt, if one of you took a good and clever wife, who would mind the housekeeping, things would not go on so badly; our servants have converted the Coat D'Or into a nest of thieves—we are plundered as on the highway."

"Besides," added Jerome, "don't forget, that when we become old and sickly, we will be mighty glad to find by our bedside a little woman nursing us, and making *tisane* for us."

"And then wouldn't it be nice," said Christophe, "to see a woman tripping about the house like a mouse. Afterwards come the young ones, and, as Joseph says, they always amuse and enliven a home."

"None know that better than I do," said Jean, "but the strongest argument is: if no heir spring up, at the death of the last survivor, our fortune falls to the state."

"That is true," exclaimed together, Christophe and Jerome, astounded.

"Decidedly," returned Jean, "that Joseph has had a first-rate idea. After all, believe me, a female in the house is always good for something—she goes to and fro, and attends to everything."

"She mends the linen," said Christophe.

"And she gives heirs," said Jerome, rubbing his hands.

"It's all settled," exclaimed the corporal.

"Ay, settled," replied the two sailors.

Jean arose in a solemn manner, and addressing himself to Joseph, who trembled in silence, and feared only that the three brothers would all wish to marry.

"It's all arranged," said he to the latter; "you must be married in a month!"

"I give my consent," said Christophe.

"And I my blessing," said Jerome.

On hearing this, poor Joseph became as pale as death; he wished to explain, but as the evening was far

advanced, the three brothers bluntly moved an adjournment, and retired each to his own chamber, leaving Joseph under the thunderbolt which he himself had drawn upon his head.

From that day the three Legoffs did not give him a moment's peace; and vainly did he urge his tastes, his habits, his retiring nature, his vows of chastity, and the weakness of his constitution. Christophe, Jerome, and Jean showed themselves merciless. After having pressed and harassed him unceasingly, they appealed to his better nature; they hinted that he held their salvation in his hands, and that henceforth he would have to answer for it before God and man. They at last had recourse to his vanity; for like the invisible fluid which beats the world, and is everywhere present, from ice to flint, vanity insinuates itself into hearts apparently the least accessible to it. They pointed out to him that by education, as much as by manner, he was the only one of the family who could aspire to a marriage with honorable aim, suited to their condition. Driven to extremities, Joseph consulted the curate of Bignic, who read to him private lectures, and enjoined him, in God's name, to sacrifice himself for the sake of his brothers. Henceforward Joseph no longer hesitated. In order to save them, he plunged, a new Curtius, into the abyss of marriage, which he had imprudently opened at his own feet.

There was in the environs of Bignic a Mademoiselle Maxime Rosancoët, living on the produce of her farm, where she dwelt isolated and alone, without parents or friends. She was an austere and pious woman, in her thirty-second year; she possessed some money, and had formerly some pretensions to beauty. It is not now uncommon to find in Brittany, well-born females, who retire on their own farms, and prefer to die old maids rather than misally their heart and mind. Mademoiselle Maxime went every Sunday to hear mass at Bignic. Of course Joseph had at last remarked her; she was the only woman he had ever remarked during his whole life, and besides she had so good a fame for piety and charity, that when the choice of a wife came upon the *tapis*, Mademoiselle Rosancoët naturally presented herself to the mind of our hero. It had been agreed at the Coat D'Or that

the victim should be left the full and free choice of the instrument of his tortures. Joseph having mentioned Mademoiselle Rosancoët, they all four went to ask her in marriage. Jean was the spokesman; but seeing that he became confused in his speech, Jerome interrupted him, and simply related the object of their visit, whilst Joseph, red as a poppy, knew not to which saint to recommend himself. Jerome spoke like a true sailor. Mademoiselle Rosancoët mingled with her religious ideas those of generosity and self-denial. She had heard of the Legoffs in general, but in particular of Joseph. The strangeness of the proposal did not startle her; but it is also right to say that the curate of Bignic had already seen to that matter, and, a few days before, had a long conversation on the subject with the most pious and docile of his flock. In short, Mademoiselle Rosancoët having listened to Jerome, gave her hand to Joseph, and consented to quit her farm and go live at the Coat D'Or. A day was fixed on the spot for the signing of the *contrat*,* and Joseph, when retiring, dared to kiss the finger-ends of his betrothed. On the way home Jean lavished on Joseph encouragement and consolation.

"How do you like her?" said Jerome to Christophe.

"And you?" asked Christophe of Jerome.

"Anything but young, *sacre bleu*!"

"Anything but handsome, *mille tonnerres*."

"It's a disabled old frigate," said the one.

"An old brig stranded on the shores of eternity," said the other.

"Our friend has made a nice choice."

"*Que le diable t'emporte!*" exclaimed Christophe, "I'd swear this old damsel will be a curse in the house."

Thus conversing, they arrived at the Coat D'Or; they occupied themselves at once in arranging everything in a manner worthy to receive the future

queen of the castle. The walls were whitewashed, the windows were glazed, and the floors underwent repairs; the tip-top tailor and the most fashionable jeweller of St. Brieuc were called in; the wedding clothes were ordered; and Joseph selected for his bride a magnificent set of real pearls. He endeavoured to look sprightly; he neglected his violoncello and his books; the nearer the fatal hour approached the more young Legoff became melancholy and sad, and he even neglected his devotions to wander alone along the sands, his brows bent, and his eyes wet with tears. Meanwhile the day of the signature of the cravat arrived. Early in the morning, Jean, Christophe, and Jerome were on foot; each of them had put on his black dress-coat, and their necks were confined in the starch of a white cravat; all three wore a sneering and rather sarcastic mien.

When it was time to go to Mademoiselle Rosancoët's farm, they called Joseph, who had not as yet made his appearance; but Joseph answered not. They looked for him—no Joseph! Must it be related? At the decisive moment his courage failed, and his strength betrayed him: he took flight in the morning, leaving in his stead a few lines, informing his brothers that he had not sufficient energy to complete the sacrifice. He besought them to pardon him, and promised never again to appear before them. At this news the soldier and the two sailors looked at each other with consternation; they burst into fits of anger and rage. To speak the truth, the occurrence was most embarrassing; the troth was plighted; for more than a month this marriage had been the chief topic of conversation throughout the surrounding country. The great object was to save the honour of the Legoffs and not to injure the reputation of a Rosancoët. But what to do, and how to do it?—none of them could suggest.

"I know but one way," cried Jean, shaking his head.

* The signature *du contrat* is a formality used in France when a match is agreed upon; previous to the marriage the family of the bride collect at their own house the nearest relations and most intimate friends of both parties, when the notaries of both families present the marriage settlements to be signed by the contracting parties and nearest relations. This ceremony usually takes place with great pomp.

"Which?" demanded together the other two.

"'Tis that one of you," replied Jean, "do take the place of Joseph, and marry the damsel. After all, he who submits is not so much to be pitied; she is rather a fine specimen of a woman."

"Since she pleases you, why don't you take her?" said Christophe.

"Why not Jerome?" answered Jean.

"Why not Christophe?" replied Jerome.

"Why not Jean?" again exclaimed Christophe.

Every one of them found an excuse. Jean pleaded his former marriage; Jerome a sabre-cut; Christophe a gunshot wound. Thus, for nearly an hour, they tossed the poor woman from one to the other, like a ball or shuttlecock; nor was the exercise unaccompanied with curses against Joseph. Meanwhile time flew; Mademoiselle was waiting.

"Well," exclaimed Jean, "let chance decide."

No sooner said than done: each wrote his name on a slip of paper, which he rolled between his fingers, then threw it into Christophe's cap; the operation finished, the three brothers crossed their right hands over the fatal urn, and each bound himself by oath to submit without murmur to the decree of destiny. Jerome having slipped his fingers into the cap, which Jean held half shut, drew, not without hesitation, a ball of paper, which he tremblingly unrolled: a cold perspiration bedewed his face, nor were Jean and Christophe much at ease; but when on a sudden they heard Jerome roar like a tiger, they burst out laughing. They sang and danced like two cannibals, round the victim whom fate had placed at the disposal of their tender mercies. Jerome entertained the secret hope that Mademoiselle Rosancoët would not consent to a substitution of persons; but matters turned out differently. The rigid old maid was as jealous of her reputation as the Legoffs of their honour; she preferred accepting the hand of Jerome to being exposed to the ridicule and gossip of the neighbourhood. The *contrat* was signed, the banns were published, and, soon after, Jerome Legoff and Mademoiselle Maxime Rosancoët exchanged wedding rings at the foot of the altar.

Joseph alone was wanting at the ceremony; the fugitive had not as yet reappeared.

The day following this great event, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, the husband was walking alone on the coast, looking gloomy and preoccupied; he thought that if Joseph ever crossed his path, he would cut off both his ears. It was only at the end of two months that Joseph dared to return to the Coat D'Or. During that time, spent as an exile in the surrounding villages, Joseph had become careworn. On beholding him so pale, thin, and delicate, Jerome consented to spare him, but declared before his wife that he never could forgive him.

Unfortunately this marriage did not bring the happy results which they expected. Madame Jerome possessed none of those qualities which make the charm of a home; she realised neither the poetic dreams of Joseph, nor the expectations of the three others. She reformed the house, but made it no happier. Jean said that nothing was changed, save that there was an owl more in the dwelling. Serious, austere, stiff, and even a little peevish, like most of those women whose youth has passed in devotion and celibacy, she managed her household affairs with a strictness to which her husband fell the first victim. She proscribed the pipe, and kept the key of the cellar. The consequence of this was, that Jean, Christophe, and even Jerome, deserted by degrees the Coat D'Or, and went to Bignic, to drink and smoke at ease. At first they were cautious enough to return home without betraying the manner in which they had spent their day; but they soon forgot themselves, and it so happened, that one evening Jerome presented himself before his wife in a deplorable state. Madame Legoff complained bitterly, and asked if it were thus he kept the promises he made when she consented to leave her retreat and settle at the Coat D'Or. In spite of all she said, Christophe and Jean did not the less persist in their former habits; but Jerome, troubled by the remonstrances of his wife, still less than by the reproaches of his own conscience, resolutely devoted himself to the practice of domestic virtues: he at once renounced tobacco and wine, and was seen assiduously accompanying Madame Legoff to church. As a

consequence, he became at the end of a few months the prey of a deep melancholy, which soon brought upon him an attack of consumption. He lost his appetite, and became, in a short time, thin and dry as a red herring: he spent his entire day seated by the fire in a careworn attitude, and no one was able to get a word, or even a look from him. The presence of Joseph alone awoke him from his lethargy. Jerome had taken such an aversion to him, that he could not see him enter the room without becoming greatly irritated; and to such a degree did he carry his dislike that Joseph was obliged to appear no more before him.

Things were thus, when they heard at the Coat D'Or, that an officer of the English navy had, at St. Brieuc, dared to make insulting remarks on the origin of the Legoff's fortune. Christophe took no time to consider, he hurried to St. Brieuc, insulted the English officer, and appointed a place of meeting. At this news, Jerome roused himself; a disgust of life inspired him with a desperate resolution;—without uttering a word, he forestalled Christophe by twenty-four hours, and, assisted by two seconds, winged the Englishman, who returned compliment for compliment, both falling mortally wounded. Jerome was carried home on a litter, almost lifeless. Just before breathing his last he opened his eyes and exclaimed: "I got married instead of Joseph, and I got killed for Christophe."

His wife and brothers wept by his side. After a short silence he held out his right hand to Christophe, and said, in a faint voice, "I thank you."

Then, stretching his left hand to Joseph, uttered—"I forgive you."

Thus he died. They persuaded Madame Legoff that her husband, in the perturbation of his last moments, had addressed to Joseph what he intended for Christophe.

Madame Jerome soon followed her husband to the grave. She died in giving birth to a daughter, whom she solemnly confided to the care of Joseph and his two brothers. At her last breath, she expended on the head of her child, and on Joseph, all the treasures of that tenderness she had hitherto so carefully repressed.

There are hearts which reveal themselves only at the last moment, like those Persian vases which, alone in

breaking, shed around the perfumes they contain. She bathed her infant with tears, and covered her with kisses; she invoked on her little head the protection of the three brothers; her words were grave and solemn. About to wing its flight, her soul cast a last beam over that pale countenance, from which life was departing. When she had breathed her last, Joseph took the child in his arms and presented her to Christophe, who promised to watch over her, and to Jean, who swore to bestow upon her that fatherly affection with which he once cared his Louis. A few days after, the dear orphan was christened at Bignic. Jean, as godfather, gave her the name of his patron; but Christophe, at the same time, wished her to bear the name of the brig on which the Legoffs had made their fortune: she was accordingly baptized Jeanne Vaillance.

From that time the Coat D'Or presented a strange and touching spectacle; what neither the prayers of Joseph, the marriage of Jerome, nor the remonstrances of his wife could achieve, a white and rosy little infant did by enchantment. On the verge of the two graves which had opened before their eyes, Jean and Christophe had already felt their bad passions tottering, and finally dying away by the side of a cradle.

They abandoned themselves, without an effort, to all the playfulness of love—they emulated, in tenderness, the care of Joseph; and it was touching, indeed, to behold the three men leaning over the little dove's nest, watching its first warbling, and the first fluttering of the dear bird. The infant grew, and with her, the affection of the brothers. She was a fine child, lively, petulant, and healthy. She sprung up, in the open air, in the bosom of a wild and rugged nature. The sunbeam and the sea-wind darkened the fairness of her complexion; her form became slender, her limbs nimble; she became *svelte*, but hardy as the stem of a palm-tree. Jeanne was endowed with an intimate superiority, an instinctive elegance. She not only avoided assuming anything of the manners of her uncle the sailor, or her uncle the soldier, but on the contrary, it was she who adorned them with a reflection of her own grace. By the contact of this amiable creature, their manners softened, their habits lost

some of their vulgarity, and their language its coarseness.

She was, at first, to them a loved and precious plaything; but insensibly a sentiment of respect and deference mingled with the expression of their tenderness. It was most strange to see that tenderness at once creating in them that "sense of fortune" hitherto unknown to them. They changed nothing of their simple habits; but, for their niece, they indulged in all the whims of luxury and comfort. They wrapt the child in swaddling clothes that might shame the daughter of a king. The better to decorate her apartment, they exhausted themselves with foolish inventions and extravagant expenses. Paris sent its furniture of a taste the most *recherché*, and also its richest stuffs. Nothing appeared too handsome or too costly to deck the cage of so charming a bird. All was in accordance; they showered diamonds and jewels upon her; lace, silks, velvets, arrived in bales at the Coat D'Or. However, discernment and *à propos* did not always guide their prodigalities; Joseph endeavoured to correct those eccentricities, and moreover Jeanne preferred, to the gaudy attires which they heaped upon her, the muslin dress in which she rambled along the coast, with the spray of flowery heaths wreathed in her hair.

At fifteen, Jeanne was the pride of the Coat D'Or. Joseph was her master in everything. He adorned her mind with as much care as Christophe and Jean decked her budding beauty. He had taught her what he knew of painting and music; they read together the poets, and, during fine days, studied, in the fields, the history of insects and flowers. During the winter evenings, the young girl would sit at her piano, and Joseph take his violoncello, then both would execute little concerts, whilst the two brothers, at the corner of the fireplace, would listen with all the ecstasy of which their coarse nature was susceptible. Jeanne played without talent, and sang without much method, but had a clear voice, a pure taste, and unaffected sentiment. She thus had, in all her movements, an unspeakable charm, to which they submitted like slaves, lovers of their chains. Joseph's affection was more serious and deliberate. Jeanne, in the fullest acceptation of the word, was a spoiled child, whimsical, self-willed,

and changeful as the wave; she had all the caprices of a queen of fifteen years. Joseph lectured her by times, but there was in the bottom of his heart, an adoration which may be compared with that of the angels at the Virgin's feet. That tender and poetical soul had, at length, met a sister to its own likeness—the dove was no longer alone in its nest, it had found its mate.

As to the affection of the soldier and the sailor, it became real idolatry. Child—they loved her dearly; but when they saw under their roof, at their fireside, a young girl, as amiable as handsome, elegant, and graceful, living familiarly their life; sweet, caressing, and fluttering around them, repaying the kindness of their care, then were these two men out of their senses; their love, exalted by their pride, knew no bounds nor measure. However, they loved her, above all, because her gentle hand had drawn them from the abyss of shameful passions. They delighted in finding mysterious affinities between this child and the old brig, whose name she bore. One had been the foundation of their fortune, the other, so to speak, of their honour: often it seemed that bearing the name of the old privateer, she ennobled and purified the source of their riches. This love, at length, assumed all the characters of passion, and its rivalries filled the Coat D'Or with charming emulation. Jean and Christophe were jealous of Joseph, and, at the same time, jealous of each other. The old hatred of the flag and colours was revived; but the young girl had the tact to give to each his due, and hold the balance of self-love in perfect equilibrium. She called Christophe, her uncle the admiral, and Jean, her uncle the general—a secret struggle, nevertheless, existed between them. Each was constantly on the watch to surprise the fancies of Jeanne, they questioned her privately, and used a thousand stratagems to surpass each other in munificence. For instance, the following event occurred on the fifteenth anniversary of Jeanne's birth. For several months previous, Christophe and Jean had consulted to know what present they could make their niece on that important day.

"All well considered," said Jean, "I'll give nothing whatever to Jeanne; her last birthday ruined me; more—

over, she wants nothing. I'll wait till next year."

"If such be the case," exclaimed Christophe, "I'll follow your example, brother Jean. Vaillance has enough of jewels and nick-nacks to dress all the women of St. Brieuc; her last new-year's gifts emptied my purse. Like you, I'll wait till next year."

"It's far better," added Jean.

"We have been extravagant enough," replied Christophe.

"Very well, it's agreed," said Jean; "we'll give nothing to the child, for her fifteenth anniversary."

"It's all settled," concluded Christophe.

The great day having arrived, Jeanne, who had reckoned on handsome presents, was not a little astonished to see her uncles come and kiss her, empty-handed; Joseph alone offered a bouquet of flowers, the first gift of spring. Meanwhile Christophe laughed in his sleeve, and Jean had an air of cunning satisfaction. On the stroke of twelve, a cart, drawn by a horse, and bearing a large case, stopped before the door of the castle; the case was carried into the house, and whilst it was being opened, the young girl lingered about it, wondering what marvel the monster of deal should bring forth; Christophe and Jean rubbed their hands and looked at each other stealthily. At last the boards give way, the hay is plucked out, the canvas alone still veils the mysterious treasure. Jeanne is pale, motionless; anxiety and curiosity agitate her young heart. Jean and Christophe regard her with *complaisance*. Soon the canvas is ripped open with a scissors, the last veil falls, the young girl clasps her hands, and Christophe and Jean triumph, each on his side.

It was a handsome ebony piano, inlaid with brass, of exquisite workmanship, good taste, and of the greatest richness. Jeanne, who until that day had nothing but a miserable harpsichord, asked which of her uncles she was to thank for such an agreeable surprise. At this question each of them assumed the air of a retiring conqueror.

"It is a trifle," said Jean.

"It's hardly anything," said Christophe.

"It's not worth speaking of," added the first.

"It is not worth a 'thank you,'" added the second.

"In fine, which of you is the guilty one?" exclaimed Jeanne, smiling; "for the least I can do is to kiss him."

"Since you wish," said Christophe.

"Since you insist upon it," said Jean.

"Well, it is I," exclaimed they, together, opening their arms to Vaillance. At this double cry, they turned hastily towards each other.

"Methinks," said Christophe, "that brother Jean is joking."

"I believe," replied Jean, "that brother Christophe is in a jesting mood."

"I am not jesting at all," said Christophe.

"And I," said Jean, "have no wish to laugh."

The truth is, that neither of them had a wish to laugh; Christophe's eyes sparkled with rage, and the red hair of the soldier's mustaches seemed so many needles, ready to prick the face of the irritated sailor.

"Uncles, explain yourselves," said the young girl, to whom this scene was an enigma.

"I maintain," exclaimed Christophe, "that it is I, Christophe Legoff, ex-lieutenant of the brig *La Vaillance*, who give to my niece this very piano."

"And I affirm," exclaimed Jean, "that it is I, Jean Legoff, ex-officer of *la grande Armée*, who offer this same ebony piano to my niece."

"What—*mille diables!*" exclaimed Christophe; "a piano which cost me a thousand crowns."

"A thousand crowns, which I have positively paid," cried Jean.

"I have the receipt for it," said Christophe.

"The receipt! I have it in my pocket," exclaimed Jean, drawing out a letter, which he opened, and placed before the eyes of the sailor, whilst the latter unfolded a paper, which he presented to the face of the soldier.

Fortunately a second van had just stopped before the castle, and the servants brought into the parlour a second case, perfectly similar to the first. All was at once explained, Christophe and Jean, unknown to each other, had had the same idea, and on the same day, at the same hour, two pianos, directed to Jeanne, had arrived at St. Brieuc by two different carriers.

"Ah! traitor," said Christophe, walking up to Jean, "you said you

would give nothing, that you would wait till next year."

"And you, master cheat, you pretended that your purse was empty."

"Good cat, good rat."

"To a pirate, pirate and a-half."

But what were they to do with two pianos, one ebony, the other rosewood, both equally rich and handsome? Christophe praised this, and Jean exalted that: between both, Jeanne hesitated a long time. If a question of life and death had been in suspense for Jean or Christophe, their agony could not have been greater: to content—at the same time, her uncle the admiral, and her uncle the general—the young girl decided that the ebony piano should be placed in the drawingroom, and the rosewood one in her chamber.

Thus time flew; none of the signs of passion were wanted in the love of these men for that child; that love had unconsciously become, even in the heart of Joseph, a feeling of complete egotism. Never had it entered their minds, that the young girl could have any other duty to fulfil, than that of being the comfort of their life. They had the simplicity to believe that this flower of grace and beauty had bloomed but to perfume their home; and such was their blind confidence, that they never had dreamed they might lose this treasure. Jeanne, on her part, appeared not to imagine that there could be, under heaven, more amiable beings than her uncles, and a more charming life than that they led at the Coat D'Or. Bignic was to her the centre of the world; her dreams never went beyond the distance a horse might journey in half a day. Never had she turned to the horizon an ardent and inquiring eye; never had she heard in her young heart that vague murmuring which we hear at the morning of life; like the mysterious rustling that pervades the wood, at the break of dawn. The activity of an almost warlike education had preserved her hitherto from that strange malady, called reverie, which troubles else careless youth; her imagination slumbered as yet. It was an imprudence of Jean and Christophe which caused it to awake. It has been already said, that Christophe and Jean were less jealous of each other, than they were of Joseph; whatever the young girl could do to conceal the preference of her heart,

and whatever they could do to win it, they well understood that Joseph was preferred, and had no illusion thereupon, though it was for them a source of continual surprise.

"It is indeed hard," said they, sometimes, "Joseph has never given her anything but flowers, and we have ruined ourselves for her. He does not hesitate to lecture, nay, even to blame her; he is a simpleton, who never saw any fire but that in the chimney, and who shall die a coward's death. We shall die, you and I, like true heroes: yet, it is that knave who is loved and preferred."

"He is a learned man," added Christophe, shaking his head, "he has given Jeanne a taste for reading; the child loves books, and he lends them to her."

"If Jeanne love books," said the soldier, fatally inspired, "we'll give her some, a little cleaner and better bound than the dirty old ones of Joseph."

Accordingly they wrote next day to Paris, and, in about a week, Jeanne, returning one day from a walk along the coast, found in her room a library full of books splendidly bound. It was, alas! Pandora's box: nothing could be more moral than this selection, save that the choice of poets and novelists glittered in the first rank, and that the contemporary literature forming the major portion, they were, for the most part, the best intentioned poisoners in the world. Jeanne and Joseph, for even *he* could not resist the temptation, drank deeply of these enervating waters, and thus both lost the original serenity of their souls.

Though Joseph had long since left behind the sweet fears of youth, his heart was as young as that of his niece. Innocence and purity had preserved, in their earliest bud, the flowers of his life's spring; the same influence had hastened the blossoming of the one, and caused the tardy blooming of the other.

To the reading of these strange poems, unlike all they had hitherto read, they applied themselves with a feverish ardour; they sat beside each other, in the daytime, on the fine and golden sand of the lonely creek, and, at evening, by the light of the lamp; such exciting occupation disturbed Joseph's mind. What passed within his secret heart, God alone knew. As

to Jeanne, she became, all on a sudden, restless, dreamy, agitated, changing by turns from an extravagant gaiety to a deep melancholy; never being able to account for her joy or sadness. She soon asked herself if the universe ended at the horizon, if Bignic were the capital of the world, and if her whole life were to glide away under the smoky roof of the old castle. Vainly did her uncles endeavour to change the current of her thoughts—vainly did they redouble for her those tender-nesses and cares—she felt annoyed, even angry, at their cares and tender-ness. Joseph was long a silent spectator of the first emotions of her heart, and the awaking of dormant feelings; long was he alone in the secret of that soul which, as yet, did not know itself. However, enlightened by their egotism, rather than guided by the delicacy of their perceptions, Jean and Christophe began, in their turn, to have some slight notion of what caused the troubles of their niece. Joseph saw them, but under their poetic and beautiful light; of a nature less elevated and hardly imaginative, Christophe and Jean had been struck, only by the external symptoms of Jeanne's perturbation. The misers understood, at last, that the treasure they had concealed in their dwelling might, one day or other, be stolen from them. It was evident that the bird they had caged,

had grown, had wings, and at the first song of some bird of passage, calling it into the free air, would fly away through the bars of its gilded prison. In a word, to use a language more in accordance with the ideas of the two uncles, they discovered that the girl was then sixteen, and that, unavoidably, a day should come, when they must think of marrying her. Nor could they hide from themselves, that to marry Jeanne was to lose her. They did each other justice. Jean said to himself, that the man whom Jeanne would choose, could never bring himself to live with so coarse a being as the pirate; and Christophe thought that the husband of their niece would never be content to live with a person so badly educated as the corporal. However they both agreed that the Coat D'Or was anything but a delightful place, and that two doves would soon be tired of cooing in such a nest. Finally, their extravagant affection revolted at the notion of Jeanne, their love, joy, and pride, ceasing to be their own child, and belonging to a man, who would dare to call her his wife, in the teeth of Jean and to the very beard of Christophe.

Matters stood thus, when on a stormy evening, the sound of the signal gun was heard above the raging sea.

A BOUQUET OF BALLADS.

BY BON GAULTIER.

THE GRAVE OF DIMOS.

FROM THE ROMAIC.

The sun is setting 'mong the hills: "Bring water," Dimos said—
 "Bring water, oh, my children! your evening meal is spread;
 And thou, Lampraki, nephew mine, here sit thee down by me—
 There!—take these weapons I have borne, and henceforth captain be.

"But you, my children, take my blade—my widowed blade—and go
 Cut down the branches for a bed where I may lay me low,
 And bring me quick a holy man—confession I would make,
 And number all my sins to him, while yet I am awake.

"Full thirty years an Armatole—full twenty summers I
 A Klepht have been, but now I feel my time has come to die.
 Oh! make my tomb, and make it both broad and high, that so
 I may have space to battle, if need be, with the foe!

"And in the wall upon the right an open window make,
 That when beneath the melting snows the Spring begins to wake,
 The swallows fluttering by to me the joyful news may bring,
 And I may hear the nightingales in May's fair morning sing!"

CHARON AND THE SOULS.

FROM THE ROMAIC.

There is darkness on the mountains, a dark and lowering veil—
 Is it the rain is falling there? or beats the driving hail?
 'Tis not the hail is driving there, 'tis not the falling rain,
 But Charon passing o'er them with his melancholy train.

He drives the young before him, and behind the old men go,
 And he leads the tender little ones link'd to his saddle-bow;
 The old men lift their hands to him, imploring him to stay,
 And with a voice of wail the young cry out, and thus they say:

"Oh, Charon, stay! dear Charon! by yonder little town,
 By the fountain cool that near the gate is wimpling sweetly down,
 Fain would the old its waters drink, the young the disc would fling,
 And the tender little children pluck bright flow'rets by the spring."

"Push on, push on! I will not stay by yonder little town,
 By the fountain cool that near the gate is wimpling sweetly down;
 The mothers coming to the spring would know the babes they bore,
 And wives and husbands meeting there would ne'er be parted more."

THE ATHENIAN GIRL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MÜLLER.

I have planted beds of roses 'neath my window, and they bloom
 Fresh and bright, and send their fragrance sweetly up into my room ;
 And the nightingales they warble love and joy from out the spray—
 Hush, ye warblers, yet a little ! know ye not he is away—
 That my true love hath departed for the field with sword and spear,
 For the Holy Cross to battle, and for freedom, home, and hearth ?
 Saw ye not how I unloosen'd from my neck my pearlin' band ?—
 To the man of God I gave it for my darling fatherland.
 Saw ye not that months have vanish'd since I last adorn'd my hair ?
 Have ye seen me pluck one rosebud here through all these months of care ?
 Hush, ye warblers, yet a little, till my love comes from the plain,
 Comes to teach us freedom's praises in a new and nobler strain !
 Bloom, ye roses, yet a little, and I'll twine ye in my hair,
 When, to greet our conquering heroes, forth with song and dance we fare !
 Oh ! and if ye should return not with the rest, my darling boy,
 Where, oh where am I to hide me from the revel and the joy ?
 By my rosebeds couching lowly, chaplets there of thorns I'll twine,
 And one bird with me shall tarry, mingling its lament with mine !

THE MAINOTE'S WIDOW.

Gashes seven upon his forehead, on his bosom gashes three,
 In his hand his red glaive, in his eye the pride of victory,
 There he lay upon the field, and, scattered thickly round and near,
 Lay the weapons of his foemen—pike and rifle, sword and spear.
 But so near his side they lay not, who had borne them in the fray ;
 From the hero, backward reeling, roll'd in dust and gore they lay.
 —“ Daughter, fetch me forth the garland hangs above my couch, but see
 That you grasp it lightly—fragile, sere, and withered it must be.
 As upon my bridal morning, shall it wreath my brows anew,
 And upon this field of slaughter I our bridal bed will strew.
 Bring with you fresh flowers the fairest, lay them on my bridegroom's bed—
 Soft and pleasant be their greeting to my noble sleeper's head !
 Roses I will plant around him, that in after days shall wave
 In the vale of the Eurotas, fresh and fragrant from his grave ;
 And I'll twine for thee a chaplet of their flowers, my daughter dear,
 When some youth of noble mettle wins thee for his plighted fere—
 One who for his bridal present bears with him a Turkish head
 For each blood-red rose that blossoms o'er thy father's bloody bed.
 But to-morrow morning early, ere my bridegroom is awake,
 I will doff my festive garments, from my brow the garland take,
 And, array'd in weeds of mourning, to the lonely greenwood creep,
 Not to hear the nightingale that warbles from the thicket deep—
 No ! to seek me out a tree that bud has none nor leafy spray,
 Where the widow'd turtle dovelet sits and plains the livelong day,
 By the spring whose crystal waters still she dabbles with her wing,
 Ere she drinks or bathes within it, since she lost her bosom's king.
 There I'll lay me down to wither, fade, and droop beneath the sun,
 Where the rain shall wash the tear-drops as adown my cheeks they run,
 And we'll wage a woful conflict there, my turtle-dove and I,
 Who shall mourn her love the truest—who for him shall soonest die !”

TO HIS MISTRESS.

FROM GOETHE.

Why dost thou lure me to this garish pleasure—
 This pomp of light ?
 Was I not happy in abundant measure,
 In the lone night ?

Shut in my chamber, when the moon was beaming,
 Unseen I lay,
 And, with its silver radiance o'er me streaming,
 I dreamed away.

I dream'd of hours which golden joy was filling,
 And I was blest,
 For love, tumultuous love, e'en then was thrilling
 Deep in my breast.

Am I the same, treading with thee the dances
 Of this bright hall,
 Amid the whispering tongues and jealous glances
 That round us fall ?

No more Spring's sweetest flowers can claim my duty,
 Or charm my view,
 Where thou art, darling, there are love and beauty,
 And nature, too !



TO HIS MISTRESS, WITH A RIBBON.

FROM GOETHE.

Little flow'rets, little leaflets,
 Have they woven with fairy hand,
 Playful sunny elves of springtide,
 Lightly called at my command.

Zephyr, bear it on thy pinions,
 Drop it on my darling's dress—
 So she'll pass before the mirror
 In her doubled loveliness.

She, of roses still the fairest,
 Roses shall around her see ;
 Give me but one look, my dearest,
 And I ask no more of thee.

Feel but what this heart is feeling—
 Frankly place thy hand in mine—
 Trust me, love, the tie which binds us
 Is no fragile rosy twine.

MAY SONG.

How gloriously gleameth
All nature to me!
How bright the sun beameth!
How laughs out the lea!

Rich blossoms are bursting
The branches among,
And all the gay greenwood,
Is ringing with song!

There is radiance and rapture
That nought can destroy,
Oh, earth! in thy sunshine,
Oh, heart! in thy joy!

Oh, love! thou enchanter,
So golden and bright—
Like the red clouds of morning
That rest on yon height—

It is thou that art clothing
The fields and the bowers,
And everywhere breathing
The incense of flowers!

Oh, maiden! dear maiden!
How well I love thee—
Thine eye, how it kindles
In answer to me!

Oh, well the lark loveth
Its song 'midst the blue,
Oh, gladly the flow'rets
Expand to the dew—

And so do I love thee,
For all that is best
I draw from thy beauty
To gladden my breast!

And all my heart's music
Is thrilling for thee!
Be happy, thou dear one,
As thou lovest me!

LOVE'S DREAM.

Thou oft in dreams hast seen us stand
Before the altar hand in hand,
Thyself the bride, the bridegroom I.
Oft on thy lips, when none were watching,
I've hung, unnumber'd kisses snatching
In hours of waking ecstasy.

The purest rapture that we cherish'd,
 The bliss of hours so golden, perish'd
 Even with the hour that saw it rise.
 What reck's that mine have been such blisses?
 Fleeting as dreams are fondest kisses,
 And like a kiss all pleasure dies!

A SEA-SIDE MUSING.

The sun is bright above,
 And the air is soft and sweet,
 And the sea-waves in the light, love,
 Come rippling to my feet.
 They ripple to my feet
 With a low and fondling tone,
 That my spirit seems to greet
 With a music like thine own.

She roams, they seem to say,
 She, so deeply loved and long,
 Where our waves, in sparkling play,
 Chaunt a mellow under-song;
 And the murmuring melody,
 And the bright and golden shine,
 Are mingling with her thoughts of thee,
 As they mingle now with thine.

Roll on, bright waters, roll,
 And to my loved one bear
 An echo from my soul
 Of the tempest surging there—
 Of the voice that *will* be heard,
 Howe'er, where'er I be—
 "Where, where is thy sweet bird,
 That she nestleth not with thee?"

Oh, for the word of might
 That space and time should bow,
 And bear me far in flight
 Where my soul is breathing now!
 Then, belovèd as thou art,
 I would peril all beside,
 But to fold thee to my heart,
 Though it throb'd but once, and died!

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

'Tis sweet for him, the livelong day that lies
 Rapt in the heaven of his dear lady's eyes,
 Whose dreams her image blesseth evermore—
 Love knoweth not a sharper joy than this;
 Yet greater, purer, nobler is the bliss
 To be afar from her whom we adore.

Distance and time, eternal powers, that be
Still, like the stars, o'erruling silently,
Cradle this tempest of the blood to peace.
Calm grows my soul, and calmer every hour,
Yet daily feels my heart a springing power,
And daily finds my happiness increase.

All times she lives within my heart and brain,
Yet can I think of her without a pain—
My spirit soars alway serene and free,
And, by the strength of its divine emotion,
Transforms its love to all a saint's devotion,
Refines desire into idolatry.

The lightest cloudlet that doth fleck the sky,
And floats along the sunshine airily,
More lightly in its beauty floateth never,
Than doth my heart, with tranquil joy elate,
By fear unclogg'd, for jealousy too great—
I love! oh, yes, I love!—I love her ever

CEYLON AND THE CINGALESE.

BY GUTHRIE THOMAS,

AUTHOR OF "CHINA AND THE CHINESE."

CHAPTER IX.

BUDDHISM, WHEN INTRODUCED INTO CEYLON—WIHARAS AND DAGORAH—CONTENTS OF DAGORAH THAT WAS OPENED NEAR COLOMBO IN 1830—DALADA RELIC BROUGHT TO CEYLON, A.D. 310—TAKEN POSSESSION OF BY US IN 1816—PUBLICLY WORSHIPPED UNDER THE SANCTION OF OUR GOVERNMENT—GIVEN UP IN 1847—LORD TOMRINGTON'S DESPATCH ON THE SUBJECT—THE CAPITAL, DURING THE REIGN OF THE KANDIAN KINGS, WHEN THE DALADA WAS EXHIBITED—THE PRINCIPAL BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN CEYLON—SHRINE OF THE DALADA—BUDDHA—THE PRIESTHOOD—EXTRACT FROM THE BISHOP OF COLOMBO'S DESPATCH—BUDDHA'S COMMANDS TO THE LAITY—WORSHIP OF BUDDHA—WORSHIP OF THE GODS—THE RAPPALLIES—COLLECTED WORSHIP OF BUDDHA AND THE GODS.

BUDDHISM was introduced and established in Ceylon during the reign of Dewinepatisse, the fifteenth king, and this event is supposed to have taken place about 235 years after the death of Buddha. Cingalese history states, that a priest of Buddha, of extreme

sanctity, was sent by the monarch of a country, called Maddadisay, which was situated eastward of Ceylon, to convert the natives of Lanka Diva. The priest met the king, Dewinepatisse, as he was returning from hunting the wild elephant; the monarch and his

train, unaccustomed to the sight of a man, with head and eyebrows shaven, clad also in a dress they had never before seen—namely, the yellow robes of a priest of Buddha, thought that a spirit of evil stood before them, and not a human being. The priest informed the king for what purpose he had been sent to Ceylon, and put the following queries to him, to ascertain if his mind were sufficiently enlightened to understand the tenets of Buddhism: Have you relations? Many. Have you people not related to you? Many thousands? Besides your relatives, and those who are not related to you, are there others in your realm? There are no others in my realm, but there is one other, and that other one is myself. The priest, being fully satisfied of the intellectual capabilities of Dewinepatisse, by these prompt and sapient replies, commenced a discourse, illustrating in flowery language the sublimity and purity of the religion and actions of Buddha. The monarch listened attentively, and, approving of the doctrines inculcated, became a convert within a short period, many of his subjects following his example. The King of Maddadisay had given a branch of the bo tree* to the priest, which was to be planted in Ceylon, if the natives became converts to Buddhism; and in accordance with this command, the branch was planted at Anooradhapoor, which was the ancient capital of Ceylon, where it miraculously grew and flourished; and the Cingalese now point out a bo tree at Anooradhapoor, which they declare to be the tree originally brought into Ceylon. The priest also brought part of the jaw of Goutama Buddha, which Dewinepatisse caused to be deposited in a dagobah, which was 120 cubits in height: wihares, or places of worship, dedicated to the service of Buddha, were built,

and the national system of religion was declared to be that of Buddha. Although we disbelieve the miraculous growth of the sacred tree, and many other fables connected with the arrival of the first priest of Buddha in Ceylon, still, from historical records, and the magnificent ruins of wihares, and dagobahs, that are to be seen at the ancient seat of government—namely, Anooradhapoor—we feel fully convinced, that it was in this part of Ceylon that the first wihare, or temple of Buddha, and the first dagobah, or edifice to contain relics, were erected. It is a curious and interesting fact, that in all countries, where Buddhaical doctrines are followed, the monumental buildings, which have been erected to contain relics† of Buddha, are invariably of the same form—namely, a bell-shaped tomb, which is surmounted by a spire. In Ceylon, these receptacles for the sacred relics are built over a hollow stone or cell, in which the relic is deposited, enclosed usually in a thin plate of gold, or in a wrapper of fine, white muslin; with it are also deposited images of Buddha, pearls, and gems. These edifices in Ceylon are solidly built with bricks, which are usually covered over with chunam; and we subjoin an account of a dagobah which was opened in 1820, near Colombo, by Mr. Layard, the father of the enthusiastic explorer, and talented author of “Nineveh and its Remains.” In the centre of the dagobah, a small, square compartment was discovered, lined with brick, and paved with coral, containing a cylindrical mass of grey granite, rudely shaped into a vase, or karandua, which had a closely-fitting cover or cap of the same‡. This vase contained an extremely small fragment of bone, pieces of thin gold—in which, in all probability, the bone had originally been wrapped—pieces of the blue sap-

* The bo, or sacred tree, is most magnificent, being clothed in luxuriant foliage, bearing an exquisitely odoriferous bell-shaped flower, of a white hue. The Buddhists affirm that each successive Buddha had attained supreme wisdom whilst sitting under some peculiar tree; and that Sidharte, or Goutama Buddha, reached the pinnacle of heavenly knowledge, whilst reposing under this tree, which is held sacred by all Buddhists in Ceylon, at the present time.

† These relics are either hairs or small portions of bone.

‡ The contents of this vase are very similar to one that was discovered at Benares by Mr. Duncan, who concluded from an inscription that he found in the same place, that a temple of Buddha has existed there above 700 years ago.

phire, and ruby, three small pearls, a few gold rings, beads of cornelian and crystal, and pieces of glass, which resembled icicles in shape. In the compartment with the vase were also placed a brazen and an earthen lamp, a small truncated pyramid, made of cement, and clay images of the cobra capella, or hooded snake. In an historical account of Ceylon, we read:—

“The characteristic form of all monumental Buddhistical buildings is the same in all countries, which have had Buddha for their prophet, lawgiver, or God; whether in the outline of the cumbersome mount, or in miniature within the labored excavation, the peculiar shape, although variously modified, is general, and enables us to recognize the neglected and unhonoured shrines of Buddha, in countries where his religion no longer exists, and his very name is unknown.”

The relic, which is considered most valuable by rigid Buddhists, is the Dalada relic, or tooth of Buddha,* which was brought to Ceylon during the reign of Kitsiri Majan, from Northern India, by a princess, in the year 310 of the Christian era; and in the 853rd year after the death of Goutama Buddha, to prevent the relic falling into the hands of a neighbouring monarch, who had made war for the express purpose of obtaining possession of the Dalada. Buddhists affirm that in whatever country the relic is to be found, that country will be taken under the special protection of Buddha; the nation, therefore, becoming, in the estimation of all professors of Buddhism, a sacred one—thus Ceylon is termed by the Cingalese, the sacred island. The Cingalese believe also, that their country never could have been completely subjugated, until a foreign power had obtained possession of the relic. In 1818, Sir R. Brownrigg, after the Kandian rebellion, took possession of the Dalada relic, and Dr. Davy, who was in Ceylon during the whole time of the war, thus writes:—

“Through the kindness of the governor, I had an opportunity of seeing this celebrated relic, when it was recovered, towards the conclusion of the rebellion,

and brought back to be replaced in the Dalada Malegawa, or temple, from which it had been clandestinely taken Here it may be remarked, that when the relic was taken the effect of its capture was astonishing, and almost beyond the comprehension of the enlightened; for now they said, the English are indeed masters of the country; for they who possess the relic have a right to govern four kingdoms: this, for 2,000 years, is the first time the relic was ever taken from us. The Portuguese declare that in the sixteenth century they obtained possession of the relic, which the Cingalese deny saying, that when Cotta was taken, the relic was secretly removed to Saffragam. They also affirm, that when Kandy was conquered by us in 1815, the relic was never surrendered by them to us, and they considered it to be in their possession until we took it from them by force of arms. The first adikar also observed, that whatever the English might think of having taken Pilimi Talawe, and other rebel leaders, in his opinion, and in the opinion of the people in general, the taking of the relic was of infinitely more moment.”

The relic was kept by us from 1818 until 1847, and during that period was exhibited by the servants of a Christian monarch, to the priests and followers of Buddha, who came to worship the Dalada. On the 28th of May, 1828, the Dalada was publicly exhibited at Kandy to the worshippers, under the sanction of our government, the whole ceremony being conducted with great splendour; also on the 27th of March, 1846, there was another public exhibition of the relic to the Siamese priests, who had come from their own country to worship the tooth. In 1847, however, orders were most correctly sent, by the home government, desiring the relic to be given up to the priests, to dispose of as they chose. Some of the chiefs and priests, it was stated at that time in Ceylon, proposed sending the relic to England, to be placed in the custody of the Queen of Great Britain, but this request, for obvious reasons, could not be acceded to, by a Christian government.

The superstitious belief of the Cingalese Buddhists is so well known,

* In a native work, still extant, and much prized by the Cingalese, called the “Dathadbastu-Wanso,” the history of the relic will be found.

that during the late insurrection, apprehensions were entertained that the ringleaders might make the possession of the Dalada subservient to their own purposes, and in Lord Torrington's despatch to Lord Grey, dated from the Queen's House, Colombo, August 14, 1848, we read:—

“As the possession of the Buddhist relic or tooth, has always been regarded by the Kandians, as the mark of sovereignty over their country, and it was stolen and carried about in 1818, being used as a signal for rebellion, which only terminated with the recovery of it, it was judged right, by the commandant, to demand the keys of the temple, as well as of the shrine of the relic, which had been delivered by me into the charge of two priests and a chief, about a year ago. He then assured himself that this object of veneration had not been removed from its accustomed position, and converted into a signal of rebellion. But not trusting any longer to the integrity of the priests or chiefs, by whom the insurrection has been organized, the keys have, for the present at all events, been retained in the possession of the commandant.”

The Dalada relic is placed in the principal temple at Kandy, which is attached to what was the palace of the Kandian monarch—in fact the Dalada Malegawa was the domestic wihare of the royal family. This temple is considered by all Buddhists as the most sacred in the island of Ceylon, from the fact that the Dalada relic or tooth of Buddha is enshrined within its walls; and during the reigns of the kings of Kandy, the people flocked from all parts of the island to worship the relic, on the various occasions of its public exhibition. The time for the exhibition of the Dalada was named by the monarch, and the nation looked upon that period as one of rejoicing—the chiefs flocked to the capital, attended by numerous followers; elephants were to be seen bedecked with their richest trappings, their masters reclining luxuriously in the howdahs, which in many instances were attached to the bodies of the elephants by broad bands, studded with pearls and precious gems. Palanquins, bandies, haccories, and every description of vehicle were also called into requisition, to bear the inhabitants of distant villages to the scene of re-

joicing. When the appointed day arrived, the monarch, accompanied by the whole of the royal family and chiefs, all clad in their costliest jewels and robes of state, went to worship the relic, which was exhibited by the priest of the highest rank, who reverently raised it above his head, to enable the assembled multitude to gaze thereon. As soon as the vast assemblage caught a glimpse of the sacred relic, they salaamed most lowly, giving utterance simultaneously to the exclamation of praise—“*Sadhu*”—this word was repeated by those who stood in the back ground, until the air was replete with the sounds of adoration, and the joyous expression was re-echoed from hill to hill. Festivals and rejoicings succeeded in the palace and the hut, until the excitement and enthusiasm which had been called into action by the exhibition of the relic had subsided—then, and not till then, did the mighty throng of chiefs and people, who dwelt in distant villages, depart for their respective homes—and tranquillity again reigned in Kandy.

The Dalada Malegawa is an edifice of two stories with a curved sloping roof, built somewhat in the Chinese style of architecture, and is approached by a double flight of stone steps. Upon entering the temple, the walls are found to be covered with sacred emblems, and decorations of brass: a flight of steps lead to the sanctuary, which is situated on the upper story: this room has folding doors with brass panels, on either side of which curtains are suspended—the apartment is about twelve feet square, and without windows, consequently the sun's cheering rays can never illumine this abode of superstition. The walls and ceiling are hung with gold brocade, and white shawls with coloured borders; a platform, or table, about four feet high occupies the principal part of the room; this table is also covered with gold brocade; on this shrine are placed two small images of Buddha, the one of gold, and the other of crystal; before these idols, offerings of odoriferous flowers and fruit are placed—four caskets about twelve inches high, enclosing relics, are arranged on the shrine, in the centre of which stands the casket, or *karandua*, which contains the sacred tooth. This casket is in

the form of a bell, being made in three pieces, and is about five feet high, the diameter at the base being nine feet six inches, and it appears to be made of gold, but we were informed by a Kandian chief, that it was composed of silver, richly gilt. The chasing of the karandua is simply elegant, and a few gems are dispersed about it, the most costly of which is a cat's-eye, which is set on the summit. Although the workmanship of the casket is unpretending, yet the various ornaments and chains which are suspended about it, are of the richest descriptions, and the most elaborate designs. These ornaments have been presented from time to time by various worshippers of the god, in token of gratitude for favours supposed to have been conferred by him, and the wealthy devotees of the present day frequently make additions to these valuable embellishments. The most exquisitely beautiful of all these ornaments, is a bird which is attached to a massive and elaborately chased golden chain. The body of the bird is formed of gold, and the plumage is represented by a profusion of precious gems, which consist of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and cats-eyes. Description is inadequate to convey a correct idea of the extreme and extraordinary effulgence and exquisite beauty of these elaborate decorations, which the limner's art alone could faithfully delineate. The karandua is opened by a small door, which is placed in the middle of the casket.* This precious tooth of Buddha, it is affirmed by Europeans, is an artificial one, made of ivory, which is perfectly discoloured by the hand of time; but most assuredly, if a natural one, both from its size and shape, this tooth could not have been carried in the jaw of a human being, but that it might have belonged to some ancient alligator, many centuries ago, is extremely possible. This discoloured memento of superstition is wrapped in a delicately thin sheet of virgin gold, and deposited in a box of the same precious material, which is of the exact form of, and only sufficiently large to receive, the relic. The exterior of

this delicate bijou is studded with precious stones, which are arranged in symmetrical order: this box is placed in a golden vase, which is decorated with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, in a style similar to the box, and being wrapped in rich brocade, is enclosed in a second vase of gold, which is encircled with folds of pure white muslin. This vase is then located in a third, which is put into a fourth, both being formed of the same precious metal, and similarly folded in muslin. The last vase is nearly eighteen inches high, and the workmanship, delicate chasing, and the tasteful manner in which the gems are arranged, in the whole series of vases, is most exquisite. The fourth vase, with its contents, is deposited in the shrine or karandua, and is taken from thence at stated periods to be worshipped, and none but the chief priest ever presumes to touch the Dalada relic. When we saw the relic, it was placed in the centre of an exquisitely beautiful pink lotus, the flowers of the bo tree being strewed around, and tastefully arranged on the shrine; but it was most pitiable to behold the benighted Buddhists, many of them learned men and good scholars, prostrating themselves before a piece of discoloured bone. There is also a smaller, and most exquisitely beautiful casket, or karandua, studded with precious stones, in which the relic is placed, when it is borne in the religious processions, or when the chief priest, in troublous times of commotion or war, should think it necessary to insure the safety of the Dalada, by removing it from the temple. Above the shrine, and attached to the wall, are plates of gold, on which are inscribed sacred emblems and characters: on either side of the principal shrine there are smaller shrines, which are covered with gold and silver cloths, on which are placed gilt lamps, and offerings of flowers and fruit; and the effluvia arising from the cocoa-nut oil, with which the lamps are supplied, combined with the perfume of the votive flowers, renders the atmosphere of this unventilated apartment most oppressive.

A contiguous staircase leads to a

* Unti 1847 the Christian government agent of the province, as well as the Buddhist chief priest, used each to have a key of the karandua.

similar apartment, which is decorated in the same manner as the one we have described, where is to be seen the recumbent figure of the god Goutama Buddha, the size of life; the features are well delineated, and the figure is gilt, with the exception of the face and hands. Near him are placed figures of other gods and the goddess Patine, the shrine being decorated with golden ornaments, many of which are studded with precious stones.

The god Buddha is represented by the Cingalese in three attitudes—namely, standing erect, with one hand raised, as if preparing to step forward (*see woodcut*); seated on a cushion, with the legs crossed; and reclining on his side, his hand placed under his head, which rests upon a pillow, we had two figures of Goutama Buddha presented to us; the one in the act of advancing, from which the illustration is taken, is of ivory, about five inches in height; the hair, eyes, lips, and palms of the hands, being coloured to represent life, whilst the drapery is relieved by stripes of vermillion. The other figure is of bronze, about three inches and a-half in height, and represents the god seated cross-legged; the ornament, or sacred emblem, which is placed on the crown of the head of each of these idols (*see woodcut*), is used solely to designate Buddha, as the emblem of the other gods is of a totally different character. In the Malegawa, a most valuable seated figure of Buddha was to be seen in 1847 (and we presume it is there now), which had been presented by the Siamese priests; it was nearly eleven inches in height, and was carved out of a cat's-eye. Having had the good fortune to have been conducted over the Dalada Malegawa, by a Kandian chief, we were shown all that was considered either curious or magnificent. Amongst the most valuable or valued of the curiosities was the aforesaid image; and not having the slightest feeling either of reverence or fear for Buddha, we attempted to take up the cat's-eye figure for the purpose of examining it minutely, and most unluckily we took it up by the shoulders. At this act, both our conductor and the priest started back in affright, as it is considered the greatest breach of decorum to raise an image of Buddha

by any part save the base, and then both hands must be used to perform the operation—a fact of which we were not previously cognizant, otherwise we should have refrained from outraging their prejudices, as we deem it bad taste to set the customs of a nation at defiance, even though they be idolaters; consequently we pleaded our ignorance, and our apologies were accepted. In many of the Buddhist temples, the images of the idol are gigantic, and the robes in which he is clad are generally of a bright yellow: occasionally puce or violet colour is used, which, although canonical, is not considered so orthodox as yellow. Buddhists declare, that the statues of Buddha are not placed in the wihares for the purpose of adoration, but to recall more forcibly to the minds of his followers, the precepts which he inculcated, and the example which he set them in his blameless life.

We had also handed to us Buddha's betel-box, his bowl for holding rice, and his chatty for containing water; all of which were composed of virgin gold, which was so extremely pure and ductile, that these vessels could be bent with the most perfect facility, reassuming their pristine form with equal ease. The vessels are ornamented with most delicately-chased figures, the designs and workmanship of which are incomparable, and these ornamental articles are carried by the attendant priests in all religious ceremonies and processions. There are also at Kandy two other Buddhical temples, namely, the Asgirie and Malwatte Wihares, in the latter of which is to be seen a gigantic recumbent figure of the god, which is nearly thirty feet long, clad in yellow robes; there are several smaller figures of Buddha, both seated and standing, and two of them are robed in violet-coloured draperies. The ceilings and walls of this temple are painted in arabesque, the most brilliant colours imaginable having been used; and although they have lost some of their brilliancy, yet the design is excellent, and the effect produced is pleasing in the extreme. Near to the Malwatte Wihare is a small temple, in which is a seated image of Buddha of the natural size: it is a well-proportioned figure, the face being

remarkably handsome, the expression most benignant, and the features well defined; in short, the figure is well executed in every respect.

In no part of the world was the combination of church and state more completely apparent than in Ceylon, under, or during, the Kandian monarchy. We have shown, that the temple, in which the most precious articles in the world, in the Buddhist's estimation, was enshrined, was attached to the king's palace; the monarch, his family, ministers, and household, going there constantly to worship.

We shall now proceed to give an account of the priesthood, their ordination, and the mode in which Buddha is worshipped, by which we will further exemplify the union of church and state. The Malwatte and Asgirie Wihares at Kandy, are the ecclesiastical colleges, to one or other of which every priest in the island belongs; it is impossible to give an accurate account of the number of priests, for although the names of the priests are registered when they are ordained, no record is kept of their deaths. Each of these colleges is governed by a chief priest, who was formerly appointed by the king, and these two individuals alone, of all the priesthood, held official rank. The title of the chief of the Malwatte college is Maha-niakoo-unanci; and of the Asgirie, Anna-niakoo-unanci: the word *niakoo* is indicative of high rank, whilst that of *unanci* is applied to the priesthood generally, and is a term of respect. Superiority over their followers is allowed to no others of the body, unless they are especially learned and pious: the chief priests rule their respective colleges from a written code of regulations, which they affirm were framed by Goutama Buddha. The order of priesthood may be said to be divided into three classes, although the third class are not regularly ordained: the first class, called Upasampada, which signifies *almost full of religion*, are distinguished by the honourable title of Tirunnanse; the second class, or *Samenero*, or the *son of the priest*, bear the title of Ganinnanee. What we term the third class, are pious men of low caste, who practise celibacy, and lead the life of priests, and are called Silvat, but although they are permitted occa-

sionally to perform priest's duties, are neither ordained nor allowed the rank of priests. The priesthood is principally composed of high caste men, called in Kandy Goewanse, and in the maritime and low country districts, Wellale; for, although the tenets of Buddha do not exclude the low castes, yet the pride of the high caste men will not allow them to associate with, or pay the respect, which a priest ought to receive, to an individual of low caste.

A regular course of study is gone through, before a priest can be ordained, a noviciateship being served, before a candidate can become a Samenero, and before the individual can become an Upasampada, he must pass examination; and, formerly, the approval of the King of Kandy was required, before a man could become an Upasampada. At an early age the noviciateship is commenced, the parents, or nearest relations of the lad, placing him under the superintendence of a priest, whom he is bound to obey as a master, the priest in return becoming his instructor; if the conduct of the novice is satisfactory, at the expiration of three years he is made a Samenero. The following ceremony is gone through when a novice is admitted into the priesthood: he first has his head and eyebrows completely shaven, and performs his ablutions, his person is then besmeared with ointments which are especially prepared; the novice having made ready his yellow robes, and the various articles which Sidharte had when he became a priest, prior to his attaining that wisdom which made him Goutama Buddha, kneels before his tutor and master, and entreats in Pali verse to be admitted into the lowest order of the fraternity. The novice is examined, and if his literary attainments are approved of, he is admitted into the priesthood, being clad with great ceremony in his yellow robes. As Samenero, he attends the temples, taking part in the subordinate ceremonies; but although a priest, he is still under the guidance of his tutor, who superintends his studies, and to whom he must evince the greatest respect and obedience. When the Samenero has attained the age of twenty years—reckoning from the beginning of his present state of existence, which they

date from his conception, and not from his birth—if sufficiently qualified, and permitted by his tutor, he may make application to become a Upasampada. The candidate now throws off his yellow robes, clothing himself in a pure white garment, and is then examined before an assemblage of the senior and most learned priests, the number of whom must not be less than twenty. If he passes this examination he is made a Upasampada, and assumes the yellow robes, which slightly differ from those which are worn by the Samenero. Formerly, it was necessary to obtain the king's consent before a Samenero could be made a Upasampada; and when the royal licence was obtained, the successful candidate used to be paraded through the streets of Kandy, seated either in a howdah, which was borne by an elephant, dedicated to the service of the temple, or mounted on a horse.

Each priest is an incumbent of, or appointed to, one especial temple, or wihare, and is supported either by the donations of the charitable, or from the produce of the lands which may be attached to the wihare. The number of priests which belong to a temple vary from one to twenty, according to the value of the land belonging to, and the size of, the temple. A wihare usually descends from tutor to pupil; but the head priest of any wihare has it in his power to appoint his successor; but should he die without nominating a priest whom he wishes to succeed him, then the temple devolves to the senior pupil. The office is held for life, and, in many instances, is a most lucrative one, as the donations, and lands, which are made to, and possessed by, the incumbents of the larger wihares, are frequently of considerable value; and constant law-suits are carried on by the priests, one against the other, to establish titles or right of possession to temples. In fact, the natives of Ceylon—belong they to what caste they may—are the most litigious nation on the face of the earth. During the Kandian monarchy, the chief of the principal temple of Buddha, or the Dalada Malagawa, at Kandy was not appointed by the College of Priests, nor did he belong to the priesthood, but the office was in the gift of the monarch, who invariably appointed a layman of high

rank, who, also, generally held some official post of importance; and the appointment was only held during royal pleasure. The title of this chief was Malegawe-diwa-Nilimi; and subject to his authority there was a lekammahatmeer, or deputy, and several subordinate officers, as well as a large number of Pattea people, who performed the menial offices of the temple, and cultivated the temple lands. The duties of Malegawe-diwa-Nilimi were, to assist at the religious ceremonies, and see that all the rites and observances which were ordered by Buddha, were duly performed. Occasionally this chief had to present offerings to Buddha, and before he approached the shrine, it was required that he should have lived entirely on vegetable diet for at least twenty-four hours, have performed his ablutions by immersing his person in a pure running stream, and be attired in perfectly clean or new garments. The offerings which were made in the morning consisted of flowers, rice, and vegetable curry; whilst in the evening, betel leaves, and a beverage prepared either from coffee or rice, were presented. The custom of making offerings morning and evening, the Buddhists affirm, arose from the fact, that Goutama Buddha never ate save at these times; and at the present day it is the national custom to take but the morning and evening meal.

It is impossible to say how many wihare there are in the island, but we know they are very numerous, as nearly every small village has one; the larger districts more. Every ecclesiastical establishment is similar, and consists of a wihare, in which there are one or more images of Buddha, and frequently effigies of the gods who especially watch over particular temples; a dagobah; a poega, or building where the priests hold their meetings, and read the sacred writings; and a pansal, or dwelling-house for the priests. Invariably, in the vicinity of a wihare, is to be found the magnificent bo, or sacred tree, diffusing its perfume around, and filling the atmosphere with the delicious aroma of its exquisitely delicate and beautiful blossoms. These religious establishments are generally built in some secluded spot, frequently near a running stream, amidst groves of graceful palms and

luxuriant fruit-trees, and it would be impossible to describe the romantic beauty of many, or the glorious magnificence of the scenery in some parts of Ceylon. Ofttimes, whilst sojourning in Lanka-diva, we have been tempted to coincide in the opinion expressed by many natives, that in their sunny isle was situated the garden of Eden.

The duties of the priesthood, both in their sacred and social character, are carefully laid down by Goutama Buddha, and they are required to pay rigid obedience to the Treweededoos-charitie, or prohibitory commandments, and the Pratipitti. The prohibitions are *ten*, and are the following: taking life; committing adultery or fornication; stealing; lying; eating more than two meals a-day; indulging in amusements of any description; accepting gold or silver; wearing flowers or ornaments; drunkenness; and reposing upon an elevated couch or bed.* The Pratipitti commands the priests to evince and pay the same attention and respect to the relics and images of Buddha that was paid to him during his lifetime, the same to the sacred writings, and to honour the senior priests in like manner as their parents. The priests are also enjoined to worship Buddha three times a-day: at sunrise, noonday, and sunset: the mode of worship prescribed is the repetition of certain prayers, and the presentations of flowers and fruit, which are to be placed on the shrine, before the image of Buddha. The sacred books, and senior priests, are also to be worshipped; the former are to have flowers placed around them, and an obeisance must be made to them before they are opened for perusal—during the time the Ola is in the hands of the priest, he is forbidden either to converse or smile. The priests also are forbidden to sit down, unless the sacred books are placed either on a shelf or table. The worship which priests are enjoined to pay to their seniors, consists in asking their blessings, which the suppliant is to beg upon his bended knees, with his hands upraised, and

his head bowed to the earth. The blessing is then to be given by the senior priest, who is to lean forward, with clasped hands, uttering a prescribed form of words: both sacred books and priests are also to be worshipped three times a-day. Four holydays or pohoya are in each lunar month, when the priests are ordered to preach to the assembled people the duties of their religion, and to inculcate lessons of morality: these days are ordered to be observed in like manner with our Sabbath; but this injunction is not obeyed by the great mass of Buddhists. Every fifteenth day, the priests of each wihare are ordered to assemble in their poega, and listen to the rules which are laid down for their guidance: the senior priest reads the prescribed form, first saying in a loud voice: "If any of our body be present whose sins will not permit him to sit whilst our doctrines are repeated, let him depart." The sins which render a priest unfit to remain whilst the doctrines are read, are, murder, fornication, stealing, and lying. If an individual has been guilty of any of the above, he must quit the assembly, and afterwards be tried by the priesthood; when, if he be found guilty, he is punished, suspended, or expelled the priesthood. Should any of the fraternity have committed a minor offence, and we believe nearly one million are named in Buddhaical laws, he is to rise immediately after the proclamation is made, and confess his guilt: the senior priest is then to reprimand and admonish the culprit, who, after he expresses contrition, is allowed to resume his seat. Annually the chief priest of each college ought to order the priests belonging to that institution to assemble, and listen to his exhortations and admonitions. Celibacy and chastity are strictly enjoined by Goutama Buddha upon the priesthood, and should they break their vow, they are "to be punished with exclusion, expulsion, or penances; the offender is not to be restored except by the unanimous consent of an assembly of twice ten senior priests." A priest is forbidden to sit on the same

* The custom of the natives being to sleep upon a mat, which they place on the ground, beds being only used by the higher ranks since their intercourse with Europeans.

seat with a female, where they are excluded from observation, "which if not so excluded as to allow of his breaking one of the fundamental laws of his faith, is still sufficiently secluded to permit of his holding, unheard by others, improper conversation." A priest is also forbidden to speak more than five sentences to a female, if she be alone, or visit her abode unaccompanied. Although celibacy is strictly enjoined by Buddha's laws to the priesthood, they are permitted, if they find it impracticable to keep their vow of perpetual chastity, to withdraw from the fraternity, lay aside their yellow robes, and marry.

Goutama Buddha orders that during the rainy season priests are not to be absent from their abodes more than six days, as travelling is attended with many difficulties during this season, and it is considered derogatory to the dignity of a priest to be seen in wet or soiled robes. This period is called *wasswass-sana*, and some priests of great piety will neither leave their abodes, nor utter a sound, during the whole period, which we believe to be about nine or ten weeks. The people of each village or district supply the priests with provisions (which they carry to the temple) during this season, and at the termination of the rains, the priests are presented with new robes. On the last evening of *wasswass-sana*, a general preaching takes place all over the island, which is most numerously attended, two pulpits being especially constructed for the occasion. These temporary buildings are erected by the devotees of each particular *wihare*; and we never saw a more pleasing spectacle than these light and elegant structures, which were tastefully decorated with flowers, the leaves of palms, and bunches of the luscious yellow plantain, arranged in fantastic devices. Two of the senior priests, attired in their full canonicals, are carried to the pulpits by their junior brethren; the younger of the two priests recites portions of the sacred writings, which the other expounds, and comments upon, exhorting the people to practise piety and virtue, to subdue their passions, to be pure in thought as well as deed, to endeavour to resemble Buddha in their actions and course of life;

that they may obtain the same rewards both in this world and the next.

As Christians, we are compelled to admit, that the precepts of Buddha inculcate practices which must be beneficial to every class of the community; and to prove our assertion, we cannot do better than quote one of Goutama's discourses, which will be found in the *Kassapa*:—

"There are seven sections of moral science, which have been fully taught, meditated upon, and practised by me, and which are necessary for the attainment of wisdom, knowledge, and deliverance from transmigration. These seven are—the ascertainment of truth, contemplation, extinction of desire or passion, tranquillity, equanimity, contentment, and persevering exertion."

Next to Goutama Buddha, the rank of a priest is considered the most exalted; not even a monarch should remain seated in the presence of one; and like their god Buddha, priests are entitled to, and receive worship. The priests of Buddha are considered superior to the gods (of whom we shall give an account hereafter), but the priests, when they preach, invite the gods to form part of the congregation, that they may participate in the benefit, which is inseparably connected with having Buddha's doctrines expounded.

The priests, from their sacred calling, claimed to be exempted from certain obligations imposed by the road ordinance, which was passed in the legislative assembly of Ceylon in the course of the last year (1848), and from which they have been relieved by the insertion of a clause in a subsequent ordinance of the same year. This injudicious measure, like too many others connected with our colonies, is likely to be productive of much evil, in the impression which it is calculated to produce upon the minds of the followers of Buddha, who are all aware the Christian government of the colony has not given the same relief to the ministers of the Gospel of Christ. We feel that we cannot better express our opinions upon the subject than by quoting the following extracts from a letter, addressed by the Lord Bishop of Colombo to Earl Grey, remonstrating

with the Colonial Secretary against the adoption of the measure. The letter is dated "Colombo, November 13, 1848," and may be found at page 295 of "Papers relative to the Affairs of Ceylon," presented to the House of Commons in February last :—

"Having no more legitimate mode of bringing my opinion on any points affecting the religious condition of this colony, before your lordship, I am compelled thus formally to express to your lordship my unfeigned sorrow that, in an ordinance which has just passed the Legislative Council, entitled 'an ordinance,' &c., a clause (No. 9) has been introduced, exempting all Buddhist priests from the labour required under that ordinance, and from all payments in commutation of such labour, on the ground that the tenets of 'Buddhism prohibited the priests of that religion performing labour of the description contemplated, and forbid to such priests the acquisition of money or other property,' while the like exemption is not granted to Christian ministers. Admitting even that, to a statesman, such an exemption may, on *political* grounds, seem expedient, as far as regards the Buddhist priests, though not at all assenting to this opinion, I would press earnestly upon your lordship the conclusion which follows, that on religious grounds the same immunity should be extended to Christian ministers. Because the British government, having only last year so solemnly disavowed, and formally discontinued, all connection with the Buddhist religion, it is neither equitable nor consistent now to exclude Christian ministers from privileges granted to Buddhist priests. Because the exemption being only granted to priests, as *spiritual* persons, and to none other, it cannot be treated as *merely* a political question, or divested of a religious bearing. If, therefore, political reasons require the exemption of one class, religious principles require the same for the other Because so honorary a privilege will, for its own sake, be greatly esteemed by a people wholly uneducated, and incapable of discriminating between truth and error, and will not fail to be used, by a designing priesthood, for the purpose of upholding their own false system Because a Christian government, in its unrestricted and equal toleration of all religious opinions, cannot confer special immunities on the professors of a false creed, without disparaging those of the true religion I might urge, too, the well-known fact to which the

records of many courts of law on the island will bear testimony, that whatever may be the *professed* tenets of Buddhism, the priests not only inherit and possess property, but claim, as subjects, the protection of the law for its possession I need not press upon your lordship the obvious and great necessity, on the part of our rulers, of extreme caution, in legislating for an illiterate and superstitious people, lest any measure be adopted which may even *seem* to be so perverted as to give direct countenance to a system of religious falsehood, believing as the Cingalese Buddhist does, the mysterious and inherent sanctity of his religion to be such, that the British power, though invincible in arms, is feeble and futile for its overthrow, and interpreting therefore all its acts as an involuntary homage to the superiority of his own faith I should not press this important matter so earnestly on your lordship, if I did not really believe the cause of the Christian religion, and the prospective dissemination of divine truth among an unconverted and uneducated people, to be seriously jeopardized by this enactment."

To those of our readers who may feel more interested on this subject than others, we strongly recommend the perusal of the whole of the letter of this meek, learned, and zealous prelate, who is an honour to the church, and we can only regret that our limits prevent us from giving it at length.

As a body, the Buddhist priesthood in Ceylon are moral and inoffensive, and some of them are good scholars, being well versed in the literature of their country: thus presenting a pleasing contrast to their brethren in the Celestial Empire, who generally are the most depraved and ignorant set imaginable. The only point of resemblance between the priests of Buddha in Ceylon and China is, that they are all supported in indolence, either by the donations of the charitable, or from the lands which appertain to each temple.

The laity are not conversant with Buddhaical doctrines, much less with the mysteries of their religion, neither are they required to observe the whole of the Triwededoo-charitie; but the laws of Buddha state, that his followers must believe in the Tisarana, and implicitly obey the Pancheseele. The Tisarana gives three commands,

Buddha-sarana, or to worship Buddha, acknowledging him to be all good, wise, and powerful; Dharmesarana, or to have faith in his doctrines, as the means of attaining ultimate bliss, or niwane, and avoiding eternal punishment; and the third commandment is Sangho-sarana, or, to believe that priests are disciples of Buddha, and qualified to point out the method of obtaining salvation. The Pancheseele, meaning literally the five good qualities, is the same as five of the prohibitory commandments, which are enjoined to the priesthood, and have been named by us in the Triwededoo-charitie. There are also some moral practices enjoined by the laws of Buddha to the laity, such as giving alms to the poor and sick, loving others as ourselves, contemplating the uncertainty of all mundane affairs, passing our time in a manner beneficial alike to our fellow-creatures and ourselves, despising riches, if wealth can only be obtained by malpractices, subjugating the passions, subduing unlawful desires, kindness to animals, and many other excellent maxims of the like nature.

The most unreflective person must allow that the Buddhaical religion prescribes a code of morality of a most perfect nature, which is unequalled by any other heathen religion, and which closely approximates to the practices enjoined by our own blessed faith.

The laity make offerings to Buddha, whenever they go to worship, which consist of fruit, the blossoms of the bo-tree, and other odorous flowers. These simple offerings are handed to the officiating priest, who arranges the various gifts on the shrine, which is invariably placed before the god. The worshipper then kneels before Buddha, bows down the head, raises the hand in an attitude of supplication above the head, and repeats after the priest, "I worship Buddha, and believe him to be all good, all wise, all powerful, all just. I have not broken Buddha's commands; I do not commit adultery; I do not steal; I do not deprive any creature of life," &c. It is rather a singular fact, that the Cingalese women worship Buddha more constantly, and, apparently, more devoutly than the men; yet in no part of Asia

are the female portion of the community so unchaste as they are in Ceylon. Formerly, when a gift of land was made to a wihare, it was requisite to obtain the king's consent, as the monarch lost the dues, which all cultivated lands were subject to, but from which all temple lands were exempted. The petition to the monarch used to be couched in the following terms:—"I, your humble slave, am desirous of making an offering of certain lands to the wihare for my benefit, and I pray your majesty will permit me so to do, as it is equally for your good." Buddhists believe that by making an offering to a wihare they will reap the advantage of so doing in their future stage of existence, and they also believe that by an act of volition, they can share the ultimate good to be derived from the act, or transfer the entire benefit which may accrue to any person they choose.

The priests of Buddha, in Ceylon, declare that the people do not obey the commands of Buddha, or follow the precepts which are inculcated by his doctrines, as they did in former times; but they do not exert themselves to remedy the evil, stating their belief that the world is drawing to an end, and mankind must become degenerate, and extremely sinful, before the world, which now exists, is destroyed and reduced to chaos—and that destiny, or fate, guides and governs all mankind and matter.

Connected with the worship of Buddha, a curious practice is observed, which strongly illustrates the national customs: there is a certain caste called Ambatten, or barbers, and a family of that caste had land granted to them in perpetuity by the King of Kandy, which was held upon the condition that the "sacred duty of shaving Buddha" should be performed at stated periods by a member of the family, and that in default or neglect of such duty the land should revert to the crown. The image of Buddha, which undergoes this ceremony, is the large one in the Dalada Malegawa at Kandy: a priest holds a mirror to the face of the idol, before whom a curtain is drawn; the barber stands on one side of the curtain and performs sundry evolutions with his razor, as if in the act of shaving a person, and the ceremony is performed without the operator seeing

or touching the idol. To the best of our belief, up to the present day this absurd custom is followed by the descendants of the family to whom the lands in question were originally granted. There is a heavenly phenomenon, which appears occasionally in Ceylon, called by the natives Buddha lights; this faintly resembles the northern lights, and is extremely resplendent; the priests declare this is a sign of Buddha's displeasure, when his followers have become sinful in the extreme, and that the light appears over the wihare, from whence the priests suppose the phenomenon to emanate, where those who have committed the sin, which has aroused the god's anger, last worshipped.

Although the national system of religion is Buddhaical, still Buddha is not the sole god who is worshipped in Ceylon, as there are others whom the Cingalese believe to be guardian spirits, who preside over the welfare of the island and their religion. The names of these gods are, Kattragam, Vishnu, Nata-Samen, Pittia, and the goddess Patine. The whole of these have temples erected for their worship, which are called dewales, and it is not uncommon to see a wihare and dewale in close proximity. These gods are worshipped by dances, supplications, and offerings of flowers, fruit, and money; and no worshipper can make these offerings who has partaken of animal food for several days previous to the time of making the offerings. The Cingalese supplicate Buddha alone for final happiness, and for favor in another state of existence; but the other gods are besought by them to confer temporal blessings, and to protect them from sickness and misfortune. The colours and dresses of these gods differ; Kattragam and Pittia are delineated as being of red complexions, Nata-Samen of a pure white, Vishnu of a blue, whilst the goddess Patine is the possessor of a bright yellow skin. Kattragam is the god who is most feared and revered, and his principal dewale, in the eastern part of the island, was formerly resorted to by numberless worshippers. This temple is situated in the village which bears the same name as the

god, and formerly, at certain seasons of the year, used to be crowded with pilgrims, many of whom came from the remotest parts of India to worship the god Kattragam. The only curiosities in the dewale are the kalana-madina, and the karandua of iswera; the first is a capacious clay chair, or couch (covered with the skin of a cheetah), which the priests assert was constructed by the first priest of the dewale, who, for his great piety, passed from this world to the next, without undergoing the agonies of death. The karandua contains a small image of Kattragam, and an equally diminutive pair of shoes. At Kandy there is also a dewale dedicated to this god as well as to Vishnu, Nata-Samen, and the goddess Patine. The approach to the Nata Dewale, through two massive well-proportioned archways, is remarkably fine, and as the ground around the temple is filled with noble trees, whose thick, umbrageous foliage afford a welcome shelter from the sun's rays, the *coup d'œil* is pleasing in the extreme. The atmosphere around the dewale is replete with the perfume of the splendid, fragrant bot-tree, as near each dewale is planted the sacred tree, amidst groves of the tall, slender, and graceful palm.

We regret that we cannot give an account of the shrines of the idols, as none save the priests are allowed to approach the sanctuary, or raise the curtain which conceals the door behind which the idol is seated. The aspects of the gods we have been enabled to describe, from having seen them in the various temples of Buddha. Cingalese scholars believe that Vishnu and Eiswara* are the chiefs of the gods (called Bhoomatoo-dewis), and that they have entrusted the gods before named, and the goddess Patine, with the power of governing the world, watching especially over the religious and civil rights of Lanka-diva.

The kappurales, or priests of dewales, are not regularly educated for that office, neither are they ordained, and they require no qualification save that of caste; as it is requisite that the kappurales of Kattragam should be Brahmens, whilst the priests of

* Eiswara is the only god who has not a dewale dedicated to him in Ceylon.

Vishnu, Nata-Samen, and the goddess Patine, must be either Goewanse or Pattea people. The manner in which the gods are worshipped is by the kappurales dancing in their respective dewales, and the exertion they undergo, with the contortions into which they throw their limbs, is most painful to witness. Some of the assistant priests play upon musical instruments, such as tom-toms, hollow rings of metal, pipes, and chauk shells, which are used as wind-instruments, producing most dissonant sounds, which the Cingalese consider pleasing melody.*

Although the priests will not allow any one save themselves to enter the sanctuary where the god is placed, they will perform the whole of their worship before strangers. These priests, unlike the priests of Buddha, meet with little respect from the people; nevertheless, they are supported by the donations of the devotees, and by the produce of lands with which the respective dewales have been endowed. The chiefs of the principal dewales at Kandy are laymen of high rank (who used formerly to be appointed by the king), and are styled dewale-baysnayeke-nilamis; who are assisted in their duties by many subordinate officers, which duties consist of receiving and disbursing the proceeds of the lands belonging to their respective dewales. The dewale-baysnayeke-nilimi never personally present their offerings to the gods, or join with the kappurales in their dances, as none but officiating priests can perform either the one or the other of these ceremonies. It is remarkable that although Buddha's wihare can be entered by all who desire to witness the rites of his worship, yet the greatest mystery is maintained in all that is connected with the presentation of offerings to the gods. Cingalese

scholars affirm, that before Goutama Buddha visited Lanka-diva, Vishnu was the god who was honoured and worshipped; and whilst some maintain that Buddha was an incarnation of Vishnu, others believe that Vishnu will become Nitra-Buddha, or the Buddha who is yet to appear. In the dewales, or temples of the gods, there is invariably some relic, which usually is a warlike weapon, such as a spear, a bow and arrow; and these implements are represented by the kappurales as having been deposited miraculously upon the site which the god had selected for a dewale. The will of the god having been thus miraculously expressed, the edifice was commenced, and by permission of the king, the new dewale was endowed with lands, and possessed the same privileges and immunities as the temples of Buddha.

The conjoint worship of Buddha and the gods is a most extraordinary peculiarity in the national religion of Ceylon, for the worship of the latter is not only tolerated, but is considered perfectly orthodox, as frequently a wihare and dewale are built under the same roof, and in every temple of Buddha are to be seen some of the gods we have named, who are looked upon as the guardian spirits of the wihare; but they are only worshipped in their own peculiar dewales. Native historians affirm, that in former times Lanka-diva was densely populated, and most prosperous (and from the remains of ancient grandeur still to be seen, we are compelled to admit the veracity of this statement), that the laws of Buddha were then maintained and observed in all their pristine purity, but that as the prosperity and population of their country have decreased, so the religion and doctrines of Buddha have gradually been neglected.

* This reminds us of an anecdote. A fellow-countryman of ours, who was residing near Colombo, complained to his appoo, or head servant, that musical meetings held by the natives, in a house adjoining his premises, disturbed his slumbers, and threatened, if the practice were not discontinued, to take the offenders before a magistrate. The appoo remonstrated with his master in broken English—the purport of which remonstrance was, that although Europeans could fight, and were good scholars, they did not know what GOOD MUSIC was, or they never would complain that Cingalese musical meetings disturbed their rest, and much less attempt to force a discontinuance of them.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LIII.

SIR ROBERT KANE, M.D.,

DIRECTOR OF THE MUSEUM OF IRISH INDUSTRY, AND PRESIDENT OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CORK.

THE attainment to eminence in any particular walk of life, no matter how lowly or insignificant, denotes in its possessor some attribute, or combination of attributes, above the common herd of mankind ; but when, in an age like this,—wherein learning and science, and not only mere abstract truths of science, but their practical application to all the great ends of earthly enjoyment, are the guiding star which all look up to,—a man holds an exalted rank in any of those departments, which lead and teach the educated and thinking portion of society, we naturally turn to inquire by what means such celebrity has been acquired. Genius and talent, the birthright of a few, may enable their possessor to cope with a difficult mathematical problem, or to produce the loftiest conceptions in the arts, in music, or poetry ; but their owner may have lacked the peculiar power for bringing these qualities to maturity, or missed the proper opportunity for placing them before the world. Industry may accumulate knowledge without applying it, either for the good of its owner or mankind in general. Some there are, also, who with vast stores of knowledge, and even great power, if they would but exercise it, live rather in what may be to them a delicious, but which is to the world an useless dream of the past, instead of unremittingly wrestling with the present, and standing on the “look out” for the future. Perhaps it was because some of the ancient masters of the pictorial art were content to labour for posterity, that they produced those noble works which have rendered their names so renowned ; while, on the other hand, the very desire of courting the fashion, and living but for the present, may have conduced to effect the contrary end just now. But painting is not a science or art of rapid progress, or depending much upon discovery ; and though it bears a slow and steady mission to man, it can effect but little to retrieve the fortunes of a country, or to benefit the multitude generally.

The age of escape from barbarism, denominated chivalrous, when the drama excited and instructed—when architecture and sculpture elevated—but when alchemy astonished, astrology infatuated, and religious enthusiasm swayed and biassed the minds of men, is—with us islanders at least,—past and gone. The meditations of the recluse, the repose of the study, and the retirement of the cloister, meet with but little sympathy and reward at present. We live in times of enterprise and research, of invention and discovery ; and not only of travel into the vast untrodden regions of the unknown, but of the practical application of every discovery in science or art to some useful purpose ; and in this every-day-working world of ours, progressing as it is with railroad speed, it requires a vigour of intellect, and, above all, an energy not merely of thought but of action, to join in the race which former times and other men demanded not. The external world around us, and the very nature of man, at present, exhibits this. We now grumble if we cannot accomplish in a single hour the journey which our grandfathers jogged over at the rate of thirty miles a-day. The mental constitution of man has been, perhaps, but little altered since his creation ; but, no doubt, education, race, habit, country, and external circumstances, induce a growth of energy adequate to the demand for its exercise ; and proportionate to its energy is the onward progress of a nation as well as an individual. Remembrance of the past may stimulate to deeds of valour in the field ; the example of the heroes and sages of antiquity may incite to acts of virtue, generosity, and kindness, of both a public and private nature ; but though they humanise and refine society, and even tend to exalt a nation in a moral point of view, they in no way assist to foster, cultivate, or advance those elements by which the great social machine is now moved onwards. To lead into a new, instead of following supinely in the old beaten track, is now the secret of most great men's success.

Of all the branches of human knowledge to which modern times have given birth—which has been developed with the greatest success, and defined with the most unerring certainty—which has most generally benefited the human race by its as-

Robert Kane

AUTHOR OF THE INDUSTRIAL RESOURCES OF IRELAND &c &c

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sistance towards the advance and improvement of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce—which has contributed most largely to aid our necessities, our luxuries, and arts, and to which our health, public and private, as individuals and in communities, is more than to any other indebted—chemistry and its handmaid, natural philosophy, holds the highest place. When, therefore, we see a man not only rise to eminence, but take a prominent position in such a vast branch of knowledge, we naturally wish to trace his steps, and see how and by what means his position has been achieved.

The natural gift of eloquence, which some persons possess, may make the orator, the essayist, the advocate, or the preacher, but it does not form the statesman or the historian, the lawyer or the divine. The quick eye and ready hand may assist the surgeon, but it does not make the medical philosopher. To climb the hill of honest reputation there must be added, the patient and enduring toil of research, habits of inductive reasoning and mental discipline, the art of critical investigation, the labour of analysis, practised observation, the rapid adaptation of means, and the ready perception of truth; but above and before all, the courage to grapple with difficulty, and the energy to display or bring forward the result of these combined powers. To borrow an expression suggested by the subject, to polarise the mind. This great principle of energy is often a natural gift, but it is also susceptible of increased growth by cultivation. If its antithesis, sloth, creeps like a withering lichen over the indolent, so does energy spring up like a well-watered plant in those that cultivate it. He that would now battle with the world, must stand like a general in an engagement, watching every turn of the enemy; taking advantage of every mistake; omitting no opportunity; preserving his coolness amidst the roar of the battle; doing the proper thing just at the proper time; acting on the defensive one moment, and directing the fierce charge the next. He who wars thus will conquer, though thousands were arrayed against him. He must also rise with the difficulties that beset his path, and laughing silently at the sneer of the scornful, never, for a moment, lose sight of the main object of his hopes or his ambition.

Energy—the energy of talent—perseverance, and enterprise, are the peculiar characteristics of the northern and western nations. Look at the brave but luxurious and procrastinating Oriental; he built for himself far in the wild, echoless desert, a fortress, supposed not only to be impregnable but unapproachable by an enemy. No European eye had ever beheld it; it remained like one of the fabulous, enchanted palaces of old; its precise geographical position was almost unknown, and to reach it no western soldier had, as yet, had the hardihood even to dare. There this city of refuge remained, mysterious and unconquered, till a veteran warrior of a little island in the Western Sea, who is the very embodiment of energy, saw that the attempt must be made to reach it; and having so determined, immediately put his resolution into practice; marched off with a handful of followers into the arid plains, where it was supposed to exist, without chart or map, guided by the compass by day, and the stars by night, but drawn on by his own fierce energy, he sought, and found, and conquered; as has been said of Columbus' discovery of a world, it would have risen before him if but to reward his hope.* Ambition prompted; genius conceived, but energy alone enabled Napoleon to carry his cannon over the Alps; and Davy might have lived and died as he began, an obscure apothecary, but for the daring soul which pressed him onward in the race. It is needless, however, to defend by argument, or to illustrate by example, an axiom so generally acknowledged as the foregoing, but we have prefaced this biographical notice by these observations, because we do not think any other man in this kingdom is more justly entitled to whatever credit or influence they bestow than the subject of this memoir.

To describe in terms of hyperbole, and dress up in superlatives, the course and character of the subject of this sketch, would be a task much easier to ourselves—but we feel assured, distasteful both to his own feelings and those of our readers—than to detail, without any flowers of language or rhetorical adornment, his labours and their results. A philosopher is, however, known and tried by

* Napier's Conquest of Emaum Ghur.

his works ; and by a simple enumeration and detail of these, we undertake to shew good cause for affording a niche in our Walhalla to the Irishman, with whose memoir we now present our readers.

Robert Kane was born in Dublin in 1810, and educated for the medical profession. His early tendency to chemical pursuits, and to the industrial applications of science, probably arose from his family having been chemical manufacturers in this city. In the universal collapse which followed the Union, in Ireland generally, and in Dublin in particular, nearly a quarter of a century elapsed, during which there was a total prostration of all the vital powers of the country ; enterprise ceased ; trade languished, nay, literally expired ; literature was altogether extinguished ; Irish science, or scientific men, took but a very minor position in the eyes of the learned world—law schools we had none—medicine slept ; the very wit and sparkling eloquence of former times appeared as if crushed by the blow ; our University seems to have been in a state almost of hybernation ; and our Royal Academy dragged on a puny existence, at times scarcely able to collect a sufficient auditory at its meetings. True it is, a few bright stars remained or appeared from time to time in our firmament ; a Brinkley, a Grattan, a Kirwan, a Plunket, a Bushe, and a Whitley Stokes, but they only rendered the surrounding darkness more palpable. The men who had witnessed the comparative glory of the Irish nation, fought in the struggle for its maintenance, and beheld its downfall and decay, appeared to have sickened at the sight of its desolation, and given up all hopes of amendment ; so that it required a new generation to arise in order to make any effort for its improvement. If England, with unbecoming asperity, brags of the millions—but not eight millions, be it remembered—which she has doled out to save from starvation the peasantry of this portion of the *united* kingdom, it would be well that she occasionally remembered what she rendered Ireland for upwards of twenty years after the withdrawal of her parliament, her nobility, her gentry, and her trade.

First to raise itself from this thralldom and inactivity, and to spread abroad the fair name and fame of the science and literature of Dublin, was the School of Medicine, of which we have given some account upon a former occasion.* Mr. Kane commenced his studies at a propitious time, just when our young school of medicine was struggling into life, and attached himself to the Meath Hospital, then the great focus of attraction, under the teaching of Dr. Graves and Dr. William Stokes, where his talents and unremitting zeal in the acquirement of knowledge soon attracted their attention, and earned their warmest approbation and assistance. At this period we did not possess, in Dublin, a single periodical, either literary or professional, and great indeed were the difficulties which obstructed the path of the aspirant after scientific fame. A small medical society, however, principally composed of the students of the Meath Hospital, was started at this time, and in 1829, Mr. Kane received a gold medal from this body for a prize essay on the effects of morbid poisons introduced into the circulation. The year following he obtained, after a public examination, the clinical clerkship of the Meath Hospital, a situation which reflects the highest credit on its founders, and has, we have reason to know, conferred most signal benefits upon the science of medicine in this country. In the same year (1830), he also carried off a prize offered by Dr. Graves for the best essay on the Pathological Condition of the Fluids in Typhus Fever, a contribution to medical science in which he combated with effect the pernicious doctrines of Broussais and the solodists, at that time widely spread over this country, and revived the humoral pathology, which was then making great way upon the Continent, under the guidance of the celebrated Andral.

While carrying on these laborious investigations—researches such as seldom occupy the mind of a student, and fulfilling the arduous duties of his office—attending to the sick, and recording medical cases of interest—he entered Trinity College, in order to fit himself for the only degree in medicine then given in this country ; and notwithstanding the variety and intensity of his other occupations, his university career was not without distinction, for he obtained several science honours. Although Mr. Kane completed his medical education, and became a licentiate in 1832, and subsequently, in 1841, was elected a Fellow of the King and

* See the Memoir of Robert J. Graves, M.D., in No. 110, Feb. 1842.

Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland, his actual medical career may be said to have ended here; for circumstances occurred, about this time, which induced him to relinquish all thoughts of following up the practical portion of the profession.

Owing to circumstances, here unnecessary to detail, the classes of the medical profession at that time consisted of physicians, most of whom had graduated in Scotland, on account of the difficulties which, we regret to say, lay in the way of procuring a medical degree in Ireland; surgeons, belonging chiefly to our Irish college; and apothecaries, who stood in the position of the English general practitioners, prescribing as well as compounding medicine, all of whom were licentiates of the Irish Apothecaries' Hall, and many of whom possessed degrees in medicine and surgery from some of the English or Scotch colleges. Seeing that the public would have a "general practitioner," and that so many members of their own body were in possession of the field, the Apothecaries' Company determined, with laudable zeal, to extend and improve their curriculum of education as far as their act of parliament permitted. They, therefore, proceeded, in 1831, to establish a separate chair of chemistry, instead of the united one of chemistry and materia medica, which formerly existed, and which was filled with so much ability by Mr. Donovan, with whose labours and acquirements most of our readers are familiar; and young Kane, *then a student*, was elected to the office. From this circumstance arose the School of the Apothecaries' Hall; while, at the same time, it completely directed the current of Mr. Kane's labours into a purely chemical and scientific channel. He continued to be Professor of Chemistry to the Apothecaries' Hall till 1845, when he was succeeded by Dr. Aldridge. For many years he was one of the examining board of the Apothecaries' Hall, and assisted greatly in introducing those improvements into the course of education now required by that body, and in the organisation of the School of Medicine attached to that institution, from which have sprung many of our present general practitioners.

Shortly after this appointment, the young professor published his first work, "The Elements of Pharmacy," which was "intended to convey to the student a knowledge of the principles upon which the more important pharmaceutical operations are founded, and thus fill up that space which exists between the mere detail of the processes in a Pharmacopœia, and the theoretic explanations of their nature given in a systematic book." This was, we believe, the first attempt made to introduce the Continental ideas and methods of treating the subject into Ireland.

We have already alluded to the deficiency of periodical literature and literary enterprise in Dublin twenty years ago. This defect the energy and comprehensive mind of Professor Kane at once perceived and endeavoured to remedy, as far as medicine and its collateral branches were concerned; and, in 1832, he projected the *Dublin Journal of Medical Science*, intending it originally for the publication of articles on subjects connected with chemistry and pharmacy; but afterwards, at the instance of Drs. Graves and Stokes, who became with him its joint editors, it appeared as a journal of practical medicine as well as chemistry. His direct connexion with this periodical continued till 1834, when his various other avocations rendered it impossible for him to devote to it the necessary time and attention which effective editorship in any form demands. From 1832 to 1837, Professor Kane contributed ten papers of great value to that periodical, most of which are, however, upon subjects not generally interesting to the general reader; but we may enumerate among them, his Memoir upon the "Composition of the Fluids in Diabetes;" in which, by demonstrating that the quantity of organic bases is not affected by the disease, he disproved the old and laid the foundation of the present theory of the nature of that malady. This, together with the two former papers alluded to, were of considerable value in a practical point of view. Another of his memoirs, published about this time, consisted of "Remarks on the properties of the Hydracids," in which he demonstrated the electro-positive character of hydrogen, and the consequent basic properties of water, and the other hydrogen compounds usually called acids. These views, then considered anomalous and startling, have been since almost universally received.

The influence which this periodical—first projected by the subject of this memoir, and now established as the *Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science*—has had upon the progress of medicine, as well as professional and even

general literature in this country, it is impossible to calculate. It was the first successful periodical, whether scientific, literary, or medical, that emanated from the Irish press during the present century, and it has now reached to thirty-five goodly volumes. Our own magazine was commenced in the following year.

In 1838, Doctor Kane married Miss Baily, authoress of "The Irish Flora," and niece to Francis Baily, the distinguished astronomer.

In 1834, after a *concours* of public lectures—the first of the kind, we believe, attempted in this country—Dr. Kane was elected Professor of Natural Philosophy to the Royal Dublin Society, a situation he held till 1847, when he resigned, and Dr. W. Barker was elected in his stead. His most instructive lectures at this institution were carefully prepared, and characterised by clearness, impressiveness, and the happy adaptation and felicity of his experiments; but these were of little importance in comparison with their practical utility, and their great value in an industrial and manufacturing point of view. Not only in his addresses, but in the working of the department over which he presided in the Royal Dublin Society, did he, by every means in his power, labour to develop the latent wealth, and promote the agricultural and manufacturing interests of Ireland. At the triennial exhibitions of our manufactures he gave illustrative courses of lectures, which were of the greatest possible advantage both to the crowded audiences which he addressed, and to the manufacturers and artisans in the city. In 1843, Professor Kane delivered a course of lectures on the different sources of industry which exist in Ireland; and the investigations which he instituted for that purpose were afterwards amplified and worked out in detail, in his well-known work upon the Industrial Resources of Ireland, to which we shall presently allude.

We must now go back some nine or ten years, and trace this distinguished Irishman's onward progress in another institution of a less practical but more scientific character—we mean the Royal Irish Academy, of which he was elected a member in 1832, and placed upon its council in 1841. Shortly afterwards he was elected to the honourable post of secretary to the council, in the room of the late Professor M'Cullagh, when that gentleman became secretary to the academy. This office Professor Kane continued to fill till he was appointed president of the Queen's College at Cork, when the present secretary to council, the Rev. Professor Graves, was elected.

The labours, researches, and discoveries which Professor Kane laid before the Royal Irish Academy, will be found at length in the transactions and proceedings of that learned body. Many of these would be uninteresting, and others perhaps not understood by the generality of our readers. The two following, however, should be particularly noticed, because they appear to have influenced his present position not a little.

In 1835, Professor Kane was occupied with some chemical researches on woodspirit, and had proceeded as far as the methods of analysis employed in these countries allowed, and had read an account of his results to the Royal Irish Academy, when he found that Dumas and Peligot had been working on the same subject in Paris, and by the superiority of the Continental methods of organic analysis had not only obtained all his results, but had gone much further in working out the investigation. He then felt the necessity of visiting the Continental chemical and other scientific schools, and during the succeeding year he spent a great portion of his time in visiting the laboratories and scientific institutions of Germany and France. But before he proceeded to the Continent, he again brought forward the subject of pyroligneous spirit at the meeting of the British Association held in Dublin, and satisfactorily established the truth of his investigations.

There is scarcely a subject in either science or literature which is not open to the careful investigation of the industrious; and in chemistry, either from the discrepancies of previous enquirers, or owing to the mode of investigation employed, there has of late years been an inviting field for labour, if not discovery. These feelings seem to have actuated the subject of this memoir in commencing a series of researches on the ammoniacal compounds of mercury, copper, and zinc. The results which he arrived at were first broached in 1836, and brought to a conclusion two years afterwards, when they were published in the transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. Immediately after their appearance, they were trans-

lated into most of the Continental scientific journals. Eminent chemists in Stockholm and Berlin verified all Kane's experiments; and Berzelius, when describing their results in his annual account of the progress of chemistry, characterised them as the most remarkable and important chemical researches of the period, as they had clearly demonstrated the existence of the electro-negative radical amidogene and the true nature of ammonia. The conclusions arrived at in these memoirs have since been adopted by almost all philosophical chemists, and in the year 1843, the Royal Irish Academy awarded the Cunningham gold medal to Professor Kane for this valuable discovery; for the circumstances attending which, as well as a short analysis of these researches, we refer our readers to the address of the then president, Sir William Hamilton, published in the second volume of the proceedings of the Academy.

In 1840, Professor Kane presented to the Royal Society of London some researches on the colouring matters of the lichens, which were subsequently published in the "Philosophical Transactions," under the head of "Contributions to the Chemical History of Archil and Litmus." This memoir was the pioneer into an untrodden and extremely difficult field of research. The complexity of the results from the examination of bodies so prone to decomposition, and so hard to distinguish, is so great, that the difficulty of even indicating the general nature of their chemical constitution can scarcely be understood, except by those who have themselves worked at the subject. The merit of this memoir was *at once* recognized, and so quickly and highly appreciated, that although the author announced his conviction that subsequent investigation might be expected to add to, and perhaps to modify many of the results at which he had arrived, the Royal Society immediately conferred upon him their royal medals.

We might proceed still further in describing and descanting upon the various memoirs contributed by Professor Kane to different periodicals, as well as published in the proceedings and transactions of learned bodies, were it necessary to elucidate the subject, or if they could be at all understood by the general reader. Before, however, we mention his two great published works, we would here,—because it appears next in the chronological order of his labours, and because we have reason to know that it laid the foundation for the present soil analysis of Ireland,—introduce the subject of the report upon the Ordnance Memoir, made by order of the government in 1843. We here find two letters from Professor Kane; the one descriptive of the materials requisite for a proper memoir on the productive economy of this kingdom; the other, a series of answers to certain queries made by the commissioners respecting the propriety of publishing the information collected by the officers employed in the Ordnance Survey generally, and in particular, on the subject of agriculture, mineral products, natural resources, and the value of establishing a museum of economic geology similar to that erected in London some years previously. As this latter subject is of such vital importance, particularly to a country in a transition state, and situated as our's now, when every suggestion calculated to make known her wealth, incite and properly direct her industry, and display her natural resources, should be respected, we willingly insert the following recommendations of Professor Kane, the more especially as they would appear to be, even so far as they have yet been carried out, the only ones acted on by the government since:—

"The publication of the collection made in the course of the Ordnance Survey may be of the very highest utility, in developing the productive resources of Ireland. Further, as the means which the survey affords for collecting information surpasses the opportunities of even the most active individuals, so its organisation in one department affords a power of comparison and verification of results which is of the highest importance, where those results are to be made the bases of practical industry. This is well seen; where, in determining the most suitable localities for the application of capital and labour in any branch, a variety of circumstances, physical, geological, and statistical, require to be taken into account, in order to prevent the losses which imperfect information might occasion, and which are not more destructive to the individuals who suffer than to the country, by the unfavourable precedents which are thus established.

"Although there may be practical difficulties met with in applying the information given by the survey to the local objects of mining, manufactures, agriculture,

&c., yet I cannot trace in those difficulties more than what every person must expect to meet who starts any branch of industry in a new locality—access to markets and to materials not produced on the spot; intelligent superintendence, and a supply of skilled labour, will present difficulties, towards overcoming which nothing can assist more the capitalist than the conviction that the main foundation of his enterprise is real: that the information of the nature of the locality on which he acts is exact; and this definiteness and authority cannot, as I conceive, be obtained in any examination of the country so fully, cheaply, and rapidly as by the corps of qualified observers belonging to the Ordnance Survey.

“Although, in many instances, certain plants have been found connected with peculiar soils, and certain animals with peculiar circumstances of soil and vegetation, I doubt whether science can as yet announce any general principle of this kind by which practical men might act. The observations made in the course of the survey on this point may become, however, doubly of importance; for, considered as isolated facts, they may be practically employed, and may, when in sufficient number, indicate the general rule from which practical guidance may in other circumstances be deduced.

“It would certainly be necessary to determine, by chemical examination, the nature of all the leading and characteristic varieties of soils, minerals, ores, and mineral waters. I consider, however, that by organising a proper plan for the chemical department, the number of quantitative analyses to be made might be reduced within moderate limits, and the expense become very trifling, in comparison with the importance and positive utility of the work.

“It is difficult to judge of the time requisite for such a work; but if the question refers only to the time required for the execution of the chemical business, I am of opinion that, if the specimens be ready, the work would be carried on at the rate of two counties per annum, or three counties in the central district, whose uniform geological character presents a less variety of soils and minerals to be analysed.

“A collection of fossils, and other objects of natural history illustrative of the local circumstances and structure of Ireland, would, in my opinion, be most valuable as a means of education and enjoyment to the people; and from the number of specimens collected in the survey, there might be established such museums in all the chief towns of Ireland, and thus accomplish with ease a result almost impracticable to local associations, unless at a vast expense.

“I attach the very highest importance to the establishment in Dublin of a central museum of economic geology, on the plan of that in London. It is, as I have found in my own person, almost impossible to collect specimens of the various minerals and rocks capable of useful application without a personal survey, the expense of which to an individual is, of course, prohibitory. The exhibition of these, in the forms best calculated to show their technical value, such as pillars, vases, &c., goes also far beyond any private means. In fact, I may say, that for several years back I have been most anxious to form an Irish technical museum, and have devoted all my spare time, and as much money as I could afford, to that object, but only with the result of convincing me that, whilst nothing can be more important, indeed more necessary, for the industrial resources of Ireland than such a collection, it is only by public means that it can be effected, or, indeed, in order to make it publicly available, that it ought to be carried into effect.

“The prosecution of the ordnance memoir will leave the materials for such museum ready at hand; and, certainly, if the opportunity be lost, it can only be resumed by the expenditure of much more time and money than could be at present necessary. From much attention given to this subject, I am convinced that by such means, coupled with a well-directed system of industrial education, a profound change could be rapidly effected in the aspect of this country.”—pp. 78, 79.

From these suggestions apparently arose the “Museum of Irish Industry.” As we expect the most beneficial results to spring from this institution, and as it is one calculated to benefit every class in the community, we must still further dilate upon its merits, intentions, and mode of working. The Irish survey from which it sprung, and to which reference has been so frequently made in the pages of this journal, commenced in 1825, under the direction of Colonel, now General Colby; but its great moving power was Captain Larcom, an English gentleman, but so long and so intimately connected with the affairs of Ireland, and moreover so national in his views, that we had almost styled him our distinguished countryman. The original plan of this grand national undertaking would, if carried out, have rendered Ireland better known, and would have developed its resources more advantageously than any other country in Europe; for, according to a letter addressed by Colonel Colby to Sir Henry Hardinge, then first clerk

of the Ordnance, we learn that the trigonometrical and topographical survey should be considered as a foundation for statistical, antiquarian, geological, and biological surveys. Such, however, it should be remembered was the original intention; and to carry this into effect has been so frequently and so urgently pressed upon the government by some of the most learned as well as some of the most influential men in the country. It does not appertain to the subject in hand to follow out this matter further, or to inquire into the causes why government thought fit to arrest the progress of that great work. Such, however, was the fact. The trigonometrical and topographical survey was completed, and the splendid maps, the result of these investigations, have been published; but with the exception of the memoir of Londonderry, which was principally the labour of Captain Larcom, Dr. Petrie, Captain Portlock, and Mr. O'Donovan, and the geological survey of a limited district in the north of Ireland by Captain Portlock, no further immediate result followed. The government relinquished the idea of giving to the public the information acquired with such care and expense. A geological and zoological collection, however, was formed at the Ordnance Office in the Phoenix Park, and thus the matter rested for some years. Again and again the government were entreated to continue the work, and several meetings of scientific men were held on the subject, the result of which was the commission of inquiry to which we have just alluded.

It is here necessary to allude to another result of this movement. Mr., now Sir Henry, De la Beche, as soon as the surveys of Cornwall and Devon were published, proposed to the Board of Ordnance to colour geologically the maps of these districts, and thus in process of time arose the present geological survey of England, which it was afterwards sought to extend to this country.

In 1846, the measures recommended in the letter of Professor Kane, who had now acquired additional celebrity by the publication of the first edition of his great work upon the Industrial Resources of Ireland, were in part carried out; the museum in Stephen's-green was created, and he was appointed Director. The ordnance, zoological, and mineral collection at Mountjoy was also removed to it. This institution is under the immediate control of the Chief Commissioners of Woods and Forests, but the geological survey with which it is connected, and which is under the able superintendence of Professor Oldham, is still dependent on the English survey.

We do not think we are prolonging this memoir too much by giving some account of the objects of this establishment—one so intimately connected with the best interests of this country, and which the government seem more inclined to foster than any other; neither are we deviating from the subject-matter in hand, because, in describing the working of this great national undertaking, we feel we are in a great measure recounting the labours of its founder. We quote the following from the circular lately issued by the Director:—

“ The principal object of this institution is to represent and exhibit the materials for agricultural, mining, and manufacturing industry which Ireland contains, and to elucidate and expose the means by which those materials may be rendered available for the improvement of this country. It is proposed that the museum shall embrace—

“ 1st.—A complete collection of the rocks, minerals, and ores of Ireland. The latter in all the stages of metallurgic process through which they pass.

“ 2d.—A complete collection of the characteristic soils of Ireland, with the natural manures occurring or employed in the localities and the varieties of agricultural produce obtained therefrom.

“ 3rd.—Such a collection of the organic constituents of our rocks as may perfectly elucidate the geological history of this island.

“ 4th.—Such collections of the animals and plants of Ireland as may serve to fix and promote our knowledge of its climate and agricultural character, as shown by its vegetation, and also as may indicate the part to be derived by industry from its native, animal, and vegetable products.

“ 5th.—Collections of the raw materials used in various manufacturing processes, together with the products in the different stages through which they pass until final elaboration.

“ 6th.—Collections of models of the more important kinds of mining, manufacturing, and agricultural machinery.

“ 7th.—A collection of models of nets, boats, and fishing implements, such as in

connection with the collections of natural history shall illustrate the available fisheries of Ireland.

“The new institution embraces a chemical department, destined for carrying on such investigations as may extend our knowledge of the physical history and industrial capabilities of Ireland, and supply that analytical information as to the nature of our soils upon which sound agricultural improvement must be based.

“Finally, the museum includes a department of documents and records of an economic or descriptive character regarding the past history and present condition of our mining, manufacturing, and agricultural industry. To these documents reference shall at all times be easy to those persons interested in their study.”

The several departments of this museum will thus exhibit each branch of science carried out into practical effect, and show the application of the various specimens employed in arts and manufactures. Although all the specimens, &c., will be purely native, the models of machinery, and the improved samples of produce will not be confined to those in use in this country; as one of the main objects is to show to what perfection we might arrive, and the best means of doing so with our Irish materials. The zoological section has been arranged by Mr. Ball, the able Director of the Museum of the University.

The chemical department at present worked with so much energy by Mr. Sullivan—a gentleman reared in the laboratory of Giessen, and from whom we expect great things hereafter—is one of the most attractive as well as most necessary of all the divisions of this great Institution. A general analysis of our soils is being now proceeded with for the purpose of forming a surface map of Ireland, which will show, when other matters, such as inclination, height above the sea, &c., are taken into consideration, the value which the soil of this country is capable of arriving at. Mr. Griffith's valuation serves as the basis of this. Other industrial questions will also be taken into account; such as the constitution of our limestones, in relation to their value as building materials or as manures; the commercial value of our coals, and, in fact, every question of a similar kind requiring the aid of the chemist, which may occur during the progress of the geological survey, will be here investigated, and the results published from time to time, together with the reports of the geology of each county, made by the staff of the geological survey. The paramount importance of this department at the present moment is too obvious to require comment, and we are not without hopes that this branch of the museum may soon be made available as a school of practical chemistry, where one of the principal wants of the country, properly instructed manufacturers, may be supplied. Did space permit, it would be our wish to enlarge upon these interesting and fruitful topics, and of the mode in which the soils are collected, and afterwards submitted to analysis.

The building which has been purchased by the government for this museum was originally the town residence of Lord Castlecoote, and was afterwards occupied by Lord Chancellor Manners. It is remarkable how many of the mansions of our nobility are somewhat similarly occupied at present. The princely house of “Ireland's only duke,” is now the property of the Royal Dublin Society; Mornington House, where the hero of Waterloo was born, is in the possession of the Royal Irish Academy; Tyrone House has become a national school; Aldborough House has lately been turned into a barrack; Powerscourt House—formerly the stamp-office—is now filled with linsey-woolseys and Manchester cottons; Moira House affords shelter to street mendicants; Belvedere House is a school; Charlemont House—*ultimus Romanorum*—once the repository of so much taste and elegance, is now untenanted, and mouldering to decay; and Antrim House, the splendored residence of Sir Capel Molyneux, is broken up and let in tenements! Nor is this all. Our House of Lords and Commons is a bank; the ancient Archbishop's Palace a horse-police barrack; our Linen Hall a military depot; and our Royal Exchange a sort of mausoleum; while Henrietta-street, nearly every house in which was once tenanted by a nobleman or a judge, is chiefly used for law chambers and attorneys' offices. In a few years more, if the present system of centralisation is carried out, we suppose we shall see Dublin Castle a head police-office; the Four Courts will probably be converted into a city marshalsea or an additional poorhouse; the viceregal residence at the Phoenix-park a model farm; the Richmond Hospital a convict depot, and the Royal Hospital, at Kilmainham, a refuge for decayed detectives. Do

we blame the government for these changes already made or in contemplation? Most certainly we do not.

In 1841-42, Dr. Kane published his most extensive work, "*The Elements of Chemistry*," the merits of which were immediately recognised by the greatest chemists in England and America, who declared that it was the best introduction to that science that had yet appeared. It has since become the class-book in nearly all our schools; it was introduced by Faraday into the curriculum of education at Woolwich; and Dr. Draper, in his preface to the American edition, says that it is, "as a text-book, undoubtedly the best extant in the English language." We need not, therefore, wonder at its immense success, and at the fact of a new edition having been called for during the present year.*

Connected with the publication of the American edition of this work, we feel much pleasure in recording the following incident. It met with a very rapid sale in the United States, and Dr. Draper immediately wrote to Professor Kane, and presented him with a portion of the profits of the sale of the work. It is possible that other instances may be known of similar generous acts, but we are not aware of them.

In the years 1843 and 1844, the Repeal epidemic prevailed in this country to an extent which it is here unnecessary to describe. The great bulk of the inhabitants of Ireland looked to political changes alone for amelioration of the difficulties and distresses under which they then, as now, laboured; our native industry—never very energetic—languished more than it had ever done within the memory of man, and the agitation which then distracted men's minds has hardly yet subsided. At this crisis appeared a work, the most popular as well as the most opportune which was ever published in connexion with this country, we mean Dr. Kane's "*Industrial Resources of Ireland*," the object of which was to direct attention to the various sources of wealth in fuel, water-power, mines, agriculture, and manufactures, which this country affords, as well as showing the cheapest and best modes of making them available. As has been justly observed by a cotemporary, the industrial resources, "whether regarded as a source of information on almost every subject connected with the capabilities of this country, or as affording suggestions for turning these capabilities to account, it is far and away the most important work which has ever issued from the Irish press." Accurate in its statements and its figures, not over tedious in its details, simple yet impressive in its language, just in its conclusions, and highly-instructive in its suggestions—it will long remain a monument of the author's general, chemical, scientific, and statistical knowledge, as well as his energy, industry, and patriotism.

The labours of the philosopher, and the real lasting benefits which he confers upon science, are not generally understood, and, consequently, not always appreciated by the public. By his cotemporaries in science, and his equals in talent, they are valued; but, at the same time, there are certain popular effects which find an echo and a home in the minds of the community at large. Thus Davy's safety lamp, by which hundreds of lives are annually preserved—a very simple contrivance, but the result of profound chemical knowledge and philosophical investigation—his discovery of the laughing gas, and his lectures and writings upon agricultural chemistry—although neither of these two latter has turned out of such importance as was, at the time of their publication, attributed to them—are in the public mind chiefly associated with his name; while his greatest achievements are known only to the few who engage in similar pursuits. And thus will for ever remain, associated with the name of Kane, "*The Industrial Resources of Ireland*," which was bought up with such rapidity, that the second edition was issued within a few months from the publication of the first.

Sir Robert Peel, then at the head of affairs in Great Britain, with his usual sagacity, was one of the first to perceive the great national importance of this book, as well as its special applicability to the period; and many of the author's subsequent honours and appointments may, with pride, be traced to

* "*Elements of Chemistry, Theoretical and Practical; including the most recent discoveries and applications of the Science to Medicine and Pharmacy, to Agriculture, and to Manufactures.*" Illustrated by 230 Woodcuts. New Edition, 8vo, pp. 1069. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1849.

the effects of this book. Certainly in Professor Kane's instance, literature and science have not passed unrewarded.

In 1845, the subject of this memoir was appointed, in conjunction with Professors Lindley and Playfair, one of the commissioners to examine into the causes and means of preventing the potato blight. It is needless to tell our readers that that commission was not attended with any beneficial results.

In the February of the year following, the Royal Dublin Society elected Dr. Kane an honorary member, on the occasion of his resigning his professorship of natural philosophy; and at the annual meeting of that body, immediately following, Lord Heytesbury, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, publicly conferred on him the honour of knighthood, as a mark of the appreciation in which the government, as well as the members of that institution, held "the learning, talent, and scientific services, by which his professorship had been distinguished." See Proceedings Royal Dublin Society for Feb. 1846.

In the same year, Sir Robert Kane was appointed one of the Irish Relief Commissioners with Sir Randolph Routh and Mr. Twistleton, and also, as the reward of his many services, was honoured by the government with the Presidency of the new Queen's College at Cork.

During the last two years, Sir Robert Kane has been principally occupied in the preparation of the programme and curriculum of education of the new Queen's colleges, and in organising the Museum of Irish Industry, of which we have already given a description. But his active utilitarian mind and rapid pen were not altogether unemployed, as far as the interests of Ireland were concerned, during that period. Our Royal Agricultural Improvement Society, of which body Sir Robert Kane is one of the council, publish quarterly an "Agricultural and Industrial Journal,"* to which he has contributed several most valuable practical papers, characterised by sound common sense, as well as deep, scientific research, and a happy facility of popularising knowledge. Of these we may in particular specify the articles upon "the Importance of Agricultural and Industrial Education;" the discussion of "the Large and Small Farm Question, considered in regard to the present circumstances of Ireland," and the essay upon "the Institutions for the Improvement of Continental Agriculture." Many of the author's views were broached, it is true, in earlier times by Arthur Young, and Wakefield, and, more lately, by Captain J. P. Kennedy, now Military Secretary in India; but never put forward with the eloquence or force of reasoning, nor based upon the same chemical knowledge; and, from the apathetic condition of the rulers and proprietors of this country, never felt or acted on as at present. In the educational improvement of our people, rich as well as poor, the employer as well as the mere tiller, can we alone hope for amendment; and feeling as we do, in common with Sir R. Kane, the urgent necessity for inculcating these principles upon every occasion, we quote the following extracts from two of his last papers, not merely because they are from his pen, but because they can never be too frequently brought before the Irish public:—

"Among the many circumstance which have conspired to plunge this country into the slough of despond, from which even her most sanguine friends have their misgivings of how soon she may be expected to emerge, not one has exercised more extensive or more deadening influence than the absence of proper means of education in those practical arts which must ever form the staple of the occupation, and supply the means of living, of the people. For the moving power of every social improvement must be instruction. It is by no means sufficient that we may be, in the abstract, convinced that Ireland possesses within herself the sources from whence even more than her present population might be supported in peace and plenty. It is by no means enough to advertise such facts to neighbouring countries, soliciting that their better instructed and more energetic people may transfer a portion of their superior skill and enterprise to our soil. It is our duty, or we should rather say the duty of those who are in a position to influence the direction of such events, to provide that the Irish people shall be enabled themselves to utilize the capabilities with which Providence has blessed their country: and that if it be proclaimed that in Ireland the sources of industrial power are allowed to run to waste, and that Irish agriculture is a disgrace to

* The Agricultural and Industrial Journal, including the Reports, Essays, and Transactions of the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland. Published quarterly, by James McGlashan, Dublin.

European civilisation, we should also be informed how those evils are to be corrected, and means should be adopted for affording, in every locality, and to every class, the most efficient practical instruction in industry."—No. ii., pp. 67, 68.

And again, in the last article referred to, we read :—

"It is quite true that we may expect a vast increase of return from agricultural operations, according as the progress of science and its application to the cultivation of the soil shall have enabled us to carry on our field operations with more precise economy and more special adaptation of means to ends. Also, that the spread of improvement from the higher to the lower orders of the farming community will create on the wider area of industry so brought into play, returns commensurate to the enterprise, foresight, and skill that the higher class of the British farmers possess. But it must not be forgotten, that what we can do in this respect, our neighbours and competitors can do also. We can have no monopoly of the results of chemical discoveries, nor of the applications of science to agriculture. On the contrary, we must recollect that the very movement of scientific agriculture which now excites so much attention in Great Britain has mainly had its origin in the chemical researches of foreigners—particularly of Sprengel, of Boussingault, and of Liebig; and that Johnston and others who have devoted themselves to the subject in these countries, and who have done great service by pruning down many of the too prurient shoots of scientific speculation of the foreign school, as well as by original additions to our knowledge, are still but co-labourers in the common field; and that all these applications of science to the improvement of agriculture are now being just as much sought after and applied by the intelligent agriculturists of the continental nations as they are here. On this score, and on the general state of agriculture on the Continent, there is—at least in this country—a great deal of misconception; and it would be a very dangerous error to suppose that improvement is not there also advancing with rapid strides..

"It is, therefore, incumbent on the farming and proprietary classes in these countries to look well to the diffusion of sound agricultural knowledge, and to assist the progress of science applied to agriculture. It is from these sources that whatever prosperity may attend on farming in this country for the future must be derived. Already great and important steps have been taken with this most vital object; but even with all that is yet done we should not be content. The angels' visits of the practical instructor should be converted into permanent occupation, for by such method alone can the success of amelioration be preserved. The parish school and the poorhouse should be rendered centres of sound agricultural instruction. The schools of agriculture proposed in the new provincial colleges should have attached the means of full practical illustration; and where poor continental governments have given up for agricultural education the royal residences of Grignon, of Hohenheim, of Mægelin, of Schleinhelm, and so many others, the waste area of the Curragh might be rendered the centre of agricultural improvement to the farming classes of this country."—No. vi., pp. 417, 418.

Thus have we followed, step by step, the onward progress of the great Irish chemist of the present day—thus have we endeavoured to recount his labours, and briefly to enumerate their just rewards; and, we ask our readers, whether we have not fairly established the position which we assumed in the commencement of this memoir? With one word more we are done. To the slothful and the indolent, wasting their time in vain repinings for the unhappy position either of their own affairs or the condition of the country generally—to the sneering and captious, who try to discover for other men's rewards and greatness some unworthy reason—to the vapouring politician, who wastes his own time and that of others in useless agitation—to the young and unknown aspirant after fame, who fears there may not be room for him in the crowded halls of science;—to every Irishman who will calmly examine the course which Sir Robert Kane has trodden; who will review his past career; struggling with difficulties—difficulties of position, of fortune, and, at one time, of religion—his vigorous dynamical intellect and fierce energy, bursting the thralldom in which accident had bound him—snatching the highest rewards which science holds out to her votaries—elevating the land in which we live, by associating himself with her truest and best interests, and spreading abroad her fame upon the pages of literature and science—earning for the present the title of patriot, and carving for himself a name which history shall transmit to future time—to all, we would say: the road is open, go and do likewise.

INHERITOR AND ECONOMIST.—A POEM.

To Erin, once, ere yet disaster's list
 Was quite filled up, sailed Sir ECONOMIST ;
 Spent in her survey certain days, and found
 Her catallacticals were quite unsound—
 Here saw the squire, a wealthy magnate made
 By laws impolitic, that fettered trade—
 (That fettered England's dearest trade) and there
 One asking alms, yet free to take the air—
 "This land," quoth he, "is in a piteous plight,
 But haply I've been born to set it right.

"First then," he said—and, look you, he was one
 With whom 'twas then no sooner said than done—
 "You easy squires must go to Liebig's school,
 And henceforth thrive by pharmaceutic rule :
 For who would live, in careless ease, content
 With crops deficient, though redundant rent,
 When double crops, as good at half the price,
 Would reinstate our workshops in a trice,
 Would with the loaf, bring wages down as well,
 And, underbought leave free to undersell ;
 Till spread o'er all the earth by steam and wind,
 Our British calicoes cloth'd all mankind—
 And science hailed the spectacle sublime,
 Of mighty England working double time ?
 But science first demands, as it befits,
 That competition stimulate your wits ;
 Fair competition, to whose bland duress,
 Man owes in every art his last success :
 Let then those rivals who from either sea
 Yearn to confront you in our marts, be free !
 Away with all the antiquated rules
 Devised by tyrants, and obeyed by fools,
 Which to fair nature's bounty shut your doors,
 And mar the march of commerce round your shores :
 Undo your selfish toll-bars with a grace,
 And call the nations to your market-place ;
 So shall this hapless island soon be made
 Great, glorious, free, and fruitful by Free Trade !"

"Sir," said INHERITOR, for such the name
 By which our Irish squire is known to fame—
 "I bought this land, when beef and corn were high,
 Assured by law of your monopoly ;
 And, trusting in your market still to get
 An equal price, am something gone in debt.
 My annual rental doubtless handsome sounds ;
 'Tis, in round numbers, say ten thousand pounds :
 But then I call scarce half of that my own ;
 For, first I pay for interest on a loan
 Two thousand yearly ; next three thousand more,
 In various items, go amongst a score
 Of younger brothers, sisters, nephews, aunts,
 Rent-chargers, dowagers, annuitants :
 But still, I hope, the land itself secures
 My mortgagee—a countryman of yours."

"Yes," quoth ECONOMIST, "'tis justly said;
Your mortgagee must first of all be paid."

"Then, next to them," INHERITOR went on,
"I've got some little charges for my son,
TENANT-IN-TAIL, who, as I grieve to tell,
At Cambridge has outrun the constable:
Here, too, I've to support some five or six
Expensive foibles of INHERITRIX;
My daughter, sir, who makes us grey-beards, fools,
With lectures, classes, charities and schools:
So that, should rents unhappily come down,
I'm not so rich, but still to dread the frown
Of angry fortune; for, say rents should fall
Ten shillings in the pound, I lose my all."

"Fear not for that," ECONOMIST replies,
"Repeal the corn-laws and your rents will rise:
Doubt you the fact? by rule of algebra
I'll prove it plainly in a formula.
For, say our present export cotton trade
Is minus y , and call our imports z .
Then minus y plus z , divided by
 X squared (our increased export), equal y ,
Minus x squared by z divided—thus
Our minus export has become a plus."

"Just so," rejoined INHERITOR: "but these
Fine scientific analyses
Quite pass our skill, who've only learned the rules
Of Bonnycastle in our country schools.
But, since I know that what you will you can,
And that Protection, once put under ban,
Can now no more withstand your party's feud
Than the old exile, 'barred of salt and wood,
The social interdict: I'll turn my hand
To take an increased produce from the land;
And, since it may no better be, I'll try
And learn Political Economy."

Thereon, INHERITOR drew out of bank
What ready cash he had, and, forthwith, sank
His money by the perch, with mighty pains,
In Parks' and in Smith of Deanston's drains.
To show what skill and capital could do,
Squared all his fields, and laid his roads anew;
Loosed from his threshing mill the weary team,
And set an engine there would thresh by steam.
The wondering farmers, when they saw the squire
On industry so hot, themselves took fire;
Retrenched their fare, and, stead of roast and boiled,
More guano purchased, and fresh fields subsoiled.
ECONOMIST the prosperous work commends,
And, on his part, with ready bounty, sends,
At the state's charge, new valuers round,
To rate each acre at an extra pound;
Commissions, too, a scientific band,
To diagnose and analyse the land.
One lays the levels in fair contour lines,
The rivers one explores, and one the mines;
The Flora here, the Fauna there was seen,
Fossil and recent, land and submarine.

Could tell INHERITOR, when forth he went
 To see how fast his capital was spent,
 The birth-day date of each particular rock
 That exercised his jumpers ; name each dock
 That choked his gripes, in Latin ; by its trail,
 Find him the pedigree of every snail
 That crossed his cabbages : no dirt could grow
 (Though only tadpoles might be thought to **know**
 Or care for it) in any ditch, but pat
 They'd tell its genus, species, habitat ;
 When first discovered upon Irish ground,
 And who the wight the wondrous weed who **found** ;
 Whether in walks suburban, or afar,
 And if on foot, or on a jaunting car.

INHERITOR imbibed the noxious trash,
 Got rich in nomenclature, poor in cash ;
 Until at last, I grieve to tell, but must,
 He grew a notable industrial *dust* ;
 In pseudo-scientific phrase would prate
 Of silex, silica, and silicate ;
 In social hours, when songs of old were sung,
 And jokes sent round, would dissertate on **dung** ;
 Show how cheap crops, reacting in a sweep,
 By circumbendibus, make taxes cheap ;
 And how the cost of forcing the Chinese
 For British calicoes to give their teas—
 Of sale for thirty webs, that Napier gets
 At point of thirty thousand bayonets—
 Of pin-markets, by broadsides open laid,
 And such like items of Free (booting) Trade,—
 Pacific fleets, and flag-staffs at Hong Kong,
 Would pay the Irish farmer—before long.

Fair Muses, fairer none among the Nine,
 Who clothed with grace Lucretius' learned line,
 Mothers of arts and sciences, forgive
 These scorns : they touch not your prerogative.
 If ever I your altars duly deck'd
 Pass without reverence ; if ever act
 Or word of mine impede the ingenuous youth
 Who, in your paths, seeks philosophic truth,
 Let every sister Muse avenge the wrong,
 Then let Calliope deny me song,
 And angry Clio, with averted face,
 Refuse me knowledge of my name and race !
 But, if intruders, gabbling in your schools,
 Mad formulists and dialectic fools,
 Who blush to own their land's historic name,
 But call the paragraphs of — fame,
 And nobler occupation never crave
 Than botanizing on poor Ireland's grave,
 Incur contempts ; let not the bard be blamed,
 Nor slander say that Science is defamed !
 Meantime, our tale resuming, let's attend
 INHERITOR's adventures to an end.

ECONOMIST and he, one day, espied
 A certain PAUPER by the highway side :
 Where the sun shone warm in the verdant gripe,
 He sat among his bags and smoked a pipe :

His dog lay sleeping on the sunny ground ;
 The fragrant weed perfumed the air around.
 INHERITOR, who'd been in youth imbued
 With the humanities, in musing mood
 Contemplating the little group, began—
 " Saint Austin has a tale, how, at Milan,
 He once espied a beggar in the street,
 Had got belike his bellyful of meat,
 Jestng and merry : Austin says he sighed
 To think how mankind, for their empty pride,
 The cares and pains of life exaggerate
 And all to gain that beggarman's estate.
 For sure," says he, " the beggar was full gay,
 But I right heavy : even so to-day
 Lies the same difference still 'twixt him and us,
 So careless he, we so solicitous !"

" Take with you," said ECONOMIST, " that we
 Are living in the nineteenth century,
 Not in the days of saints or anchorites :
 Days did I say ?—say rather in the nights !
 When mendicancy in the state demands
 A scientific treatment at our hands.
 This vagrant now the countryside imbues
 With idle habits and the love of news ;
 Pernicious tales from house to house imports
 Of births, deaths, marriages, and country sports—
 Seditious rumours, threats, the bulletins
 O' the Ribbon-lodge, and smith's-forge magazines ;
 Idles the little school-boys with his tricks,
 The adult workers with his politics ;
 And so, at public charge, with little pains
 Himself, his vermin, and his dog maintains.
 Now, trust your Irish Poor-Reform to me,
 And speedily (his terrier hanged) you'll see
 How science shall economise your rogue,
 And save the state the keeping of his dog ;
 Shall utilise him, sir, in such a sort,
 That this one beggar haply shall support
 'Stead of the vermin who now suck his blood,
 Of paid official bloodsuckers a brood
 More numerous far, whose legions swarming thick
 O'er all parts of the body politic,
 Shall in a systematic way apply
 Anti-phlogistics and phlebotomy ;
 Or, if the patient sigh for nobler wants,
 A rousing course of counter-irritants,
 Till all the members of your commonwealth
 Are bled and blistered into perfect health.
 No longer, then, your country's cure defer—
 Make haste, appoint one Chief Commissioner
 To supervise all Beggarland's concerns,
 Fifty inspectors, chiefs, and subalterns ;
 Fifty collectors, with good sureties,
 To gather in the dues : then add to these
 Five hundred guardians, vice and volunteer—
 Five hundred clerks at fifty pounds a-year ;
 Five hundred masters, and five hundred dames,
 Five hundred Health-Board doctors of all names ;
 Five hundred builders from the Board of Works,
 Five hundred chaplains, and five hundred clerks."

"Sir," said INHERITOR, "I'd not be rash,
But, sure this cure will cost a deal of cash?"

"Not half so much," ECONOMIST replies,
"As now is spent on idleness and lies.
For now, besides his pipe's expensive fumes,
Consider what his terrier consumes!
Sir, I'll demonstrate that that terrier
Costs the state more than a commissioner.
For, call the terrier *x*——"

"The terrier's name
Is Pincher."

"Well, my argument's the same—
Call Pincher *x*"

"Admitted, sir ;—the brute
Eats greedily: 'tis idle to dispute
With one who, to your learning, joins the weight
Of voices all potential in the state.
Assuming, then, that 'tis the wiser way
To have a Poor-Law—pray, sir, who's to pay?"

"What! who support the land's neglected poor?
The land that breeds the beggars, to be sure!"

"Then," said INHERITOR, if that be so,
And if a portion of the rents must go
In poor-rate, still you'll lay the burden on
Proportionately as the rents are drawn ;
Thus MORTGAGEE, who yearly skims away
The cream of mine, his quota, too, will pay."

"What! charge the interest of MORTGAGEE?
Sir, let me tell you, that's flat burglary!
You promised MORTGAGEE his six per cent.,
Whether from greater or from lesser rent.
You share no profits if your rents go up,
He shares no losses, *contra*, if they drop."

"But when the contract for this loan was made,
We neither of us dreamt the beggar's trade
Would thus be undertaken by the state,
Else we'd have bargained to divide the rate.
And sure on one the charge unjustly bears,
Where both were purchasers at unawares."

"No matter: twist and turn it as you will,
You are the borrower, he the lender still.
You, too, the Landlord ; as such, understand
You represent the duties of the land—
Its charges, burdens, dangers, losses, blights,
As regularly as you do its rights.
When Science looks at land, her radiant eyes
Landlord and Tenant only recognise ;
What hosts behind you of Incumbrancers
May crowd the reere, is no concern of hers.
You occupy the place, and can't refuse
The front-rank dangers, and the front-rank dues."

"I fear me, sir, if this be so indeed,
And these new corn-law changes don't succeed—
With falling markets and diminished rents,
Poor-rates will possibly breed discontents,"

Then, somewhat coldly, with polite 'good day,'
 Our interlocutors went each his way.
 ECONOMIST (his measures ready planned)
 Put PAUPER in commission out of hand.
 Lodged and attended like a little lord,
 His dues called in and managed by a Board;
 Fed, clothed, inspected, doctored, chaplained, clerked,
 Nor under-exercised, nor over-worked,
 To morning prayers at six, to bed at ten,
 PAUPER should, sure, be happiest of men!
 But see the perverseness of human breasts:
 PAUPER no more with matutinal jests
 Will break his fast; nor with the ready joke
 Preface the solace of the vesper smoke:—
 No smoking here allowed, for great or small,
 His pipe's locked up, tobacco-box and all.
 PAUPER within soon grows as prone to pout
 As ratepaying INHERITOR without;!
 He dreams of green lanes in the whited ward—
 Longs for rough ditch-banks in the formal yard;
 Frets for his pipe, and early mourns and late
 Suspended Pincher's miserable fate.

In PAUPER's service now such crowds engage,
 The workhouse yields good store of patronage;
 To see the candidates for PAUPER's staff,
 Might, mid his tears, make Heraclitus laugh;
 Cadets of chiefs, and grandsons of grandees,
 Thronging, each morn, ECONOMIST's levees,
 Beard to the eyes, and rings to finger-tips,
 Humble expectants of inspectorships:
 Such the aristocratic charms that dwell
 Round rates struck promptly and collectable.

ECONOMIST now drives a thriving trade
 In politics, and counts his fortune made:
 The yard's remodelled, and the staff's increased,
 (Each new inspectorship's a vote at least),
 He sits secure, as Shere Sing in his trench,
 And cries "Ha, ha," behind the treasury bench.

Such was the land's and such the ruler's plight,
 When heaven, at length, in anger sent the blight.
 With silent swiftness, in a mildew blast,
 O'er Erin in one night the mischief passed:
 Where 'eve had sunk in shining emerald track,
 Morn showed the green potato ridges, black,
 And all the air, as with a sick man's breath,
 Stunk o'er a waste of vegetable death.
 Oh, God of Heaven! it was a dreadful sight,
 To see the mighty multitudes affright,
 Who'd gone to rest secure of food, when dawn
 Showed, at a glance, their year's subsistence gone.
 But why despair? although the blighted plant
 Was lost past help, the people need not want,
 At least, as much as life demands to eat,
 For still the land had store of beef and wheat.
 "Keep these at least at home," the people said,
 "Or only barter them for coarser bread;
 But suffer not the ships to take away
 Food, which is Life, for luxuries to pay;
 Still less permit the life's blood of the land,
 To leave its shores for MORTGAGEE's demand."

"Oh! unlearned rustics," cried Economist,
 "Doth not the state's prosperity consist,
 And are not nations civilized and made
 Polite and rich, by commerce and by trade?
 Yet, here, to satisfy your sordid wants
 You'd stop your exports! Oh, ye ignorants!"

"Civilization, as it seems to me,"
 Rustic rejoined, "implies Society;
 And, if my argument, so far, be good,
 Society needs Life, and Life needs Food;
 And if you take our Food, and Life be gone,
 What's left to civilize, or trade upon?"

"Truth, sir, is left," Economist replies,
 "And scientific law, that never dies!
 The principle survives; and, just observe—
 I'd sooner see you and your nation starve
 Than compromise, infringe, impeach, evade,
 Or bate one jot the doctrines of Free Trade.
 Ship then your wheat and beef: importing fleets
 Shall, in return, bring duly stamped receipts,
 (I laugh the unlearned sophistry to scorn
 That says your exports bring you no return!)
 And, if you're patient till three months elapse,
 You'll get some Indian corn, besides, perhaps."

The wheat and beef went out: but, out alack!
 'Twas long before the Indian corn came back;
 And, when we're pleading in the stomach's court,
 Behoves oft sittings and adjournments short,
 Else ('tis the settled practice of the fates)
 The best conducted suit ere long abates;
 And from fate's office, fast tho' pleas arrive,
 No *scire facias* issues to revive:
 So when Economist, as crier, bawled
 "Celt *versus* Hunger," Celt had to be called:
 The silent grave no Celt's complaint returned,
 The suit abated, and the court adjourned.

Deem not, O, generous English hearts, who gave
 Your noble aid our sinking isle to save,
 This heart, though heated in its country's feud,
 Owns aught towards you but perfect gratitude.
 For every dish retrenched from homely boards,
 For every guinea drawn from prudent hoards,
 For every feast deferred, and jewel sold,
 May God increase your stores a hundred-fold;
 Give to you health, and wealth, and love's increase,
 Here, and, hereafter, Christ's eternal peace;
 Long keep your realm from discord unembroided,
 Your arms triumphant, and your flag unsoiled!
 But, frankly while we thank you all who sent
 Your alms, so thank we not your Parliament,
 Who, what they gave, from treasures of our own
 Gave, if you call it giving, this half-loan,
 Half-gift from the recipients to themselves
 Of their own millions, be they tens or twelves;
 Our own as well as yours: our Irish brows
 Had sweated for them; though your Commons' House,
 Forgetting your four hundred millions debt,
 When first in partnership our nations met,

Against our twenty-four (we then two-fold
 The richer people)—call them British gold.
 No ; for these drafts on our united banks
 We owe no gratitude, and give no thanks,
 More than you'd give to us, if Dorsetshire
 Or York a like assistance should require ;
 Or than you gave us, when, to compensate
 Your slave-owners, you charged our common state
 Twice the amount : no, but we rather give
 Our curses, and will give them while we live,
 To that pernicious blind conceit, and pride,
 Wherewith the aids we asked, you misapplied.
 And to INHERITOR returning now
 'Tis time that we resume the when and how,

Economist next found him at his door,
 His ready cash exhausted, with a score
 Of starving neighbours clamouring for aid ;
 And to their gaze the ruddy gold displayed.
 " Oh, lend," exclaimed INHERITOR, " I'll pledge
 All in the great ring-fence, from hedge to hedge !
 Had I but means, I've still enough to do
 To give them work, and make a profit too :
 This moor reclaimed would well repay my pains ;
 Much needful drainage incomplete remains ;
 Were not my credits so much overdrawn,
 I'd had spade-labour even in my lawn :
 Lend ! take my land ; 'twill well secure the loan——'

" Sure," said Economist, " your wits are flown,
 To think the State, whose wealth belongs to all,
 Would so compete with private capital !
 No ; if you'd borrow, be it understood,
 The public funds are lent for public good ;
 And public good requires what they produce
 Shall not be any goods in public use,
 Food, clothing, fuel, or aught else that lies
 In manufacture, or in merchandize ;
 Else the fair trader, dealing on the square,
 Would take his skill and capital elsewhere.
 But if you must have money to expend,
 And ask to borrow on your land, I'll lend ;
 Provided always that you spend the loan
 On strictly unproductive lime and stone,
 Or (for your carts must carry weightier loads
 Before you prosper) on new public roads."

" Sir," said INHERITOR, " these country parts
 Have got already more new roads than carts :
 Would that we now had some new roads the less
 And I no balance due for county cess !"

" That balance for the present let's postpone,
 And first consider how we'll spend your loan.
 Your newest roads still, more or less, incline
 At angles to the horizontal line :
 Now, armed with hunger and exchequer bills,
 Set briskly to, and cut me down the hills ;
 So shall your wagons smoothly go and come
 With draught and friction at a *minimum*."

"Mum!" said INHERITOR, "for all I've sent
 To market lately, I'd be well content
 With any road would bear a low-backed car:
 They're good enough—let's leave them as they are!"
 "'Let's leave them as they are!'—O Irish phrase!
 'They're good enough!'—O slothful Irish ways!
 Sir, against laws dynamical you've sinn'd,
 Provoking friction, draught, and broken wind,
 In laying down these roads: know, sir, the rate
 Of friction is a ratio duplicate;
 And 'tis demonstrable, the saving gained
 In locomotive faculties unstrained,
 Will in three years the whole expense repay
 Of one in fifty lowered; as thus, we'll say
 The acclivity is x ——"

"Oh, worthy, sir,
 No need to prove it!" cried INHERITOR:
 "My rash objections and my doubts forgive;
 Lend me the money; let the people live!"

The money lent, forth on the highway side
 They went, worked, famished, spoilt the road, and died.

But still the grave enough of wretches spared
 To fill the workhouse to the furthest ward;
 PAUPER has now no lack of company;
 He frets in file, and shares his bed with three:
 The rates run up with frightful increments;
 INHERITOR in vain demands his rents;
 Oft as his bailiffs darken TENANT's door,
 COLLECTOR's bailiffs have been there before:
 He sells his plate, his pictures, carriages
 (His cellar long ago was on the lees);
 TENANT-IN-TAIL, in middle term, recalls,
 Shuts up schools, stables, kennels, servants' halls;
 But spite of all the efforts of despair,
 MORTGAGEE's interest goes in arrear.
 The bill goes on the file; there's no debate;
 Next term RECEIVER's over the estate.
 They leave INHERITOR his house and grounds,
 Worth by the year, perhaps, a hundred pounds;
 But soon unable to defray the rate,
 As, tax on tax, charges accumulate,
 He seeks the town new fortunes there to seek,
 And takes a lodging at a pound a-week;
 But, slow to run the sycophantic race,
 Is pushed aside, and fails to reach a place.

How speeds RECEIVER? next, perhaps, you'll ask;
 RECEIVER, sir, has got no easy task:
 For now, ere yet COLLECTOR's claims relax,
 TENANT begins to mourn his lost corn-tax.
 "Sir," he exclaims, "pray how can I compete,
 (And pay a rent) with rent-free foreign wheat?
 All that I grow serves, neither more nor less,
 For daily Indian meal, poor's-rates, and cess.
 If prices stand where they have stood of late,
 I'll sell my little all, and emigrate:
 And, I remember, Sir ECONOMIST
 Used on that reason chiefly to insist,
 When showing how, enlightened laws to bless,
 Free trade would give our markets steadiness:

Steady enough they've lately been, 'tis true,
But steady at a rate leaves nought for you."
With reasons good as these, in great amount,
Rents none, RECEIVER passed his first account.

Great was the rage on MORTGAGEE that fell;
"Sell up," he cried, "the Irish beggar, sell!"
"Nay," said RECEIVER, "that may hardly be,
No sale would now pay costs of a decree.
Behoves such store of parties to your suit,
'Twould need a seven years' purchase to yield fruit;
And, in the present aspect of affairs,
What, with accruing rates and rates' arrears,
And this new vortex of out-door relief,
That's like to swallow all—I'd say, in brief,
The man who for your land would give the toss
Of a rap halfpenny, would buy a loss."

Thereon, in doleful dumps, went MORTGAGEE
To Sir ECONOMIST, and—"Sir," said he,
"These tricks of yours, though here of use to trade,
My debtor there have quite insolvent made;
Not that on his account I'd murmur for't,
But my security, the land, is hurt:
And now, unless some method you devise
To save the land, my loan to realize,
My loan is lost, and I am left forlorn,
And free-trade formulas are turned to scorn."

"Hush," said ECONOMIST, "'twill all be well;
I'll pass a bill, enabling you to sell."

They passed their bill, enabling, but therewith
Passed none disabling honest Master SMITH.
Their bill before the judge in equity
Gave *but* a bill, thank Heaven and T. B. C.!

Put out of court, and in the country foiled,
ECONOMIST, indignant, over-boiled:
"Before the British lender thus be choused,
Both BRADY C. and SMITH M. R. I'll oust!
Shut up their shop, and, as I formerly
Put PAUPER in commission, so shall I
Now, with like vigour, at her proper charge,
Put in commission Ireland at large.
Fear nothing, MORTGAGEE, your money yet
You'll realize, and interest on your debt:
Soon shall you see on your behalf arrayed,
A High Commission, and a Rate-in-Aid—
(For even a High Commission could not sell,
With rates in prospect incomputable).
Or, since these northern hogs so raise their backs,
A High Commission and an Income-Tax;
Nor these your only helps: to aid our plan,
The *Times* shall thunder from her cracked tin-can
Salmonian hubbubs; and mad Tom Carlyle,
In verbal postures of grotesquer style
Than when, at fairs, a showman leads an ape,
Grimacing, set æsthetic Bull agape.
Carlyle, who holds the Horatian rule at nought,
To grace trite words by novelty of thought,
But still his hugest treats to Bull affords
By tritest thoughts expressed in strangest words

Or haply, in his verbal cup-and-ball,
 Throws up new words without a thought at all.
 Spleen in our service also shall engage,
 Macaulay, Turner of the Historic page.
 Whose pencil makes e'en heaps of rubbish seem
 The glittering *debris* of an Angel's dream ;
 But, after draining all the rainbow's hues,
 For sunbright oranges, and sapphire blues,
 Stoops, to complete the particolored piece,
 And daubs its greens in gall and verdigris :
 Long may he live in orange, blue, and green,
 To roll for flattered Bull the gorgeous scene,
 Long paint (though sick, his fame may bear the hurt)
 His Irish episodes in poisonous dirt.
 These all shall run to yield their ready help,
 With currish thousands at their heels, to yelp
 Contempts 'gainst Irish judges, juries, courts,
 'Gainst Irish Deputations, votes, reports,
 'Gainst Irish manners, morals, accents, dress,
 From all the fetid kennels of the press.
 So shall kind Heaven shield British interests still,
 And MORTGAGEE get paid, let lose who will ;
 So shall we speedily the land behold
 Once more exchangeable for British gold ;
 And in its Castle-Rack-Rent mansions see
 A bran-new Cheesemonger propriet'ry,
 Able in all things, save alone thy grace,
 Gentility, to fill a gentry's place.
 As for that poor INHERITOR, 'twere hard
 But some small place subordinate reward
 (Although the ingrate calls me worst of names)
 His economic and industrial claims :
 TENANT-IN-TAIL, who, as a college man,
 The metaphoric constable outran,
 May also yet, by interest managed well,
 Himself become a real constable :
 And for INHERITRIX, young CHEESEMONGER
 Being still too boyish to be caught by,
 Methinks, Dame CHEESEMONGER can do no less
 Than take her in as nursery governess :
 Thus, at small charges to the public purse,
 They're all provided for, and none the worse.
 Their courts obstructive closed, we'll then transfer
 The settlement of claims to Westminster ;
 So, if for law litigious knaves should come,
 At least, we'll keep the costs of suit at home.
 Haste, then, from Stephen's-green and Scotland-yard,
 Summon my scientific body-guard—
 (But generous K——, I fear, will not consent,
 And F——, I'm certain, is a malcontent—
 And since that *Stock* was shewn at so immense
 A figure, L——'s lost my confidence.)
 From Custom-house and Castle, call me up
 My Irish statisticians : ere I sup,
 The full particulars in shape we'll set,
 For advertising, in the next Gazette,
 This best located, best economized,
 Best Flora'd, Fauna'd, and geologized—
 Best highwayed, bye-wayed (were they but restored)
 Drained, green-cropp'd, guano'd, fallowed,—in a word
 This best (consistent with the maximum
 Of produce, and consumption's minimum) }
 Depopulated estate in Christendom."

Not much on benedictions to insist,
Here, with your leave, we'll leave ECONOMIST ;
And, turning to INHERITOR, inquire
How fare the family, and how the squire.
Of mind refined, too proud to intermix
With blood plebeian, fair INHERITRIX,
Whose schools for needlework, in happier days,
Won royal premiums and viceregal praise,
Herself a noble sempstress, daily earns
Her own and father's bread from Todd and Burns.
Oft as INHERITOR her form surveys,
Slow wasting o'er the free-trade shirts and stays,
And owns the pangs distracted fathers feel,
I envy not your spirit's burthen, Peel !

TENANT-IN-TAIL from college halls returned,
Saw the land's ruin, and indignant burned :
A mad exploit the hapless boy conceives,
At one good blow to overthrow the thieves,
To raise his bleeding country, and restore
Her Monarch, Lords, and Commons as of yore ,
Joins, with rash zeal, a rude rebellious band,
Failing, escapes, and flies his native land.

Poor native land ! poor withered breast of earth,
That once exuberant nourished love and mirth,
Now tugged at empty dugs by woe and hate,
Hungry and bare, how changed is your estate !
Yet dry Jerusalem grew in an hour
A nursing-mother by God's timely power ;
And Christ, whose death should yet redeem the dead,
Like you, had oft not where to lay his head ;
And persecuting Diocletian showed
Christ prostrate under Jove, on medals broad,
Even when the heavens, to give mankind the sign,
Were labouring with the cross of Constantine.
Thy day prefixed in God's eternal doom,
May long be longed for ; but the day will come
When heaven shall also give its sign to thee,
Thy Diocletians fallen, thy people free.

GASPARO BANDOLLO.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE SOUTH OF ITALY.

(1820.)

I.

Once—twice—the stunning musquetry
 Peals echoing down the dark ravine.
 Sevrini's blood wells forth like wine.
 Weak—footsore—faint as faint may be,
 And powerless to resist or flee,
 He drags him to a peasant's hovel.

“Ha! Giambattista!—thou, good boy?
 One short hour's shelter! I can grovel
 Unseen beneath yon scattered sheaves.
 So!—there! Departing Daylight leaves
 This nook dark; and, methinks, the spot
 Is safe if thou betray me not.
 Let me but baffle those base hounds!
 If *mine* plead not, Italia's wounds
 May—that Italia *they* destroy!”
 —He speaks, and crouches down, and gathers
 Around his limbs the light loose litter,
 With one deep groan, O, God, how bitter!
 Given to the lost land of his fathers.

II.

Hark! his pursuers follow after.
 On by the bloody track they follow.
 Rings their fierce yell of demon laughter
 Upon the winds, adown the hollow.
 Rings loud exulting yell on yell.
 —“By Heaven!—See!—here the miscreant fell
 And rose again!—and, if these black
 Leaves mock us not, here fails the track!
 Ha, so!—a hut! The hunted rebel
 Hath earthed him here! Now, comrades, treble
 Your care! A thousand gold Zecchini
 Are on the head, alive or dead,
 Of the outlaw Vascoló Sevrini!”

III.

Half loth alike to leave or linger,
 In burst the slaves of Alien Law.—
 O! ruefullest of sights to see!
 Mute stands yon trembler, but his finger
 Points to the blood-bedabbled straw,
 That blushes for his perfidy.
 Ill-starred Sevrini, woe for thee!
 God be thy stay, thou Doomed One, thou!
 Strong hands and many are on thee now;
 Through the long gorge of that steep valley
 They drag thee up Mount Bruno's brow,
 And thy best bravery little skills!
 O! stood'st thou on Calabria's hills,

With nought beside thine own good sword,
 With nothing save the soul that slumbers
 Within thee now, to quell this horde!—
 But, bleeding—bound—o'erborne by numbers,
 Thy day is by to strike and rally!
 Thou fallest by the hands of cravens
 Rock-hardened against all remorse;
 And Morn's red rays shall see the ravens
 Fleshing their foul beaks in thy corse!

IV.

But Heaven and Earth are hushed once more.
 Young Giambattista's eyes are bent
 In fearful glances on the floor.
 But little weeneth he or weeteth
 Of the deep cry his land repeateth
 In million tones of one lament.
 Nought pondereth he of wars of yore,
 Of battling Ghibelline and Guelph,
 And bootless fights and trampled lands,
 And Gallic swords and Teuton chains,
 His eye but marks yon dark-red stains.
 Those red stains now burn on himself,
 And in his heart, and on his hands!

V.

But sky and sea once more are still.
 The duskier shades of Eventide
 Are gathering round Mount Bruno's hill.
 The boy starts up, as from a dream;
 He hears a low, quick sound outside.
 Was it the running valley-stream?
 No! 'twas his father's foot that trod.
 Alas, poor nerveless youth! denied
 The kindling blood that fires thy race,
 Dost thou not weep, and pray thy God
 That Earth might ope its depths, and hide
 Thee from that outraged father's face?

VI.

The eye is dark, the cheek is hollow,
 To-night of Gasparó Bandollo,
 And his high brow shews worn and pale.
 Slight signs all of the inward strife!
 Of the soul's lightning, swift to strike
 And sure to slay, but flashing never!
 For Man and Earth and Heaven alike
 Seem for him voiceful of a tale
 That robs him of all rest for ever,
 And leaves his own right hand to sever
 The last link binding him to Life!
 Calm even to marble, stern and sad,
 He eyes the spots of tell-tale hue,
 Then, turning to the cowering lad,
 With stirless lips but asks him, "*Who?*"

VII.

"Oh, father!" cried the boy,—then, wild
 With terror of some dreadful doom,
 He gasped for breath.—"Speak, wretched child!
 Who sought my asylum, and from *whom?*"

—“ O, God! Sevrini!” —“ From? —” “ The Sbirri.” —
 “ The fugitive was wounded, weary?” —
 —“ O, father! I—this dreary room —”
 —“ And thou betrayedst him?” —“ O, Heaven!” —
 —“ And thou betrayedst him?” —“ I—only —”
 —“ And thou betrayedst him?” “ O! hear me,
 My father! I watch here so lonely
 All day, and feel, oh! so bereaven,
 With not a sight or sound to cheer me!
 My mind—my—But, I only pointed—
 I spake not!” —And, with such disjointed
 And feeble phrases, the poor youth,
 Powerless to gloss the ghastly truth,
 Sank on his knees with shrieks and tears
 Before the author of his years.
 —And *he*? What throes his breast might stifle
 Were hidden as beneath a pall.
 He merely turned him to the wall,
 And, with closed eyes, took down his rifle.

VIII.

“ Go forth, boy!” —“ Father! father!—spare” —
 —“ Go forth, boy! So! Now kneel in prayer!”
 —“ My God!—my father!” —“ Ay, boy, right!
 Hast now none other!” —There is light
 Enough still for a deed of blood.
 Stern man, whose sense of nationhood
 So vanquishes thy love paternal,
 And wilt thou, then, pollute this vernal
 And virgin sod with gore even now,
 And a son's gore? What answerest thou?
 —“ Kneel down!” Ay! he will kneel—and fall,
 Will kneel, and fall to rise no more,
 But not by thee shall thus be sped
 The spirit of yon trembling thrall!
 Didst thou dream nought of this before?
 Fate slayeth him. Thy child is dead.

IX.

The child is dead of old Bandollo,
 And he, the sire, hath scarce to follow
 His offspring to the last dark barrow,
 So much hath Grief's long-rankling arrow
 Forestalled for him that doom of Death
 Which takes from Suffering nought save breath—
 A grief that speaks, albeit untold,
 And lives, where all seems dead and cold,
 And finds no refuge in the Past,
 And sees the Future overcast
 With broader gloom than even the Present.
 Better that thou, unhappy peasant,
 Hadst died in youth and made no sign,
 Nor dreamt Life's Day must have an Even.
 Better thy child's lot had been thine—
 The best lot after all! for Heaven
 Most careth for such weakling souls.—
 Onwards in power the wide flood rolls
 Whose thunder-waves wake evermore
 The caverned soul of each far shore,
 But when the midnight storm-wind sweeps
 In wrath above its broken deeps,

What heart but ponders darkly over
The myriad wrecks those waters cover !
It is the lowly brook alone
That winds its way with Music's tone
By orange bower and lily-blossom,
And sinks into the Parent Wave,
Not as worn Age into its grave,
But as pure Childhood on God's bosom.

J. C. M.

THE MAGICIAN OF HEIDELBERG.

At Heidelberg, in times unknown to us,
A learned Doctor dwelt—Onuphrius.
In law, divinity, and medicine, he
Could well expound each darkest mystery,
Prescribe, and sermonize, and draw a plea.
Happy, if only satisfied to know
Whatever God has given to man below !
But still his restless mind, in search of more,
Was prompting him to seek forbidden lore :
Horoscopes of the Astrologic Sage ;
The riddling Alchemist's symbolic page ;
Nay, often cursed Tomes of deeper dread,
And impious spells that wake the buried dead.
Immersed in lawless studies such as these,
Doctor Onuphrius, by quick degrees,
Grew negligent of duty, and bestowed
On magic what was meant for man and God ;
Left pupils, clients, patients in the lurch,
And seldom, e'en on Sundays, came to Church.
Still in his closet, day and night the same,
He watched the stars, or fed the furnace flame,
Or traced strange characters with anxious hand,
Or muttered words that none could understand.
One night, amidst a wintry tempest's roar,
He heard a timid finger tap the door——
Just then he chanced to see, with eager eyes,
Seven bloodred fires in spiral columns rise,
Which wise Adepts in every age have known
As Harbingers of Hermes' mystic stone.
Wroth waxed the Sage ; and, " Evil luck betide
The hand that marred that Victor Spell," he cried ;
" Hence, whosoe'er thou art ; begone, nor wait
Till Sathanas shall drag thee from my gate."
" Sir Doctor," said a voice of silver tone
(Made softer by the harshness of his own),
" If e'er your bosom felt a parent's love,
Or filial tenderness had power to move,
Attend, for once, a wretched daughter's prayer,
Who seeks you in the madness of despair.
Stretched in the drifting snow my mother lies,
Convulsed with pangs that seem Death's agonies.
O grant your aid, or, if all hope be past,
One hour of shelter from the furious blast !"

She spoke ; and, for a moment, pity stole
 Its holier influence on the Wizard's soul :
 The next, he saw the flame, but now so bright,
 Turn pale and flicker with uncertain light ;
 And magic triumphed. "Wend thee on thy way ?
 My nobler task brooks not such weak delay."
 Again the maiden prayed, and yet again ;
 Thrice urged her suit—but urged it thrice in vain.
 At length, with flashing eye, and furious look,
 He grasped, in sudden rage, his wand and book :—
 "Ho, Barkoph, Belzebub, and Belphegor !
 Seize on this wretch, and drag her from my door,"
 He said. The air with demon-laughter rang,
 Wings flapped, and fetters fell with heavy clang.
 Sore sighed the voice :—"I go, rash Fool !" it said—
 "Thy better Angel, and no earthly Maid.
 Thy Fiends are come—are come to drag *thee* hence ;
 In me thou hast repulsed thy sole defence.
 The Powers of Hell were mustered at thy gate ;
 I only stood between thee and thy fate.
 I leave thee now : thine Hour of grace is past ;
 Thou hast refused it, and it was thy last."

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE CUCKOO.

In golden times, when all was young,
 Ere sages thought, or poets sung ;
 In climes, where but to breathe was bliss,
 And mere existence happiness ;
 When man and beast, exempt from toil,
 Joint tenants of a common soil,
 Enjoyed, without a thought of care,
 What Nature scattered everywhere ;—
 A Cuckoo and a Nightingale
 (So runs the old authentic Tale)
 Contended, emulous to please
 The Critics of the neighbouring Trees.
 Tastes were as various then as now :
 Factions are formed, and parties grow :
 Contention takes the place of love,
 And angry quarrels fill the grove :
 Till, wearied with perpetual strife,
 And longing for a quiet life,
 One Arbitrator, all agree,
 Shall end the contest finally.
 A Donkey, thither led by Fate,
 Of even step and musing gait,
 Was close at hand ; and, as he stood,
 Cropped the brown thistle for his food.
 Where, though they searched the world around—
 Where could a sager Judge be found ?
 Though not remarkable for grace,
 Yet Wisdom sure sat in his face ;

And, though he might perform but ill,
His length of ear announced his skill.
The rival birds forsook the glade,
And, low obeisance duly made,
In humblest form preferred their suit,
That he would end the long dispute.
Neddy (whose vanity was such
He thought no praise could be too much)
Was tickled with the compliment,
And graciously vouchsafed consent :
Then, stretched beneath a spreading Tree—
With all the critic dignity
That compensates for want of sense—
He bade the Nightingale commence.
Eager his favour to obtain,
She poured her richest, wildest strain.
Music, quick thronging note on note,
Gushed, like a Torrent, from her throat ;
Graces that art could never reach,
Nor rule prescribe, nor master teach ;
Whate'er can Melody adorn,
Quaver and trill, and shake and turn.
The other minstrels of the wood
Abashed, in silent wonder stood ;
Yet the sage Umpire nothing said,
But often yawned, and shook his head.
This done, the Cuckoo next began :
Still through the same dull round she ran—
A sweet monotony at most—
All deemed her cause for certain lost.
Wrongly they deemed. His pendant ear
The tasteful Beast began to rear.
Though 'twas the same note o'er and o'er,
Yet, when she paused, he cried—Encore ;
And ever, to th' unvaried chime,
In measured strokes his tail beat time.
Then, turning to her rival—" Well,
I must acknowledge, Philomel,
You have, at least, performed with spirit,
And many passages of merit—
Like pearls with beads at random strung—
Have pleased me in the piece you sung.
Such wildness may with some agree,
But regularity for me !
Give me the Songstress in whose strain
Simplicity and order reign.
So (since you leave it to my choice)
I for the Cuckoo give my voice !"
Th' indignant Nightingale, they say,
Thenceforward never sang by day.
Soon as the Evening spreads its shade,
She seeks some far sequestered glade ;
There, in a bower concealed from sight,
She tells her Sorrows to the Night.

POOR-LAW VERSUS THE POOR—OUR RATE IN AID.

SINCE we last addressed our readers, we have been, in bodily presence, on the confines of those dreary regions, where an inexorable poor-law, following in the track of a divine visitation, has laboured to complete the ruin which famine left unfinished. The aspect of misery which we were there condemned to witness, although not more melancholy than reason should have taught us to anticipate, was, when presented to our senses, more appalling than we were prepared for, and taught us to feel the truth of that old familiar canon of criticism painfully realised—

“*Segnius irritant animos demissa,*” &c.

We have often imagined something like the elements of the picture which now spread its sad incidents before us—the charities of social life arrested—happy homes oppressed by most unlooked-for calamity—families habituated to the indulgences of a prosperous condition, and the refinements of educated society, plunged into sudden indigence—sons and daughters of persons whose rank was that of the gentry, sharing in the labour and the wants of the humblest classes in the afflicted community—industrious and thriving farmers sinking under a pressure which it was utterly hopeless that they could sustain, cast upon them by the very agency from which they were justified in claiming offices of protection, and thus finding in their distress a direct temptation to disloyalty—all these sacrifices and sorrows, the more dreadful because of their inutility, because they did not save the poor from dying of cold and hunger. It is a painful sight to see a good landlord, or an upright and thriving occupier of land, reduced to poverty, through the operation of an unjust law. But it very grievously enhances the melancholy of the picture, to find proof in it that the injustice of the evil has had no kind of compensation—to see men possessed of competence converted into paupers, in order that paupers may have means to live; and to see paupers at their beds, dying, or lying dead, from the

effects of hunger. It is very disheartening to feel that evils like these have been effected through the agency of British law. When last we expressed our thoughts on this distressing theme, the wrongs of oppressed ratepayers were, perhaps, uppermost in our minds. We had ample opportunities of seeing how cruel was the injustice of the poor-law in its partial exactions from classes unprepared and unprovided for the new burdens cast upon them; but at the cost of impoverished owners and occupiers of land we had seen paupers fed. We have seen since the cost incurred, and the wronged paupers starved. This was to see the poor-law exposed in an aspect of malignity, as well as injustice.

We read in chronicles of history and old romance, of proud knights and paladins, followed by attendants, whose office it was to finish their masters' works of death in the rout which followed battle. The strong knight, with sword, or spear, or partisan, struck down the adversary in his way, and pursued his conquering course without a thought of the opponent he had overcome. The attendant in his wake took good heed that the fallen foe should never rise again. The dagger with which he completed the work of glaive or club, was called the misericorde, or *Merci de Dieu*. It administered such mercy as death can yield; and harsh and cruel as it seemed, gave deliverance, at least, from lingering agony.

This mediæval partnership between stiletto and sword is a bad precedent for a legislature to adopt or imitate. “*Parcere subjectis*” used to be, in old times, among the characteristics of our government. It is still, we believe, among the attributes of the British people; and we, at least, will never forget that the season in which *the imperial legislature* was called upon to impose a tax that amounts to a sentence of confiscation on those interests in Ireland which, because of severest sufferings, needed especial support, was a season signalised by a spontaneous outpouring of benevolence *on the part of the British people*, so copious and bountiful as the world

perhaps, had never before an opportunity of witnessing. While we retain, what we cannot lose, a grateful sense of this unexampled generosity and benevolence, it would be ignoble to despair of obtaining justice; and we shall, accordingly, discuss even the sinister and malign character of measures recently recommended to the legislature, or passed into law, in the hopeful spirit of those who aim at (what they believe attainable) redress, rather than with that sense of outrage and wrong which strives to propagate a spirit of disaffection.

The complaints which we now prefer against the poor-law, we offer on behalf of the classes whom it was especially, at least professedly, designed to benefit—we mean the immediate objects of its bounty, the poor, or (perhaps we should more correctly name them) paupers—the recipients of indoor or outdoor relief. We do not love these workhouse technicalities, but cannot dispense with the observance of them. In the name of those pauper millions whom the poor-law found, or produced, we complain that justice is denied to them. If their supposed claim to have support from the state be well grounded, they are grossly wronged in that partial disallowance of the claim which has rendered the pretended recognition of it ineffectual to their relief. If the state pronounce that they have a right to be fed, the state should take care to feed them. To acknowledge such a right, and to assign an inadequate measure of support, is to become confessedly responsible for the attendant consequences. Since the Socialist proclamation was made—to the effect that, whatever his habits, vices, improvidence, every subject in the British empire was entitled to a maintenance—deaths, by famine, to an amount which it is fearful to contemplate, have taken place in Ireland, and have taken place *because of the utter inadequacy of the provision assigned to the poor by law*; are not the contrivers of this weak law—the assigners of this limited provision—the real authors of the dread consequences which have waited on their measures? Must they not hold themselves responsible for the fearful increase of miseries with which we may be afflicted until their precipitate legislation has been amended?

You enter some wretched district, on which the famine and the poor-law have poured out their vials—you see mansions of gentry forsaken, or you find them abodes of all but squalid poverty—you see laborious and recently thriving farmers reduced to the condition, not of labourers, but paupers—you see, wherever you turn your eyes, in places where men congregate, faces gaunt with hunger—you turn to a Roman Catholic chapel on some anniversary, or some Sabbath, where formerly you would have seen the precincts without the chapel crowded by votaries who could not penetrate the dense multitude to pay their vows within; and you now find the outer place solitary, and the enclosure under roof, perhaps, not a third-part full—you go to the church of the establishment, the congregation assembled there is, perhaps, little diminished, but you see the ravages of want on many pious countenances—and you read in the pastor's wasted looks, and hear in his faint and failing utterance, that, although he will not desert his post, the hour cannot be far distant when he is to die in it—you see, if you look for them, by the wayside, or in some unregarded huts, the dying or dead, victims of unrelieved famine—you see nothing which wears an air of prosperity, with the exception of the untaxed stipendiaries, who carry the remorseless law into effect—or some smug adepts in knavery who thrive by imposture or by jobs, when the less adroit or the less unprincipled waste and die. You ask, when the rich and the thriving are impoverished for the benefit of the poor—how comes it that *the poor are not fed*, and you are told that they *are or were* fed so long as the properties of landlords and farmers could yield a morsel for their support, but that now, the allotted resources being exhausted, they must starve and die until a "rate in aid" can be raised from other properties of the same description, located in parts of Ireland where the desolation of the poor-law blight has not yet been completed. Thus it is, that under pretence of affirming and enforcing a right on the part of all men to be maintained by their labour or in idleness, the wealth of some, the competence of more, is exhausted—the industry of very many is rendered unprofitable—the country

mourns over some of the best of its children, reduced to pauperism, or driven into exile, while the deluded poor themselves, in whose name these evils have been wrought, starve, and, in fearful numbers, die daily of hunger.

On the part of the poor, then, supposing for a moment that they have a right to be fed, we would claim that the provision assigned for their maintenance be adequate. It is cruel mockery to issue an imperial mandate: "Depart—be ye warmed and fed," and to make such provision that the source of warmth must necessarily languish before its effect is produced; and that the supply of food is nothing better than a contrivance to prolong the tortures of famine. To the utmost of its ability, the state should make the provision which it professed itself under obligation to make. It may, with due qualifications, and under proper restrictions, select the resources from which want is to have its supplies: but they must be such as it finds or renders available and sufficient. It may declare that the whole resources of the nation—its wealth of every description—shall be taxed for this great object. It may, in so far as the rules of impartial justice authorise, select some one species of property, as a more commodious and manageable source of revenue; but, having charged this property with a new burden, it must take care that it is able, or must take care *that it be enabled*, to bear the load it imposes. We complain, on behalf of the poor (leaving ruined proprietors and farmers altogether out of consideration), that these essential conditions of the poor-law have been disregarded. The state, acknowledging—or rather *creating* a right—a new right, for the poor, making profession that they have a right to be fed, assigns to them a portion which cannot feed them; and, instead of augmenting the power of this limited portion to sustain life, wilfully lessens its ability. It proclaims to destitute poor that they are to be fed from the produce of a certain portion of territory, constituted into what is called an electoral division; and then it passes a law which has the effect of tending to render the division unproductive. It orders a valuation of the division to be made, while laws of protection enhance the marketable value of its produce, and thus encourage

the cultivation of its soil; it cumbers this adventitious value with a rate for the poor; it says to the poor, you have a right to be fed, and we assign you a portion for your maintenance; then it withdraws the protection which gave that portion its declared value, and afforded the only assurance that the poor could be fed. On the part of the poor, and of the poor exclusively, we complain of this most unworthy procedure.

If there be purpose and design in the late or the meditated poor-law legislation, at least we would require, that the poor should not be cajoled by it, or the name of charity abused. If the professed relief of the poor were no more than a scheme to ruin the landed proprietors, a grievous crime was committed by those who devised that very dishonest pretence, in order to accomplish their most execrable purpose. We do not think the legislature, in general, guilty of any such enormity; but we think every member of the legislature, who voted for the destruction of his neighbour's property, or the removal of his neighbour's landmark, without just cause, a participator in the evil which has been done, and amenable, before the tribunal of conscience, for his part in extending pauperism, and causing deaths by famine. If it were designed to ruin Irish landlords, the design should have been openly avowed. If it were purposed to confiscate their property on the plea that they had violated their duties, the charge against them should have been proved, and some principle, acknowledged and general, laid down as the basis on which the state had built up its decision. Instead of the *comprehensive* measures which have been recently proposed, a measure of *discrimination* should have been adopted, and the country should have been taught to feel that punishment was visited, wherever it fell, on offences which had been, not merely presumed, but proved. We have never denied that Ireland had, and has, its proportion of worthless landlords. If bad landlordism be a crime, as it is very plainly a sin, we would desire that it were dealt with firmly, and even severely, by the law. But we hold it injustice of the most odious character, and of the most pernicious efficacy, to visit good landlords with confiscation or penalty, because

they have their possessions in a neighbourhood where their virtues are rendered more admirable and brighter, by the difficulties of their position, and by contrast. Establish a charge against a landlord, that he has been culpably negligent of his duties, and then punish him to the extent of his misdeservings; but to punish a landlord faithful to his duties, by confiscation, simply that he may be replaced by a successor, who, perhaps, under the most favorable supposition, is not likely to be a better man than him, is to make a child's game of "the re-plantation of Ireland," ousting the good and true, in a random hope, or under a profligate pretence, that men good enough and true enough *for Ireland*, are to be had whenever they are called for.

In all this, let it be observed, we confine our strictures upon the poor relief arrangements, or suggestions, to their effects upon the poor. We omit all consideration of their injustice towards the ratepaying classes whom they make poor. Having never heard or read a defence of this injustice—having never heard that any one individual of credit or respectability has dared to justify the partial visitation of a new poor-rate, which may become, and has become, confiscation, on the species of property least able to bear it, and on that alone—having seen the injustice of the imposition confessed in such proposals as have been made to limit its amount, and to discontinue the practice by which it has been most augmented—we can consent to forego further strictures on the injustice, the partiality, and the cruel rigour of the poor-law, as ratepayers have been wronged and ruined by it. We are considering it here as it affects the classes to whom it holds forth a false promise of relief. It was the instrument in which the state gave an undertaking that it would maintain the poor; and it assigned a maintenance so greatly inadequate, that thousands of those for whose lives the responsibility was avowed, have died of famine. The state had power to make ample provision for every one of those creatures whom it left to perish. By passing an act which sanctioned the screwing up a poor-rate to an excess which became confiscation, the state virtually declared that the whole property of the country was available for the great

purpose it had at heart. It has permitted vast resources directly at its command, ready for use, to remain unemployed, and, rather than make use of them, has consented that tens, and perhaps hundreds of thousands, of human beings should die the terrible death of hunger. Therefore, on the part of the poor, we complain of the law for their relief; because the provision it made for them was voluntarily, and therefore unpardonably, inadequate.

We complain, still on the part of the poor, that the supplemental contrivances of the state are tainted by the same injustice, and answerable for the same inadequacy which have rendered the original scheme of provision so very disastrous. Connaught has broken down under the pressure of the poor-law; famine has set in; rates can be no more collected; men die daily. And what is the remedy? Pass a law which shall empower poor-law commissioners to raise a "rate in aid" wherever unions are yet solvent. Pass a law? This was, we may imagine, the device of ministers, entertained before parliament met, announced with precipitate, and, considering all the circumstances, indecent, haste, as soon as parliament had assembled. We have approached the end of April, and the law is not yet enacted; and in the meantime the poor—the perishing poor——

Man might escape from that conflagration over which Nero fiddled; no more, perhaps, than property wasted was in the tyrant's thoughts. There was no escape for human creatures, subjects of the queen, for whose lives the contrivers of the poor-law declare themselves answerable, from that affliction under which they pined and died, while a parliament wasted out those dreary months in disputes on that miserable "rate in aid," from which perishing creatures were to be provided with food.

Do we condemn or censure the faithful men who resisted the minister's monstrous proposition? No—we believe that they were not only justified in their resistance, but that resistance was a duty. We believe that they were bound to resist, not merely because the rate-in-aid scheme was at variance with the principle of a poor-law; not on the ground that Ulster ought not to contribute to the wants of Con-

which assail that wasting and ruinous enactment, is to deprive the opposition of its true strength. It is to convert that which ought to be a national question—a question in which every Irishman is deeply interested—into a question of locality and class. The rate in aid is not a measure for relieving Mayo at the expense of Down: it is a measure for compelling Down to assist Mayo on the road to ruin, by bearing Mayo company on the way. The real question before us, before the country, is: How is the destitution of Ireland to be met? The minister says, by the poor-law system and the rate in aid. That is, I will persevere in a system by which I have already exhausted the entire property of some localities in a vain attempt to support their poor. I will extend the process now indiscriminately to all the property of the country. The process of beggary is too slow while it is multiplied and subdivided into one hundred departments, and, like the tyrant of old, we wish the property of Ireland to present but one neck to the axe. And all this that a dictum and a dogma may be carried out—‘The property of Ireland must support its poverty;’—and not only this, but it must support it according to the theories of Mr. George Nicholls, embodied in the policy of the new poor-law. If this be so, to content ourselves with a mere opposition to the rate in aid, is to struggle against the manifestation of an evil, with the existence of which we ought boldly to grapple. To substitute for it an income-tax is but to concede its principle, aggravate its injustice, and expedite its disastrous results. No, my lord, there is one way, and but one way, of meeting this impost; it is, to prove that the whole system of poor-law legislation in Ireland is based in error—that the attempt to support the labouring population of the country without increasing the activity of the productive powers of the country, involves a problem that admits but of one solution, and, persevered in, must lead to but one result—the confiscation of the little property the country has, without any real or substantial benefit to the poor. Let us join, my lord, in demanding some more natural, and some more efficient mode of dealing with the destitution of Ireland than is to be found in the provisions of our present poor-law. Let us show that taxation for the purposes of that law is, under the present circumstances of the country, but ruin. If the principle of that law be persevered in, it must sooner or later reduce Ireland to beggary; and to my mind it matters very little whether that is to be accomplished through the agency

of a rate in aid, an income-tax, or the more slow but equally certain process by which the pauperising of a large portion of the country must, sooner or later, bring down the rest to the same level.”

In this generous strain of eloquence and argument—graced alike by the high qualities of benevolence and truth, meet accessories to genius—it cannot escape the reader’s discernment that the rate-in-aid scheme is a project in which the real character of the Irish poor-law is made apparent. In order that the letter of the law shall be for a while preserved, its principle must be abandoned, and all Ireland must be constituted, as it were, one electoral division. It is thus, rather than for itself, the rate-in-aid scheme became worthy of opposition and attention. Whether it was thrown out by the crafty premier to effect a diversion from assaults which he apprehended on his unhappy law, or that it might provoke such expressions of offence as should facilitate the imposition of an income-tax, the instruction it gives ought not to be disregarded. The Irish poor-law is not suitable to the circumstances of our country. It must be annulled or very greatly amended, before a hope of prosperity can rationally be entertained amongst us.

We wish it were in our power to place before the reader the various important suggestions and recommendations in Mr. Butt’s most able pamphlet, but narrow limitation in space, and a belief that some views to which experience has conducted us are seasonable and just, constrain us, with reluctance, to write in our own person rather than to transcribe the arguments of this great advocate. We have the consolation to hope that they will be soon (if they are not already) graven in the memories of our readers.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that to a very great extent throughout Ireland, the whole produce of the land has not proved capable of affording sufficient sustenance to the population located on it. We speak of the capabilities of the soil as they have been explored under the influence and administration of the poor-law. How is this evil to be corrected? Lord John Russell says, “Raise a rate in aid throughout all Ireland.” Lord John,

who carried each relief measure of his concoction by accompanying it with a guarantee against the worse measure by which he followed it up, is so indulgent as to give his damaged promise that the rate in aid shall be but a transient infliction, and that he has no intention to make its burden heavier. If he keep this promise, we would only observe upon it, that the scheme is utterly worthless—that the sum to be raised by it would have scarcely any other effect than that of causing irritation to those from whom it was wrung. It would not administer useful aid where a population was starving. Experiments to try the patience of loyal men, or to explore the benevolence of men suffering the hardships of great pecuniary distress, and on the verge of indigence, are very unwise, and should be encouraged by hope of a good result far more flatteringly than the auspices of Lord John Russell's scheme recommend it.

Sir Robert Peel proposes his scheme of the plantation. We can make no account of such a scheme until it is before us in detail. There are projects, and that of Sir Robert Peel is one, which could be conceived, so far as their principle is concerned, with as free fecundity as children blow bubbles, and with about as much effect. We want further information before we can presume to approve such a scheme. Presented, as it has been, without the requisite details, we see little more than the difficulties with which the expected colonists will have to contend, and are led to remember that Eden through which an imaginative writer of the present day has been our conductor, rather than the settlement which Sir Robert Peel would partially adopt as his model, for which, while yet untried, the names of Bacon and Chichester were strong vouchers. Sir Robert Peel would encourage us to hope that profitable employment may be found for multitudes now perishing in idleness. A colonist is to purchase territory in Connaught—is to reclaim the waste of which he has become part-proprietor—is to pay poor-rate, if necessary, to the amount of seven shillings in the pound—is to compete with the world in the British market for the sale of his produce—and is to prosper and to spread prosperity around him. Has Sir Robert Peel, or has any one of his

eulogists or followers, framed a rational idea of the price at which Irish produce is likely to be sold next year? Has he, or have they, without forming some such idea, projected or praised his daring scheme? We happen to be acquainted with farms and with farmers to some little extent, and we are compelled, with whatever regret, to confess to ourselves, that the prevailing disposition of many occupiers of land is to devote their fields, so far as may be practicable, to the feeding of cattle rather than to the raising of grain. We are aware that even among those who have last year and this year given much employment to the spade and the plough, are many who contemplate a total change in their system of husbandry as soon as the land has been prepared for it. They contemplate a considerable diminution in the number of their labourers, and they do so because they fear that the market will not afford them remunerating prices for labour. Times like these do not seem favourable for the re-plantation of Ireland. When our markets, after the shock of free trade, have settled into something like consistency—when the relations of supply and demand can be understood, and prices may, to some extent, be reckoned on—lands may be bought and sold on ascertained principles.—Purchase, now, would be a gambling speculation. As Mr. Bright, member of the Poor-law Committee, and of the Joint Stock Company for purchasing depreciated property in Ireland, observes, no sane man would buy our lands, unless at a very low rate of purchase. We would add, that the return for his capital, invested at even the lowest assignable rate (while paupers are to be fed in idleness, if they so will, at home, and the agricultural produce of the Continents, old world and new, is attracted to the English market), may disappoint him; and, like the man who paid a forged bank note, and had a glandered horse in exchange, the buyer of the depreciated property may have the worst of the bargain. In short, we think the time unseasonable for Sir Robert Peel's experiment. Until we know the point of depression to which our grain market has fallen during the withdrawal of protection—the amount of disturbance to our labour market, in consequence of the indulgence and

encouragement given by the poor-law to laziness and improvidence—we cannot form any rational conjectures as to the prospects of colonization.

It is true—if we understand the views of the two great advocates of this plantation scheme aright—that it is not their wish to encumber it by any very prodigal provision for the poor. Mr. Bright seems not very favourably disposed to the existing system, and appears cordially to concur with the member for Tamworth in his condemnation of outdoor relief. It may be presumed, therefore, that, as soon as the poor-law has accomplished its mission of ruin upon farmers and landlords, paupers are to have their turn of hardship, and the new race of occupants and owners are to be visited with prosperity again. A maximum is to be fixed for the *rateage*, and a stringent workhouse test is to be applied for the Utopia that is to be.—

Why not adopt these amendments at once? Why not moderate the tyranny of the poor-law now—now, while yet good landlords may be saved from the ruin with which it threatens them?

We are not departing from our professed purpose in thus demanding justice for landlords, whose sufferings under the poor-law are unmerited. It is for the benefit of the classes placed below them that they be preserved and aided. We can deliberately and most conscientiously affirm, that, for many years past, so far as our knowledge extends, the services rendered by the landlords of Ireland to the people, and the country, have been far more signal than the injuries inflicted by such of their order as were selfish or criminally improvident. We can further affirm, that those landlords who have been most detrimental to the interests of the country are of the class which the meditated plantation is to introduce. Seek for those whose rents are exorbitant—whose rapacity is most unrelenting—whose neglect of improvement, so far as a liberal outlay of capital can effect it, is most conspicuous—whose properties are most opprobriously distinguished for pauperism—and you will find them, in most instances, among the owners of small estates, and, very commonly, among parties who have acquired property by purchase, and not inheritance. You will find that lessors who can set their

landlords at defiance, because of the nature of their tenure—purchasers, who, residing at a distance from their “investments,” regard the lands they have acquired as they do any other marketable commodity, (and more especially purchasers of small parcels of land)—furnish far more than their due proportion of such parties as you would desire to see displaced; and you will find that these are the parties who are now thriving at the cost of the benevolent and self-denying, and who, if the tyranny of the poor-law be not abated, will retain their places when they have ruined and exterminated their betters. Will it be for the advantage of the poorer classes that such a consummation be wrought? There may be those who will scoff or sneer at our assertion, but they cannot shake our strong conviction, that there are at this moment many landlords in Ireland from whose presence and influence a prosperous tenantry derive more benefit than they could have, were the landlords dispossessed, rents abolished, and the estates distributed in parcels, as freeholds, to the population upon them. Indeed, we are aware of instances in which the landlord's influence is felt *only* in his works of mercy, and many instances in which the outlay of landlords, for their tenants' good, very far exceeds the utmost amount of their receipts as rent. We are aware of many instances in which Irish landlords, and every member of their families, devoted themselves to charitable duties, in the late season of distress—renounced all the indulgences to which they had been habituated, and expended resources reserved for objects of much importance, which were abandoned because not compatible with the duties assigned by the people's distress. And there are instances in which a people unvitiated by ill advice, showed themselves sensible and worthy of this benevolent care for their welfare. We have known food, amounting in cost to seven hundred pounds, distributed at the instance, and under the direction of two young ladies, in a district allotted to their charge; and, although there was no protecting power but that which a moral-force influence afforded, to convoy the provision carts sent to various localities, there never was a portion forcibly or surreptitiously abstracted from

the provision. It was called "the ladies' bread," and it was sacred as the showbread on the altar of old. Not a crumb was lost or abused; and the days of these ministrations are retained in most affectionate remembrance by those who witnessed, as well as those who were the immediate objects of them. And we have witnessed—what might seem to be the apt embellishment of romance—landed proprietors in Ireland, and their families, whose proper place, were one to judge from appearance, manners, habits, accomplishments, he would assign them where fashion and refinement shed their choicest lustre, and whom we have seen, in rude districts, engaged in certainly the noblest office to which man can give himself up—that of succouring and comforting fellow-creatures, and raising their condition. Even while we write, a vision of this character rises before us. The head of the family, a person of high military rank, his sons, his daughter, young, accomplished, eminently attractive, in manner and appearance, admirable specimens of our best English aristocracy, and all resigning their places in the circles for which they seemed formed, and patiently dedicating themselves to a holy service in the improvement of a grateful people. Where their estates were located, it was, as they felt, their duty to be, and there they remain. But under what circumstances—with what recompense—at what disadvantage? Expending in the cultivation of a property far more than it returns, having, as the recompense for an excess of outlay, the satisfaction of seeing a large population enjoying comforts and improving in their habits—a young generation growing up under happy culture—industry, good order, cheerfulness, prevailing within the limits of their charge—the pauperism of districts where they can exercise no control is now waged against them; and they may, perhaps, be disabled in their benevolent enterprises, because a law, baneful and indiscriminating as a pestilence, will not distinguish between a case like theirs and that of some mercenary owner of land, who has caused the pauperism of his squalid estates, and has thriven upon it. Are we not then faithful to our promise, and pleading the cause of the poor when we desire that good landlords

shall be permitted to dwell amongst us?

But how is this to be accomplished? What is to furnish the supply by which the severity of our poor-rates may be abated? Whence is the "rate in aid" to come? If every rational and honest man will admit that real property in Ireland has already borne its part amply—has been, indeed, far too heavily burdened, whence is the new supply to come? Is it to be an income or property-tax—a tax on absentees—a tax on funded property, or official income? Is the want to be provided for from the Imperial Treasury? We will not enter into an examination of these various queries, but, referring the reader for much information to the very able pamphlet from which we have already presented him with some citations, will venture to state our own view as to the proper source from which, under the present operation of the poor-law, landed property, in England as well as here, should be aided in bearing its burdens.

If the land is to make provision for the poor (a hypothesis which not the law of Queen Elizabeth but subsequent law and usage seem to have affirmed), land should be enabled to discharge the duty imposed upon it. It was, to some extent, so enabled by those laws of protection which were designed to compensate the disadvantages under which one species of property was placed; the partial oppression on the one hand being redressed by partial privileges on the other. It would have been well had it been held in remembrance that the benefits thus bestowed did not consist in protection solely of the landed interest, as it was called, but also of the poor, who were made dependent to a considerable extent on the agriculture of the country, and who were thus especially interested in its prosperity. On behalf of the poor, we would advise, to some moderate extent, that their part of the protection be restored. There is a manifest anomaly, all will admit, in casting heavy burdens on the agriculture of Great Britain and Ireland, for the maintenance of that state of society on which the benefit of access to British markets is dependent, and throwing those benefits open to foreign (which may to-morrow be hostile) states, although they contribute nothing to that expenditure which makes admis-

sion to the British market valuable. For the "protection," it may be said, of that market, agriculture in these countries is heavily taxed. It would seem not irrational, under any circumstances, to expect that foreign countries admitted to equal privileges, should not be exempt from their due share of taxation. But, when it is taken into account that home agriculture bears the heavy burden of supporting our poor, it argues a new claim to the benefit of an especial protection. We would have this claim acknowledged, and would have a moderate duty laid on imports of foreign grain, the proceeds of which should be allocated altogether as a "rate in aid" to the support of the poor in every part of the kingdom. If this duty fall altogether on the foreigner, who of his own free will has sought the advantages of the English market, we may feel satisfied he has an ample return for the payment. If it fall wholly, or partially, on the people of Great Britain and Ireland, adding a tenth or a twentieth to the cost of bread in their household economy, the burden will be but light indeed, and will be amply compensated to every honest man's heart, in the feeling that a fraction of what has been paid for the loaf upon his table, has been allocated to the office of providing bread for the poor. This is our suggestion for a "rate in aid." Justice, we believe, and sound policy will conspire to recommend it.

But we are bound to say that abstract considerations of justice and true policy will not be likely to prevail in favor of the landed interest, especially in Ireland, unless those who are most concerned exert themselves to make their cause understood. Nothing can be more manifest than that there is a prejudice adverse to the Irish landlords in the English mind, which must be removed before the cause can be impartially determined. If they will not exert themselves to accomplish this important end, no advocacy can avail them. Until the end has been accomplished, they should strenuously endeavour to make provision against hostile efforts for their undoing. While exonerating themselves from sinister imputations, they should provide against injustice; and under a full assurance that there are adversaries who desire their overthrow, should steadily and patiently prepare to defeat their

machinations. Let no man imagine that he can baffle the purpose of one who aims at compelling the sale of a depreciated property by difficulties which the law may interpose, or by the formidable technicalities which constitute the difficulty of assuring legal title. There are now in existence, or in process of formation, joint-stock companies, through whose agency all these impediments in the way of free trade in land are likely to be removed. The company for purchase has already made itself known, and the agencies it is likely to employ can be judged of by the revelations of Mr. Bright. The other company, under the name of the "Legal Title Insurance Company," has issued its prospectus—a prospectus characterised by clearness, ability, and information, in no ordinary degree, and giving the strongest reason to believe that the enterprise in which it has engaged is likely to prove successful. With two such societies in existence there seems little reason to doubt that sales in land will soon be effected on a large scale; and all we desire is this, that, through their operation, Ireland may not be deprived of landlords whom it has learned to value, and that such landlords may not be impoverished by forced sales of their properties, under circumstances in which the transactions must prove their ruin. We would say, therefore, to all owners and occupiers of land, all who have not yet sunk under their burdens, be alert, resolved, and patient; by retrenchment within your homes, and an energetic use of the means and opportunities in your power, prepare against the evils which are coming. You may, even in your present difficulties, do much; from your present limited expenditure retrench something; from your present diminished means derive something more than they have yielded; exert yourselves, and by God's blessing on your prayers, good will follow.

And by all means avail yourselves of the opportunities afforded by the poor-law unions. Let them not be disgraced by a waste of labour which may be turned to good account. There is not one in which some new source of industry and profit may not be developed; not one which may not furnish new and valuable information as to the real condition of our country. If the guardians will but do the duties for which

they have become answerable, the poor-law may be so mitigated as to become harmless, or even beneficial in its operation. The union board may become a rural parliament. It has the government of man, and the administration of funds, and the development of industrial resources, confided to it; and it has that great power of so bringing the state of a district into the light, that the confusion which serves the ends of bad men, and is fatal to the interests of good, cannot prevail against its honest inquiries. The poor-law guardians, if they are animated by a spirit of true benevolence, and wisely directed, may renovate this afflicted country. They may, by taking counsel of each other in counties, provinces, throughout the whole country at large, be enabled to do more for the good of Ireland than the most sanguine patriotism could hope to achieve through the instrumentality of an independent legislature. True, they may be overborne by salaried commissioners. They may.—And when a day comes in which a board of guardians, honestly bent on the discharge of its duty, and guiltless of offence, is dismissed for being efficient, a new state of things will have arisen, or will have been declared, and we may learn in that day the new duty assigned to us.

We will not say that the evil day we shudder to think of has yet lowered upon us. The minister of our gracious queen, it is true, has declared his merciless purpose of augmenting the taxation of Ireland, in order to prolong the agonies of a condemned law and of the country wasting under its influence. It is true, that neither regret, remorse, nor resolution to amend, has been expressed with reference to a law which selected a species of property, wasted by three successive and calamitous blights, to inflict a new, partial, and most oppressive tax upon. It is true that no compunction has been expressed for the aggravated oppression of which this devoted property was to be the subject. It is true, Lord John Russell has declared that *he must have more* from Ireland, and that the journal which was so cognizant of his intentions as to anticipate, by a day, his utterance of them, has pronounced that “so long as there are soldiers and police, prisons and gallows in Ireland” there can be no doubt of the power of Great Britain

to accomplish what she holds to be desirable in our country. It is true that Irish representatives have encouraged and invited the further oppression with which we are menaced; but, notwithstanding all this, and more, if more is to be, we would say—the end is not yet.

No, the time is not come when we could hold forth the chivalrous example of Argyle for the imitation of our Irish gentry. Regions of Irish territory have, no doubt, been converted into hunting-grounds, where famine has “cried havoc, and let slip” her beagles. We will not, for all this, meet wrong by wrong. We would write and speak again to that noble and mighty body which stood forth at a time of peril in defence of British connexion, as we wrote and spoke last year. We would tell them now, as we said then, that the heart of England is good and true, and that no emissary of faction, whether through the agency of an incendiary press, or even (should he lend his instrumentality) that of a British minister, shall prevail against our true allegiance to the throne and empire. But this much we will say—an enemy to British connexion has guided the minister in his ill-timed and ill-judged measures, and has spoken in the rabid organ which declares “soldiers and police, prisons and gallows,” the agencies through which Ireland is to be reclaimed and governed.

He threatens the imposition of a new tax, and the *Times* instructs us how it is to be raised. Before matters are brought to so dire extremity, we would do much to avert it, and would certainly claim a hearing for the rate-in-aid project which we have submitted to the reader. “New taxes,” exclaims Lord John; “protection for the poor” is our reply—“protection” for the poor in the shape of an impost on the property which mainly supports them—on home property, a poor-rate—on the foreign, which competes with it in the British market, a duty. Which is the wiser—the more benevolent provision—that which evokes the apparition of a gallows to the delight of the incendiary, and the humiliation, it may be, of England; or that which is in accordance with all sound principles of justice and economy, and which all good men will give, not grudgingly, but gladly?

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DUBLIN

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THE Editor of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, finding it quite impossible to read and answer the innumerable communications sent to him, gives notice that he will not undertake to read or return MSS. unless he has intimated to the writer his wish to have them forwarded for perusal.

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OUR SPRING CROP OF NOVELS.

ONCE more the green earth rejoices ; Winter has passed away : he lingered, it is true, a good while at the threshold, with his blue nose and chilly breath, but he is off at last. There is a new face at the door. Blooming, graceful, and joyous comes in the smiling Spring, with her green peas, cucumbers, young ducks and new novels. We are fond of Spring, with her uncertain glory, her smiles and tears, her sunshine and her showers, her fragrant breath and her merry voice.

" In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast ;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets herself another crest ;
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove ;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

In the spring our fair countrywomen, like the burnished dove of Mr. Tennyson, appear in floating draperies, the contemplation whereof is delicious, and the young man's fancy—heaven help it then ! The bundles of fleecy hosiery disappear from the shop windows, and are succeeded by garments of divers colours ; frequent carriages flash and glitter through the squares ; Messrs. Colburn and Bentley come out with their new novels ; and like the saffron-mantled moon, or like a "daffydown-dilly" in its renewed growth and unabated vigour, the pulses of life bounding merrily through her veins, comes forth to astonish and delight the world, the "DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE."

" Time cannot alter her, nor custom change
Her infinite variety."

She has attractions for all ; to the literary banquet spread forth upon her

pages each guest may come, but none shall go empty away ; hard to please will he indeed be who does not find there something sufficiently exquisite to please his palate. No crumpled rose-leaf can be found to excite the apprehensions of the most fastidious sybarite, our *vol au vents* are delicate but unimpeachable ; our more substantial dishes are homely but sound, and wholesome enough for the robustious appetite of the most stalwart yeoman ; in short, we have something which is suited to the taste of each, and whoever is inclined to spend an agreeable half hour, let him sit down, or stand up if he like, and read this paper.

We have an utter distaste to the class of fictions composed by mere bookwrights ; incidents, sentiments, and plots all apparently formed upon one model ; a little bit of description, or a few moral reflections commence each chapter, in which it is possible the story may advance a little, or it may not, and then in the next there is the same thing over again. We have an equal dislike to those popular authors of the convulsion school, at the head of which stands Mr. Harrison Ainsworth. How a good-humoured-looking, fat, elderly, and apparently healthy person like him, ever had acquired such a taste for the terrible and marvellous, is rather extraordinary, and it is by no means creditable to the taste of the age that such productions receive encouragement. Still, among these vernal weeds and *fungi* of literature, a flower occasionally struggles into life, and to such an one, when visible, we always extend our fostering protection.*

* "Rockingham ; or, the Younger Brother." 3 vols. London : Colburn, 1849.
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Such an one is "Rockingham." We have not for many a day read a novel which contains more tender and touching passages; and in the delineation of passion the author has great and peculiar power; or, perhaps, we should have expressed ourselves with more correctness had we said the authoress, for the work bears, scattered here and there at random throughout its pages, evident traces of a woman's hand. It is difficult, however, to conceive how such an amount of knowledge of naval tactics could have been got up by a lady. We are not sufficiently conversant in such matters, although it is, doubtless, the business of an accomplished critic to have a knowledge of every subject which he handles sufficient to enable him to detect a "trip," or whether he do in reality possess it or not, to assume it; but we candidly confess our acquaintance with maritime affairs does not qualify us to pronounce in this instance a decided opinion, and we sincerely hope our readers will think none the worse of us for our ignorance. There is not much of plot in "Rockingham," nor of startling incident, nor of graphic description, nor of delineation or variety of character; but notwithstanding these are wanting, it has unquestionably many other and higher claims upon the attention of a discerning public. The hero is taken from the world of fashion, but there is nothing vulgar about him, which proves that the author is probably a denizen of the same exalted sphere; his nature is honest, his heart brave and true, and all his impulses manly; love is his rock a-head through the voyage of life, and upon it his vessel suffers shipwreck at last. Had his nature been less sensitive, his heart less affectionate, trustful, and tender, he might have escaped; but his hopes had been garnered up upon one object, and, that found faithless, the charm of life was gone, "the silver chord was loosed." The tale of a broken heart and crushed affections is an old one, but not the less true from the fact that in the present times people do not seem either to have affections to lose, or hearts to be crushed. We have not time to indulge in such matters; a gentleman very much in love has become a rare commodity, he is probably very soon laughed out of it, and if the lady upon whom his affections are set does not

join in the laughter it is the less matter. The vice of the age in which we live is worldliness. Each of us, both men and women, spends the best part of life in endeavours strenuous, but often fruitless, to elevate our social position; to rise in the scale of society we tread reviving passions down, and obliterate, if possible, everything which is likely to interfere with our upward progress. Hence, love—real, pure, true, and disinterested—has become comparatively rare. Has the world grown better or happier for its absence? we rather think not. If we neither see it nor feel it, it is, however, occasionally very pleasant still to read about it; and therefore this is one source of the attractions of "Rockingham."

The story upon which this interesting fiction is founded may be disposed of in a few words. The hero, Lord Edward Rockingham, is the younger son of Lord Elmswater—an indolent nobleman in embarrassed circumstances, and has been deprived, while yet a child, of his mother. The outpourings of his filial love are checked by the cold and stern Lady Sheerness, a widowed and childless aunt, who comes to reside at her brother's house. While the head of the family, Rockingham's eldest brother, is sent to Eton, he is dispatched to Arleton, a seminary of an inferior description, where, however, there happens to be a very attractive and pretty woman in the person of Mrs. Wentworth, the young wife of the learned principal of that establishment. There are incessant quarrels between this lady and the schoolboys. They play her all kinds of tricks, and she retaliates by sending them up with praiseworthy regularity to be flogged by the doctor upon all possible occasions. Upon the tender and susceptible heart of Rockingham the charms of this lady produce at first an extraordinary impression, which her kindness tends to deepen. Matters, however, occur which effect a serious alteration with regard to their amicable relations. Mrs. Wentworth takes it into her pretty head that Rockingham has leagued himself with the opposition; and conceiving in consequence a prejudice against him, he is frequently selected by her as a victim for the exercise of the pedagogue's birch. He suffers cruelly

upon various occasions; but at length, after undergoing a very severe ordeal, his sufferings terminate in a complete reconciliation, which results from the circumstance of the lady having had him flogged by her brother, a stalwart village doctor (the pedagogue being absent), in her presence, until he faints. This precocious passion in the breast of our hero is not a little amusing if we come to regard the return it met with at the hands of the mistress of his affection. It is, however, succeeded by a more serious and enduring affection to his beautiful cousin, Sophia Waldegrave, a wealthy heiress, the ward of his father, and the destined wife of his brother, Lord Arlingford. The brothers hence become rivals; but the suit of the elder is favoured both by his father and his aunt, who intend that the young lady's fortune shall be applied to relieve the family estate from certain burdens which at that time were pressing rather inconveniently upon it, and to restore the resources of their ancient line, crippled by contested elections and other matters, to their ancient splendour.

At the Ashton school, Rockingham had contracted the passion of friendship as well as that of love; and its object was William Thornton, who was destined to exercise an important influence upon his after life. By him he is inspired with a taste for naval affairs, and shortly after his removal from school, enters the service as a midshipman. He soon becomes distinguished by his gallantry and zeal. He attracts the notice of Lord Nelson at the battle of Cape St. Vincent, and stands beside that hero when he receives on the deck of the *San Trinidad* the swords of the Spanish captains. Conspicuous by his thirst for glory and desire of distinction, he slips, contrary to the orders of his captain, into one of the boats destined for the attack of the island of Trinidad, and recognises, just as they are landing, in the person of an officer also employed on that perilous service, his old friend and quondam associate at Ashton, William Thornton. The result of that attack is well known; but in its course both Thornton and his friend, being severely wounded, are captured by the enemy during the night, and while still suffering severely from the effect

of his wounds, Rockingham is by some omission left behind, while an exchange of prisoners is effected, and when daylight dawns finds himself alone, and sees preparations making to bury an English officer who had died in the night. This he imagines to be his friend Thornton—that officer, however, had in the meantime been conveyed in safety to his ship, but Rockingham laments him as dead. Our adventurous hero, having been carried round the globe in a French cruiser, makes his way to England, where he finds his cousin more beautiful than ever, and apparently more attached to him. Yielding to the solicitations of his father, he re-enters the service—an engagement having previously been extracted from him that he will only correspond with her at stated and remote intervals. He unluckily misses his ship, losing in consequence the opportunity of being present at the battle of Copenhagen; and passes into another vessel, commanded by Captain M'Ross, a vulgar Scotchman, who conceives a violent prejudice against him. Whilst serving with this officer he is entrusted with the defence of the island of Pianosa, which he successfully holds out against overwhelming numbers until relieved. Once more at sea, by the chances of war the vessel in which Rockingham serves becomes opposed to a French ship under command of the officer with whom Rockingham had made his adventurous cruise, and by whom he had been conveyed to England. He is ordered by M'Ross to lead the boarders, and after a severe hand-to-hand conflict, in which he endures the misery of seeing his old friend fall by the hands of his followers, he returns victorious, but severely wounded, to his own ship. The tyrannical conduct of Captain M'Ross had long produced a feeling of discontent among the men there; and at length a mutiny breaks out, which our hero succeeds, from his popularity among the men, in quelling. He is rewarded for his exertions by M'Ross with an insult so intolerable that in a moment of exasperation he strikes him to the ground. For this offence, the most serious breach of the articles of war, he is tried by court-martial; but pending his imprisonment, and awaiting his trial, the news reaches him that his faithless cousin is

about to be led to the altar by his brother, Lord Elmswater. He effects his escape and arrives in England, where disguised as a common sailor he is just in time to witness the marriage. His rival has triumphed almost by the same arts which brought about that misfortune in the case of the master of Ravenswood. His letters have been suppressed, his actions have been misrepresented, he has been held up to scorn as a monster of infidelity and depravity; and the designs of his family upon the hand of the heiress have been so far successful. It is the old story, not the less touching than of yore—

"Oh, my cousin, shallow hearted; oh, my Amy, mine no more!
Oh, the barren, barren moorland; oh, the dreary, dreary shore:
Falsely than all fancy fathoms; falsely than all strains have sung;
Puppet to a father's wrath, servile to a shrewish tongue!"

Life has henceforward become valueless to him; he returns and surrenders himself; his trial shortly afterwards takes place; an artful and dangerous charge is made against him by his old enemy M'Ross, in the course of which almost every action of his life upon which an unfavourable construction could be placed is brought up in judgment against him. There appears, however, among the court of officers appointed to try him a face whose features excite strange sensations in the mind of Rockingham. To his distempered fancy it seems as if the dead had risen, so strong was the resemblance borne by the stranger to his old friend Thornton. At length he discovers that it is indeed the same. He is shortly afterwards in the arms of his early friend, and is triumphantly acquitted of the charges against him upon the voluntary evidence of the crew of his own ship. He is restored to his former rank in the service, and promises to wipe out the memory of the breach of discipline of which he had been guilty, by his future acts of glory.

He goes to sea once more with his friend Thornton, but nothing can dissipate the fixed gloom which has settled upon his spirits, and the battle of Trafalgar shortly afterwards affords to the victim of adverse fate the opportunity he had long so eagerly coveted. He dies gloriously in the suc-

cessful attempt at cutting away the topmast of his own vessel, which being on fire had seriously endangered the safety of the whole crew.

Having thus glanced briefly at the main features of this very interesting story it only remains for us to indicate what we consider its chief merits. The love passages between the hero and his cousin are handled with much tenderness and truthful power. We are sorry that our space does not permit us to indulge our readers with the pleasure of an extract from these portions of the story; but if they will not take our word for it let them judge for themselves, and we feel assured they will be amply repaid. There is also displayed considerable power and taste in the description of Rockingham's schoolboy career, and the inefficiency of the system prevailing at public schools, for the development of a sensitive and timid temperament, is admirably illustrated in the history of one of his associates, whose name we cannot call to mind, but who falls a victim to the tyranny of Mrs. Wentworth. The passage in the life of our hero in regard of that lady puzzles us not a little; how he could have conceived so violent an affection for a young lady who actually stood by and saw her boy-lover fastened up to a post with her handkerchief, and severely flogged in her presence, we admit we are quite unable to explain upon any sound philosophical principles; we only know what sentiments such conduct would have been calculated to inspire us in those days.

We cannot conclude our notice of this work without giving one or two extracts, which afford a tolerably fair sample of the author's style and mode of handling the subject. The first return home of the boy-sailor after his long cruise and many dangers, is a picture replete with truth and beauty, and abounding in exquisite and tender colouring:—

"The shore was now close at hand; through the sultry haze of the summer morning I could distinguish the white cottages spread over the gently wooded coast. As we ran nearer and nearer in I remained silent and motionless; but when at length the heavy boat was lodged upon the dry strand—when springing from her I stepped upon the

glittering beach, I fell upon my knees, and burying my head in the rude shingles pressed them wildly to my lips! Oh, that I had never shed any other tears than those of that hour! Having settled with my conductors, I for the first time inquired on what part of the coast I had been landed, and which was the nearest town. I was informed we were a very few miles to the eastward of Plymouth.

“ ‘Indeed,’ said I, ‘then we cannot be very far from Ashton.’

“ ‘Ashton?—that road to the right will take you there in the course of the afternoon.’

“ Unable to resist the pleasure of visiting that well remembered spot, I determined to proceed there at once. Oh, that walk by the hedge-girt roads, winding among the blooming gardens, the peaceful villages, and the stately parks of my native land! with what joy thy prodigal child again trod thy well beloved shore, happy, happy England! That was indeed a memorable day in my blighted and fitful existence, redeeming in its pure and silent rapture all the sufferings of my five years’ exile. When I had walked for about an hour I was overtaken by a coach.

“ ‘Do you go through Ashton,’ said I, to the driver.

“ ‘Yes, sir—be there in less than an hour.’

“ Springing up behind him I was borne rapidly along, and rather within the prescribed time, the coachman, turning round and showing me a distant village, said—

“ ‘There you are—wish to be set down there?’

“ ‘Yes; by the school.’

“ In a few minutes we stopped. It was the exact spot where I had bid farewell to Thornton; the house, the grounds, all seemed very much as I had left them. I moved slowly up to the hall-door of the private house, but my heart beat so violently that for a moment I was unable to pull the bell. At last the summons was given and a servant appeared.

“ ‘Is Dr. Wentworth at home, pray?’ said I.

“ ‘Dr. Wentworth?’

“ ‘Yes; Dr. Wentworth. Is he at home?’

“ ‘Don’t live here,’ answered the servant, preparing to close the door.

“ ‘Well but this is still Ashton school,’ continued I.

“ ‘It is.’

“ ‘And who keeps it now?’

“ ‘Dr. Mills.’

“ ‘How long has he been here?’

“ ‘Two years, I believe.’

“ ‘When did Dr. Wentworth leave?’

“ ‘I can’t say; I never heard of him

before; you had better inquire at the town,’ replied the domestic, who, hearing a bell from within, was now very anxious to retire.

“ ‘Much obliged,’ said I, and I withdrew myself in the direction of the village to obtain some further information there. On the way, not many hundred yards to the left of the road, lay the parish church, and I felt irresistibly moved to visit once more the spot where I had so often strayed to escape from the noisy precincts of the school.

“ The church was situated on the slope of a gentle eminence, from the summit of which an extensive view of the neighbourhood was commanded. I soon discerned behind the well-known steeple a lofty elm which had been a favorite resting-place of Thornton and myself. I rapidly ascended the acclivity and reached the foot of this tree. He at least stood unaltered in his stately loneliness, but the soil around had been sorely disturbed, for death had not neglected its work during my absence. The enclosure of the rural cemetery, which formerly had run at the foot of this tree was now carried far beyond, and many a village grave was strewn around it. One of these particularly attracted my attention. It had been raised at some expense. . . .

“ How forcibly in that hour the memory of the days that were no more pressed upon my thoughts. There lay beneath me those scenes which, during my weary years of sickness and of exile, fancy had so often restored to my view in their unforgotten loveliness. There were the very fields where I had strayed with Thornton, while he unfolded to my eager mind the mysteries of the universe; there was the glorious ocean which we claimed already for our home, and on whose boundless expanse we were wont to track our adventurous career; but where was he at whose will the fire of intelligence and ambition had first been kindled within me; and she, that other being, for whom my heart had beat with a more heavenly and still deeper affection? Thornton slept well in the warrior’s early grave, which he had so ardently sought, but surely no peril could have beset the smooth path of Mrs. Wentworth’s life. And where was she? Insensibly my wandering thoughts returned to the objects more immediately around me. I remarked that on the summit of the tombstone close to me, an urn half covered by a veil had been sculptured, and that some words had been inscribed there apart from the epitaph below.

"I do not know what Thornton, had he been there, would have said to these lines ; but as I was neither a poet nor a critic, and as they seemed to me to have flowed from the heart, they powerfully arrested my attention. I felt curious to know who was the being so truly mourned for, and to whom this allegiance of the soul was thus pledged through time and eternity."

We shall make no attempt to detract from the beauty of this extract ; it is admirably and most felicitously written, and worth a cart-load of the ordinary produce of circulating libraries. Some critic—we forget who—has called Captain Marryat the Salvator Rosa of the sea. The place occupied by that gallant and accomplished officer, we are sorry to state, is vacant, but here is one, if we judge aright, worthy to succeed him. The battle scene is drawn with exceeding power, and if this work be not really from the pen of one competent from experience to speak of such matters, we can only express our unqualified admiration and approval of the tact and skill with which acquired knowledge has been brought to bear. But there is one other passage in the career of Rockingham which we cannot pass by without praise. We allude to that which describes his early friendship for Thornton. In it the chords of a child's heart are touched with a skill of which the greatest masters of the age might be proud. But we must hasten on, and bid farewell to the author of "Rockingham," whom we hope to have the pleasure of soon meeting again.

Another aspirant to literary fame now awaits our judgment. It is not the least extraordinary among the many phenomena of the age in which our lot is cast, the wonderful facility arrived at by the gentler sex in the weaving of works of fiction. It seems to come to them quite as easily as making pictures in Berlin wool, netting purses, embroidering waistcoats, or any other of those delightful tasks in which it was formerly their pleasure to occupy their leisure hours. We hope they find writing novels, if more instructive, at the same time more profitable ; but we are not quite devoid of some

apprehensions that the market is becoming a little overstocked. However, Messrs. Colburn and Bentley are the best judges, and we cannot leave them in better hands as to this matter.

Of the authoress of "Mordaunt Hall,"* it has been our pleasant duty to speak upon former occasions in terms of approbation. We are not, however, of opinion that this work is by any means equal to other efforts of her pen ; not that it is by any means devoid of interest, or wanting in those powerful passages which mark her writings, but, in a word, it has more of her peculiar faults, and less of her peculiar beauties, than any fiction which we have hitherto seen by the same hand. It is also very carelessly written. We could offer abundant proofs, but one is as good as a hundred ; for instance, one of the characters, a lady, speaks of her "*ipse dixit*." It would surely have been just as easy to have used the pronoun in the proper gender. In the second volume, and at the fifth page, occurs the following passage, which, to say the least of it, is singularly outré—

"The door opening seemed to arouse the child a little ; he turned his head, and went up to his '*mammy*,' laid hold of the skirts of her woollen petticoat, but stood there still fixed in the same attitude of attention."

Now, surely it would have been a little more elegant, and certainly quite as easy, to have used any other word in this place. The passage is merely descriptive. Had the writer been saying that the child called out this word, to which we entertain so strong an objection, the vulgarism might have been tolerated ; but when a simple fact is stated, it need not be stated in the most vulgar manner possible. It is excessively bad taste, and we shall say no more upon the subject, except that if the authoress expects her works are to be read by civilised people, she must adopt a less exceptionable vocabulary. We object besides to the very peculiar style adopted, which seems in each successive fiction to be growing more singular. Thus, a chapter is

* "Mordaunt Hall ; or, a September Night." By the Author of "Two Old Men's Tales," &c. London: Henry Colburn: 1849.

generally opened by a broken sentence, sometimes a soliloquy, but often having little or nothing to do with what follows ; for example—"It was an affecting sight," and then after some observations which have not much to do with the subject, the writer proceeds to state what the sight was. In short, there is an affectation and a mannerism becoming every day more apparent in these fictions which is intolerable to people of ordinary taste in literature. But while we point out manifest defects, we cannot wilfully blind our eyes to transparent beauties, and of these the novel of "*Mordaunt Hall*" is by no means devoid. We shall content ourselves, and satisfy the curiosity of our readers, with an extract or two presently, but, before we do so, let us sketch as briefly as possible the outline of the story, which may be told in a very few words.

An idle, clever, but thoroughly scampish young gentleman comes down to a distant part of England for the purpose of pulling up lost time by getting "crammed," as the phrase is, by a clever divine, resident there, named Abel. This process of cramming is an operation usually carried into effect upon under-graduates who are desirous to pass an examination, but in the present instance the man to be crammed had already passed through college, and, at the period of his visit to Mr. Abel, was a member of the House of Commons. It had suddenly occurred to him that he was extremely deficient in almost every species of practical knowledge, and he had accordingly put himself under the care of this reverend pastor, in order to have his wits sharpened. The intervals of more arduous study are relieved by making love to a beautiful young lady, the only daughter of a widowed recluse of a mathematical turn of mind, who resides in a pretty cottage embowered with roses somewhere in the neighbourhood. This necessarily pretty, gipsy-looking girl has, most unfortunately for herself, been left too much alone by her father, whose mind is always occupied in searching into some abstruse proposition. She has, consequently, imbibed a considerable tact for philosophical romances, particularly those of "*Jean Jacques Rousseau*," which studies have left the heart peculiarly liable to receive impressions of a

certain nature. The consequence is, that she receives with pleasure the attentions of the handsome stranger, whom chance had so unexpectedly thrown in her way. We are very sorry to state that he betrays her innocence under the pretence of a marriage, and then deserts her, to resume those parliamentary duties, which these occupations of his leisure moments now so abundantly qualified him to discharge. He rises rapidly to distinction—makes brilliant speeches—contracts a splendid alliance with a lady of rank and fashion, and soon forgets his unfortunate victim. The poor girl, remaining under the impression that the marriage was a legal one, discovering that she is soon to become a mother, claims that the marriage shall be made public, but finds out too late how easily she has been deceived. The child is born—she wanders with him through the mountains—finds a house, at the door of which she deposits him, and then drowns herself in an adjoining lake. Her father, having sought an interview with the betrayer of his daughter, dies of a broken heart. The child there left, falls into kind hands ; he is brought up and educated by a Miss Calantha Mordaunt, the invalid daughter of a gentleman of fortune—rewards the care of his gentle protectress by unremitting industry and attention to his studies—goes to college, where he gains great distinction, and returning, flushed with the fame of his academical laurels, falls in love with the daughter of Mrs. Chandos, who was the sister of Miss Calantha. The sequel need scarcely be told—the nameless foundling is cast off with scorn by the wealthy parents ; accidental circumstances reveal to him the rank and position of his father, and at this crisis occur the most powerful and beautiful, and, indeed, we might add, the only interesting passages of the story. The history of the foundling's earlier life—his infant troubles, and the miseries which he undergoes at school, and the slights he receives from his companions, are as uninteresting, common-place, tedious, and dull as it is possible to conceive ; but in those other passages to which we refer, occur very many redeeming points, full of that peculiar power by which the fictions of this writer are not unfrequently distin-

guished. The interview between the child who has found his parent, and the parent who has discovered his son, is marked by great breadth of colouring, graphic power, and knowledge of human nature. Upon this our readers shall have an opportunity of judging for themselves. The pupil of Mr. Abel—the betrayer of innocence, had risen to high distinction—he has won a peerage—he is Lord Avonmore; why, however, the writer should have selected the title of one of our most gifted and patriotic Irish judges, to grace the brow of a heartless seducer, we are at a loss to conceive. Lord Avonmore is, however, in want of a private secretary—the hero is introduced by his lordship's former instructor, Mr. Abel, who, having some suspicions as to his pedigree has long resolved to bring them into contact. The peer is struck by the extraordinary resemblance, but we shall now allow the author to describe what follows:—

“Lord Avonmore seated himself upon the chair, and in the place where he was accustomed to give audience to all applicants, and strove to arouse all that was man within him to meet the approaching moment with calmness. To expose himself to the degradation of yielding to emotion before a stranger was what his dignity forbade, and spite of those mysterious yearnings of the heart which swelled within, his reason told him that this young man, in all probability, was, and would prove, a stranger. To meet him with dignity, to repress the workings of anxiety and the intensity of hope, calmly to meet the disappointment which his reason assured him must be the result of this meeting, for this he was nerving himself with all his acquired philosophy and natural strength of mind. He heard a knock at the door, the hall-door opens, some one is admitted; there are the feet of two persons on the stairs. Lord Avonmore's hand is pressed against his heart, where he feels a strong, intense pain, and then it is removed and laid on the table beside him, and there he sits with it resting upon the table, his figure drawn up, but leaning a little forward, his eyes fixed upon the opening door. Mr. Abel comes in first, and is followed by Gideon. Lord Avonmore looks earnestly at him for a moment; the hand which lies upon the table may be seen to tremble violently, and he for a second remains as if turned to stone where he sat;

then slowly rising, he advanced, gave his hand to Mr. Abel, and distantly saluting the young man whom Mr. Abel immediately presented to him, pointed to two chairs, and resumed his own in silence. The silence lasted for about a minute, during which Gideon, with a strange confusion of feeling, gazed with intense interest upon the noble figure before him. Advancing years, high intellectual avocations, the exercise of authority, and the deep intensity of feeling, whether for evil or good, had added the grace of majesty to the extraordinary personal beauty which had always distinguished Ridley; there was a nobility in his lofty air and figure, a piercing brightness in his eye, and the deep lines of thought upon his brow, which, blended with an undefinable expression of melancholy, rendered his appearance at once eminently striking and deeply interesting. Gideon regarded him with an admiration with which the recollection of those wrongs which he at least felt to be inexpiable and unpardonable, mingled a strange feeling of abhorrence; he gazed with an awe-struck gravity upon this monument of wickedness in glory: as the great Satan appeared to the sublime imagination of Milton, so shone this great and bad man before the pure eye of his son.

“‘I sent for you, Mr. Jones, for that I believe is your name.’

“‘The name I go by,’ said Gideon, in a low, respectful, but firm and collected voice.

“The departure of Mr. Abel seemed to have relieved him from the constrained necessity of being obliged to speak. He sat some time in silence, his eyes bent on the ground as if musing, while Gideon regarded him fixedly, almost sternly. He felt himself in the presence of one who had betrayed the innocent and wronged the defenceless; and the more striking the exhibition of unquestionable power expressed in the lofty countenance of Lord Avonmore, the more strongly did the figure of the lovely young defenceless girl with whose story he had identified that of his own drowned mother, rise up in painful contrast. He felt not the slightest awe or apprehension before this great and lofty man; indignation—deep indignation levels all distinctions. Then Lord Avonmore lifted up his eyes, gazed at him earnestly, scrutinisingly, piercingly, while the hand again shook till it rattled against the table; at last he said—

“‘Tell me, I have heard your story. Your mother, they say, was drowned—on what night?’

“‘The 10th of September, 17—

“The hand was lifted up and struck

down again against the table ; then the face of that great statesman grew deadly pale, and in a voice scarcely audible he faltered out—

“ ‘ You are sure, you are sure.’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, my lord.’ ”

“ But Gideon was beginning to shiver. The emotion was infectious.

“ ‘ She died, and left you a poor infant at the door of a stranger, dependent upon common charity for bread—was it not so ? and she plunged into the deep dark waters to hide her shame,’ cried Lord Avonmore, in a more hurried voice, now completely mastered by his feelings, ‘ and she left no record, no sign behind her, save that in the dead of that night she stood, her garments streaming with the water, her long hair floating round her in the moonbeams, at the foot of the bed of that miserable man, and—’ ”

“ ‘ Was this her hair?—were these things, these lockets hers?’ cried Gideon, in excessive agitation, tearing open his bosom, and from round his neck rending off the black ribbon upon which they still hung, and putting them into his hand.

“ ‘ My son, my son, my son!’ and like David upon the neck of Absalom, he would have fallen and wept ; but the young man drew back gravely.

“ ‘ Sir, *I am the son of my mother.*’ ”

“ Lord Avonmore stood there arrested ; his arms stretched out—as if to embrace his son—extended in the empty air. Then he let them fall, retreated to his chair, and covered his face with one hand.

“ Gideon stood still where he had started back, and did not attempt to resume his place. He waited with a deeply serious air till his father should speak again.

“ At last Lord Avonmore lifted up his head, and gazed at him earnestly.

“ ‘ So like,’ he muttered, then he said—

“ ‘ The son of Miriam cannot forgive?’ ”

“ ‘ His own injuries, yes !—hers, never !’ ”

“ Oh, how beautiful, how glorious did this young creature, in his holy anger, appear before his father’s eyes ! ‘ So looked the cherub in his grave rebuking.’ Oh, how did he yearn, long, to clasp that proud, that pure, that lofty being to his bosom, and bless him, and call him son !—son !—son ! But he stood abashed—the great, the daring, the powerful, stood abashed.

“ He read in those stern, but pure and lucid eyes, beaming bright with truth and honour, in all the grave determination of that noble face, what virtue thought of vice—what purity of profligacy—what honour of treachery, and his heart sank within him—turning

away his head again, he fell back into his chair.

“ Some moments were given to all the bitterness of remorse—the next belonged to pride.

“ A man so bad as Ridley had been is too often incapable of that remorse which leads to repentance. His heart is too hard to melt to repentance, the humbleness, the softness of repentance is become impossible to the great Satan ; he cannot repent, but he can take refuge in the loftiness of his pride.

“ Such are the passages of life fabled by the old allegory.

“ The choice was there again—remorse to repentance—remorse to pride. He chose the last.

“ After collecting his scattered spirits as well as he could, he lifted up his head, and addressing his son in a tone quite unlike that of the broken emotion of a quarter of an hour before, he said, taking up the tokens which lay upon the table—

“ ‘ Young man, this leaves not the shadow of a doubt upon my mind. These little relics were found upon you, an infant ?’ ”

Gideon made an affirmative sign.

“ ‘ And this hair ———’ ”

“ And here nature was too strong, even for him. As he unrolled the silken lock and passed it slowly through his fingers, he uttered a low groan.

“ But Gideon heard it not ; he stepped hastily forward and made a gesture as if to resume the lock of hair—as if he felt it to be profaned by the hand which now touched it—his father seemed to understand him.

“ ‘ What do you mean?’ said he angrily, grasping it firmly ; ‘ this belongs to me.’ ”

“ ‘ No,’ said his son, ‘ it belongs to me—give it me back, sir, if you please—it is very sacred in my eyes—Mother !—mother !’ he cried, somewhat wildly ; ‘ Mother !—mother ! look at your poor son !—give it me back, sir, I beseech you—give it me back, it is all I have of her.’ ”

“ ‘ Take it,’ and he gave it him back with the two lockets.

“ ‘ Keep these if you please, sir,’ said Gideon ; ‘ I have no further use for them, thank you ;’ receiving the hair, and then turning away.

“ ‘ And where do you mean to go—what do you mean to do ?’ ”

“ ‘ To go back whence I came.’ ”

“ ‘ Truly,’ said Lord Avonmore, again his pride coming to his assistance, ‘ this conduct to a man really very anxious to be of use to you—to the man who is prepared to own himself your father—who is your father, young man, is, to

say the least of it, unbecoming, and from a son unnatural."

"I have no father."

"What do you mean? You have found one in me."

"Was this ring," cried Gideon, suddenly returning to the table, and seizing the black ribbon to which the ring and lockets hung—"was this ring a wedding-ring, or was it intended for a wedding-ring? Was my mother a wife, or was she only a wretched, deluded, miserable victim?"

"Lord Avonmore answered not; he could not just then speak."

"Tell me, tell me, Gideon passionately went on, "only tell me that when you married her it was in good faith, though afterwards you forsook her: that she was the victim of mischance, and not of premeditated deceit, and all—*all shall be forgotten and forgiven!*"

"Forgotten! forgiven!" cried Lord Avonmore, rising hastily from his seat, stung by these words, as it would seem, to a strange rage, and still stranger suspicion. "What do you mean by saying that, sir, to me? No, sir, your mother never was married!"

This scene is, unquestionably, very finely conceived, and worked out with much dramatic power. The struggles of the wretched father, risen to eminence, between affection for his newly-found son—

*The offspring of his wayward youth,
When he betrayed Blanca's truth—*

and his fear, that by the revelation of his early frailty he might be injured in the opinion of the world, is wrought out with much tenderness and feeling. Its beauty, however, is not a little marred by that heroic exclamation we have marked in italics—"Sir, I am the son of my mother." Containing, as it unquestionably does, a truism, which few would feel disposed to deny, we are surprised that the absurdity of it did not occur to the author; but we shall not dwell upon what a critic, had he been disposed to be ill-natured, might have turned to some account; but giving the author of "*Mordant Hall*" the fullest credit for the beauty of this scene, proceed to lay before our readers that in which the mutual feelings of the two young people, unspoken by words, became manifest to each other. They are together, in a box at a small country theatre, and listeners to the performance of a French drama, the progress of which reveals

to them incidents suggestive of passages in their own history.

"*Amy Bias*" is a strange, passionate French drama, upon a thoroughly French subject.

"Celia and Gideon sat down, and both immediately fixed their eyes upon the stage, like imagining the scenes about to be displayed before them; but both, irresistibly attracted by this unequalled acting, sat there watching the progress of the piece with deep attention."

"At first they did not either of them seem to clearly understand the story; but soon their attention was riveted by what was going on, and the colour on their cheeks began to change."

"As Ray Bias describes, with the wildest violence of passion to his friend, all the agonies of his mind, the heart of Gideon began to beat thick and fast; but at the exclamation, made with mingled horror and exultation, '*Jemis j'aime le Roi d'Espagne!*' he started and looked wildly round."

"She sat there, her eyes fixed upon the scene, trembling in every limb."

"The lovely, lovely queen appeared,—the very picture, in her gentle grace, her unparalleled delicacy and softness, of the creature by his side—and the piece proceeds."

"And feeling answered to feeling as there they sat together—he shuddering, she trembling, with emotion."

"One wild, terrified, hurried, distracted glance!"

"Their eyes meet—and the tale is told!"

We shall make no apology for the lengthened notice we have given of "*Mordant Hall*." The style of the author, as we have said, has many faults: they are peculiar ones, and so might easily be avoided; they are, however, redeemed by many beauties: and if this, the latest effort of her pen, is not, in our opinion, equal to some which have preceded it, the presence of those passages to which we have attracted the attention of our readers, can hardly fail to convince the most sceptical that the author has abundant power and genius, if properly directed, to produce a work which may qualify her to assume a distinguished position among the writers of the day.

We have devoted so much time to the consideration of the preceding works, that we have not much left over in our space for "*Alice, or the New Una*," which, like the first upon

our list, comes out without sponsors, and without any indication whatever as to whom is to be attributed the honour of its parentage. We know, however, a story is current that the manuscript was offered to a very respectable metropolitan publisher, who declined the honour of bringing the bantling into the world, upon the score of its exceeding *immorality*. We hardly see enough to justify the apprehensions of that estimable and worthy person; but, at the same time, we feel assured that his shrewd diagnosis was on the whole correct, for a more silly production, notwithstanding the puffs direct of several of our brethren of the press (from whom we are, of course, sorry to differ), we have not seen for a considerable time, and we hope it may be long ere we see again a work in three volumes containing such a quantity of what cannot be designated by any other term than twaddle of the vilest description; and yet it is by no means improbable that, ere the words we now write shall have passed into print, Alice will have been read and devoured by thousands among those classes of the community who are willing, like the Persian monarch, to offer a reward, in the substantial shape of a guinea and a-half, to any manufacturer of fiction who will dish up a novel sufficiently stimulating to please their jaded palates. Passionate excitement and warmth of description, lax morality and startling incident, they must have, or the book will remain, with uncut pages, lumbering the shelves of the enterprising publisher. Of these commodities above mentioned, the work now before us certainly contains a very abundant supply. Of the plot of the story, we have neither time nor inclination to afford our readers the slightest account—in fact, they are much better without it. Let one or two samples of the style suffice; and here we may mention, that the hero and heroine are introduced in that mode which has become familiar to the novel-reading public through the fictions of Mr. James. The scene is the Bay of Palermo, in which both parties are amusing themselves by a matutinal dip. Clifford hears a sudden scream, he looks up, sees some object floating upon the water, and then—

“To dash forward, swim when he

lost footing, plunge after the object when it disappeared, grasp a slight vestment, rise to the surface again with the unresisting form of its wearer, and bear it ashore, were the successive acts of as many moments. It was the body of a young female, attired in a long, sleeveless symar; her long hair, which had not, it seemed, been restrained even in bathing, streamed from her head in wet tresses of apparently the softest auburn; a deadly pallor could not disguise the perfect loveliness of the face; the ivory arm was of faultless mould; and the wet, clinging drapery betrayed a symmetry which might have belonged rather to some nymph of the sea than any mortal maid. She did not breathe; her heart had ceased to beat—at least, the arteries at the wrist betrayed not the faintest pulsation to the delicate test of Clifford's fingers. When the flame of life burns so low that it cannot even be discerned by our coarse senses, a careless breath, a touch too much, is sufficient to extinguish it altogether. It must not be roughly fanned, but suffered to burn in a tranquil air. Clifford's conduct now was marked by absolute self-possession, and a singular confidence of knowledge. The dry, absorbent sand drank rapidly the moisture from the stranger's dress and floating hair. When he judged that this had proceeded far enough, he placed the passive form, still invested with the cold, wet robe, on the sort of couch he had prepared for his own repose after the bath, and wrapped the linen and cloak many times around her. The influence of the moderated application of a depressing agent like cold and moisture, in recalling and stimulating that reaction inappreciable to us, which is really taking place in every living body, though apparently devoid of life, was well known to Clifford. . . . In fine, he took her exquisite hands, whiter and colder than snow, in his own, glowing and warm, despite his recent plunge, and her chilling contact.

“Nor were these efforts unsuccessful: there was, at length, a pulsation, then he became sensible that she breathed; the lips reddened, there was a soft sigh. Clifford watched her countenance with a sort of radiant attention; and as he bent over her, himself so ideally beautiful, so powerful, and so tranquil in his knowledge, you might, without any very violent effort of imagination, have thought of the angel that sent under the Shaping Hand, while the yet unanimated ancestress of all living lay, motionless as marble and whiter than snow, on some violet bank of Paradise;—so

softly, too, shone forth that same tenderest aspect of the Archetypal Nature in this unconscious maid, on whom the tide of animation was now returning from its recent and alarming ebb with such visible rapidity. . . . A pair of large and soft dark eyes had opened, as the stars first appear in the sky, ere he was aware; the lady scanned the noble visage of her preserver, as in a dream. She could hardly be conscious at the moment of anything but the vague fact, that her life had been saved from a peril that she scarcely yet recalled, by a being who looked fit to be one of her guardian angels. Whether any thought of this kind was in her mind, or if, through the bright haze of partial consciousness, she believed him to be really a denizen of some more perfect world, cannot be said; but, at all events, her glance was an expression of tender and admiring trust. Neither can we give here a clear account of what was passing in Clifford's mind; but that which he did was to bend down gently and kiss the still pale cheek of the fair young creature he had saved.

"'Fear nothing, dear signorina,' he said, in the language which he thought most likely to be hers; 'you are as with a brother.' 'I am sure of it,' faintly murmured the stranger, in the sweet words of the same language."

Having already, in a former review of one of Mr. James's novels, expressed our opinion as to the value of this apparently efficacious mode of bringing back to life young ladies whose animation is suspended by drowning or otherwise, it is unnecessary now to dwell further upon the subject, but it is curious how very soon a "kiss" restores them, not only to life, but to the perfect possession of such faculties as Providence had given them. In this instance, the gentleman, as to the state of whose apparel the writer is silent, tells the lady "in the wet, clinging drapery," which, instead of concealing, reveals her charms, not to be afraid, but to look upon him as a brother; and the gentle creature, raising her dark eyes, says, she "is quite sure of it." How, in that condition, she could know anything at all about the matter, still less be sure of it, is a puzzle which perhaps the author will do us the favour, at some future time, to explain. Yet saith some courtly critic writing upon this passage—"All is conducted with a refinement, a delicacy, and a dignified

propriety beautifully accordant with the holy axiom, that "to the pure all things are pure"!! Good gracious!—dignified propriety! Marry come up! Where is the dignified propriety under such peculiarly infelicitous circumstances? We cannot make it out at all. It is a style of introducing two amiable young persons of different sexes to each other, of which we cannot, in the least, approve. We should much prefer seeing the young gentleman in his gold waistcoat, white cheker, and varnished boots, with his gibus hat under his arm, bowing reverently before the fair girl, enchantingly arrayed in spreading draperies of Limerick lace, the queen of the ball-room—than plunging like a curly-tailed poodle into the Bay of Palermo, seizing upon the young lady, bearing her in triumph, and in her bathing-dress, to the shore, and kissing her from comparative asphyxia into a state of animated existence. We object to this sort of thing altogether; and should the author of "Alice," as public rumour says, be a lady, we shall be happy to enter more at large into our reasons, if she will kindly grant us the honour of an interview.

One more specimen. Pair number two are made acquainted with each other in the following naive manner:—

"The two brothers were not staying at an hotel, they had apartments in the Palazzo Foscari, on the grand canal. They had disembarked, and were ascending the steps of the palace, when the same gondola which, at an early hour in the evening, had pursued their bark, and which had continued to follow it, came up rapidly, and the gondolier in the bow sprang out, ascended a couple of steps, to Lord Beauchamp's side, and touched his arm. The young noble turned, and the man laid his finger on his lip, and pointed to Frederick, who, in deep reverie, had entered the great door. 'What is it, *caro mio*?' 'A signora desires to speak one little moment with your Excellency.' 'A signora—where?' 'In the gondola, signoria.' Lord Beauchamp hesitated: he thought it probable he had been mistaken for his brother, whose extreme beauty made him often the subject of similar advances. 'Are you sure it is I the signora wishes to see?' 'Perfectly sure, your Excellency; I cannot be mistaken.' Lord Beauchamp descended the steps again, and entered the gondola. It was

not exactly a prudent thing to do; but he was just in the humour for something desperate. Whether he should be welcomed by the pressure of a soft hand or the stroke of a stiletto was nearly indifferent to him.

"The interior of the gondola was not lighted; the door stood open; but Lord Beauchamp merely bent down, as if to receive any communication its occupant might choose to make, saying, 'I am at your command, signora.' The gondola, at the same instant, obeyed a strong impulse, that sent it out into the middle of the canal, and a voice from within, of great sweetness, requested him in Italian, with the inimitable accent of a native, to enter. He complied; and being just able to perceive, by the light that flashed in from his own palace door, that the lady was sitting on the left, he placed himself by her side. The gondolier closed the door; and as the only light now came in from one of the little side windows, he could distinguish neither the face nor the person of his companion. The gondola moved slowly and silently through the water. The lady did not speak, and they floated on in silence, broken only by the almost noiseless plash of the oars; once another gondola shot past, and sometimes the light from a palace balcony shone in at the little window. The lady was dressed in black: it was nearly all he could discover by these brief glimpses, which, nevertheless, appeared to annoy her, for she nervously closed the *jalousie*, and the obscurity within became complete. There was a nameless something in the slight movements of the stranger, there was something in the sweetness of her voice, which gave him the idea of a woman whose charms time at least could not have injured. The light from a passing gondola, as it shone in, discovered, on her lap, a beautiful hand holding a handkerchief, almost wholly of lace, of necessity very costly: and the hand itself sparkled with gems, of which one was so rare as to be confined by a slender chain to a magnificent bracelet. He discovered this by the steadier palace lights; and when the handkerchief was shaken once, it diffused a peculiarly agreeable perfume. From all this, Lord Beauchamp judged, not without probable grounds, that the lady belonged to the higher classes of society; and, despite himself, he felt the beat of his heart quickened by this silent and mysterious contiguity. Presently, after the *jalousie* was closed, Augustus felt the stranger's hand passed timidly within his own, and her head sunk on his shoulder. 'Who are you, dear signora,' he said, with great gentleness,

and taking in his own that soft, trembling hand; 'what is it in which I can serve you?' 'In nothing, signor—in nothing.'

"This was embarrassing. Lord Beauchamp was sure that that the stranger was really a lady. He recognised the freemasonry of *bon ton* in her very familiarity—her head reclined lightly on his shoulder, her soft hand was simply resigned in his. . . . 'At least, dear signora,' he said, you will tell me how I have merited this confidence, and those marks of tenderness.' For some time the lady did not reply, at last she said, with great sweetness, and a southern *naïveté*, 'Can one tell why one loves?' Lord Beauchamp passed his arm instantly round the stranger's waist, and raised her hand to his lips: he was too chivalrous to do less, in acknowledgment of such words. 'But, dear signora,' he said, 'is such a love—forgive me—what you have a right to feel, or I to return?' 'You are not married,' said the lady, softly. 'No.' 'Nor betrothed?' 'Nor betrothed,' said Augustus, after a moment's hesitation 'but'— 'I am not married either, nor betrothed,' said the lady, after patiently waiting for him to finish his sentence: 'you thought I was?—that was natural.'

"This altered the case, though, extremely.

"'And you say that you love me,' said Lord Beauchamp, who observed also that the stranger's Italian was the purest that could be spoken, and her accent music itself; 'and you are unwedded? Are you also—forgive once more the question—are you one that I can love without degradation?' Lord Beauchamp said this bending down to his companion's face, and in a very low voice."

This scene must convince the public that the author, whatever be his faults, has a strong taste for startling introductions; he plunges in *medias res* at once, and his heroes and heroines have all the advantage which can be expected to arise from the making of each other's acquaintance under circumstances not only of a novel, but of a very free and easy description. We have learned, however, two things of which we were not previously aware, one that an English nobleman addresses an Italian gondolier by the affectionate and familiar title of "*my dear*," and the other, that familiarity such as the author describes is the outward and visible sign of good breeding. "Her

head was reclined on his shoulder, her soft hand was resigned simply in his," and this without the least former knowledge or acquaintance of any kind or nature whatever. A gentleman is invited to enter a strange gondola—he finds a lady there in the dark, who reclines her head without further ceremony upon his shoulder, and the inevitable inference at once occurs to him that she must be a lady of fashion. But we were about to omit another sign from which Mr. Augustus Clifford had drawn this inference—the lady's *mouchoir de poche* was very highly scented. Shade of Pelham! object of our early worship, look down upon us here with a pitying eye, what would be your opinion of a lady with a lace handkerchief smelling strongly of musk? We think we could anticipate it, but we have at all events no difficulty whatever in stating our own, which is emphatically this, that the lady who could act in a manner so outrageous, and so utterly subversive of all received opinion, was no better than she should be.

These extracts, which we have given with some reluctance, afford a tolerable idea of what manner of work is "*Alice, or the New Una*." Upon the religious scenes—if we can apply such a term to them—we shall not undertake to speak

at all. We cannot trust ourselves to do so, but we look upon the mixture of profanity and levity with which this work abounds as not by any means the least mischievous portion of it.

The task is by no means a pleasant one to us of holding up any work to reprehension, but we should deem ourselves wanting in that duty we owe our readers, did we hesitate to point out what must be considered as very grave and serious errors.

We were not without hopes that the homely and simple pathos, the tenderness and beauty of such writers as Dickens, had not only eradicated the genus of fashionable novels, properly so called, but had set up a purer and more exalted standard of taste, and we cannot but express our deep regret that the good work is not yet completed, nor can it be so long as such productions are found not only to issue from the press, but to be read and sold among a British public. We have always been ready to lend the aid of our humble services, in correcting and reforming such abuses, and while we continue to labour in the same cause, we shall never omit an opportunity of holding up to public contempt all offenders, whatever may be their rank or station.

CEYLON AND THE CINGALESE.

BY ONESIPHORUS,

AUTHOR OF "CHINA AND THE CHINESE."

CHAPTER X.

RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS IN HONOUR OF THE GODS—ALOOTSAUL-MANGALLE, OR FESTIVAL OF NEW RICE—AWOOROODU-MANGALLE, OR FESTIVAL OF THE NEW YEAR—THE ORINATION OF UPASAMPADAS—PARRAHARRAH—PRESENT AND FORMER MAGNIFICENCE—KARTTI-MANGALLE, OR THE FEAST OF THE FORTUNATE HOUR—ADAM'S PEAK—THE BUDDHISTS' AND MAHOMEDANS' ACCOUNT OF THE MOUNTAIN—THE PILGRIM'S WORSHIP OF THE SHREE-PADA—LEGEND OF THE DEVIYA-SUNAWA—DESCRIPTION OF ADAM'S PEAK—WORSHIP OF ANCESTORS—WORSHIP OF PLANTS—ULAMA, OR THE DEMON BIRD.



RATNAMATMEER IN FULL DRESS.

During the Kandian monarchy there were five national religious festivals, which were annually solemnised with great pomp and rejoicing; but since the dethronement of the king of Kandy, the Parraharra alone is celebrated with any portion of the splendour which appertained to these

festivals in former times. The names of the five national festivals are the Aloatsaul-mangalle, or the Festival of New Rice, which is held in the month of January; the Awooroodu-mangalle, or Festival of the New Year, which occurs in the month of April; the third takes place in the month of

May, when the priests of Buddha, who are deemed sufficiently learned, are promoted from the rank of same-nero to upasampada. The fourth and principal festival, called Parraharrah, or the Procession, occurs in the month of July; the fifth festival called Karttié-mangalle, or Feast of the Fortunate Hour, is celebrated in the month of November. These festivals are held in honour of, and dedicated to the gods Vishnu, Katragam, Nata-Samen, and the goddess Patine.

We will now proceed to describe these religious festivals in the order in which they are celebrated, and will, therefore, commence with the Aloot-saul-mangalle, which is held in the month of January, when the moon is in the second quarter. This festival is intended as a propitiation to the gods, to send an abundant harvest of the staff of life in Ceylon (rice), and is held at the commencement of the Maha, or great harvest. Formerly, the king's astrologers used to fix an hour on two distinct days, after consulting the stars, to ascertain the most fortunate one; at the appointed hour on the first day, the new rice was to be brought into the city, and at the hour named on the second day, the grain was to be cooked and eaten. These instructions were written, and the document was called Nekat-Wattoroo, the original being presented to the king by the royal astrologers, whilst copies were borne, in great state, by the chiefs, to the royal farms. At the appointed time the new rice and paddy (or rice in the husk), which were intended for the use of the temples, the royal family, and the monarch's storehouses, were carefully packed up by, and in presence of, certain officers, who were duly appointed to perform and witness the ceremony: the rice being placed in new white mat, or cotton bags, whilst the paddy was put into new chatties or earthen jars. The grain which was intended for the use of the Dalada-Malegawa, or principal temple of Buddha, at Kandy, was borne by one of the king's elephants; that which was appointed to the service of the dewales, or temples of the gods, was carried by men, who walked under canopies of white cloth; whilst that which was destined for the use of the palace and the king's store, was conveyed by men of good caste, who belonged to the king's villages or dis-

tricts where the royal farms were situated. The men who carried the rice which was intended for the king's use, were compelled to observe a strict silence during the period the grain was being borne by them, and to keep a white muslin handkerchief before their mouths and nostrils, lest their breath should pollute the food which was to be eaten by their monarch. When all the various carriers were formed into procession, jingalls were fired, and all started from the respective farms at the same moment, accompanied by tom-tom beaters, men playing upon other national instruments, and flag-bearers. Before the several processions reached the city of Kandy, they were met by the adikars, dissaaves, and ratemahatmeers, who walked at the head of the vast assemblage into the great square, to await the *neykat*, or fortunate hour, when the grain was to be borne to the various receptacles that had been prepared. A salute of jingalls announced the moment when the rice and paddy were to be carried into the respective storehouses: at the time the jingalls were fired, the chiefs and people also carried their grain from their fields into their storehouses or dwellings. The *neykat*-wattoroo, or fortunate hour for eating the new rice, was fixed either two or three days afterwards; rules being prescribed by the royal astrologers, as to the method of cooking the rice, and in which direction the face was to be turned whilst the rice was eaten. Offerings of boiled rice, mixed with vegetable curries, were also made to the gods; these offerings were regarded as being especially sacred, and none but priests of peculiar sanctity were allowed either to present the offerings or to partake of the food after it had been presented to the deities, in contradistinction to the general custom, which permits all priests indiscriminately to consume the edible offerings after they have remained on the altars a certain time. All the splendid paraphernalia of this festival is now buried in the tomb of the past, and at this time the priests merely name the day when the grain is to be carried to the respective temples, when offerings are duly made to the gods, and some slight rejoicings take place among the people.

The Awooroodu-mangalle, or the feast of the Cingalese New Year, is

held in April, and at this period the natives of Ceylon indulge in amusements, and partake of all the social enjoyments which their means will compass. Previous to the first day of the new year, almost every Cingalese consults an astrologer or wise man, who states the fortunate days and hours of the ensuing year, and what periods will be the most favourable for commencing any novel plan, undertaking, or business; the soothsayer also informs the divers into the web of the coming year, how to avoid misfortune and mischance, by the observance of certain instructions which the sage gives. As the natives of Ceylon are exceedingly superstitious, they pay the most rigid obedience to the absurdities which are promulgated by the wise men, placing implicit confidence in all that is stated by these impostors, and protest that the slightest deviation from the prescribed rule of conduct would subject them to severe misfortune and evil. The Awoorodu-mangalle was celebrated by the native monarchs with great rejoicing and splendour. Previous to new-year's day, the royal astrologers and physicians had to extract the juices from certain medicinal plants for the use of the royal family.* The preparations were made at the Nata-Dewale, and when completed, the medicaments were placed in small vases or chatties, which were cautiously covered, and sealed with the royal signet, and sent to the palace, with all due form and ceremony, for the king's inspection. The monarch then used graciously to signify his permission, that a certain number of the vases which contained these precious compounds, were to be sent to the various temples. The astrologers then declared the Nekat-Wattoroo, which set forth the day and minute upon which the new year would commence, the propitious hour for anointing the body with the medicinal extracts, the fortunate hours for eating, bathing, commencing new undertakings or business, and for making presents to the temples, king, chiefs, or superiors. Before the arrival of the minute, which was fixed by astrologers as the commencement of the new year, the monarch ascended his throne, clad in his magnificent robes

of state, wearing the jewels, symbols, and emblems, indicative of his rank and power; the adikars, dissaaves, ratemahatmeers, chiefs, and officers of the royal household, attired in costly court costume, surrounding the throne. As soon as the moment arrived at which the new year commenced, the event was announced by the discharge of numberless jingalls, and immediately the vast throng which filled the hall of audience prostrated themselves before their sovereign, offering their congratulations, and making supplications for his prosperity, happiness, and longevity. When the hour arrived for the king to be anointed with the medicinal juices, ten damsels of high birth, bearing illuminated lamps and dishes of silver, on which were placed unboiled rice, ranged themselves before the king; two of the maidens then advanced, and placed medicinal leaves on the palms of his hands, and under the soles of his feet; the remaining eight damsels coming forward and anointing the sovereign's person with the extracts, and whilst the operation was being performed, saying, "Abundance of days to our sovereign—may he live many thousand years! Increase of age and honours to our king, as long as the sun, moon, and stars endure! Increase of health and learning to our mighty monarch as long as the earth and skies last." The ten damsels then retired, when the adikars, dissaaves, ratemahatmeers, and chiefs advanced towards the king, and performed the same ceremony in a like manner. When the fortunate hour arrived for eating, the monarch partook of a dish of food, which was expressly and entirely prepared of vegetables for the occasion, designated Dina-boejama, giving a portion of the dish to each person present, after which the courtly multitude were invited by the monarch to a sumptuous banquet. The propitious time for eating varied, the fortunate hour being in one of the first four days of the new year; and until the time arrived which the astrologers had specified as the fortunate hour, nourishment prepared over fire could not be eaten. When the fortunate hour arrived for bathing, the monarch

* We have been informed by a Kandian chief, that a thousand jars of these medicinal extracts used annually to be prepared for Sri Wikrama, the last king of Kandy.

stepped into his bath, and was anointed by his chiefs with perfumed oils, and the medicinal extracts which had been prepared by the royal astrologers and physicians within the precincts of the Nata-Dewale. At the auspicious moment for making presents and commencing business, the nobles sent fruits, grain, spices, and flowers to the royal stores, receiving gifts of a similar nature from the monarch. All classes, at the fortunate hour, exchanged donations, varying in value according to the means of the donor. The ceremony that terminated the festivities of the new year was one of great magnificence, and which took place within the first fifteen days of the new year: this ceremony was the public reception of the chiefs who had presents to offer to their monarch. The sovereign, seated on his throne, gave audience in succession, according to their rank, to the nobles, who desired to evince their loyalty by the presentation of gifts: the donor laid the present at the king's feet, prostrating the person three times, and kissing the earth, exclaimed—"May your mighty and gracious majesty live as long as the sun, moon, stars, skies, and earth endure." The royal treasurer then removed the donations, and valued them: their estimated value being deducted from the dues which each chief was bound annually to pay to the king. When this ceremony was ended, the monarch, royal family, nobles, and chiefs sent offerings to the Dalada-Malegawa, and dewales, and thus concluded the holidays of the Awooroodu-mangalle, during the celebration of which, by the Kandian laws, both chiefs and people were exempted from all public services. The third festival is held in the month of May, and is essentially Buddhaical, as then the sameneros are examined, and if qualified, are ordained and become upasampada. During the Kandian monarchy, the king's permission was required before a samenero could be made upasampada, and when the royal licence was obtained, the successful candidate for the highest order of priesthood used to be paraded through the streets of the capital, seated in a richly decorated howdah, which was borne by one of the king's elephants. The priests of the temple to which the newly elected upasampada belonged, and

the chiefs of the district in which the temple was situated joining in the procession, the former on foot, the latter seated either in their howdahs, which was attached to the elephant by glittering trappings, mounted on horses, or borne in gaily-decorated palanqueens by numerous retainers or slaves; and we have been informed that during the time the star of Buddhism was in the ascendant, and a member of a favoured noble family joined the priesthood, it was not unusual for the monarch to honour this procession with his presence. In the month of July the great national festival is held, which was invariably celebrated by Kandian monarchs with the greatest pomp, magnificence, and splendour; and a Kandian noble has stated to us that he had seen one hundred and sixty elephants employed in the procession, and although the Parraharrah is now shorn of much of its regal glory, still the spectacle to an European is a most impressive and imposing sight. By the Kandian laws every noble and chief were bound to present themselves in the capital to pay homage to the king, and join in the procession of the Parraharrah. The kings of Kandy frequently availed themselves of this opportunity to arrest the nobles or chiefs whom they considered either disaffected or rebellious; as when a chief was beloved in his dissavonie or rattie, it was invariably a difficult task, if not a complete impossibility to seize his person if he chose to offer resistance by calling in the aid of his followers and the people. The last tiger tyrant, king of Kandy, Sri Wikrama, too often availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded him by the assembling of the chiefs at the Parraharrah, to carry out his bloody projects of brutal, savage cruelty and vengeance. The Parraharrah is held in honour of the god Vishnu, who the natives affirm was born in the month of July: this festival commences with the new moon, and terminates on the day succeeding the full moon, the natives giving as a reason for the duration of this feast, that the pangs of childbirth seized the mother of Vishnu on the day of the new moon, and continued until the full moon, when the god was born. This festival is called by the priests and native scholars Eysalakeliye, which signifies the play of July; but the general

name given to this religious festival is *Parraharrah*, which means the procession.

Three days before the new moon appears in July, the priests of the four *dewales* at Kandy, meet to select a young jack tree that has not borne fruit, the trunk of which must measure exactly three spans in diameter: as soon as the tree is found, it is dedicated to the service of Vishnu and the gods, by smearing the whole trunk with sandal-wood oil, and other perfumed liquids. An offering to the god is placed under the tree, consisting of a silver lamp that has nine wicks, which are supplied with the purest cocoa-nut oil, nine varieties of fragrant flowers, and nine betel leaves of large and equal size. This offering remains a short time under the tree, thus consecrating the tree to the gods; the sacred woodcutter belonging to the Vishnu *dewale*, having previously bathed, and anointed his person, attired in a new comboy, steps forward and fells the tree, the trunk of which he divides into four equal parts, a portion being sent to the respective *dewales* of the gods Vishnu, Katragam, Nata-Samen, and the goddess Patine. The portions of the sacred tree are borne with great ceremony, the priests, musicians, and attendants belonging to the respective temples, walking in procession. When the new moon appears, the piece of consecrated jack-wood is placed in the ground before each *dewale*, and is decorated with garlands, wreaths, and flowers arranged in other ornamental devices; clusters of bananas, citrons, pomegranates, and palm-leaves, are also attached to, and entwined around the consecrated wood. A temporary building is erected over the decorated timber, the roof of which is composed of young palm-leaves, which are platted, and placed closely together, so as effectually to exclude the sun's scorching rays. This roof is supported by pillars of bamboo, which are also embellished with flowers and fruits in a corresponding manner with the consecrated wood. For three consecutive days, the priests of the several *dewales* parade round the severed portions of the tree, carrying the bows, arrows, and weapons of defence, belonging to

each god; and which at other times are suspended on the walls of their respective temples. On the fifth day the arms of each god are placed severally in a highly-decorated *ranhiligay*, or palanqueen, which has a gilded dome, supported by gilt pillars: gorgeous brocaded curtains, falling in graceful festoons about the *ranhiligay*, partially conceal the arms; and these palanqueens are carried by the priests. The *Dalada* relic, or tooth of Buddha, enclosed in the casket described in a preceding chapter, is deposited in a most splendidly-decorated *ranhiligay*, which is borne by an elephant gorgeously caparisoned; the priests, attendants, and people, belonging to each temple, joining in the procession, which parades daily through the town. This spectacle gradually increases in splendour, until the last night, when, from the multitude of chiefs in their sumptuous full dress and jewels,* the concourse of people in holiday attire, the innumerable priests in yellow robes, the gorgeous *ranhiligays*, and the elephants caparisoned in their richest trappings, it becomes one most imposing and impressive. Numberless musicians blowing wind instruments, and beating tom-toms, singers giving utterance to ear-piercing sounds, male dancers (having bright yellow streaks of paint from the roots of their hair to the middle of their noses) clad in female costume, throwing their persons into contortions, indulging in lascivious movements and gestures, and rolling their eyes around in very wantonness, also form part of the procession. While we gazed upon this extraordinary ceremony, painful reflections arose in our minds, when we remembered the number of absurd mockeries, which are performed by the heathen under the name of religion.

On the night, when the moon is at its full, and the last of the *Parraharrah*, a certain number of priests and chiefs accompany the *Dalada* relic, borne by an elephant, to the extreme limits of the town, and remain at the *Asgirie-wihare*, whilst the *kappuralles*, or priests of the *dewales*, proceed to *Ganaruwa* ferry, to cut the sacred waters. The sacred water is placed in golden chatties, or vases, and the flowing stream is cut or struck with

* See woodcut, p. 681, for chief in full dress.

golden swords; the chatties and swords being carried before the kappuralles to the ferry, by the attendants. As soon as this portion of the procession reaches the ferry, the kappuralles step into canoes most elaborately carved and gilded, which the attendants pull up the river Maha-welle-ganga, a certain distance, there to await the blush of morn. When the sun's beams tinge the skies with orient streaks, the kappuralles of the four dewales simultaneously strike the pellucid stream, which reflects the sun's rays, with their golden swords, forming an imaginary circle in the flowing waters. The attendants then pour the sacred waters, which had been retained in the golden chatties from the preceding year, into the river, outside the magic circle, refilling the golden vessels from the centre of the ring which had been traced by the golden swords. The kappuralles and attendants bearing the sacred waters, then return to the Asgirie-wihare, where the procession is reformed, and the Dalada relic, priests, chiefs, and people, entering the city, the tooth of Buddha is replaced in the Malegawa, and the golden chatties, swords, arms of the gods, and gilded ranhiligays, are safely deposited in their respective dewales. Thus ends the Parraharrah, the chiefs returning to their respective dissavonies and ratties, with their followers, whilst the people disperse to their respective villages to resume their daily occupations. During the Parraharrah, offerings are made to Buddha in the Dalada-Malegawa, and other wihares, as well as to the gods in their several dewales. Whilst in the Malegawa, observing the crowd of worshippers that were presenting fruit and flowers to the priests of Buddha, who received the offerings in both hands, and then carried the floral gifts to the altar of the god, placing them on it with reverence, and arranging them in symmetrical order, we noticed a native bearing a species of helmet, not unlike a cap of maintenance, made of split bamboo, and this fragile framework was entirely covered with the delicate blossoms of the fragrant cape jessamine, and the exquisitely odorous flowers of the orange tree. The man handed this curious specimen of ingenious handiwork to a priest, making a low salaam three times in the direction of the king's palace—the

priest took the helmet and hung it up on a nail, which had been driven into the wall—the man again salaamed towards the palace and quitted the temple. Being invariably desirous of gaining information (more especially when our curiosity is excited by witnessing any extraordinary occurrence in a foreign clime), we questioned our conductor as to the meaning of the scene we had just witnessed, and the Kandian chief stated, that land had been granted to a noble family, who had done "the state some service," by the king of Kandy, on the condition that annually, on a certain day during the Parraharrah, a member of the family should present the offering we had just witnessed, to the monarch, by placing the gift in the Dalada-Malegawa; and that on failure of the performance of this service, the estate should revert to the crown; consequently, the estate was held by this tenure. The mind naturally recurred to by-gone days, as we listened to this interesting narration, and we thought of the king of Kandy in the pride of his power, who had granted the land in question, upon certain conditions to be observed for ever, which were still adhered to, although the heir and successor of that mighty monarch had been dethroned, his kingdom subjugated and ruled by a foreign power, whose protection the Kandians had voluntarily sought, to save them from the savage tyranny of their lawful sovereign, and we exclaimed, "*Indocti discant, et ament meminisse periti.*" It is an extraordinary circumstance, that both in Europe and Asia, the tenure of certain estates should be held by the presentation of trivial articles, at stated periods, to the sovereigns or governments of the country, *vide* the silken flags presented annually by the Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington to the monarch of Great Britain, and the flower-covered helmet of the native of Kandy, offered to the ruler of his country. Lands were also granted by the kings of Kandy to those who maintained the elephants which were devoted to the service of the wihares, and at this time those individuals who hold land by this tenure, maintain the elephants which are used in religious ceremonies. During the Kandian monarchy, the Parraharrah was a scene of extraordinary magnificence, as every noble and

chief was compelled to come to the capital to take part in the ceremony; and as they were accompanied by their families, and attended by a numerous retinue, many of whom were mounted on elephants, gaudily caparisoned, the spectacle of this vast multitude, the nobles and chiefs being clad magnificently in silken robes and costly jewels, must have been most impressive. The monarch also used to join personally in the ceremony during the last five days, seated in his gorgeously gilded and carved chariot drawn by eight horses; when his subjects caught a glimpse of his person, they salaamed humbly, prostrating their persons, until their bowed heads touched the earth, in lowly, abject humility. The queens likewise joined the *Parraharrah*, attended by their ladies, each queen's gilded palanqueen being surrounded by the matrons of high rank, ten damsels and ten young girls of extreme beauty, who were all clad in costly apparel and jewels, the clothing being provided for them at the king's expense. The wives and daughters of the nobles and chiefs followed after the queen's retinues, and as each chief tried to outvie their fellows in the costly attire of themselves and families, the multitude of their retainers, followers, slaves, and elephants, the splendour of the *Parraharrah* in those days, according to Kandians, defies description. These accounts may be fully credited, for now when the *Parraharrah* is deprived of all regal splendour, and comparatively but few chiefs attend the festival (and these do not allow the ladies of their families to join it), as we have previously remarked, the spectacle is a most imposing and impressive one; and from what we have witnessed, we can bring before our mental vision the monarch seated in his gilded chariot, drawn by eight prancing steeds; the queens in their golden palanqueens, surrounded by the high-born and lovely, clad in silken robes; the nobles and chiefs, gorgeously attired, seated in their howdahs, the ponderous elephants who bore them, walking majestically, and occasionally uttering their shrill scream of joy, or snort of defiance, as their keepers essayed to keep them from trampling on the crowd that pressed against their huge forms. When the enormous elephant, caparisoned in jewelled trappings, appeared,

that bore the *Dalada*, then uprose the loud cry of adoration, *Sad-hu!* as each person, from the monarch in his gorgeous gilded car, to the poor slave, who trembled at his lord's power, lowly salaamed to the sacred relic of Buddha. The honoured elephant was preceded and followed by other elephants, whose trappings were decorated with small brazen bells and glittering tinsel; then came the priests and attendants of the *Dalada-Malegawa* bearing flags, shields, talipot-leaves and fans; these preceded the *Diwa-Nilami*, or chief of the *Malegawa*, who walked at the head of his followers. Next came the elephant of the *Nata-Dewale*, bearing the arms of the god, attended by the *kappuralles*, the elephants, priests, and people of the other dewales following. The retinue and slaves of each noble and chief preceded their respective lords, carrying muskets and bearing banners; and the splendour of the nocturnal procession was materially enhanced by the innumerable flambeaux and torches, which threw a lurid glare over the gorgeous costumes and jewels of the nobles and their families. Native historians assert, that their king *Kirtisree* was the first monarch who ordered the *Dalada* to join in the *Parraharrah*, giving as his reason, that Buddha ought to be equally honoured with the gods. At the termination of the *Parraharrah*, at Kandy, a similar festival is held in particular provinces, on a circumscribed scale, and in those districts where a procession does not take place, offerings are made to the gods in their respective dewales, of fruit, rice, and vegetable curries on the night of the full moon.

The *Karttie-mangalle*, or the Feast of the Fortunate Hour, is celebrated in November, on the day preceding the full moon. The town of Kandy is decorated with temporary arches of bamboo, around which palm leaves and flowers are entwined; ornamental arbours, niches, and arches, are also erected on the banks of the lake, and before the *Dalada-Malegawa*. Every one of these fragile structures are brilliantly illuminated by numbers of small lamps, and the effect produced is most pleasing, especially near the lake, where the lights are reflected in myriads of dazzling beams, which glitter and sparkle on the undulating surface of the rippling blue waters.

During the Kandian monarchy the royal astrologers used to declare the fortunate hour for illuminating the town, and the Nekat-Wattoroos, as soon as they were prepared, were sent to the king. On the appointed day the lamps and oil were taken from the royal stores, and carried to the Nata-Dewale, where certain nobles, and the kappuralles of the other dewales were assembled. When the royal gifts arrived, the kappuralles offered supplications to the gods for the prosperity of their monarch and country. The mangalasta, or hymn of thanksgiving to the gods, was then sung by the assembled chiefs and kappuralles; at the conclusion of this hymn, the Nekat-Wattoroos, oil, and lamps were apportioned, and sent to all the wikares and dewales at Kandy.

The palace, temples, the great square and principal streets, were decorated with arches, and when the sun had set, and the fortunate hour for lighting the lamps had arrived, all these ornamental structures were brilliantly illuminated. At midnight the Dalada relic, and the images of the gods, borne by elephants, and attended by the priests, musicians, and dancers, were paraded through the town, with great ceremony, and when the lamps died away which decorated the Malegawa and the palace, then the relic and images of the gods were replaced in the wihare and dewales. The procession is now shorn of its former splendour, and we feel convinced that in a few years the observance of the karttie-mangalle will be entirely discontinued.

In the months of February, March, and April, many Buddhists and Mahomedans perform a pilgrimage to the mountain called Adam's Peak, to worship the impression of a gigantic foot, which is delineated on the summit of the rock. This imaginary impression of a human foot is equally venerated and worshipped, both by the followers of Buddha and Mahomet—the Buddhists asserting that when Buddha honoured Lanka-diva with a visit, he left the imprint of his foot, as a convincing proof of his divinity, enjoining his followers to adore and worship the impression. In an ancient Cingalese record, written during the reign of the king Kirtisree, in which the mountain called Adam's peak is fully described, we read :—

“ Our Buddha, who acquired Niwane,

who was brought into the world, like all preceding Buddhas, from whom we have derived the food of life, in the religion which he taught us; who is celebrated and renowned for his thirty-two manly beauties, and for the eighty-two signs connected with them, and for the light which shined a fathom round his body, and for the beams of light that emanated from the top of his head; who is the preceptor of three worlds, who dives into the secrets of the past, the present, and the future; who during four asankeas of kalpes, so deported himself as to be an example of the thirty great qualities who subdued the demon Mareya and his attendants, subsequently becoming Buddha. In the eighth year from that event he rose into the air, spread rays of light of six different hues round his person, and stamped the impression bearing the noble marks, Chakra-Laksana, and the hundred and eight auspicious tokens, on the rock Samenta-Kootaparwate, which is renowned for the cold and lovely waters of its streams, for its mountain-torrents, and for its flowery groves, spreading in the air their sweet-scented pollen. This rocky mountain is the diadem of our beauteous verdant island, like a young and lovely virgin bedecked with jewels.”

Some Mahomedans believe that when the progenitor of the human race was turned out of the Garden of Eden—which, according to native writers, was situated in Ceylon—he was compelled to perform penance by standing on one foot, on the summit of the mountain, leaving the imprint of the foot indelibly impressed on the rock. Other followers of Mahomet declare that Adam was precipitated from Paradise, which was situated in the seventh heaven, and fell on the rock, where he remained standing on one foot for ages, until the sin of disobedience, which he had committed, was pardoned. The following curious quotation is taken from the second chapter of Sale's Al Koran :—

“ The Mahomedans say, that when they were cast down from Paradise, Adam fell on the isle of Ceylon, or Serendib, and Eve near Joddah, in Arabia, and that after a separation of two hundred years, Adam was, on his repentance, conducted by the Angel Gabriel to a mountain near Mecca, where he found his wife—the mountain from that time being called Arafat; and that he afterwards retired with her to Ceylon, where they continued to propagate their species.”

There is every reason to induce the belief that the Moormen of Ceylon gave the mountain the designation by which it is known to Europeans, as to this day they call the rock *Baba Adamalei*, whilst the Cingalese call the mountain *Samenella*, or the rock of *Samen*, who is the god that has the mountain and the *Sree-pada*, or sacred footstep of Buddha, under his especial protection—the Sanscrit name of the rock being *Samenta-koota-parwate*. *Adam's Peak* is one of the highest mountains in Ceylon,* and can be seen distinctly for an immense distance at sea, as the height of this stupendous work of nature exceeds seven thousand four hundred feet. This mountain is situated on the borders of the central and western provinces, and is the loftiest of a long ridge or line of mountains. The form of *Adam's Peak* is remarkably regular—the shape being that of a bell, which gradually tapers until the summit is attained, the platform of which is of an oval form, and measures nearly seventy-one feet in length by twenty-nine in breadth. This platform is surrounded by a wall, between five and six feet in height, in the centre of which appears the apex of the mountain, on which is an outline, which the natives call the *Sree-pada*, or sacred footstep. This impression, if impression it can be called, is a superficial cavity, which is about five feet and a-half in length, and two feet five inches in width—this has a border of about four inches broad, which is made of cement, painted a dark brown colour; there are also small raised portions, which are meant to delineate the form of the toes, but altogether it is as clumsy an attempt at deception, as it is of a representation of the human foot. A brass cover or frame, studded with coloured glass and pieces of valueless crystal, protects the *Sree-pada* from the elements and the gaze of the curious. We have read in a recent work on Ceylon, that the sacred footstep is enclosed within a golden frame, which is an erroneous statement, and we presume the author must have been misled by his informant. The *Sree-pada* has a small temple erected over it; this is attached to the rock by iron chains, which are placed at the four

corners of the edifice, the chains being fastened to the rock and the huge trees which grow on the precipitous sides of the cone. When the pilgrims come to worship, the roof of this building is lined with gaily-coloured cloths, to which are attached garlands of fragrant flowers. There is, likewise, a small dewale dedicated to *Samen*, who is the preceding deity of the mountain; and on the north-east side of the mountain, there is a most luxuriant grove of magnificent rhododendrons, which is considered sacred, as the priests affirm that these shrubs were planted by the god *Samen* immediately after the departure of Buddha from *Lanka-Diva*. The officiating priest has also a circumscribed *pan-sola*, or dwelling, in this aerial region. Cingalese historical records affirm that the four Buddhas, which have appeared successively, visited the mountain, and stamped upon it the impression of their feet, as evidence of their divinity, and, assuredly, if the imprint now to be seen is that of the god's foot, it bears no resemblance to the beautiful form of the human foot; it is only, therefore, the credulous, who, by an elongated exertion of the imagination, can fancy the mark to have been left by a supernatural being who “wore the aspect of humanity.” In the same historical writings are recorded the visits which native monarchs have paid to the *Sree-pada*, the sumptuous offerings which they made, and the numerous retinues by which they were attended. Before the pilgrims ascend the peak to worship, they bathe in one of the mountain torrents, the most favoured being the *Seetla-Ganga*, or cold stream, and attire themselves in new or perfectly clean apparel. The mode of worship on *Adam's Peak* differs slightly from that which is adopted in the other temples of Buddha. The priest stands on the *Sree-pada*, facing the pilgrims, who kneel or prostrate themselves completely on the ground, raising their hands above their heads in an attitude of supplication. The *upa-sampada* then recites the several articles of Buddhaical faith, which the worshippers repeat in a distinct voice after him. When he has finished, the pilgrims shout the *sad-hu*, or excla-

* The highest mountain in Ceylon is *Pedro-talla-galla*, which rises eight thousand two hundred and seventy-eight feet above the sea.

mation of praise, which is re-echoed again and again from crevice to crevice, and from crag to crag. The most interesting part of the mountain form of worship then takes place, which is called the "salutation of peace and good will;" husbands and wives affectionately embrace each other, reciprocating kind wishes for mutual health and prosperity; children lowly salaam their parents, entreating their benediction; and friends embrace, expressing kindly feelings for each other's well doing. This ceremony is concluded by the younger part of the assembly saluting their elders with respectful reverence, and an interchange of betel leaves takes place amongst the assembled throng. Before leaving the rock, every pilgrim makes offering to the Sree-pada and the god Samen, the gifts varying according to the means and inclinations of the devotees—some presenting money; others, fruits, grain, areka-nuts, flowers, or a piece of cloth wherewith to decorate the temple. These offerings are placed on the imprint of the god's foot, where they remain for a short time, and are removed by an attendant who is placed there by the chief priest of the Mal-watte-wihare, as these offerings appertain to the chief priest, for the time being, of that temple; and these annual tributes are most lucrative perquisites of this functionary. After the offerings are made, the priest bestows his blessing on the devotees, exhorting them to return home and lead virtuous lives, and benefit their fellow-creatures. The Cingalese will not remain a night on this mountain, as they believe that none but a priest can do so without incurring the displeasure of the gods, and that if any, save members of the priesthood, pass a night within these hallowed precincts, misfortune, sickness, or death, will be the inevitable result.

There is a mountain situated on the south of Adam's Peak, which the natives call Deiya-Guhawa, or the Cave of the God, and they affirm that no human footstep has yet trodden upon, or polluted the summit of this rock, and that if any attempt to penetrate into the sacred mysteries of the Deiya-Guhawa they immediately arouse the god's anger, who inflicts summary vengeance upon the intruders. The following legend connected with this rock, is related by the natives. A

upasampada, relying upon his sacred calling, resolved to penetrate the mysteries of the god's cave, and ascend to the summit of the mountain. He ascended some distance, and the fire which he had kindled beneath the overhanging summit of the mountain was distinctly seen during the night by his followers, who remained at the base of the mountain. When morning dawned, the priest was found seated at the foot of the mountain, a drivelling, gabbering idiot, continually exclaiming: "Hide me, hide me from his terrible gaze;" but not an intelligible account could be given of the terrible and awful sights which had shaken reason from her throne. Since that period no one has had sufficient courage to attempt the ascent of Deiya-Guhawa, or to penetrate into the mysteries of the god's cave.

The ascent to Adam's Peak is most difficult and precipitous, but as the guides are very highly paid, they evince active intrepidity, and ladies occasionally ascend the mountain; aged priests who feel their end approaching, oftentimes desire to worship the Sree-pada before leaving this world, and have been carried up the rock's perpendicular sides in light palanqueens. The approaches to the mountain are almost destitute of roads, and so impassible were they, that in 1845, when Prince Waldemar of Prussia was in Ceylon, and intimated his desire to visit the renowned rock, a road was constructed for his especial use. In some parts of the rock steps have been cut, and in an enormous mass, which is almost perpendicular, one hundred and forty steps were cut by the order of Dharma Rajah, who died whilst on a pilgrimage to the Sree-pada. The figure of the monarch is to be seen roughly outlined on the rock, and an inscription states the name of the king by whose command these steps were made. It would be impossible to convey by the pen an adequate description of the sublime, stupendous, and magnificent scenery of this mountain, down whose sides torrents dash in cataracts of frothy foam; wood-covered mountains, rising above mountains, are beheld, at the base of which lie verdant valleys, replete with luxuriant vegetation.—Abysses, the depth of which the eye cannot fathom, cause the beholder to

start back in affright, as he finds that he has incautiously approached the edge, and the next step forward would have dashed him down the abyss, a mangled, bleeding corse. The terrors of these precipices are concealed by the dense foliage, underwood, and creeping plants, which cling to the mountain's sides; where, also, mosses, plants, and weeds, indigenous to colder regions, are met with; thus combining the gorgeous vegetation of the torrid, with the no less beauteous productions of the temperate zone. Near the summit of the mountain the ascent is most dangerous, and iron chains are fixed to the sides of the rock, to assist the ascenders, and woe unto those who become nervous, or gaze below, as by the slightest false step, the footing would be inevitably lost, and the fate of the unfortunate individual sealed. We have never heard of an European having met with a serious accident in this mountain; but many natives have at different times lost their lives—they feel alarmed, gaze below, become giddy, make a false step, incautiously relax their hold, fall, and are dashed into myriads of atoms.

When the summit of Adam's Peak is attained, then the adventurer is well rewarded for his toil—in every direction, as far as the eye can reach, are beheld mountains covered with umbrageous forests of huge trees—over precipices, dash sparkling cascades, which glisten in the sun's dazzling beams, and the ravines are filled with rills and torrents. In the valleys are seen the magnificent trees clad in luxurious foliage, the tints of whose leaves are diversified, and the vision revels in their brilliant hues of green, red, yellow, and brown, which gladden the eye, and cause the heart to rejoice. It is in such scenes as this that man feels his own nothingness, and the worm man blesses the mighty Creator, who made this beautiful world, "and saw that it was good."

We feel that we cannot express our own sentiments better, than by using the following quotation, which is written by an American author, Theodore Jouffrey, and will be found in the introduction to "*Specimens of Foreign Literature*":—

"In the bosom of cities man appears to be the principal concern of creation;

his apparent superiority is there displayed; he there seems to preside over the theatre of the world, or rather to occupy it himself. But when this being, so haughty, so powerful, so absorbed by his own interests in the crowd of cities, and in the midst of his fellows, chances to be brought into a vast and majestic scene of nature, in view of the illimitable firmament, surrounded with the works of creation, which overwhelm him, if not by their intelligence, by their magnitude; when from the summit of a mountain, or under the light of the stars, he beholds petty villages lost in diminutive forests which themselves are lost in the extent of the prospect, and reflects that these villages are inhabited by frail and imperfect beings like himself; when he compares these beings, and their wretched abodes, with the magnificent spectacle of external nature; when he compares this with the world on whose surface it is but a point, and this world, in its turn, with the myriads of worlds that are suspended above him, and before which it is nothing: in the presence of this spectacle, man views with pity his own grovelling and miserable conflicting passions."

Many of the Veddahs, or aborigines of Ceylon, and a great mass of the population, at stated periods, making offerings to their ancestors, and the spirits of good men, in which mode of worship they resemble the Chinese, who annually make offerings to the manes of their ancestors. The natives of Ceylon believe, that these offerings both propitiate the spirits of the departed, and relieve them from a minor description of punishment, or purgatory. These ceremonies have been observed from time immemorial, and in the *Ramayan*, a work which is quoted much by native scholars, it is stated, that a son by making offerings to the disembodied spirits of his ancestors, by the constant practice of virtuous conduct in every relation of life, combined with a pilgrimage to Gaya, would suffice to release a parent who had not committed murder, from the place of torment.

The natives of Lanka-Diva, more especially the Kandians, worship the planets, as they believe them to be controlling spirits, who, unless worshipped, will exercise a malignant influence over the destinies of mankind. Their mode of worship is peculiar; the religious ceremonies are called *Bali*; are held at night, and are rarely

concluded before daybreak. Food is invariably offered, and this mode of worship is a combination of astrology with the worship of the malignant planetary spirits. The word Bali is used to express sacrifices offered to planets, malignant spirits, and deceased ancestors. Balia is an image of clay, which is intended to represent the planet, under which the person who makes the image was born; and this image is made and worshipped by an individual, who may be suffering from misfortune of any kind. The worship and offerings are made under the belief that the malignant spirit will be propitiated thereby, and will, therefore, remove from the worshipper the cause of sorrow. Before commencing the worship of planets, the Kandian calls in an astrologer or wise man, who examines his Hand-a-hana, or astrological document, which contains his horoscope; after which, the astrologer states what he conceives the best course to be pursued to allay the anger of the malignant spirit, and either directs in person, or gives instructions relative to the offerings which are to be made, and the various ceremonies that are to be observed.

There is a bird in Ceylon, which the natives call ulama, or the demon bird, which utters most loud and ear-piercing screams, strongly resembling the shrieks of a human being in severe bodily agony. This bird's cries, they say, invariably prelude misfortune, sickness, or death, and are regarded by them as a certain token of coming evil. The superstitious natives believe that they can avert the evil which this bird predicts, by uttering certain words of defiance to the effect, that neither they nor any one of their household will heed the summons of the bird, or the demon who sent it. Although the wailings of the ulama are frequently heard in the interior, the natives assert that it has never been distinctly seen, or captured, and they firmly believe that it is one of the evil spirits which haunt their island. From the cry, we presume this bird to be a species of owl, as there are many varieties of the tribe in Ceylon. Some of these birds are exceedingly large, and we heard from a man of undoubted veracity, that he had shot an owl in the interior, which measured across the expanded wings five feet two-and-a-half inches.

SONG OF TRIUMPH AFTER THE VICTORY OF HEREMAN, THE DELIVERER OF GERMANY, FROM THE ROMANS.

FROM KLOPSTOCK'S "HEREMAN UND DIE FÜRSTEN."

THE battle lasted three days in the Teutsburger Wald, the present territory of Lippe Detmold, not far from the Ems, and terminated with the total route of the Roman general Varus, and the loss of nearly three legions. It made so deep an impression on Augustus, that he was heard long after to exclaim, "Give me back my legions, Varus!"

The following is supposed by a chorus of bards :—

A CHORUS.

Sister of Cannæ !* Winfeld's† fight !
We saw thee with thy streaming, bloody hair,
With fiery eye, bright with the world's despair,
Sweep by Walhalla's bards from out our sight.

* The battle of Cannæ, B.C. 216—Hannibal's victory over the Romans.

† Winfeld—the probable site of the "*Herrmanschlacht*."

Herrman outspake—"Now Victory, or Death!"
 The Romans "Victory!"
 And onward rushed their eagles with the cry—
 —So ended the *first* day.

"Victory, or Death!" began
 Then, first, the Roman chief—and Herrman spake
 Not, but home-struck:—the eagles fluttered—brake—
 —So sped the *second* day.

TWO CHORUSES.

And the third came the cry was, "Flight, or Death!"
 Flight left they not for them who'd make them slaves—
 Men who stab children!—flight for them! . . . no! graves!
 "'Twas their *last* day."

TWO BARDS.

Yet spared they messengers:—they came to Rome—
 How drooped the plume—the lance was left to trail
 Down in the dust behind—their cheek was pale—
 So came the messengers to Rome.

High in his hall the *imperator* sate—
*Octavianus Cæsar Augustus** sate.
 They filled up wine-cups, wine-cups filled they up
 For him the highest—all around who wait,
 All the penates†—wine-cups filled they up
 For him the highest, Jove of all their state.

The flutes of Lydia hushed before their voice,
 Before the messengers—the "Highest" sprung—
 The god against the marble pillars, wrung
 By the dread words, striking his brow, and thrice
 Cried he aloud in anguish—"Varus! Varus!
 Give back my legions, Varus!"—

And now the world-wide conquerors shrunk and feared,
 For fatherland and home,
 The lance to raise, and 'mongst those false to Rome,
 The death-lot rolled,‡ and still they shrunk and feared;
 "For she her face hath turned§
 The victor goddess," cried those cowards—(for aye
 Be it!)—"from Rome and Romans, and her day
 Is done"—and still he mourned,
 And cried aloud in anguish—"Varus! Varus!
 Give back my legions, Varus!"

M. S. J.

* Augustus was, during his lifetime, honoured as a god, and had temples and priests throughout the whole Roman empire.

† Household gods.

‡ After this defeat, the Romans refused to take part in the service against the Germans. Augustus, to compel them, enforced the conscription by death decided by lot.

§ A statue of victory, which looked to the north, or towards Germany, Dio Cassius relates, was perceived to have turned suddenly to the south, or towards Italy.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LIV.

FATHER MATHEW.*

IN a history of Ireland since the Union, one of the most interesting chapters would be that recording the revolution in the drinking habits of the lower classes, chiefly brought about by the agency of the estimable character whose portrait on the opposite page smiles with life-like benignity upon the reader. For if any one had been told twenty years since that the time would come when masses of Irishmen would renounce whiskey, and discard spirituous beverages—if he had been informed that dram-drinking would by thousands be abandoned, and that the vicious excitement of the public-house would be forsworn for the exhilaration of musical parties, and the perusal of popular literature—he might have called the prophet an impostor, and the prophecy a vision! And if further he had been told that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should one day alter his budget in consequence of the decrease of drinking ardent spirits in Ireland—that the revenue of the country would be affected to the extent of thirty-two per cent. being knocked off the Irish spirit duty by teetotalism—that parliamentary returns would show that in 1838 twelve millions and a quarter of gallons of whiskey would be consumed, and that in three years afterwards only six millions and a half would be taken—that the same returns would exhibit half a million decrease in the spirit duty within two years; and if he had been further informed that the most venerable magistrates on our highest bench of justice would attribute publicly the decrease of crime in the calendars of the country to the temperance revolution brought about, under God, by the agency of an humble, pious Roman Catholic clergyman, who avoided politics, and who applied himself to spiritual things alone—verily, indeed, his utter incredulity in the probability of such a change might have been excused.

And yet within our time, and before our eyes, these changes were brought about. Sir Robert Ferguson moved for and obtained the returns which prove the facts we have stated. The speeches of the Chancellor of the Exchequer were read by every man who had a newspaper. The charges of all the judges gave testimony to the good work done by teetotalism. At the Down assizes, in 1842, Judge Burton declared—

“Gentlemen of the grand jury, it is gratifying to me, as, indeed, it must be to you all, that we owe the peaceful state of the country to temperance!”

At the Meath assizes, in the same year, Baron Pennefather congratulated the grand jury on the absence of crime, “which was evidently the effect of temperance.” And the other judges, in their various charges, frequently corroborated the observations of the two learned and distinguished legal celebrities just cited. At the autumn assizes in the city of Cork, in 1844, only one prisoner was in confinement for trial, and at the spring assizes in the following year, after the long interval of nearly eight months, only one prisoner was on the calendar! The facts were utterly unparalleled. At Waterford assizes for 1838, there were one hundred and fifty-nine prisoners for trial, and in the succeeding twelvemonth (being the first year of teetotalism), there were only five prisoners on the calendar.

The prisons in Dublin presented facts of a similar kind. Up to November 9th, 1839, there were committed to Richmond Bridewell, three thousand two hundred and two persons. In 1840, the number had decreased to two thousand one hundred and eight; and in 1841, to one thousand six hundred and four. Could any facts more strikingly exhibit the extraordinary effects produced by the change in the habits of the people? There are a few more which we offer to the attention of the thinking reader. In 1841 the whiskey-shops declined in Dublin by the number of two hundred and thirty-seven, and (this fact is pregnant with significance) the increase in the savings bank for that year over the

* The portrait on the opposite page is from a drawing by Mr. J. D. Harding of Cork.

Yours affectionately
Theobald Mathew.

previous one was upwards of £32,000 ! Parliamentary returns for 1842 showed a most enormous increase in the amount of money deposited in savings banks in Ireland. The licences in public-houses had decreased in that year by £795,677. And the increase in the revenue by augmented consumption of tea and coffee in Ireland was not less than £90,823.

Statistical facts have a certain dreariness, and we will not trouble our readers now with the mere arithmetic of the temperance revolution (for that it was), but behind those simple facts what a vast moral change for a season was effected in the habits of the Irish population ! What families were made happy by sons rescued from misery, and daughters delivered from perdition ! What numbers of wives were enabled to thank their God with gratitude for husbands reformed in their tempers, giving good example to their children and neighbours, spending the Saturday night at home, and attending Divine Service on the Sabbath !

As the means of diffusing through the length and breadth of the masses of the Irish population social happiness and morality, no one man can approach Father Mathew. That word, which of all others in the English language—that venerable word *patriot*, which has so often been profaned by application to sordid and selfish disturbers of the public peace, may with perfect propriety be used in describing the character of this worthy clergyman. And there is another word, which in addition to those of reformer and patriot may with equal justice be written after the name of Theobald Mathew. It is a word of mournful sound but glorious meaning—a word of thrilling signification, telling of toil undertaken and life risked in labouring for others—ay, *Martyr* ! may be justly added to the other titles of honour which Mr. Mathew has won in his toilsome mission. His health he injured deeply by his laborious toils—his incessant journeys—his admonitions at all seasons and in all places—his public lectures in the open air, sometimes amid sleet and rain, and sometimes under the burning sun of July ! His ease—his private comfort—his social enjoyments were all given up for his moral labours. And how have these labours been requited ? By stripping him of all his private fortune, and hampering him with debt ; for unlike all other reformers of this age, those philanthropists of the platform, with sounding sentiments and selfish purposes, Mr. Mathew has lost his means by his labours for the people, and embittered his life by the pressure of heavy pecuniary responsibilities. The pension of £300 *per annum* only keeps up an insurance on his life effected for his creditors. For five years' speech-making in Free Trade agitation, that pure and unselfish being, Richard Cobden, netted about £80,000, avowedly a very pretty percentage for having injured the English and ruined the Irish agricultural interest ! And Cobden was paid just as if no one else had ever done anything for Free Trade, though the future historian of this time must record that in point of fact William Huskisson did more than a dozen of Cobdens to carry out free trade principles ; for the Manchester agitator came upon the public after the *Edinburgh* and *Westminster Reviews* had sapped the ground on which our economical system had depended in the minds of the reading public—after Colonel Thompson had written his Anti-Corn Law Catechism, which alone was worth a thousand of Cobden's flippant speeches—after the English philosophical Radicals had familiarised the public for years with the doctrines of Free Trade ! Again, Mr. O'Connell was paid three or four times as much by his agitation shop, as he could have possibly earned at the Irish bar. He said himself that he used to get £6,000 *per annum* by his profession, but that was a monstrous exaggeration—it was simply a *bounce*—for it is well known that such an income is not to be earned at the Irish bar, where the fees are extremely small, and, besides, the agitator never was in a large equity business. If his assertion was true, that he made £6,000 by his profession, why was he under the necessity of appealing for a *rate in aid* ? Mr. Plunket sat in parliament from 1812 to 1822, without aid from office, or from his party. Mr. North sat from 1826 to 1831 in parliament, without official salary, and in the pursuit of honourable fame : he was content to forego his lucrative practice, without asking his party to open their purses for him. Mr. Sheil sat in the House of Commons from 1831 to 1838, without the least help from the purses of his party, or the public ; and we might suppose that the great chieftain of Derrynane, with his landed

estates, and his vast practice, might at least have been sufficiently independent without setting up a political shop, and sending round his canvassers to get customers for the fraudulent political ware in which he drove so lucrative a trade, while he debauched the popular mind of his unhappy country by his ranting speeches, full of hollow sympathy, and inflammatory pity—by his artful pandering to the credulity of a generous and imaginative people—by his crafty contrivance of the most skilfully built system of political imposture that was ever invented for the gain of one man, and the delusion of many!

From examples of selfish aggrandisement it is really cheering, in such an age as this, to turn to the spectacle of Theobald Mathew, gaining nothing, and losing much, in reforming the evil habits of his countrymen.

The manner in which the principle of total abstinence was first brought under Father Mathew's notice deserves to be recorded.

William Martin, a Quaker, of Cork, was one of the first persons in Ireland who became a practical teetotaller. He was a very upright and honourable man, of sterling honesty and unflagging industry, plain and unpretending, one of those honest men who always go right with the world, even though the fickle world may not always go right with them. Several of the Society of Friends, at Cork, induced by the example of William Martin, became advocates of teetotalism, not merely by word, but by example. The social influence of so limited a body could not be very large, for the Friends were never given to much toting, few of the drab-coloured men of the south having ever sung "Whiskey, drink divine!"—or taken much of the alcoholic manufacture of Tommy Walker. The first teetotallers, however, were soon joined by a miscellaneous collection of allies, and a public temperance society was soon formed. The principle first adopted was "anti-whiskey resolutions;" and so long as they did not meddle with wine or porter drinking, there were found several of the better classes of society who were ready to join them.

Amongst others, a gentleman, very deeply interested in the success of a great porter brewery, had the egregious folly to figure as a prominent temperance advocate, just as if drunkenness by porter was not as bad as intoxication by whiskey. The citizens of Cork have from time immemorial been prone to satirising and joking, being a lively, familiar, criticising race. An anti-whiskey society, which coquetted with the vices of the rich and made war upon the follies of the poor, was too fair a target for raillery to be allowed to escape, and accordingly the temperance society was quizzed as a humbug, and denounced as a hypocrisy. The drinking at that time amongst the higher classes in the south was occasionally carried to great lengths, for it is recorded that within the last dozen years there was, at the too-hospitable house of a late alderman of the defunct and deep-drinking Cork corporation, a regular drinking match between six persons. The quantity taken on that occasion would almost stagger belief. It was boasted that three of the parties had exceeded twenty tumblers, and some of the chroniclers relate that the victor in the match had actually drank twenty-six tumblers. It is, however, a certainty that one of the company died of fever, brought on by the disgusting orgies of that night—that the bacchanalian alderman was prostrated on his own floor, and that the victor walked home steadily (!) a mile to his own residence. It is only right to add that the conqueror was a strapping, stalwart *Scotchman*! He might, however, have been vanquished if he lived in the time of a late well-known Munster toper, who boasted with truth that he had drank more port wine in his life than would float a frigate.

Driven from the anti-whiskey principle, the temperance society next took up the anti-ardent spirit principle; but Cork was apparently the worst place in the kingdom to start such a principle. Its population was peculiarly social, and its climate was remarkably humid. The rain comes down there *drizzle, drizzle, drizzle* all day long, from "*soaking morn to pouring eve*." The social glass in such a clime is peculiarly exhilarating, and the traditional habits of the town, with its love of enjoyment and pleasant, good-humoured sensuality, were quite opposed to a cold water regimen. The theory seemed as absurd as to ask the Queen's beefeaters to adopt a vegetable diet, or make the Anacreontic Society sing nothing but Sternhold and Hopkins!

In the meanwhile the society increased in numbers, and held a public meet-

ing, at which the fair sex were half the audience, and Rev. George Carr, of New Ross, was the chief declaimer. It obtained two recruits of marked energy and zeal, the Rev. Nicholas Dunscombe, of the Established Church, and Mr. Dowden Richard, a Protestant Dissenter, and an active agitator of local notoriety and popular talent. The Rev. Mr. Dunscombe possessed extraordinary zeal, visited the poor in their houses, went into all parts preaching total abstinence, and gained several supporters of his views. Mr. Dowden Richard, too, argued weekly in praise of the principle, and being a practised declaimer, and of ultra-popular principles, made a strong stand when assailed by the jocose assaults of several scoffers at the self-denying ordinance of teetotalism. Some citizens attended the discussions between the moderate drinkers and the teetotalers, and their controversies were very ludicrous.

Little did folk think in those days that the time was coming when tens of thousands would rush to the city of Cork for the pledge against ardent spirits. Little did they suppose that, instead of making merry about teetotalism, distillers and publicans with grave looks would behold their occupations gone. Honest William Martin was laughed at, Mr. Dunscombe was derided, and Dowden Richard's vigorous appeals were disregarded by the bulk of the community, but nevertheless the question was fought for and maintained, and the earnestness of the advocates compensated in some degree for the absence of proselytes. But it became evident that they did not command social influence, and that they could not arrest the attention of the population at large. They therefore thought of looking around them in society for some means of propagating their principles. The societies established on the principle of moderation had proved total failures, though they had been at work from 1834 to 1838, in the city of Cork. In 1835, at Preston, in Lancashire, the teetotal principle was first introduced, and the Cork societies adopted it. The Rev. Mr. Dunscombe and honest William Martin were foremost in taking it, and then it was resolved to bring the principle under the notice of Father Mathew. But why did they go to him? Was it because he was a Roman Catholic clergyman? Or why did they choose him out of the number of influential priests who directed the popular mind in the south of Ireland? Why did not they apply to either of the Roman Catholic Bishops of Cork or Cloyne, or to the popular P.P. of Imogeela, the "Brigadier" O'Connell, who boasted that he kept the keys of the county, and could make and unmake M.P's. with as much ease as Sir Mark Wood at Gatton Park, or Miss Lawrence at Ripon. In short, why did they go to Father Mathew, and who was he? These questions are answered in a chapter of Mr. Owen Madden's work of "Ireland and its Rulers since 1829." A chapter in the first volume is called, "Father Mathew before he was famous;" and we will readily allow another pen than ours to describe the early life of Mr. Mathew:—

"There is a small Capuchin friary in the city of Cork, in an obscure place called Blackamoors-lane. It possesses some historic interest from the fact that it was built by Arthur O'Leary, after whom it was for many years called 'Father O'Leary's Chapel.' It is a small building, exceedingly plain outside, though it is neat within, and fitted up with some taste. It is situated in a very poor and neglected neighbourhood, where poverty and wretchedness abound. Nearly thirty years since a young Capuchin joined the mission attached to this chapel. In appearance, as well as reality, he was very youthful, and he was strikingly handsome. About the middle stature, active and well formed in his body, with a comely and ingratiating presence, his countenance, in which natural courtesy and religious feeling strove for predominance, was the index of his disposition. He had a manly complexion—eyes, large, bright, and sweet in expression—a slightly curved nose, and rounded cheeks, with black hair. In the words of Massinger—

' ————— the fair outside
Was but the cover of a fairer mind.'

"To great suavity of manners, which was a prominent characteristic in his deportment, he joined dignity of carriage, and a composed serenity of mind. A steady, self-control presided over all his acts and emotions. A cordial politeness,

and unvarying affability distinguished him. To the higher classes, he was exceedingly respectful, and was always considered by them as one of their order—to the poor he was so gentle in his bearing, and so patient of their little requests and petitions—so earnest in pleading their cause, and what was better than kind words or noble speeches, so practically useful and humane, that they also (the more Christian compliment) regarded him as one of themselves.

"This handsome, courteous, and popular young friar, was a stranger in Cork. Born at Thomastown, near Cashel, in the county of Tipperary, on the 10th October, 1790, Theobald Mathew was left an orphan at an early age. His father, James Mathew, of Thomastown, son of James Mathew, of Two-Mile-Borris, near Thurles, having lost his parents when a child, was taken under the care and patronage of the well-known Major-General Montagu Mathew, brother of the Earl of Llandaff. Mr. James Mathew, the younger, married a daughter of George Whyte, Esq., of Cappawhyte, who was married to a niece of the celebrated Mr. Mathew, mentioned in Sheridan's *Life of Swift*. Mr. Mathew had a large family, all of whom were remarkable for beauty of appearance, grace of manner, and energy of character. Mr. Charles Mathew, brother of the Apostle of Temperance, acquired a large fortune, and is a gentleman highly respected in the city of Cork, near which he resides at a very handsome seat. Two other brothers became eminent distillers at Cashel.

"When Mr. Mathew lost his parents he was adopted by the late Lady Elizabeth Mathew, who placed him under the tuition of the Rev. Denis O'Donnell, parish priest of Tallagh, in the county of Waterford. At thirteen years of age, he was sent to the lay academy of Kilkenny, where he became a great favourite of the Rev. Patrick Magrath, the head of that establishment. After having remained there for seven years, he was, by direction of the Most Rev. Dr. Bray, sent to Maynooth, where he pursued ecclesiastical studies for some time. Two aged Capuchin friars induced him to become a member of their order, and he repaired with them to Kilkenny, where he remained until appointed to Cork. On Easter Sunday, in 1814, he was ordained in Dublin, by Dr. Murray, after having been for some time under the care of the Very Rev. Celestine Corcoran.

"At the period of his life when he first attracted attention in Cork, an observer might have classed him (except for his years) as one of that portion of the Irish clergy who were French by sympathy and education, and had imbibed their ideas of life under *la vieille cour*. The habitual polish of his manner (quite free from aristocratic *morgue*) indicated a man of refinement, accustomed to move in those circles, where Elegance is worshipped as a minor deity. To the ease of his address, his early intimacy with persons distinguished for manner, may have contributed; but after all, politeness with Mr. Mathew was a dictate of his heart, and attention to his solemn duties was never weakened by the discharge of the trivial homages, which the artificiality of society exacts from all its members. If he never shocked the social prejudices of the higher classes, neither did he ever cringe to them, nor dally with their vices, nor preach, in glozing style, doctrines palatable to their ears. On the other hand, in his intercourse with the humble poor, he did not inflame their feelings of wrong to exasperation, or by bitter speeches, add fuel to their animosities. Yet it would be difficult to say with which extreme of society he most popular. It is a curious fact that both claimed him as a clergyman after their desires, in itself a satisfactory proof that as he was not a courtier of the great, so neither was he an incendiary amongst the people. In a few years his Friary became the fashionable resort. Thither the devout *belle* went to enjoy Mass later by an hour than could be heard in any other chapel in Cork. The *cr  me* of the Catholic society might have been seen there. Mr. Mathew himself was always at the door to receive the visitors to his place of worship. But while his notice was eagerly sought by the rich and gay, no confessional was besieged by the poor with the same ardour as that where 'our own Father Mathew' sat to rebuke vice, assuage grief, and console misery.

"Possibly, in the same space of time, no Catholic clergyman in Ireland has exerted so wide an influence in the confessional as Mr. Mathew has done. If the number of those who sought his counsel be admitted as a test of his capacity, he must be admitted as the greatest of spiritual guides. But a more remarkable fact than the number of those who asked for his consolations, was the character of those who sought him as a confessor. This point demands a few words.

"That man does not know Ireland who is ignorant of the fact that several amongst the upper classes of the Irish Catholics do not avail themselves of the assistance which their church affords to them in the confessional. It is not necessary to examine the cause; it is enough to state the fact, which is incontrovertible. While the humble Irishman hastens to acknowledge his transgressions, oftentimes may be noted some Catholic gentleman, racked with the torture of a

upbraiding conscience. Possibly he has lived much in the great world, and contracted most of its vices. He has lived, perhaps, in the creed that

‘ ————— ’tis time enough
To whine and mortify thyself with penance
When the decaying sense is palled with pleasure,
And weary nature tires in her last stage;
Then weep and tell thy beads, when alt’ring rheums,
Have stained the lustre of thy starry eyes,
And failing palsies shake thy withered hand.’

“ Yet though a rebel to his moral feelings, which he has often violated, he has not lost his religious instincts. He is a sinner, but not a sceptic. The faith which, when a tiny boy, he learned at his mother’s knee, keeps its mystic power over his mind; and now, after having exhausted sensation, wearied of the world in which he fluttered his existence, shrinking before the spectral terrors of his conscience, he quails ‘to meet the calm gaze of God.’ Believing implicitly in his church, he turns from its ministers with aversion—

‘ ————— a slow, still stream
Of molten lead keeps dropping on his heart
To scald and weigh it down,’

until at last, perchance on a sudden and horrid death-bed, groaning for a clergyman, stupified by horror, he tumbles unshriven to his grave.

“ Now, to the class of Catholics just described, Mr. Mathew has more frequently rendered religious assistance, than perhaps any ten clergymen in Ireland. For bringing back such minds to a calm and happy state he was singularly suited. The innate gentleness of his character, and the engaging tenderness of his manners, soothed the troubled spirit, while his guileless sympathy, and earnest desire to discharge his duty without offence, secured to him the unreserved confidence of those who would have scorned to bare their bosoms before coarse and unfeeling terrorists. The wonderful success of Father Mathew as a confessor of haughty minds, and consoler of proud, though broken, hearts, may afford solemn matter for consideration to the clergy. Never was there a more sincere Catholic in any age of the church—never did any of the saints more devoutly submit their understandings to the teaching of St. Peter’s Chair than did Mr. Mathew. No clergyman in Ireland was less obnoxious to the charge of esotericism—to the imputation of believing less than he taught. Perfectly free from superstition, it was the character of his mind to favour the extreme of devotion, rather than incline to incredulity. The fact, however, is certain, that his success as a religious minister as far exceeded that of his reverend brethren in Cork, as his triumphant advocacy of temperance has transcended the labours of all the teetotallers in the globe!

“ This is not the place to speculate on the probable cause of the great influence he obtained. Much of it is, undoubtedly, due to the moral ascendancy that he acquired by the paramount individuality and original force of his character. Some of it is also due to his having exhibited religion in a more lovely aspect than that in which it is often presented to the mind. He delighted to dwell rather on the good and the fair, than to descant on the dark and terrible. He laboured to bring souls to heaven by the love of God, rather than rescue them from hell by terror of the devil. In short, judging by the course of his instructions, he might be pronounced a follower of Fenelon, rather than a pupil of Bossuet. Free from the mawkish cant of perfectibility, he had a quick eye for the worth of humanity, as well as for its degeneracy. A thorough Catholic in his belief, he was eminently a Christian to all men, and philosophy might seek in vain for sounder views of man’s destiny than those which inspired the feelings and ruled the purposes of this simple, affectionate, and philanthropic friar.”

Such was the man to whom the teetotallers applied in their difficulty. He had made himself well known and esteemed as a most zealous friend to the poor, whom he befriended in numerous instances. He had established a religious society for visiting the sick and indigent, having enlisted in it numbers of young men of the middle class. The society was somewhat on the plan of those known now as “ St. Vincent de Paul,” and was composed of lay young men, bound by no vows. So remarkable, however, in its nature was this society, that the Assistant Commissioners of Poor-law Enquiry, who visited Cork in 1834, paid special attention to its composition, and even one of the commissioners, since eminent as an educational author, went about with Father Mathew to see the working of the society.

So influential was Mr. Mathew, though but a simple friar, that he set about building a handsome Catholic Church. He arranged, also, a very beautiful graveyard in the style of *Péré la Chaisè*, and by a variety of works showed his social utility and capacity for practical reformation.

In the spring of 1838, there was a meeting of the old teetotallers at the Infant School-room, in St. Nicholas' parish, in Cove-street, Cork. This meeting was attended by several of the local advocates of temperance; and it was resolved to send two of the members as a deputation to Mr. Mathew, asking for his adoption of the views of the society. In the meanwhile William Martin, the father of teetotalism in Cork, spoke earnestly to Mr. Mathew. One of the deputation was an enthusiastic teetotaller, James M'Kenna. He was a pensioner who had seen much service in the army, and being a constant reader of the Scriptures, and possessing a Celtic imagination, with a limited education, he formed a style of extravagant and flowery quaintness; and when he poured forth his views on his darling subject of teetotalism, he sometimes produced very amusing effects. His name, however, deserves to be recollected by all friends to teetotalism. From a voluminous MS. collection of papers, left by him, we select the following passage as describing what actually took place when Mr. Mathew joined the cause of teetotalism:—

“Father Mathew said he would consider the subject, and told the deputation to see him in a few days, which was attended to. The reverend gentleman, on the second visit, cheerfully acceded to the ardent wishes of the society, and requested a meeting of the friends and advocates of temperance, on the following Monday evening, in the small room adjacent to the little chapel in Blackamoor-lane. It was on the 10th of April, 1838, this committee meeting was held. The Very Rev. Mr. Mathew addressing the members said, ‘Gentlemen, I hope you will aid and give me such information as may be necessary for the formation of the new Total Abstinence Society,’ and in the most emphatic manner said, if only one poor soul was rescued from intemperance and destruction, it will be doing a noble act, and adding to the glory of God. On taking the pen into his hand he said these remarkable words: Here goes in the name of the Lord, and then wrote down his name—the Very Rev. Theobald Mathew, C.C., Cove-street, No. 1. It was proposed that the reverend gentleman should accept the presidency of the society, and he was accordingly appointed. Mr. William Martin proposed that James M'Kenna be appointed secretary to the Very Rev. Mr. Mathew; which proposition was seconded by Father Mathew. The secretary then enrolled his name—James M'Kenna, secretary, Mary-street, No. 2.

“The first public meeting was held at seven o'clock in the evening, at the old school-room in Blackamoor-lane, when thirty-five new members took the pledge at the hands of Father Mathew.

“On the following day large posters were provided by James M'Kenna, and were posted through the city. On these posters the Very Rev. Mr. Mathew's name, as president of the society, was publicly announced, signed James M'Kenna, secretary. For one person who gave credit to Father Mathew heading the society, hundreds, nay, thousands laughed, sneered, and disbelieved, and said it was all a falsehood and a humbug. The second and third meeting caused the greatest panic to the poison venders in Cork, as well as excitement and astonishment to others, many of whom rejoiced. Three hundred and thirty members were enrolled at the second meeting. The old, dilapidated school-room was soon found inadequate and too small as well as dangerous to the lives of the people, who were flocking in thousands from all parts of the city; some to satisfy and convince themselves, others to laugh and smile at what they called the Utopian scheme of sobriety. Father Mathew applied to Mr. Conway and Mrs. O'Connor, the proprietors of the bazaar on Sullivan's-quay, which spacious building was capable of containing about 4,000 persons at the time, with several doors for ingress and egress. This extensive square was of the utmost importance to the glorious cause, in which the people seemed to be animated by universal excitement to become members of Father Mathew's Total Abstinence Society, which before long became generally known through all the towns and villages of Munster, Leinster, and Connaught. Mrs. O'Connor, the proprietor of

the bazaar, took the pledge, and all men and women in the employment followed the noble example of this estimable lady; hundreds every day, particularly after divine service on the Sabbath day, when several thousands were pledged, which occupied upwards of a dozen writers registering the names.

“From the 10th of April to the 14th of June, 1838, 25,000 persons of all denominations took the pledge from the Rev. Mr. Mathew. In the following month of December, being a period of five months, 131,000 were registered on the temperance books, making a total of 156,000 who took the pledge in Cork from April to December, 1838.

“At this time multitudes were coming to Cork from all parts of Munster to take the pledge—some sixty, fifty, forty, and twenty miles distant, were seen on the public cars from Limerick, the counties of Galway, Clare, Kerry, Waterford.

The facts, as now stated, will account for the miracle of Irish teetotalism. Father Mathew, “before he became famous,” possessed vast social influence, was president of the Josephian Society, was a zealous educator of poor children, and was a friend to peace and good will amongst all men. The drinking habits of the country required a reformation. This popular and respected friar adopted a principle then a novelty in Ireland. Numbers, as a matter of course, followed his example. He found a staff of teetotal advocates formed to his hand fit for use, and he attracted by his own example and influence a host of the working classes to take the pledge against spirituous liquors. Amongst his assistants were two members of the bar, Messrs. Francis Walsh, and J. F. Maguire, both Roman Catholics, and of popular politics—the first a gentleman of noted declamatory talents—the latter the owner of an important Catholic journal, the *Cork Examiner*, whose systematic support of teetotalism was of great consequence to the subsequent movement, and with other causes gave much influence to its active proprietor, who was at the last general election a formidable adversary at Dungarvan to the most brilliant of the Irish Whigs.

From the city of Cork the movement spread to the neighbouring districts, and soon the rustic population of the south, with their eager minds, noised it from one to another “that there was virtue in Father Mathew.” Thousands upon thousands wished to take the pledge. And, in their ignorance, numbers of the lower orders believed that the pledge administered by Father Mathew had a secret charm! The worthy friar himself never entertained such opinions, nor did he in anywise administer incentives to the popular credulity.

At first, however, there was a great deal of superstition mixed up with the movement. As soon as persons came from all parts of the island to take the pledge from Father Mathew, people began to ask themselves why did they select *him* more than any one else. A Roman Catholic writer thus accounts candidly for the anxiety to take the pledge from the good friar of Cork:—

“The prestige in favour of Father Mathew arose from the fact of its being observed, that those who took the pledge from him were in better health than they had previously been. The ameliorated health was the result of the temperance, but the natural cause was overlooked, as is often the case; and as the human mind, when undisciplined, is prone to superstition, the belief in miraculous operation of the great temperance leader does undoubtedly appear to have spread very widely amongst the lower classes of the Irish community.”—*Dublin Review*, vol. viii. p. 470.

When, from all parts of the country, people were seen rushing to Cork to take the pledge from Mr. Mathew, the wonder grew more and more every day. Some came by coaches and cars, others by boat, and many walked from distant places. Was it any wonder that extraordinary stories were told by the people amongst themselves? The lower classes, always credulous, eagerly believed many of the tales told about him, and the blind, halt, and paralytic, were brought before him. A romantic tale was told, how in the friary at Cork, one night, an old woman was by accident locked in. As the clock struck midnight the door of the sacristy opened, and to her horror, a priest walked out alone to the altar and asked three times in a ghostlike voice, “Whether any one was there to answer mass, for if not that his soul must again go to torments!” The woman

told this to Father Mathew, says the fable, and the good friar repaired next night and attended the ghost's mass. Then the question came, what was the ghost to do for Father Mathew, and the latter begged for the power of delivering the Irish from drunkenness. It is right again to observe, that in the most pointed manner Father Mathew, from the first, repeatedly disclaimed all power over nature, and in nowise stimulated the credulity of the people.

When the movement had gone a certain way, it was thought advisable for him to go about the country, and administer the pledge in various districts. On the 3d of December, 1839, he was publicly invited to Limerick, and the excitement caused by his visit was prodigious. Crowds from the farthest part of Connaught came to meet the "Apostle of Temperance," as he was now called. The excitement was almost unequalled. The throng into the city was so great, that the gravest apprehensions were felt for the public peace, and the question came, how were the multitudes to be fed? Bread rose to three times its ordinary price; a quart of milk sold for sixpence, and two shillings was paid for the humblest nightly lodging. But for the generosity of some leading citizens, many of the people might have perished for want of sustenance. So numerous were the crowds, that several were trampled down and grievously injured. Many with fractured limbs were taken to the hospitals, and the dragoons were called out by the authorities to keep the masses in order. Mr. Mathew's sister, a most amiable lady, distinguished by beauty and intellect, resided at Limerick, and her famous brother was her guest during his sojourn. The house was surrounded by the dense multitude, and for hours Mr. Mathew stood upon the door steps, administering the pledge. His voice was completely gone—he was inaudible from his exertions after four days administering the pledge.

It was a most striking sight to see that amiable friar, and mild spoken gentleman standing at his sister's door, with a mass of the Celtic Irish around him, some of the chief persons in the city looking on with amazement at the curious scene, as despite of the military and the police, the throng poured in its eager and ardent crowds. It was those days of toil—the preaching in the open air—that first injured the robust health of Father Mathew. The scene at Limerick was acted over again and again, in other parts of the country, to the delight of the people, and the wonder of the empire. The feelings entertained by reflecting persons at this singular and most remarkable movement, were well expressed by a man whose speculative errors cannot blind us to his exquisite delicacy of moral appreciation, and whose erroneous views of theology are compensated for by his fresh and earnest sympathies with mankind, his bold advocacy of slave emancipation, and his right manly denunciation of the vices of American democracy. The high moral nature of Doctor Channing was profoundly touched by the spectacle of Father Mathew's movement against drunkenness:—

"At the present moment, it is singular to doubt and despair of the improvement of society. Providence is placing before our eyes, in broad light, the success of efforts for the amelioration of human affairs; I might refer to the change produced among ourselves within the last few years, by the exertion of good men for the suppression of intemperance, the very vice which seemed the most inveterate, and which, more than all others, spreads poverty and crime; but this moral revolution in our own country *sinks into nothing*, when compared with the amazing, and *almost incredible work* now in progress on the other side of the ocean. A few years ago, had we been called to name the country of all most degraded, beggared, and hopelessly crushed by intemperance, we should have selected Ireland. There, men and women, old and young, were alike swept away by what seemed the irresistible torrent. Childhood was baptised into drunkenness; and now, in the short space of two or three years, this vice of ages has been almost rooted out. In the moral point of view, the Ireland of the past is vanished—a new Ireland has started into life; five millions of her population have taken the pledge of Total Abstinence; and instances of violating the pledge, are very, very rare. The great national anniversaries, on which the whole labouring population used to be dissolved in excesses, are now given to innocent pleasures. The excise on ardent spirits has now been diminished nearly half a million sterling. History records no revolution like this, it is the grand event of the present day. Father Mathew, the

leader in this moral revolution, ranks far above the heroes and statesmen of the times. However, as Protestants, we may question the claims of departed saints, here is a living minister, if he may be judged from one work, who deserves to be canonized, and whose name should be placed in the calendar, not far below apostles—and in an age in which to be sceptical as to radical changes in society, as to the recovery of the mass of men from brutal ignorance, and still more brutal vice."

The movement proceeded with astonishing velocity, and excited wonder everywhere. England heard with surprise of the Irish abandoning their drunken habits, and the press upon the Continent recorded the revolution in Irish drinking as one of the wonders of the age. In opposite quarters it was viewed with a variety of feelings. Protestants thought that there was too much superstition in the movement to give it their unreserved approbation, and the ruling powers of the Irish Roman Catholics by no means hailed the change with enthusiasm. All kinds of objections were made to the promise of abstinence, and much learned lumber was printed about vows, and many metaphysical scruples suggested by many a priest, who might have frankly said, "Really I cannot give up my tumbler of punch." The social enjoyment of a convivial party within his reach is one of the few pleasures which the priest has in Ireland. The institution of celibacy deprives him of that most inestimable gift of Divine Providence, the exquisite and pure enjoyment of domestic happiness in a home made happy by a wife's love, consecrated by the reciprocal duties, and elevated by the ennobling sympathies of the parent and the child. His education has rendered the company of his own brothers and sisters distasteful to him—there is scarcely any community of tie or frequency of intercourse between the companions of his childhood and himself. The antagonism by which our society is divided, excludes him from familiar intercourse with the Protestant gentry, whom he has perhaps denounced at the hustings, and against whom he may have plotted at the elections. Is it to be wondered at that a priest so situated should keenly relish the social board—should regard it as his chief source of relaxation, and that the moments passed in chatting about "Old Ireland" and "Young Ireland" should be some of the happiest of his existence? Such considerations ought to be recollected by those Roman Catholics and teetotallers who have so severely censured the Irish priests for not adhering to Father Mathew's system of driving drunkenness from the land.

The objections about the amount of superstition in the movement, we will not discuss, as our space is limited, though the subject is inviting of comment. We believe that those objections had foundation rather at the commencement of the movement, when it was swelling from hundreds into thousands, than when it had progressed from tens to hundreds of thousands—from that to millions; and we frankly confess that we are not disposed to criticise such a movement by a severely ethical code, for surely it was a great matter to give the Irish popular mind a turn towards moral improvement—surely it was a great thing to reach that vast portion of our population who were not to be influenced by the quietism of worthy William Martin and his fellow-labourers, and on whom cold declamations about abstinence, and dull appeals in favour of a negative morality, were utterly thrown away. The precursors of Father Mathew had utterly failed in rousing or commanding the attention of the popular classes in Ireland, by their economical arguments against drunkenness. They had failed to touch the feelings of the people; and, in some respects, nothing could have been more puerile or ridiculous than the means they adopted. For example, they circulated such verses as these in—

" ONE PINT A-DAY.

" One pint a-day! Well, what of that?
Pray, stay awhile, and you shall hear:
For if you save the whole amount,
'Tis three pound sixteen shillings clear!
A good stuff hat this sum would buy,
A pair of shoes, and stockings too;
And two good shirts to wear besides,
Just fit for Christian or for Jew!"

By such merely carnal arguments, such coarse and material motives, it was expected to sway the feelings and imaginations of a fanciful and singularly genial race, like the Irish. But mere rationalism never made revolutions in religion or morals *except for the worse*. A gross and selfish utilitarianism, taking no account of the devil that is in man, and the fallen condition of his nature, can never sway the heart of a compound being, an erring spirit dwelling in weak flesh. Spiritual means, drawing forth the better aspirations of his fallen nature, can alone regenerate him. We would be even more fallen than we are already, if the dearness of sin and the cheapness of virtue were efficient motives to deter us from vice, or rouse our fainting hearts to the struggle with this world.

But on this subject of the amount of misbelief (as Coleridge would say) which was mixed up in this Irish Temperance Revolution, we must put on record Father Mathew's earnest and anxious disclaimer of his sanctioning superstition in his movement. And we beg our reader to observe that this disclaimer was made, not in a hole or corner, but in the face of the country, at one of his most remarkable meetings in Dublin, when the attention of the whole public was fixed upon him.

At his first visit to Dublin, in April, 1840, he spoke as follows:—

"My dear friends, I wish to allude to a certain subject, to which I adverted on the first day I attended here—it is with regard to the great number of infirm and sick persons that are coming here to take the pledge. I mentioned before what brought them here. They attend to join the society in consequence of the exaggerated accounts they received from those who had been drunkards, and who, to encourage others to become teetotallers, showed the benefit they enjoyed from being temperate in their habits. They state that their health which had been impaired by the use of intoxicating liquors, became renewed, and that their constitutions, which were broken down, were repaired by the practice of temperance. The first person I heard speak on the subject was Mr. Smith, the great teetotaller, who stated that persons who for years could not work, when they became teetotallers, were able to resume their avocations. This induces people who are suffering from various diseases to come to me, under the impression that I could cure them; but it is not in my power to afford them relief—that is all in the hands of God. I received an anonymous letter on the subject, finding fault with my conduct, but I don't mind those attacks, it is my wish to please and satisfy all. St. Paul said he would himself be an anathema for the sake of his brethren. Some persons say, why not put them away?—but I would not envy the feelings of the man that could treat these poor people so unkindly. Persons who are free from superstition have brought me to those sick persons, to gratify them: and when I went to them I did not refuse them my blessing. I went through no ceremony of any kind, but simply invoked a blessing on them, and it is no harm to do that to anything, animate or inanimate, or to any creature, rational or irrational. Whatever the consequences may be, though I do not wish to see them coming here, I will not refuse them my blessing, or, rather, refuse to ask God to bless them. If, for one moment, I relieve them from pain of mind, or despondency of heart, I care not what is said about it, for it should not give scandal. Several of those persons have been turned out of hospitals incurable; and it is natural that when man cannot afford them aid, they apply to heaven for it. Persons of strong religious belief have importuned me to give them a blessing and let them go away. I cannot, as I said before, bless them, but I can say, 'God bless you.' I use neither candle or holy water, nor go through any ceremony, but merely give them a blessing. I have seen Protestants invoking a blessing."

His private resources, not very large, chiefly consisting of legacies from relations, he cheerfully expended in the temperance cause. He was left a distillery at Castle Lake, in Tipperary, with a good deal of money. He broke it up at a vast loss to himself, and refused a large rent for it, when it was offered to be taken by parties in a distillery. He had one brother embarked in distilling; one of his sisters was married to an eminent distiller; and another brother was married to a lady whose family were extensively engaged in the manufacture of whiskey. But, regardless of the commercial injury his own friends and kindred must suffer from the cause of temperance—regardless of his own pecuniary losses, he entered on his course of exertion, and never slackened his toil.

One circumstance in this movement of Father Mathew was very remarkable.

The "Liberator" was by no means one of its most ardent admirers. A jealousy of all who threatened to rival his influence, was a marked feature in that gentleman's character, as his treatment of Lord Cloncurry, Mr. Sheil, Mr. Sharman Crawford, and even such mob orators as Jack Lawless and Feargus O'Connor, proved at various times. The moral miracle of Father Mathew distracted the attention of the myriad dupes who heretofore had gazed with the eyes of faith at the glittering bubble of Repeal, with its rainbow hues. Father Mathew was a rival "Liberator" of a greater and nobler kind; and the glare of the Conciliation Hall system, with its mock glitter and theatrical varnish, might lose its tinsel, and cease to be admired. It was no wonder, therefore, that O'Connell disliked Father Mathew! To the editor of one of the Repeal organs he said, "You are making far too much of Mathew!" And in various ways he quietly insinuated his opinions about the worthy friar. Lip praise in public he gave the worthy father enough of; for Joseph Surface was not a greater adept in the art of substituting sentiments for acts—words for deeds. He made a flaming speech at the meeting in Dublin, got up by Peter Purcell, for raising a testimonial to Father Mathew. After the Duke of Leinster had put down his name for one hundred pounds, Peter Purcell also gave in his for another hundred, when O'Connell cried to one near him, "What impudence Peter has! Put my name down for five pounds!"

One reason also why O'Connell disliked Father Mathew was because the latter could never be coerced by the big agitator, or bullied by him into any course of which he disapproved. In early life, when without experience of the sort of agitators who have abused the popular confidence, Father Mathew had on one occasion—the solitary instance in his life—interfered at an election in Cork: The occasion was very excusable: it was in favour of the family of Hutchinson, who had done great service to the Catholics, and who had a claim on their friendship. Upon the understanding entered into with certain popular leaders, he had prevailed upon some poor voters to vote for the emancipation candidate. They were ousted in consequence by their landlord, but not a penny could Father Mathew procure from the roaring friends of "the people." From that day Father Mathew determined to have nothing to do with politics, and he thought, upon reflection, that a clergyman should avoid that part which, of all others, inflames the feelings and rouses the prejudices of mankind. O'Connell could not dupe or drive him, and therefore the man who never was so happy as when he had crushed some rival influence, and made it either useless or subservient to his own selfish purpose, did not like Mr. Mathew. The movement for Irish manufacture, in which Dr. Flanagan was so active, was never let alone by the agitator until he had daubed it all over with the ruddle of repeal, when, of course, like a tainted sheep, it ceased to be regarded as wholesome by the sensible part of the community. But despite all the efforts of Father Mathew, the Repeal party did enormous injury to the teetotal movements, as will now be seen.

When teetotalism had been adopted, it was thought advisable to supply the masses with some cheap and innocent amusement. Acting on that view, bands had been formed, temperance festivals encouraged, parties of rural enjoyment set going, and various amusements started for the people. Reading-rooms were established as a matter of course. But the year of dupes was at hand, in which the repeal bubble was at last blown big enough to burst. Popular excitement was created. A vast and portentous organisation was formed through the length and breadth of the island, and a display of physical force was made to cow the Duke of Wellington and to crush Sir Robert Peel! The temperance societies, with their banners and their bands were sucked into the vortex, and political enthusiasm, with its shadowy visions of regeneration, and its active development of a spurious and sectarian nationality, seized hold of the popular mind under the spells of the sorcerer who evoked the phantom of repeal. A mortal blow was thus struck at the teetotal movement. For despite of all that Father Mathew could do, despite of his manly and even heroic refusal to compromise the independence of the society of which he was the president, the cajolery of the agitator, and the inflammatory poetry of Young Ireland were too powerful for his influence.

But a terrible day was then at hand when with wailing hearts the people of this country were to experience the evils left by the false agitation which our present Whig viceroy has recently denounced in his letter, applying for the continued suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. The famine was at hand amongst a people who had been taught for years to hate England, and upon whom every species of delusive art that a charlatan in politics could invent had been practised with a cruel recklessness. The scourge of God's wrath was upon our land. The day was coming when years of folly, of agitation fomented to fill this man's purse—to satisfy that man's paltry ambition—agitation, *destroying the sense of Ireland, and revolting the sympathy of England*—were to be avenged by the spectacle of the people whose fancies had been so falsely excited, and whose minds had been so cruelly misguided, lying helpless before the nation so insulted and abused—the slandered, reviled, and calumniated England! Then came the ruin of our gentry, the destruction of our peasantry, the agony of all ranks. The heart of the people beat no more with exultation. They found at last that for years they had been cajoled, that they had been following an *ignis fatuus*, and confiding in a charlatan. They saw their country afflicted with the most woeful of heaven's visitations, and they witnessed the most unparalleled exertions ever made by a government to save a people from destruction. They heard of Pope Pius the Ninth expressing with honourable candour his admiration of the exertions made to save the people, whose "friends" could only cavil and sneer, and display their noble energies in abusing the hands that fed the population, or in denouncing the impotent rebels who had spoiled the trade of agitation, and torn the masks from the faces of the political brawlers who bought the people at a farthing a-week, a penny a-month, and a shilling a-year, and sold them to the treasury for a place to this cousin, the promise of one to another, and an impunity to themselves from the clumsy hands of a maladroit attorney-general. In such a day—one of sorrow and of shame—one to be thought of for a long time with agony to numbers—all moral advancement was neglected for the cause of mere physical sustentation.

But though the teetotal movement has received a heavy check by the social consequences of the famine, a vast deal of good has been effected. A popular opinion has been raised against drunkenness; and the fact that tens of thousands of Irishmen were induced to abandon spirituous liquors, is in itself a great moral fact in the history of our country. No one can despair of extraordinary moral alterations in this country who calmly reflects on the apparent hopelessness, some years since, of expecting a change in the national love of strong drinks.

We honour Father Mathew as a man who has given us good grounds for not despairing of the social regeneration of our people. We respect him for his moral elevation of character, his freedom from selfishness, and his contempt for all vulgar ambition. We see in him a man who has done great public benefits to his own detriment. His private resources he cheerfully expended in the cause of temperance, and has given up his time and care to the service of his countrymen. Such a man, who never abused his great influence for political purposes, deserves to be honoured and regarded with affection as one of the worthies of our island. Praise he has had in abundance. Statesmen in both houses of parliament have acknowledged his public services. Journals of opposite parties have testified to his disinterestedness. He has won at the same time the respect of the rich and the affection of the poor. May his health be still spared by Providence to enable him to pursue his virtuous career; and when, at some distant day, he will be called to receive the reward due to those who toil in their Maker's service, may his example allure many to follow in the footsteps of Mathew the philanthropist!

IRISH POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

CHAPTER III.

MEDICAL SUPERSTITIONS, FAIRY LORE, AND ENCHANTMENT.

IRISH FAIRY ARCHÆOLOGY—THE UNCHURCHED—HOW TO GET BACK A WIFE—THE WORM CHARM, A BLARNEY TALE—THE ROSCOMMON DOCTOR, A LEGEND OF RATH CROGHAN—INTERIOR OF THE FAIRY PALACE—HOW TO ESCAPE—THE FEE—FAIRY MEDICINE—TESTS FOR FAIRY-STRIKEN—THE CHANGOLING—THE LUSMORE AND THE "BACKGONE"—THE PIPER OF BALLYNAGAR—THE KEEN—THE FAIRY PATH, A LEGEND OF LOUGH CORRIE.

FOR learned disquisitions upon fairy mythology generally, the origin and extension of the belief in fairyism, and the derivation of the English word "fairy," we must refer our readers to works specially devoted to the consideration of these subjects.* Spencer and Shakspeare have embalmed the fairyology of England, and though the flowery vales and moonlit glades "under the greenwood tree," where revelled of old, Puck and his merry elfin court, are now traversed by the thronged street, or smoke with the fiery blast furnace, it matters little to the antiquary;—the superstition, the legend, the ancient rite, the popular belief in

"Faery damsels met in forest wide,"

have been preserved; and it only remains for modern investigators to discuss questions relative to their identity, or inquire what vestiges of these times or notions may still linger in such few patches of the hills and yellow plains of merry England as railways have not burst through, or among such portions of the people as mines, mills, and manufactories have neither demoralised or divested of their ancient poetic feelings and traditions.

The following learned communication, for which we are indebted to our friend Mr. O'Donovan, is, perhaps, the best exposition of the Irish word for fairy, and of the ideas originally attached to that mysterious personage, which has yet appeared in print:—

"The word *sidhe* literally means a blast of wind, but figuratively a phantom, a fairy. The Latin word *spiritus*, and the Greek *πνευμα* (*pneuma*) are similarly applied, and there can be little doubt

that these terms originally meant *wind* or *breath*.

"The oldest authority in which the word *sidhe* occurs is Tirechan's Annotations on the Life of St. Patrick, preserved in the Book of Armagh. In this work the word *sidhe* is translated *Dei terreni*, or gods of the earth. The two daughters of Laeghaire, King of Ireland, while they lived with their foster-father near Rath-Croghan, in Connaught, entered into conversation with St. Patrick about God, according to the notions which they had of their own deities. The story runs thus: St. Patrick, when going to Tirawley, rested for the night, on his way, at a fountain in the neighbourhood of the royal residence of Connaught, and he and his companions had begun at daybreak to chaunt their morning service, when the two young princesses coming to the fountain at that hour to bathe, were surprised by the appearance of a group of persons, all clothed in white garments, and holding books in their hands. Tirechan remarks, that they took the strangers to be the *sidhe*, or gods of the earth; and that on their inquiring who the strangers were, St. Patrick availed himself of the opportunity thus furnished of instructing them in the nature of the true God, and of explaining to them the leading mysteries of the Christian religion. The passage in Tirechan runs as follows:—

"Deinde autem venit S. Patricius [cum comitibus] ad fontem qui dicitur *Clabach* in lateribus *Crochan* contra ortum solis, et sederunt juxta fontem; et ecce duæ filiæ Regis, Loigairi, Ethne Alba, et Fedelm Rufa, ad fontem more mulierum ad lavandum, manè venerunt, et sinodum sanctorum episcoporum cum Patricio juxta fontem invenerunt; et quocumque essent or quâcumque formâ, aut quacumque plebe, aut quacumque regione, non cognoverunt. Sed illos viros *side*, aut *Deorum terrenorum* aut *fantasiam* æstimaverunt."

* See, in particular, Keightley's "Fairy Mythology," vol. i. London, 1833.

"Colgan, in a note upon the life of Ethnea and Fedelmia, at 11th February, *Acta Sanctorum*, p. 56, n. b, has the following note on *Viri Sidhe*. 'Est Hibernismus spiritus enim hominibus in facie humanâ apparentes vocantur Hibernicè *Fir-Sidhe* seu *Fir-Sithe*, i. viri de montibus vel collibus, personæ namque quas infestant et hinc rudis populus persuasum habent amœniores colles domicilia eis esse, quia e tabbus simulant se prodire.'

"I find another curious reference to an evil genius called *siabhra* in the Annals of Tighernach and of the Four Masters, A.D. 266, where it is stated that Maelgenn, a druid, incited a *siabhra* at King Cormac, son of Art, on account of his adoration of the true God. The word *siabhra* is still in use in East Munster, and distinguished from *ṛíðeoṣ* a diminutive of *ṛíð*, a common fairy. The *ṛíabhra cṡmṡc* is the malevolent, malignant, ill-natured fairy that strikes men and cattle with his *ṣaṡ ṣuṡṡṡeṡṡ*, or venomous dart, which sometimes causes a wound, from which blades of grass, *trahneens*, and sometimes needles, issue!!

"The *lénán-sidhe* is the fairy *leman*, succubus, or familiar female sprite. The *badhbh*, or *bowa*, in East Munster, is the good-natured female sprite that laments the deaths of old families. When my grandfather died in Leinster, in 1798, Cleena came all the way from Tonn Cleena, at Glandore, to lament him; but she has not been heard ever since lamenting any of our race, though I believe she still weeps in the mountains of Drumaleague in her own country, where so many of the race of Eoghan More are dying of starvation."

But to resume. As it is believed that the fairies exercise an especial influence upon women before the ceremonial of churching is performed, that rite is anxiously required by the Irish peasantry as soon as possible after the female's accouchement. In addition to this, the old Mosaic ritual is still clung to by the ignorant of the west, many of whom believe that a woman is unclean until she is churched, and even her husband considers it dangerous or unlucky to take food from her hands. It is considered by the vulgar that myriads of demons flutter round her, and it is even said, that if an unchurched female takes water from a river, or washes at it, the fishes will mark their disapprobation by quitting the polluted locality.

In certain illnesses immediately succeeding the accouchement, and particularly in those unhappy cases of tedious recovery, accompanied by mental aberration, already alluded to at page 557, the lower orders always attribute the state of the patient to fairy interference—the real person, it is believed, not being physically present, but represented by one of the good people, who has assumed the features and general appearance of the individual. Yet no ill must happen to the representative, otherwise the abducted nurse could not safely be recovered. And even if death ensues in this or in any other instance of fairy possession, there is a popular belief in some parts that the spirit of the rightful owner again takes up its abode in its earthly tenement, immediately preceding dissolution, and therefore the fact of returning consciousness a short time before the soul's departure in case of raving mania, or other disturbance of the mental faculties, is pointed to with confidence as establishing this particular fact. In cases such as those referred to above, a degraded friar is generally applied to, with whose avocation and mode of cure we shall have to deal in another chapter.

There are ways and means by certain charms and mystic rites for the husband (*if so inclined*) to bring back the abducted wife; but for some reasons best known to the former, they are seldom put in practice, indeed so rarely, that we have been obliged to travel to Blarney for a well-authenticated instance illustrative of this belief. Everybody, and Father Horgan himself if he were alive, but he isn't—and more is the pity!—will swear upon the book there isn't a word of lie in this—

Betty Sullivan not only died in childbirth, but was washed, laid out and waked, and more than that, cried over two days and two nights, when her husband had a dream that she wasn't dead at all, but only carried off by some of the good people, to nurse a child of Donn Firinne. "The woman of the house" (that was) appeared to him in a dream, and told him that if he had still any "nature" for her, he might get her back by going to the cross-roads of Ballinatray, foreinst the fort of Lisnarayr, at twelve o'clock at night, and there performing certain in-

cantations, as precisely at that hour she was to pass by with a grand cavalcade of fairy ladies and gentlemen. He was to know her by seeing her mounted on a white horse at the rere of the whole party. First of all he was to provide himself with some holy water and a prayer-book, as well as some sprigs of yarrow (*archillea millifolium*), which should be cut by moonlight with a black-handled knife,* certain mystic words having been first pronounced on the herb. He was also to carry with him a rosary, and above all, to procure a large worm in young,† the use of which was a substitute to the good people for his wife, as it is very hard to bring back an ailing let alone a dead person from fairyland without a substitute. Having arrived at the appointed place, he was to sprinkle with holy water the yarrow, and also make a circle round him with it on the road, so large that the fairy procession should pass through some part of it in their progress.

Having made the circle, he was next to draw the figure of a cross with a hazel wand, commencing at the eastern and ending at the western point of the compass. He should then repeat certain prayers with his face to the moon, and waiting until the cavalcade approached, he was at once to fix his eye on the white horse of his wife, and

as soon as she approached to pull her off, if possible, without going outside the circle himself. If he failed in this she was lost to him for ever. The mystic rites and all the necessary ceremonial were performed, and Biddy Sullivan was restored to her people.‡

The fairies, though they are so knowledgeable, sometimes require the aid and assistance of mere earthly practitioners, particularly in the obstetric line of business. Many are the stories related of and by the Irish midwife—ay, more than ever Carleton told, for all his legendary lore, and graphic powers of description. Don't we ourselves remember, as if it were but yesterday, sitting by, when Judy Mallowney, the luckiest woman in all the barony of Ballintubber, and that's a great saying—used to tell, when she had a drop in, and was what you might call *mogalore*,§ how her grandmother was taken off of a fine frosty night, by a gentleman in top boots and riding a grey mare, all the ways to Shee-More, in the county Leitrim, just under Fionn Mac Coul,|| to attend a beautiful lady that was “in the straw” there, and how she was blindfolded, and never seen the daylight for three days and three nights till she came home again.¶ But what is the use in talking about Judy's grandmother,

* A black-handled knife is an indispensable instrument in performing certain rites, and we shall have occasion to describe its virtues by-and-by. It is employed in the ceremonial of Hallow-Eve, and also in the mystic ceremonies performed at the rising of the new moon, as well as in certain diabolic mysteries made use of to induce love, &c. &c.

† The large earth-worm known to fishermen as the *caillaigh* is held in great veneration, under the belief that it is a fairy woman, in that condition which worms wish to be who love their lords. It is therefore carefully avoided by females, particularly in the morning before breakfast, as should it be crossed at this time, and be accidentally killed by them, they think they incur the risk of having their children fairy-stricken. This creature must not here be confounded with the *caillaigh ruah*, or barbel of our rivers and streams.

‡ At Tumon, in the county Tyrone, there is a graveyard set apart for females who die in childbed, and aged strangers; it is called *Relig-na-mban*, the women's burying-ground. There is a tradition attached to this old cemetery, that if any woman sets foot therein she will die within a twelvemonth; consequently all the females remain outside during the interments. In the same locality there is also a *Killeen*, or *Relig-na-leinieib*, or infants' burying-ground for unbaptised children. (See our former article, chap. ii. p. 560.) In the same place there is also a *Relig-na-befear-gonta*, or strangers' burying-ground, literally the wounded man's graveyard. Strangers are always interred here. This ancient superstition concerning the separation of the dead is of great antiquity, and probably of Eastern origin. In all old cemeteries, the north side of the churchyard was always set apart for burying strangers in. This at Tumon was, no doubt, such an one.

§ About half drunk—pretty well, I thank you.

|| On the top of this picturesque hill there was some years ago a rude stone effigy of this celebrated Irish champion.

¶ There is no Irish term for midwife but *bean cóbnaic*, i. e., assisting woman.

that's dead and gone these sixty years, when it's well known what happened to a lady's doctor of great repute in more modern times by half a century at least.

The following is a Roscommon tale, repeated of a winter's night in the villages, when villages existed, from Slieve Bawn to Rath Croghan, and from that through the fertile plains of Boyle to the shores of Lough O'Gara. Some eighty years ago, when potatoes were plenty, and the country not so much broken up or intersected by impassable roads leading from nowhere to nowhere (thanks to famine, the Board of Works, and the lavish but most injudicious and often useless dispensation of English gold), the only road leading from the southern to the northern part of the county ran through the fertile plains of Rath Croghan, famous of old for its rath, the head-quarters and palace of fairy majesty. About the period to which we allude, regularly-educated medical practitioners were as scarce as the roads themselves. The only one of any eminence in that part of the world was Doctor —, who located himself in the county town, and to his other qualifications added that of being either descended from or intimately connected with some of the most ancient families in the province. The venerable man who is introduced as the chief actor in this story, lived down even to our own time. We *mind* him well, when nearly eighty years of age, cantering along on his spanking chestnut—for he rode to the very last—encased in his voluminous, many-caped, drab "riding coat," his broad-brimmed leather hat, buckskin smalls, top-boots, overalls, and spatter-dashes, with a red culgee coming up to the middle of his nose. Oh! it was a great sight to see that man strip in the hall of a cold night, afore he went up to the ladies.

No representative of Hamlet's gravedigger, from the days of Will Shakespeare to the present, ever threw off the same amount of covering, and no doctor ever will again, we are sure; where would they get it, the crathurs, them that's living on the out-door relief of five shillings a-day, without either meat or drink?

One fine evening in August a servant, splendidly dressed in the rich livery of a noble family residing some twenty miles distant—his fine black horse panting and teaming as if he had swam through the Suck, arrived at the practitioner's door. On alighting he presented a letter to the doctor, requesting his immediate attendance upon Lady —, who had become suddenly and dangerously ill. The doctor's man was not long in saddling his horse, and off they started, at a dashing pace, the servant leading the way across the plains of Rath Croghan, where there wasn't a house to be seen for miles and miles around on the monotonous undulating surface they traversed; nothing but the long-horned bullocks or four-year-old wethers of the Balfes, and Farrels, and Taaffes, fattening for the fair of Ballinasloe. After a couple of hours' hard riding, the servant who conducted the doctor was, to his apparent annoyance, suddenly stopped at the entrance of an avenue leading through a beautiful park, in which the dim outline of a noble castellated mansion could be seen through the now fast falling twilight.

A gentleman here presented himself at the gate, handsomely dressed in the style of the day, with a cut velvet coat, a powdered wig, snow-white ruffles to his shirt, and silver buckles in his shoes and breeches. He requested with great earnestness the physician to ride down to the house for a minute,* to see a lady who very much required

The following Munster legend has been afforded us by Mr. Windele, of Cork, to whom we owe many obligations: "A woman was called on one night to act as an accoucheur. She was carried to Rathmore, and was told by her guide to take neither money nor victuals from those to whom she was going, but to ask three requests, and they would be granted to her. After her professional services were over, she declined the offer of money, meat, and drink, but demanded the three following gifts for her offspring and posterity; proficiency in angling, in learning, and in gambling—which seem to have been granted, for to this day her descendants are famous in these qualifications; but they bear the reputation of being fair players." See also "The Irish Midwife," in Carleton's "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

* Riding down "for a minute," or doing anything for a minute, in Ireland, was by no means expressive of so short a portion of time. Minutes counted as nothing. The railways first began to make us punctual and to know the real value of time.

his professional services. The servant expostulated, and urged the necessity of the doctor's not making any delay; but all to no purpose—the gentleman took the doctor's horse by the reins and led him up to the hall-door, where a groom took charge of the animal, and the physician and his companion entered the house together. They passed through a spacious hall, flanked by at least a dozen servants on either side, in gold lace liveries, to a noble saloon, and after traversing several winding passages, the physician was introduced into the apartment of a lady, at whose bedside his conductor retired. This lady had a black veil thrown over her which entirely concealed her face, and she never spoke a word; but after the doctor had attended to her wants, she pointed to a bell, which he rang, when the gentleman again appeared, and having heard a favourable account of the patient's progress, presented him with forty yellow guineas. Those were the times for the doctors! It's not all as one as—but no matter, the physician returned through the saloon by which he entered. The owner of the mansion expressed many thanks for his attention, and praised his professional skill, inviting him at the same time into the banqueting-room, to take some refreshment after his long ride. The doctor after some faint excuse consented, and was then introduced into a splendid suite of apartments, filled with most fashionable company, some divided into parties, who played at cribbage, five-and-twenty, and Pope Joan, and others dancing. "Och, 'tis there," says Darby, when relating this tale, "was the music that would rise the heart of a Presbyterian, and the dancing that flogged the world; some of them timing it mighty easy in a thing they called a minuet, all made up of bows, and scrapes, and curtsies, and walking backwards and forwards sideways across the flure; others futting a reel, and the full up of a fair of people, all of real quality, cutting jigs and hornpipes, and moving about in country dances through other to no end. There were pipers and fiddlers till you'd get black in the face counting them; and as the doctor passed through them, they struck up his favourite tunes. 'Now, Jemmy, your sowl to glory,' the fiddler 'id cry to the piper, 'bellows us up the best

in your bag for the heart's blood of O'Farrell; rattle us out "Planxty Connor," or "Shawn Bue," "The hare in the corn," or "Thierna Mayo," for he's come of the ould sort.' While the piper, as he fingered the drones, and gathered his bag under the power of his elbow, would turn to the fiddler and challenge him for 'Drive the geese to the bog,' 'The hen's march,' 'Tatter Jack Walsh,' 'The frost is all over,' and other Connaught airs."

Among the musicians the doctor thought he recognised some old acquaintances that he remembered in the backs of the tents, and by the custom gaps of Ballinafad; but before he could speak to any of them, the gentleman with the velvet coat hurried him off to the supper-room, "where there was fish, fowl, and flesh beyant the counting. Troth it would take the sight of your eyes to see all the ateing and drinking that was there; roast and boiled; hot and cold; first and second courses, and removes; lashings and lavings; *laun-awaulia*; no stint, but the best of everything—not to spake of the malt, and wine, and spirits, that was to the fore."

"Won't you take something," says the gentleman; "if you don't eat itself, won't you taste a glass of scaltheen, just to keep the cowl out of your bones as you're going home?" "No, thank you," says the doctor, "I'm by no means druthy;" for when in the act of sitting on a sofa beside a beautiful young lady, with a skin like alyblaster, he felt something press his foot, and at the same time she whispered in his ear, "As an old friend I tell you, neither ate nor drink while you are where you are."

He was urgently pressed by many of the company, and his host in particular, to partake of some of the delicacies by which he was surrounded, but these he altogether declined, so they left him to himself; and after some time—while he was in conversation with the young lady—he found his eyelids grow very heavy, and from thenceforward he had no recollection of what occurred until he was roughly shaken by the shoulder, a voice at the same exclaiming, "The top of the morning to your honour." Cold, stiff, and lost in amazement, the

physician raised himself up a little, and asked where he was. "Faix, your honour, I don't know, if you are not lying on ould Father Maurice's tombstone, in the churchyard of Eastersnow, and, by my sowkins, a hard bed and a cowl'd boulster you had of it."

The doctor inquired of the man—who was the neighbouring pound-keeper—if he had seen his horse. "Faith an' that I have. I found him in the pound, and that's what brought me to look for your honour, for bad scran to me if ever I saw a mortal thing get into it afore, sarra as much as an eel itself, and the gate locked, and the key in my pocket. But myself believes the good people (God protect me and mine from harm) had a hand in your honour."

The doctor said nothing ; but after giving a gratuity to the pound-keeper, mounted and rode away, comforting himself for being almost benumbed with cold, and running the chance of getting the gout or the rheumatism, by feeling for the yellow boys in his pocket ; but to add to his astonishment, he found in their stead only a few pookaun berraghs.*

For description sake, the subject of popular medicine might be divided into the administration of medicinal substances—generally herbs—for we do not find that minerals enter into the composition of any of our popular prescriptions, although animal substances do, and are often had recourse to in a very revolting manner ;—the performance of certain operations with or without ceremonies, prayers, or incantations—resort to sacred shrines, ancient ruins, and blessed wells, in which case faith is the moving power—working on the imagination, by means of a charm—or the invocation and communion with

certain unknown or invisible beings, particularly the fairies ; and, finally, the mixture of supernatural influence with ordinary remedial means. The fourth and last division may be considered under the head of fairy cures, which this chapter is intended to illustrate.

It is well known that there are certain maladies which are believed to be caused by supernatural agency ; and the most remarkable of these, besides those already specified, are swoons, apoplexy, or any sudden deprivation of the senses ; hysterics, and that peculiar state denominated catalepsy, as well as epilepsy, insanity, and paralysis ; and, also, whenever raving or incoherence occurs in the progress of other diseases, as, for example, in fever. In these cases the peasantry formerly made it a rule never to call in the doctor in the first instance "for fear he'd bleed them ;" and so far as the reason was concerned, it was often a judicious one ; but these instances of fairy-stricken are not now so generally believed, nor treated as such, as those in which young children become affected with a sort of wasting, denominated by medical men *marasmus*. Such cases assume an appearance of senility and decrepitude, which, it is said, the fairies in their natural state possess. The body and limbs become wasted to a degree ; the abdomen becomes prominent ; the head is apparently larger than natural ; the features get shrivelled, and greatly resemble those of extreme old age, the eyes being sunken, and the mouth and nose pinched, as if from hunger ; the voice is hoarse and raucous, and at times squeeling ; and the skin in many parts of the body becomes covered with long whitish hairs,† giving altogether a most supernatural aspect to the child. At the

† Otherwise Bolcaun-Béakys, fuz balls, fairy stools, or dried fungi.

‡ This hirsute condition is often an accompaniment of famine : and we have seen it produced in a few weeks by deterioration in the quality or deficiency in the quality or quantity of food. It would be unsuited to the pages of a non-professional periodical to give a medical description of those diseases, the superstitious practices resorted to for the cure of which it is our intention to illustrate. Professional men—particularly Irish country practitioners—are very conversant with the disease we have described above, which is denominated in the Gaelic *cnaí*, or *cnaoidh*—a wasting or decay. According to the late Irish census—to the medical memoir of which we refer our readers—(see pages xxxii and xxxiii) 123,826 deaths are said to have taken place from this disease alone during the ten years preceding 1841. In a note to the description of this disease, it is stated—"An inquiry into the sources of Irish 'cures' and 'charms' would throw much light upon many topics of antiquity, and elicit such legendary lore as would assist both the topographer and the historian."

same time, the mental faculties often appear to be precociously developed, and the appetite is in some cases most voracious.

In such a state of things, nothing will persuade the peasant mother that this is her own child. She believes it to be "fairy-stricken," or, as it is called in the west, *skitthaun* (touched), or in English, "backgone;" and she is persuaded that her own *pausteen** is with the good people, dancing to the music of fairy pipes in one of the neighbouring raths, and that the imp which occupies its place is no offspring of hers. In the north, the word "elfshot," though generally applied to cattle, is sometimes used to define this state. *Buailte*, or, simply, "struck," is also employed to express the same idea, as well as the more ancient and mythological term *gunta*,† which is used principally in the south. The term *sliastaire* is applied to elfshot children in the south when they grow tall and meagre.

Under the impression of this *fairy influence*, cures, charms, and incantations—some of rather a potent character—are generally resorted to, either for the purpose of affording relief to the sufferer, or of putting to the test the supposed supernatural possession; and more than one instance of death accruing therefrom has come within the cognizance of the writer. Of these tests—the employment of the *lussmore*, or fairy finger (the foxglove or digitalis)—is one of the most frequent; and its baneful effects are well illustrated by the following incident, which occurred in the west of Ireland some twelve or fourteen years ago.

A child labouring under the affection just described had been missed from the neighbourhood for some time; and one day upon our meeting the mother and asking for "the backgone," the following conversation took place:—"Troth, plase your honor, I'm proud to say he's off, and may all the bad luck go with him."

"Why; has he died?"

"No, in troth, sarra die; the likes of them never dies; but he's gone, anyhow, the thievin' villain. There he was in the corner, aitin' and drinkin' every individual pin'sworth we gave him, talking into himself, and as cute as a leprechaun. At last I thought to myself it wasn't lucky to have him in the house at all. More betoken, the neighbours and everybody wor beginnin' to say he wasn't right, whin they used to come in and see him lookin' so wise, and hear him screechin' for all the world like a young *scaulthaun*;‡ and he'd ate the world itself. Sure Cathreena na Montha tould me to hould him over the fire on the griddle, but my heart failed me when he began to bawl. So one fine windy day goin' on Shuraft, I stript him to his pelt, and left him sittin' on the *boraun*,§ and when there was a furlwind in the garden, and that I knew the gentry were on the move, I opened the two doors, and then I stood on the thrashald, and held him out upon the shovel to them, but sarrah bit the worse nor the better he was of it when I put him back in the cradle, only he kept on aitin' the more, and watchin' and listinin' to everything we said.

"At long run, when I was fairly bet up|| with keepin' him, and afeerd to kill him outright least any misfortune might happen to the rael wan, I went to the churchyard of Kilkeeven ar' by the Suck, one fine starlight night, and pulled an apronful of the *lussmore*, and when I came home, I put down a rousin' fire of stone turf, and I boiled a potful of the herib till the *juice* was as strong as would float an egg—and he watchin' me all the while. 'Mylad,' says I, 'I won't be keepin' you any longer; sarrah house-room you'll get here for the future;' so, avourneen, I repeated the prayer that Cathaleen taught me, over the pot, and then I pops him into it, hot and warm, to the neck, till you'd think it would scald a pig, but it only made him screech the more; and then, as that was no use, I opened his mouth, and poured a cup-full of it down his throat."

* *Pausteen*—A little child. *Neenaun* and *gaurugh*, a baby, or infant.

† *Gunta*, from *guin*: a mortal but a bloodless wound.

‡ *Scaulthaun*, an unfledged crow, or any young bird. From the ravenous appetite and peculiar cry of these creatures, the simile is very apt.

§ *Boraun*, a sheepskin or goatskin stretchd like a tamborine over a sieve-rim.

|| Beaten, or "bet," is a very expressive term, used by the lower orders, to indicate being "done up."

Here she stopt, giving us a knowing expressive wink, which the imagination of one conversant with Irish superstitions could easily interpret; but as we were anxious to draw her on to the catastrophe, for the benefit of a Saxon friend who was present, we appeared not to understand the hint, and asked whether the "cure" was effectual? "Effecthul! is it?—Och, *nee hinnann shin** it was; for before half-an-hour about, he died dancing! and then when I washed him and laid him out, there was the corpse of my own purty child left in the place of the *shanleigh*;† only it was a little thinner than when they first took him from me."

The fairy finger, or purple digitalis, is one of the most showy of our Irish indigenous plants, and possesses most powerful sedative properties. In the Gaelic it is called the *Luss more*, or the great herb, and sometimes *Síá áú rléjbe*, i. e., the fairy herb of the mountain. It is used by the herb-doctors for a variety of cures besides that specified above.

There was a woman lived at one side of Ballinagar, the mother of a large family of boys and girls, the eldest of whom was settled and well to do in the world, so that Nancy Keffe was no chicken at the time to which our tale refers. Well, to the wonder of all the neighbours, she became "that way" again, and in course of time presented her husband, Tom Combattle‡ with a fine man-child, two inches longer and two pounds heavier than any infant the midwife or the gossips ever saw before. It thrived to about the end of the third year, at which time the parents thought it became "weeshie."§ However, it conti-

nued to eat, drink, and sleep like other children, but it became at last very old-fashioned, and talked quite different from children of its time of life. This state of things continued up to the eighth year, when, one fine Sunday morning, all the family went to mass except the servant girl, who was left to mind the little boy. She had occasion to leave the house for a short time, and on approaching it again, she was startled to hear the sound of bagpipes, playing up very lively music. She entered the house, expecting to meet Tom, the itinerant piper, but to her utmost astonishment, she found the little shrivelled gentleman in the *boss* (straw chair), harnessed with a beautiful set of pipes. She was in the act of running out of the house, when the "chap" called her back, and told her not to be at all surprised at what she saw, and that if she promised to say nothing about it, he would play her "Moddia-na-Blondie;"|| "The Humours of Glinn," and other favourite airs, and that his playing at that moment was caused by the birth of his third child the night before. "Thunder an ouns," says the girl, "what's this for, and I lying and rising in the one house with you this twelvemonth!" She ran out, and did not venture to return until the entire family came home; when she told what had occurred. They all entered the house together, but the boss was empty. After a diligent search, however, the *sheogue* was found behind a meal stan,¶ stiff dead, cowl'd, and as black as the sole of your shoe, with a *cupogue* (dock leaf) under his oxter, and a *feóraun*** in his hand, the remains of the bag and chanter!

* It is not all as one—i. e., as a doctor's curse.

† A very old man.

‡ In the west, and indeed in most of the country parts of Ireland, the married woman always retains her maiden name. We have seen some ludicrous scenes of legal perplexity at assizes and quarter sessions, arising out of this practice.

§ Weeshie, wee or weeney—One of those northern expressions which have crept into Connaught on the way farther.

|| This is a very old and favourite air in Connaught; it is properly *Maide na bplann-daidhe*, the planting stick; or *Gairdin na bplanndaidhe*, the garden of the plants; and we remember, when we were quite a child, an old beggarwoman singing and dancing to this tune, in a sort of pantomimic movement, representing the planting, manuring, moulding, weeding, digging, and pitting of the potato. It bore a strange resemblance to the Greek Romaic dance, representing the making of wine. We lately procured the tune from a piper on his way to the workhouse.

¶ A barrel, with a cover to it, is called a stan or stand.

** The *Phoraun*, *Foorán* or *tiraun* is not the spindle-tree, as some of the dictionaries define it, but the *Sphindgylum*, or great cow parsnip with which the children in the country make popguns and squirts, as well as *feedoges*, or whistles and fifes.

* From thence, a fairy thee unwilling left,
There, as thou sleep'st in tender swaddling band,
And her base elfin brood then for thee left.
Such, men do *changelings* call, so changed by fairy theft."

Mr. Croker's story of the Brewery of Eggshells, is a graphic illustration of this belief, which is common to most of the northern parts of Europe; but in the British isles is now chiefly confined to Ireland, Scotland, and the Isle of Man.*

To preserve the new-born child from fairy influence, the Northern wife sews up a knitting-needle, a horseshoe nail, and a darning-needle, as well as a bit of its father's coat, in its dress; and whenever she leaves the house, she places the tongs across the cradle, and puts a quenched coal in the child's bib. It is considered unlucky for one woman to hand a child to another the first time it leaves the house. From the observance of this very ancient custom, arose one of the chief points of evidence in the celebrated case of supposititious children (*Keon v. Keon*), that caused so much noise in Connaught some years ago.

Although the fairy gentry have never been accused of road-jobbing, yet are they exceedingly tenacious of the rights and royalties connected with their highways and by-ways, so that they frequently inflict those who venture, even unwittingly, to obstruct their paths, with the severest penalties; and often no less a forfeit than death itself has been inflicted for so grave an offence. The executive of fairy majesty is not content with a single victim in such instances; the law is allowed to take its full course until the crime has been not only atoned for, but the obstruction removed. Thus, when several of a family have, either owing to hereditary taint, the unhealthiness of the situation, or other circumstances, been carried off in succession by consumption, or some such lingering complaint, it is attributed to the fact of the house in which they died having been unluckily built upon the fairy path. This is generally discovered by means of a "travelling woman," a sort of *schuler*, half mendicant, half quack,

generally a stout, strapping, "black-avized," hard-featured, middle-aged woman, "out of the North:" as, in both Connaught and Munster, the knowledge and power of a north country-woman is deemed more efficacious than that of all others put together; for sure all the witchcraft and magic comes out of the bottom of the black north. The remedy is obvious and indispensable. To appease the offended sylvan deities, and avert further mischief, the house must be removed, no matter at what cost, or how inconvenient, once the fairy-woman has pronounced its doom. To our own knowledge, and that of several of our friends, the cabin has, under such circumstances, been pulled down, and either built on the other side of the road, or a few yards to the right or left of its original locality. Let the following Joyce Country tale illustrate this peculiar superstition, as well as afford a good specimen of the mourning of an Irish peasant mother, given, as it generally is, partly in English and partly in Irish, with all the pathos and soul-stirring energy which those who have ever heard it know that it fully possesses:—

"*Oh, wirra strue, wirra strue—deelish deelish, gad-de-shin*, what's this for. Amn't I the unlucky and misfortunate woman this day, to be sitting here under the foot of Ben Levee, and the last of my four fine boys under the cowl'd clay in Inch-an-Goill.† Och, och! I'll never be the same again. O Thierna, can it be that the full four of ye are laid weak and low this night. Oh, wirra, wirra, my four fine boys, ye that were the joy of my heart, my four children!" were the passionate expressions—uttered in a low, whining tone—of Honor Donnelly, as she rocked herself backwards and forwards on a creepy stool beside the decaying embers of a neglected fire, on the evening of the day of her last son's funeral.

"Och, Cormac darling, you that war the pride of my sowl. *Ochone, ochone, gadhow, gadhow, dhow, oh!*—(for ever, for ever, ever).

* See Train's "Account of the Isle of Man," "Waldron's Description of the Manx Customs," "Sir Walter Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and Ellis's edition of "Brand's Popular Antiquities."

† Inch-an-Goill, an island in Lough Corrib, celebrated for its burial-place, and ancient inscriptions.

"Oh, *musha*, go *voria Dia orm*, astore you were, that I'll never see you again, my fair-haired *laneuh*.

"*Mo chuid don Theel hu*, 'tis you that were the *patha—gra machree*, my own heart's blood; the sight of my eyes is gone with you. Och, the worms picked your heart—they did—*ohone, ohone*.

"Oh, *wo, wo, wo!* O Thierna, Thierna, what shall I do—what shall I do. Am I alive at all, at all. Arrah, neighbours achree, don't ye pity me—don't ye pity me. Did ye ever before see the likes—did ye ever see before such a *creach maidne* as this.

"One by one they were taken from me, my four beautiful boys, and Cormac Beg, the last of them. O Thierna, 'tis little I thought I'd live to see this. Och, *gurm hu, gurm agus cosgim mi hu*, the Lord be with you this night, and send ye all to glory. I thought ye would be crying over me, and rowing my ould body off to the blessed island.

"Och, *cushla machree*, Paddy, darlin', wer'n't you the flower of the flock, with your two blew eyes as bright as the stream that's dancing over the fall of the As Rua. Arrah, Paddy avourneen, heavy is your sleep, that you are not comin' home to me. Do you pity your mother to-night—me, that gave you the suck five quarters, and that rocked you in your cradle for many's the long night—why don't you speak to me? *Ochone, ochone, ochone, oh!*

"Arrah, Jemmy, *sthore machree*, why did you leave me. Och, *gad é shin*, what's this for. Why did you go from me, and leave me here without one to help me. 'Tis you that comforted me when the rest would be playing out in the *moneen*. Sure you'd come to lay your little head in my lap, and tell me stories to keep off the lonely. *Ochone, gadhow, dow! ochone, ochone, oh!*

"*Orrah wirrah wirrah*—what's this for, Michauleen, Michauleen, *ma rra cree*, what are you doing? isn't the strings of my heart houlding you, and why don't you come back to me, *raa gil*, with your cheeks like the roses, and your hair aequal to the flax itself. *Och! mavrone!* Sure the cows and the goats do be lookin' for you, to drive them home in the evenings.

"Och, my darlings, and are ye all gone, *ochone*—who'll buy me the coat, and the ribbon, or bring me home the tabaccy from the market? Och, who'll take care of me when I'm ould, and carry my four bones over the blue waters? *Oh! Thierna, ochone, ochone, ochone, gadhow, gadhow, dhow, oh!*"

The slanting beams of the western sun fell through the open door upon the cold hearth by which she sat; the wheel and the rock lay with the household furniture neglected and unused, and silence and desolation appeared to reign around, as well as

* The foregoing keen, or Irish lamentation, is not a mere library composition; it is the absolute thought and expression of the keeners in the west of Ireland, and principally written from memory of what the writer has often heard at wakes, and repeated over graves. It is not the wild Irish cry sung at a funeral, but the emphatic lament of real grief vented over the corpse, or by the mourning relative kneeling at the grave, or, as in the instance above, *chaunted* by the weeping mother at her own fireside. Abrupt and irregular as all outpourings of the heart in such cases must be, no matter what the language, it always wants the smoothness of a studied composition; yet there is a harmony pervading it. Many of the Irish expressions introduced are purely western, and some of them very local. Several of them are but exclamations of grief, and do not possess any definite meaning, that could be translated into English at least. The *Wirra Strue*, or *Is truagh*, is an expression of intense pity, and forms, with the *ochone*, the burden of most of our laments. Each of these epithets and expressions, and those others, such as *Deelish*, "dearest," or *Gadhow*, "for ever," are repeated several times in succession; and the latter term in particular may be recognised among the western laments as the beginning and ending of several of the stanzas, for in reality they are a sort of metrical extemporary elegy. It is a most touching expression, implying the everlasting loss the person has sustained, thus poured forth—for ever! for ever! ever, ever, oh! *Gad de shin*—what is this, or why is this. O Thierna (O Lord) is nearly always expressed in Irish. *Go vora Dia yom*—God help me. *Machuid don theel hu*—"my only worldly treasure," is a term of both endearment and respect very common in Roscommon and Mayo. *Gra Machree*—love of my heart—is, from the beautiful air of that name, already well known to most of our readers. *Laneuh* is child; and *asthore* is an Anglo-Irish expression long in use. *Patha* means simply

within the mourning mother's heart. The doorway darkened, and, as a tall female figure passed within it, the usual salutation, "God save all here," would not have arrested the keener's attention, but that it was pronounced with rather a strange accent for the neighbourhood of Connemara.

When Honor Donnelly turned to see the speaker, she perceived a travelling woman, such as we have already described, and differing slightly in her costume from that of the western country, by wearing an old tattered grey cloak, and on her head the relics of a black beaver bonnet, so battered in by rain and storm, that its *pook* fell down like a shade, below her nose. Honor said nothing, but gave vent to another wild *ochone, ochone*.

"You're in trouble, honest woman, and small blame to you after what you have suffered," said the traveller, "after the loss of your four children."

"True for you, true for you; every one knows their own know, and I know my own know: *ochone*, sure I'm left desolate with nobody in the wide world, but the man of the house and the colleen beg, to look after me, and maybe I'd lose them same afore long, if the Lord isn't good to me, *a van Ultach*."

"'Pon my conscience, and you're not far wrong neither," said the traveller, as she cleared her pipe, and gave rather a knowing look at the distracted mother.

"Why, then, *ahager*," said Honor, whose curiosity and superstition were now fully awakened, "if I might make bould, may be you'd be after telling us if you know anything about them that's gone—*ochone; o-honey, oh!*"

"Troth, then, may be I could do

that same. Didn't you lose your four fine gossoons, one after the other? Didn't they melt away from your sight like snow off the side of a mountain? and what do you think they died of?"

At this interrogatory the mother's grief again gushed forth, and she recounted the virtues and beauties of her lost ones in the full aching of her heart. "What did they die of? Och, *avourneen*, the decay! the decay! what my mother afore me died of, and more was the pity, for 'tis she was the *laughy** woman, though 'tis myself that says it. Sure the worms picked their hearts, and they wasted ever, ever, till they were taken from me, and I am left alone. *Oh, wirra wirra*."

"'Tis truth you're speaking, Mrs. Donnelly, they were *taken* from you; but did ye try never a cure?"

"Cure! Och—*goday am* cure. 'Tis many's the cure I tried for one and all of them. Wasn't I at the Dishpinsary wid the doctor; *ducteur sallagh*. What good is he, only blesthering and givin' a dose of salts to everybody, and the master paying him two pound tin a-year for looking after all the tenants on the 'state. I was then, and the last time I was there, for *Paddeney bought*;† he told me to put a warming plaaster on his shust [chest], and to leave it on till it fell off. Sarrah shust we had in the house, but I stuck it on the lid of the box, and it's there to this blessed hour, and not a good it did him, any more than the ass's shoe that's nelt upon the thrashald. Cure!—didn't I carry Michauleen, *a rue*, on my back to the pattern of Bal, and performed for him, and washed him in the blessed well, in the *lough* of St. Kieraun; and wasn't I on my two bare, bended knees all the way up the

a pet. *Woo, wo* is merely an exclamation of intense sorrow; but the *Creach maidne*, "a morning's desolation," has a farfetched, but not the less significant meaning, referring to the ancient plundering and consequent desolation seen in the locality on the break of day. Frequently the term for grief or endearment is expressed first in Irish and then in English as *ma run gil*—my white secret—what are you doing; and if the mourner speaks English fluently, both languages are very commonly mixed up and run into one another, as we have shewn in the text, the more passionate thoughts being expressed in the original language. *Gurim agus costym mich hu* is another term of excessive endearment, meaning love, praise, and the invocation of blessing, very common in the west. *Awourneen*, or *avourneen*—my dear. *Moneen*—a low, damp, boggy ground. *Mavrone*—my sorrow.

We have spelled the Irish terms introduced above chiefly by the sound, but at the same time as much as possible according to the true orthography. In the Irish cry, or keene, used at funerals in Connaught, the tune is generally raised with *Oh, ilow, ilow, low*.

* *Laaghy* (lábhac), Pleasant, agreeable, civil.

† Poor little Patrick.

reek in honour of a vow I made for the little girl, and never broke my fast till I came home again. Sure, when Jimminy had the *felloon*, didn't I bring him all the ways to Cong, to the Abbot, till he was touched with the blessed rag;* and didn't they all wear the scapular, and the gospels round their necks, till the day of their death. I went to my duty late and early, and said seven paters, seven aves, and a creed,† every Wednesday and Friday, in hopes that the Lord would be good to me, and look down upon my desolate condition. Cures! *Och, och; wirra, wirra.* Where's the use in talking; didn't I go to the fairy-man that's over in the Partrey Mountains, and bring home a bottle from him for Cormaceen; and never spoke to man or mortal while I was going and coming. Ochone, my darling; the angels be with you this night. Hadn't we a "knowledgeable woman" here in the house for a quarter, boiling herbs, and giving it to them to drink. Ochone; 'tis the many, and a many's the cure we got, but all to no purpose. They war to go, and what is to be must be—the Lord be with them. Och! *mida-musha*, cures!"

How long she might have recited the various cures and charms employed, it would be difficult to say, when the traveller interrupted her with, "Oh, then, did nobody ever tell you the real rason of their going. Little business you had looking for cures, and going to the doctors, when the ground you're standing on isn't right. Isn't the house you're living in built on the track of the good people, and how could ye expect luck nor grace after crossing them the way ye've done. Take my advice, Honor Donnelly, and change the house you're living in out of this, and I'll go bail you'll lose no more of your children. Didn't you

ever hear tell of the man in Innis Turk, that built a new house, and had as fine a family of children as ever stood on a floor, or gathered round a skieh, and weren't they all taken away from him, one after the other, till the five of them were gone? Well, at long run, after the last of them was taken away, he was getting up one fine morning in May, to look after a sick cow he had, and when he opened the street door he saw a strange-looking man, with a great crowd of people after him, coming up to the house, and he thought it might be the peelers; so he ran back to hide a little keg of pot-teen he had, but before he had time to turn on the floor, a little old man came into the house and told him not to be anyways daunted, for that they were only the fairies. 'Now, Peter Toole,' says he, 'if you take my advice, you'll knock down this house, that is in the way of the gentry, and when you have removed it to the other side of the boreen you'll get your children back again: so don't be frickened.' He said no more, but walked away, and left Peter Toole thinking and dreaming all day.

"At last he did as he was desired, and knocked down the house, and sign is on him, he got his reward: for one morning, very early, he heard some one knocking at the door of the new house, and when he opened it, there was the same old man, with the five children with him, just at the same ages as when they were taken away. 'Here are your children,' says the man, 'and never let them be late out at night, and don't allow your wife to throw out the ashes early in the morning; and when any of the cows does be calving, put a gad in their ears, and I'll engage no ill luck will come next or nigh them.'"

* The *phuilla ree* was a bit of linen, believed to be marked with the blood of the Martyr, possessed by the late Rev. P. Prendergast, generally styled Abbot of Cong. It was supposed to cure scrofulous diseases, and numbers flocked to him to be touched with it. We have seen it, when a boy, in the possession of the venerable old man, who generally kept it along with the two celebrated relics, now in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy—the crozier, or cross of Cong, and the shrine of the *Fiacail Phadroig*. This miracle-working rag passed into the possession of the Prendergasts, of Ballindangan, county Mayo.

† We are in the habit of sneering at the wordy repetitions and oft-repeated prayers of the truly religious Irish peasant:—Is not the Lord's Prayer repeated every Sunday by the Church of England Protestants at least nine times?

POETRY AND ITS SUBSTITUTES.

O Phœbus! and is it my fate to read through
 All those horrible books I've been sent to review?
 The "pamphlets," and "poems," and "sermons," and stuff,
 With the pithy instructions, "Dear Sir, please to puff?"
 Well! well! was one ever so fiercely attacked
 With "plays" that won't play, and with "acts" that won't act.
 With fearful "Disclosures" that nothing disclose—
 With verse that's not verse, and with prose that's not prose;
 With dark "Revelations" too dark to reveal;
 "Thoughts in favour of Union," that lead to repeal;
 "Proofs of Antichrist"—proving this fact at the least,
 That the author, if not the poor Pope, is the "*Beast*:"
 "Common Sense" running riot, and growing delirious,
 And "Mysteries," with nothing about them mysterious,
 Except—if this one little hint may be hinted,
 The very great mystery how they were printed;
 Then the "Guide Books" so dexterously made to mislead,
 And the "Readings in Science" that no one can read;
 The "Screw Loose," by a gentleman pleasantly screwed,
 And the "Hints upon Etiquette," shockingly rude;
 And "The Garden," with margins bedizened and bordered;
 And "The Beauty of Order," that never is ordered;
 And "preludes" that never find lips to begin them;
 And "novels" without any novelty in them;
 And "bills" with weak heads, and long "tales" without ends;
 And "Man's enemy tamed," by a circle of friends;
 And "Lord Manners new dressed," by a couple of Pegs;
 And "The Pigeon walked into," by two pair of *Legs*;
 And "The Plea of the worthless," that's scarcely worth pleading;
 And "The Students unwigged," an *un-called-for* proceeding;
 And "The Belle of the Season" that's never in season;
 And "The Bondsman" unfettered by rhyme or by reason;
 And "The Sceptic soon answered," that doubles each doubt of us;
 And "The Hope that is in us," that *can't* get cash *out* of us;
 And other such drivelling twaddle and trash,
 Of which I'm to make a respectable hash!—
 Why, not Soyer himself——

But, no, we must not let our indignation and disappointment carry us the length of doing injustice to the character of that great man. He, and he alone, had he turned his stupendous powers to the subject, could have presented an unctuous and savoury dish to the reader, out of the unpromising and unsubstantial materials that have been placed before us. Nevertheless, we must even try what *we* can do. Without being able to procure many (if any) of the delicacies of the season—if such there be—or even the

good, coarse, homely fare of our fathers, much cannot be expected from us. In these days of novel esculents, all that may be required of us to do is, to show what are the miserable makeshifts and substitutes of Poetry, which those persons who indulge in that luxury, have to put up with at present. We throw our eye over the goodly array of prettily-bound and beautifully-printed volumes on our table, in some doubt as to which we shall give the honour of precedence. There is something irresistibly attractive about that thin

little volume with the emerald green cover,* so we shall hesitate no longer. With this delicate morsel, oh, reader, must thou commence the critical banquet we have prepared for thee. Thou and we are doubly fortunate. An Aldine edition of the poems of a lady! What a combination of attractions. In those lenten days in which we write, the luxury is too great. Mr. Pickering's volumes, in size, in shape, in type, in paper, in every respect, have been always to us the very ideal of the manner in which we would wish all our favourite poets "from many

lands" to appear. They are, however, so elegant, and have such a classical look about them, that we could wish no poetry but that of the highest order could ever be met with in them. An Aldine edition, in our mind, should be at the same time, the evidence, as well as the reward of merit alone. How our fair friend "Emily" has earned that honour, the reader shall now see. The first "poem" in this volume is a loyal address "To Victoria, Queen of Great Britain," which commences thus:—

" All hail thee, gracious Lady! star of our little land!
The free-born sons of Britain—a brave unfettered band."

This fact being stated with the simplicity and conciseness that characte-

rise true genius, the fair poet and panegyrist thus logically continues:—

" Yes, yes: the British nation is a noble *bonny* thing,
Her sons to majesty and might with trustful homage cling."

The rapidity with which "Emily" makes up her mind as to the character of the British nation upon the strength of the reasons given in her first couplet, is admirably expressed by the abrupt "yes, yes," with which our second quotation begins. Dull and shortsighted critics might object to the introduction of the word *bonny*, as being not quite adapted to the greatness of the subject. Not so do we. It is, in fact, the key of the entire poem: "Emily" desiring to denounce the revolutionary tendencies of the age, and to act as a sort of special constable in poetry and petticoats! pays a well-merited compliment to the loyalty of the "British nation." But the question arises, what is the British nation? "Emily" says it is "a noble, *bonny* thing." Now, we insist that

Emily is here a sly satirist, and by those adjectives limits her praise to England and Scotland, and deprives Ireland of the benefit of the compliment. We all know from the *Times*, and other modest and veracious journals, that no people on the face of the earth, but the English, is entitled to the epithet "noble": and, then, "*bonny*" at once proclaims the locality to which it alone can refer. If Ireland were meant to be included, some unmistakeable adjective, expressive of "that part of the empire," would certainly have been used. We would humbly suggest either "*starving*," "*hungry*," or "*wretched*," which a poet of Emily's command over rhythm would easily introduce into her poem; the line would then probably read thus:—

" Yes, the British nation is a noble, *bonny*, *hungry* thing."

Farther on in the poem, "Emily" compliments her Majesty on the *largeness* of her heart, bids her be of good

cheer, and renews her praise of the "*noble bonny thing*"—the British nation:—

" Fear not, bright Queen of England! let no shade nor sorrow dwell
Upon the *ocean* of thine heart: we love thee much too well.
We *are* a goodly people, and we have a goodly Queen,
And we'll uphold her on her throne right royally, I ween."

* "Fugitive Poems." By Emily. London: William Pickering.

Emily, however, does not confine her observations to mere domestic politics. Her pride and security as one of the goodly people aforesaid, do not prevent her feeling commiseration for the fate of the Citizen King. Without any experience of evil herself, still, like Dido, our fair poetess burns to succour the distressed. The vicissitudes of life, and the instability of fortune were never more strongly exemplified than in the career of Louis Philippe. It was a great subject, worthy of the peculiar powers of our authoress, and wonderfully has she availed herself of it. We give this original and remarkable production in its entirety :—

“ LOUIS PHILIPPE.

“ The Monarch’s heart beats high,
All bends beneath his rod ;
Earth holds no *dynasty*
More proud than his *Synod* ! ! !

“ Power, wealth, is at command,
Might reigns around his throne :
Alike in every land
His sovereignty is known.

“ His ships sail on the sea,
His tall flag woos the wind,
The ablest king is he
Of all proud human-kind.

“ His counsellors are wise,
His trumpet sounds, and then
Full suddenly arise
Four hundred thousand men.

“ A storm lowers in the sky,
Dissenting lightnings play,
Rebellion’s voice grows high,
The Crown has passed away.

“ Where is the man of state ?—
A fugitive unknown,
With Barrot at his gate,
Lamartine by his throne.”

This the reader will admit to be a gem of purest ray serene, which must put “ Belshazzar’s feast” for ever in the shade. The first line, more graphically than even the most graphic sketch of Richard Doyle, puts the *ci-devant* monarch before the eye of the reader, in all his pride of power. The second line—

“ All bends beneath his rod,”

is another instance of Emily’s power

of shadowing forth a deeper meaning than appears upon the surface. Other monarchs are represented as wielding the sceptre—Louis Philippe, the *rod*—emblematic of his early application to the duties of a schoolmaster. Thus, in two lines, and by the introduction of one happy word, the entire past life of the hero is given. The next two lines are unrivalled, for the striking effect which a novel and unexpected mode of pronunciation adds even to a couplet, so well balanced and so clearly expressed as this—

“ Earth holds no dynasty
More proud than his *synod*.”

After this, Keats’s magnificent termination to the Sonnet on Chapman’s Homer—

“ Silent upon a peak in Darien,”

need be quoted no longer. We cannot stop to admire the peculiarity which is attributed to French ships, namely, of sailing “ on the sea”—and the fact of the national flag of France wooing “ the wind” when it is unfurled; nor even the “ *dissenting* lightnings,” which are represented as playing round the tottering throne of the barricades. We must hasten to the end—

“ Where is the man of state ?—
A fugitive unknown,
With Barrot at his gate,
Lamartine by his throne.”

Oh ! climax of all possible evils—

“ With Barrot at his gate,
Lamartine by his throne !”

What more can be added ? Further analysis is useless. Our readers will join with us in paying the tribute of our tears to the unfortunate subject and *author* of this incomparable ode.

It would be unfair to “ Emily” to allow the reader to suppose, that even in those stirring times she cannot withdraw her mind from public questions, and indulge in those fancies and tastes which poets, “ who,” as Moore says, “ were born in happier hours,” are supposed to enjoy. At page 9 “ Emily” informs the world how she

would particularly wish to spend the night—

“Far out upon the billow
My lone *canoe* and I,
The wild wave for a pillow,
The sea-mew glancing nigh.

“Commend me to the moonlight,
With a bark upon the sea,
The tranquil, happy moonlight,
That is the *time* for me!”

“Emily” is evidently fond of the sea. In a poem, page 18, called, “Sombrerō,” the following fine picture of the ocean is given :—

“When sweeps the wildly raging sea,
By the far *shores* of *Carribbee*,
There is a barren, *lonely* rock,
That echoes to the billow's shock.
It seems a spot at random hurled,
A speck upon the watery world,
A blot upon the ocean wide,
That woos the sea-bird for its bride.
Where proudly dash with *frenzy* frantic
The bold waves of the broad *Atlantic*!”

The reader may think we have spent too much time in breaking this butterfly on the wheel. Let them hear the threat with which “Emily” concludes her volume, and he will be of a very different opinion. Here it is—

“CONCLUSION.

“We have been friends of old, my papers, I and ye,
We have trudged along together through joy and misery:
And now an unbefriended book, I launch *ye* on the world,
To meet the scorn and irony that may at it be hurled:
Yet go away, my little book, and tell the courteous men,
Who smile at thy simplicity, thou'rt from a youthful pen,
That perchance may please them better *if they let it write again.*”

Ah! no, dear Emily, do not do anything so dreadful. Work Berlin wool, attempt *crochet*, knit purses, mend stockings; the easiest and idlest of these occupations will be a profitable and praiseworthy expenditure of labour and time, compared with *that*.

The transition from green to blue being the most natural, we take up, at a venture, this second pretty-looking volume, bound in cloth, of the latter graceful colour. As we live! another Aldine, and another Lady!*—“Thoughts and Meditations in Verse. By a Young Lady of the Hebrew Faith.”—Well, there is something novel and attractive about this, at any rate. The Harp of Sion we feared had as little chance of being heard again on earth as the Harp of Tara. Let us see whether the “Maid of Judah” has any claim to being put upon a level with the “Minstrel Boy.” Like our fair friend “Emily,” the young lady of the Hebrew faith has had her mind very much occupied with the state of France during the past year. Her hero, however, is not Louis

Philippe, but Lamartine, to whose praise about a quarter of the volume is given. The first poem is addressed to him, and must, doubtless, have given great consolation to that philanthropic statesman. She promises him “a brilliant immortality,” and continues :—

“Thou dost, in truth, a model seem
Of all that's noble, wise, and good.”

Although she candidly acknowledges to him—

“Such excellence as thine, by few
Will be acknowledged, or understood.”

Further on she gives the object of her laudation the following piece of novel information—

“Thy gifted brain hath oft produced
Works intellectual and profound”

She then continues, and concludes with the following correct and subdued image—

* “Thoughts and Meditations in Verse.” By a Young Lady of the Hebrew Faith. London: William Pickering.

"Thy sphere is distant far from mine,
 Although thy radiance lights us
 here;
 Thou may'st be likened to a star,
 Amid thick darkness shining clear.
 As pilgrims oft in ancient times,
 Travelled to many a sacred shrine,
 I'd journey far to gaze on thee,
Bright image of our God divine!!!

Her admiration of Lamartine, however, does not render her indifferent to the misfortunes of the exiled royal family. How touching and conclusive is this

"LAMENT OF
 THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.

"My power and influence are gone!
 Obscure, too, is my dawning fame;
 No opportunity is left
 To win a high distinguished name.
 In my imagination once
 How bright and fair the future
 shone!
 I dreamt not my long-cherished plans
 Would be so suddenly o'erthrown."

The ingratitude of France, however, pains him more than anything else. "Ungrateful France," he continues, "so cruelly

"To banish thy delightful land,
 Those who to thy *real interests*
 Would have devoted heart and hand."

Little did she know of the anxious days and sleepless nights that the prince, and all his family, spent in devising plans for her glory and welfare. Mildly, but reproachfully, he says—

"Thou wert our study constantly;
 Nor did our efforts ever cease
 Thy vast dominions to extend—
 Thy rich possessions to increase."

"Had I remained," he says modestly—

"Thy mighty power
 Should have filled all the world with
 fear;
 Fresh glory thou should'st have acquired,
 By conquest each succeeding year."

Well for England, however, fate interposed, and prevented the fulfilment of the prince's intentions. "I had resolved," he says—

"Britannia proud
 No more should boast to rule the sea,
 And that *all* nations unto France
 Should *only* tributary be!"

Like Byron's, Joinville's "Curse" shall be forgiveness. "Still," he touchingly continues—

"Though my family are deprived
 By thee, of wealth, rank, home, and
 friends,
 A thousand blessings from this shore,
 My patriotic bosom sends."

He would not revenge their injuries "to be the monarch of the world,"—feels his breast still burn "with triumph" at the sight of the French flag—promises his valuable assistance when France his "services shall need"; and concludes—

"Impatiently my spirit yearns
 To tread thy glorious soil once more;
 I live supported by the hope,
 Time will this precious boon restore."

The truth must be told. The young lady of the Hebrew faith has lost whatever little faith she once possessed in the capacity of the French people for freedom since Lamartine's removal from office. In a poem addressed "*To France Torn by Civil War*," she states this plainly, and for this reason—

"While Lamartine your reins did guide,
 Some hope upon the future shone;
 Now that you've cast his aid aside,
 Deep gloom is o'er your prospects
 thrown."—p. 101.

Speaking of the hopes that some sanguine persons had in the revolution, she says—

"Your friends had hoped for better
 things;
Who that your lofty language heard,
 Would have believed, ye fickle beings!
 Such passions in your bosoms
 stirr'd?"

The novelty of being obliged to pronounce "*beings*," in the third line, as *bing*s, to rhyme with *things*, in the first, is, perhaps, only to be equalled

by the reason assigned in the second line for expecting steadiness and consistency of purpose in the people of France. They are, however, punished for their fickleness, by being compelled to accept the iron rule of Cavaignac for the mild sway of Lamartine. Still this will not quiet this turbulent people, according to the young Hebrew lady; for, continuing her address to France, she says—

“ But much, I fear, when icy death
Has with its terrors chill'd your rage,
You will just pause to gather breath,
And then again in fight engage ! ”

This “ resurrection of the body,” for the purposes of mortal combat, shows clearly that the French are even a still more *lively* people than they got credit for ; and it is certainly the most singular attribute of theirs that has come under our notice. It more than realises the exploit of Ariosto's hero—

“ Andava combatando ed era morto.”

If our space permitted, we would wish to give the lines to Lord John Russell in full. We must, however, make room for a stanza or two :—

“ Honour be given to thee, Lord John,
With truest wisdom thou'st *behaved* ;
Thy firm but moderate conduct has
England from fearful evils saved.
Thy calm undaunted attitude,
While it the discontented awed,
Did not provoke them to rebel—
Such measures all men must applaud.
I know thou hast a noble soul,
By kind and just emotions moved ;
That thou art fitted to command
The late events have fully proved.
How peaceful must thy feelings be,
How must thy generous heart exult ?
That by forbearance thou hast quelled
The threatened riot and tumult” ! ! !

This rhyme “ *tumult*,” though by

no means so daring or original as Emily's “ *Synod*,” still is not without considerable merit, and gives great promise of future excellence in that direction, if the young lady will only persevere in writing and publishing such verse. We must pass over a great deal in this address to the premier, to make room for what appears to us to have first suggested to Lord John the lucky idea of the “ Rate in aid.” Landlords of Ireland, the Young Lady of the Hebrew Faith “ has done it all ” :—

“ Apply thy mighty intellect,
The labourer's sufferings to assuage,
Let the condition of the poor
Thy deep and earnest care engage.
Legislate not for wealth alone,
The rich their own rights can protect,
'Tis shameful, th' interests of the poor
Statesmen should scornfully neglect.
Prove that thou art superior
To policy so mean and base :
And sympathise with poverty,
Though of a lofty ancient race.
By acts benevolent and just,
Thou may'st a reputation gain,
Which will to all posterity
A beacon-light and guide remain.”

—p. 50.

The author of *Coningsby*, as might be expected, is an especial favourite of our poetess ; and with the lines addressed to him we shall take leave of the “ Young Lady of the Hebrew Faith ;” assuring her on the faith of a Christian, that we sincerely believe her to be a charming, intelligent, good-natured, dark-eyed daughter of Israel, but without the faintest shadow of a vocation for the divine art of poetry, whatever her affectionate and worthy mother—for whom, we are told, the volume was written—may think to the contrary :—

“ TO BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, ESQ., M.P.

“ Dare I, indeed, attempt to sing of thee ?
Thou brilliant orator and sparkling wit !
I write thy name in truth all tremblingly,
For through my brain bright vivid memories flit
Of those streams of sarcastic irony,
Thou in the senate house hast oft times launched
At all whose sentiments did not agree,
With aught thy firm and vigorous mind advanced ! !
But with these recollections others blend
More sweet and lofty : I with joy recall
Those glowing works, whose fame can never end,
But must, while time endures, all hearts enthrall.

My spirit glances o'er forthcoming years,
 And prophecies for thee a splendid fate;
 Thine intellect that so profound appears,
 Will thee to highest honours elevate.
 Yes! 'midst thy sov'reign's counsellors thou'lt sit,
 Thy country's destinies assist to guide;
 Gaining fresh laurels, statesman, poet, and wit,
 In a career to thee as yet untried."—p. 115.

Having thus [consigned two such charming young ladies to the Limbo of lost (poetical) reputations, with a want of mercy and gallantry that must have turned the hearts of many a fair reader against us, we must now endeavour to procure them some male companion for that long and dreary journey, whose ponderous pretension, and incomprehensible jargon, may prepare them for the cimmerian darkness and unintelligible dialect of that dismal region. What is this thin-looking Tennysonian volume about the size of "The Princess?"*

There is something about the sober colour of the cloth in which it is bound, that bespeaks extreme confidence. As if in its contempt of external gilding and garish decoration, it proclaimed, "There is something in *this* that passeth show":—*Revelations of Life, and other Poems, by John Edmund Reade*. Such, oh, reader, is THE WORK and THE MAN: with the latter we have to renew an acquaintance of some ten years' standing; with the for-

mer we have considered it our duty to get on as familiar terms as the conscientious reading and re-reading of the "Revelations" and the "Poems" would permit. Our opinion of this volume, and of the pretensions of the author to be considered a POET, are so unfavourable, and so completely different from the conclusions that it is evident Mr. Reade himself has come to on the subject, that we have bestowed more than ordinary attention on this work, with the view of discovering what there was in it, either in composition or execution, that could possibly have given grounds for the egregious self-complacency of the writer, as is exemplified in many passages. On the fly-leaf of the volume before us, we perceived that Mr. Reade has already published six other works, five of which purport to be in verse. Although diligent book-threshers, stall-searchers, and review-readers, we do not recall to mind anything of any of these books, but the "Italy":—

"We here evoke the shadow of THE WAS"!!

(to borrow one of the most remarkable lines in his present poem, p. 44), which, along with two other of Mr. Reade's "Poems," was reviewed in the number of this Magazine for June, 1839.† The impression left on our mind by that notice *was*, that it was an industrious and obliging reproduction of the fourth canto of Childe Harold—the poetry and harmony of the original being carefully omitted. However that may have been, we will not now stop to inquire. Whenever the public demand a complete re-issue of Mr. Reade's books, we shall be content to return to the subject. We have at present to do with the "Revelations," which, we regret to say, bear the same

unfortunate resemblance to the "Excursion" of Mr. Wordsworth, as the former work did to the masterpiece of Lord Byron. Why Mr. Reade should have considered it necessary to have introduced his "Pastor," "Enthusiast," and "Fatalist" to the world, sitting on eternal "granite" benches, and holding "imaginary conversations" that would have puzzled Savage Landor himself, we cannot discover, except that he may have imagined Mr. Wordsworth's "Pastor," "Wanderer," and "Solitary," had omitted many important topics, which he felt it his vocation to supply. Had the new matter (supposing it to be such) retained any portion,

* "Revelations of Life, and other Poems." By John Edmund Reade. London: 1848.

† Dublin University Magazine, vol. xiii. p. 727.

however small, of the simplicity or elevation of the old, we would be slow to object to "more last words" from Mr. Wordsworth *per* Mr. Reade. Not being able to find either of these attributes; being equally unsuccessful in discovering any other quality that would compensate for their absence; finding neither originality of conception nor felicity of execution, we must be excused from conceding to Mr. Reade, or his work, the position which, in his introduction, he seems to claim for both. It is painful to write thus of a man who is evidently well-intentioned, and who is actuated by a lofty and a laudable ambition. But when upon a careful perusal and reperusal of his work, we find no single passage which we for a moment could think of quoting, except for its singularity or affectation; when we find no new truth uttered, and no old one repeated with a happy novelty, or even a common heartiness of expression, there is nothing for an honest and unprejudiced critic to do, but to pronounce his opinion, and to place before the reader some materials on which he may be able to come to a decision for himself.

In the first place, we utterly abhor, denounce, and abjure that slip-slop combination of words, which it has been the fashion for some years to present to the world, under the much-abused name of *blank verse*. "Prose run mad," was the happy epithet applied by a wit of a former age, to the poor imitations of this noble metre, which were then attempted to be palmed upon the world, and would still apply, if it were not almost as difficult to reduce the composition of which we speak, to correct prose, as it is to raise them to the elevation of tolerable verse. The simplicity and

directness of the former is sacrificed, without any of the harmony or felicity of the latter being obtained. And thus we have sentence after sentence, so involved in construction, with so many forced and unnatural inflections and transpositions, and so chopped up into lines more or less nearly approaching to the regularity of ten syllables, that the sense (if any) is utterly lost, and we find ourselves only smiling at the monomania of the author, who all the while believes that he is actually writing blank verse! How or when this mongrel sort of versification crept in, it is not easy to determine. There is a foreshadowing of it in Cowper, though most amply redeemed; and in the great cycle of poets that has just passed away, we find it occasionally in all, perhaps with the exception of Coleridge and Shelley. The blank verse of Byron's dramas is far from being perfect. Southey's epics are for ever buried beneath the weight of their own words. The metre of Roger's "Italy" is as perfect as that of "Paradise Lost," but on so low a key as to be scarcely audible; while even Wordsworth himself too often forgets the conciseness, felicity, and melody that are so apparent in most of his sonnets. We are sorry to find that Mr. Tennyson, also, in his lately published poem of "The Princess" has fallen into the same unmeaning and unmusical prosiness of versification, unworthy of one who has so many times "chanted a melody wild and sweet." These men were, however, all Poets, who, though they could be "harsh" and "crabbed" occasionally, could also be "as musical as is Apollo's lute." But what shall we say to such lines as the following, and of such, and no better, is the staple of this book made up:—

"The Fatalist replied not, but advanced
To the Enthusiast, returning: 'Sir
Gratitude deeper than we pay we owe you.
Priceless spiritual revealments are.
And you have delved the *soul roots* of the man
Creature of *impulse* and of art, traced through
Phases of being, glorified by lights
Create within him, till again declined
To reverential childhood.'"—p. 38.

Now, in this short extract, we have a specimen of most of the defects of which we complain in this book. The abruptness with which "Sir" termi-

nates a line, and begins a sentence, to us, at least, has a very forced, if not comical appearance.

"Priceless spiritual revealments are,"

can only be equalled by other lines, constructed on similar principles, which are to be met with throughout the "Revelations;" such as—

"Even so our *impresses*
Discords and melodies inwoven are."
—p. 7.

Not to talk of *impresses*, which is one of Mr. Reade's pet words, we ask why this last line could not be written simply—

"Are discords and inwoven melodies?"
Or,

"Are discords and melodies inwoven."
The verse would be as good, and the grammar far better. Again, he says even more obscurely—

"We breath-dependents are, whose name is change."—p. 74.

And of another kind—

"The mantle dropped of prophecy."
—p. 175.

Or—

"Thy altar place of opening life, and grave"—p. 163.

"Fountain of Joy! that overflows thine urn,
Wakening to *motive* being life that else
Were chaos; or *create*, or *uncreate*,
Save by the presence."—p. 10.

At p. 13 we have—

"By melody or motion *half-create*."

At p. 38 we have it again in the passage already given. At p. 73 "thought"

"I knelt down as I poured my spirit forth by that gray gate,
In the fulness of my gratitude, because I was *create*."

Of the words *pulse*, *impulsing*, *impulsive*, they occur so often that it would be impossible to enumerate the instances. In a poem of ninety-four pages

"We breath-dependents are, whose name is change;
Our liberty is tree-like, blossoming
In thoughts or deeds: earth-rooted, fed by air,
Impulsed by *motive*, calm or *restless still*."—p. 74.

We must pass over the iteration of such words as *gravite*, *sublimated*,

Or, again—

"Like the shroud of futurity and tomb."
—p. 114.

We take these passages almost at random, as we turn over the leaves, and could add many others to them if necessary. Our space, however, will only permit us to touch on this peculiarity of Mr. Reade's style, as we have two or three still more glaring instances of affected phraseology and bad taste to notice. Of the first of these, perhaps, the use of the word *create*, for *created*, is the most singular, and the least excusable. Next to *create*, the word *impulsive* and its derivatives seem to be the favourites. We shall give a few instances of both. Our first extract gives the two together—

"The truthful and *impulsive* is outlived;
A new and restless spirit is *create*."
—p. 4.

At page 10 we have it again in two shapes, as well as another word, *motive*, which nearly rivals *impulsive* in the estimation of our author. Addressing SIGHT (which Mr. Reade calls "*ingenerate essence*", p. 10; "*pure intermediate*," in which the Deity, "*comate self-pulsing Being!*" exists, p. 11) he writes—

is called "*memory-create*." At pp. 139, 154, we see it again; while, perhaps, the climax of the entire is the couplet, p. 158:—

we have marked them as occurring forty-six times at the least. We shall only give one example:—

nether, &c., to come to a few definitions of Mr. Reade, and one other

form of expression, which, from its frequent repetition, has rather a comical effect. At p. 49, existence is called "a *fluxion*, ever growing, becoming never." At p. 50, remorse is styled "the pulse of early memories." At p. 55, he feels that "death is life, to be absorbed in the eternal *flux*" round him. At p. 88, death is termed "the uncompromising real, which dreamers mourn," &c. &c.

The other expression to which we allude is the use of the word "*thing*" by all the characters in the poem. The Enthusiast, at p. 18, sought "to be a *thing* of wings and light." At p. 19, he "grew up a *thing* of impulses." In the same page he became "a *thing* even God approved." At p. 24 he "entered in the world, a *thing* of nerves." At p. 78, the Pastor says he is "a moving *thing*, on all dependent I." At p. 86 another character "became a *thing* of hearing;" while Mr. Reade himself concludes this history, "*de natura rerum*," by confessing that—

"A *thing* of nature he became."

We regret that the "other Poems," which fill half of Mr. Reade's book, please us still less than even his "Revelations." We often find toward the end of a volume, the principal portion of which is filled by some elaborate, but unsuccessful, attempt at the tale, the epic, or the drama—a sweet little warbling of natural song, which seems almost to have escaped the singer unawares, and which looks as if it were put in for the sake of filling a page, rather than for any intrinsic merits of its own. It is in these little poems that the heart of a true poet speaks. They are thrown off at intervals without premeditation, and almost without effort. An irresistible impulse (to borrow Mr. Reade's phrase) compels him to sing: subject, rhythm, and sentiment, are born at the one moment; and thus often in nearly as short a time as we have been describing it an immortal lyric is created. In Mr. Reade's "other poems," there is nothing of the kind; in fact, his rhymed verse is worse than his unrhymed, as two or three examples will prove. In the first the rhyme seems to have been suggested by Captain Cuttle—

"Mary's hand with mine was *twined*;
In that touch our spirits *joined*."
—p. 116.

In the same page the jingling of *I* and *Y*, &c., is very displeasing:—

"I should not feel content, if *I*
Left this sweet butterfly to *lie*
Exposed to every passer *by*
Beneath the cold and open *sky*!"

Which, however, is surpassed by the *we* in the next quotation:—

"I wish the weary walk *were* done,
That *we* could reach that tiresome tide
We hear, but do not see!
It seems that miles away are *we*;
As if there *we* should never be:
A moment more, *we* stood beside
The everlasting sea!"—p. 120.

Having given so much of Mr. Reade's "poetry," the reader may be curious to see a little of his acknowledged "prose." We take the following specimen from the notes, p. 183:—

"Dartmoor opens the exact reverse. Here, leaving fertile uniformity behind us, we enter abruptly into unenclosed wastes, into an ocean of glens—they resemble nothing else—but an ocean entempered, heaving into mountainous fluctuations: each hollow is haunted with the ghosts of old tradition. While on each loftiest top, whiten those granite altar places, which from their altitudes alone, divested of traditions that Time has rendered holy, assume from their desolation and loneliness a pronounced sublimity."

And again:—

"It must, however, be conceded that Nature here demands the whole man: one to whom her russet weeds and holiday garb are alike welcome; to whom her frowns and smiles have an expression, alike understood. For here the beautiful unfolds itself occasionally in veins of the richest and brightest gold, buried rather than hidden, among the sternest forms of a repelling sublimity and desolation."

This, the reader will recollect is Mr. Reade's *prose*. Now, let us see whether, without the omission or introduction of a single word, we cannot make as good verse out of this, as any to be met with either in the "Revelations" or the "other Poems":—

" Dartmoor opens the exact reverse ;
 Here, leaving fertile uniformity
 Behind us, we abruptly enter into
 Wastes uninclosed, into an o-ce-an
 Of glens—they nothing else resemble—
 But to an o-ce-an entempered,
 Into mountainous fluctuations heaving.
 Each hollow with the ghosts of old tradition
 Is haunted ; while on each loftiest top
 Whiten those granite altar-places which,
 From their altitudes alone, divested
 Of traditions, Time has rendered holy—
 From their loneliness and desolation,
 A pronounced sublimity assume !"

Or this, which is still better :—

" It must, however, be conceded that
 Nature demands the whole man here, to whom
 Her russet weeds and holiday attire
 Alike are welcome : one to whom her frowns
 And smiles have an expression, alike
 Understood ; for here the beautiful
 Unfolds itself occasionally in veins
 Of the richest and the brightest gold."

Here is a specimen of prose " done into verse," which, we repeat is as good poetry as anything in this book which Mr. Reade prints as such. As we have already said, we would not notice this volume at the length, or with the severity that we have done,

but for the singular vanity and self-complacency of several passages. Will it be believed that Mr. Reade has had the boldness to promise a sure immortality for his verse, in language scarcely less confident than that used by Shakspeare, in his 55th sonnet :—

" Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive *this powerful rhyme.*"

Thus prophesies the immortal bard. Mr. Reade, in his passion for imitating everything, must, of course imi-

tate this : so we have the following, in his " Final Lines on Doubting Sheep-state," p. 170 :—

" Life is oblivion, hope, its sigh suppressed :
 Let the great mystery in darkness rest,
 So child-like, I be gathered to thy breast !
 Or in thyself, or in the universe
 Thy visible thought : and be *this lasting verse !*
 Record of him whose spirit Thou didst nurse."

In his introductory address " To the Spirit of the Age," he makes his claim with equal confidence and modesty. But we must have done. We shall only add, that Mr. Reade has given the best criticism that could possibly be given of his poem, and the best epitaph on himself. Of the former, we would say with him, " Life's" (meaning "*The Revelations of*")—

" Life's unintelligible plan
 Was *magnified by words* that threw
 Substantial darkness o'er the obscure."

And of the poet himself—

" Men, gazing, *latent meanings guessed,*
 And raised the poet o'er his crew :
 He wiser, to the few confessed
 The failure that he felt and knew."
 —p. 112.

After this great effort, we must refresh ourselves with those two or three pretty pamphlet-looking books in paper covers.* Alas! alas! how bitterly we lament our not being a field-marshal, or commander-in-chief, to visit our next two " poets" with exemplary

* " Othello Doomed," &c. By One in the Ranks. Dublin, 1849. " National Lyrics," &c. By a British Soldier. Dublin. " Return again Whittington," &c. London, 1848.

chastisement for such prose and poetry as the following. Without promoting

them, we would certainly inflict *corporal* punishment upon them:—

(*Poetry*—"By One in the Ranks.")

"Death is a grimly *car*, bitter with paleness,
And cold to the very soul! It freezes
Thought: and all the wild enthusiasm
Of revolving life, curdles beneath his
Paw, stagnant and horrible! This is the
Unkind monster which makes man *fret about*
His soul, and sends him roving *through a*
Wilderness of theology, as a
Penance for his existence."—p. 37.

(*Prose*—"By One in the Ranks.")

"Life is not a distinct *inhabitant of shapes*, but a great united mass—a *fluid ocean of intensity*, surrounding our globe, having visible and invisible properties. It might be compared to one universal tree, budding prolifically *animal blossoms*; which wear for a time their summer leaves, then drop them down in withered thousands; while the tree original lives on, *multiplying samenesses*."—p. 100.

("A Lyric"—"By a British Soldier.")

"The immortal Sir Walter Scott has said,
'I ask, where is the man with soul so
dead,
Who returning home from some foreign
strand,
Hath not said, this is my dear native
land?'
And I, who sometimes sing my humble
song,
Would still the echo of his words pro-
long,
And further ask, what British heart
would yield
To Britain's foes the glories of the
field?"

This continuation of Scott's patriotic question is inimitable. Of the poems dedicated to the memory of that greatest man of our childhood—"Whittington, Lord Mayor of London"—we shall only say, that notwithstanding much puerility and immaturity, the simplicity and correct rhythm of several passages pleased us. Of these we may instance the following; the easy flow of which is in itself a great merit:—

"I LONG TO WANDER BY THAT BROOK.

"I long to wander by that brook
My youthful fancy ponder'd o'er,
And seek again the favourite nook
Which oft a boy, I sought before;

I sigh to climb my native hill,
To look abroad on nature's charms,
The aged spire, the distant mill,
On snowy cots and cultured farms!

"I long to see that kind old man,
With nut-brown face, and locks of
grey,
To win whose smiles I oftentimes ran,
And left my playmates and my play;
And while I leant upon his knee,
He spoke of many a foreign land.
Oh! how I wish once more to see
That goodly man, and press his
hand!

"I long to stray among the flowers,
Where bees and birds sing free and
glad,
For bright as sunshine between
showers,
Is nature's joy to hearts long sad:
So boyhood's home bursts on the sight,
Of him who has known homeless
years,
And vivid visions, young and bright,
Repay the wanderer for his tears."
—p. 56.

Happy for the poet whose better fortune it is to come next before our critical eye, at a moment when we feel ourselves softly melting into a more merciful mood. The bright rosy colour of this volume,* like the dawn of a new day, shines hopefully upon us, auguring better things, we trust, than the unsubstantial phantoms that have detained us so long. This volume is so prettily got up, and the author's verse wanders occasionally so near the enchanted realm of poesy, as to carry away now and then upon its surface, some beautiful shadows reflected from that wonderful region (although we cannot admit it to be in itself one of those everlasting streams—

* "Poems." By Thomas John Ouseley. London and Shrewsbury, 1849.

"That water the greenland of dreams,
The holy land of song"),

that we are more disappointed, than if we found less to praise, and more to censure. Mr. Ouseley's volume contains a variety of poems in various metres, some in blank verse, but the greater number in measures more or less nearly approaching the perfection of lyrical harmony and completeness. We think Mr. Ouseley's blank verse, on the whole, much better than his rhymed, and should he continue to write, we would strongly recommend him to use that form in preference to the other. The wonderful richness and novel melody of Shelley's lyrics have, it is quite plain, fascinated Mr. Ouseley, as they must every true disciple of poetry; and are, we think, the models which he has rather attempted to rival than to imitate. But his ear is either so radically defective, or his command of poetical language so limited, that no one lyric in this book is sustained from beginning to end, with an even and uniform dignity and harmony, according, at least, to what in our estimation, is the proper standard of elevation of thought, or sweetness of versification. The first poem in the volume is, perhaps, as favourable a specimen as we could select both of Mr. Ouseley's rhymed and blank verse. Indeed of the former, it is of a higher quality than usual, more equal in rhythm and fanciful in idea. We shall give it entire, italicising some of the passages that we condemn and admire:—

"THE ANGEL OF THE FLOWERS.

"She comes adown the pale blue depths
of heaven;
Above her head, an undimmed wreath
of light
Spans the deep ether dome. In either
hand
A vase of frosted silver, whence arise
Transparent clouds of incense. On
her head
A coronal of snow-drops, like gemm'd
tears
New fallen from sad-loving spirits'
eyes.
Her spotless wings, like sun-illuminated
snow,
Fan the ambrosial air, as *seedlings*
rise
In beauty infantine—spreads their
leaves

To catch the luscious sighs. She
gently comes,
To kiss her sister *MAY*,
Who, robed in hawthorn white,
Like a young fairy sprite,
Sings her enchanted lay,
The honeysuckle *bells*
The air with perfume *swells*;
And from the woodland spray
The songster's joy-notes trill,
As the low-whispering rill
Breathes forth its calming music *till*
the close of day.

"The beauteous pansies rise
In purple, gold and blue,
With tints of rainbow hue
Mocking the sunset skies;
The modest violets
Under the hedgerow *sets*,
Lift up their soft blue eyes;
And the meek daisies show,
Their breasts of *satin snow*,
Bedeck'd with *tiny stars* of gold
'mid perfume sighs.

"*Moon-dyed* primroses spread
Their leaves, her path to cheer,
As her step draweth near,
And the *bronzed* wall-flowers shed
Rich incense: *summer hours*
Are by the sweet bell-flowers
Ushered to life, and fed
By the young zephyr's *wing*,
Who elfin music ring,
Luring the bee from out their
thyme-wave fragrant bed.

"From their calm limpid cells
Fair Naiades arise,
With laughing, sunny eyes;
Casting their witching spells
The beauteous one to greet,
And lave her ivory feet.
At their bright crystal wells.
Young buds pout forth their leaves—
Earth a green garland weaves—
New life, and joy, from Nature's
lovely bosom *swells*.

"She comes with smiles upon her blush-
ing cheek—
With fragrance breathing from her
rosy lips;
A paragon of beauty—a desire—
An angel she of gladness." . . .

There is so much prettiness in this little piece that it is a pity a few defects—some of them violations of the simplest rules of English grammar—have been permitted to remain, which pain the eye, and jar upon the ear of the reader, and which are most fatal to the favourable appreciation of the poem. In the blank verse at the com-

mencement we have nothing to object to, except, perhaps, the word "*seedlings*," which after the "sun-illuminated snow," and the "ambrosial air," is rather prosaic, and savours somewhat of the bathos.

"The honeysuckle *bells*,
The air with perfume *swells*,"

is an instance of bad grammar that surprises us. We cannot understand why the "low whispering rill" is made to breathe its calm music only "till the close of day," and not after. In the second stanza, the lines about the pansy are very good, particularly the last—

"Mocking the sunset skies,"

which, along with presenting a good image to the mind, falls on our ear, at least, happily, and with good effect. The word "*sets*," in the next couplet, though correct, is so seldom used as to appear forced and pedantic. "*Satin snow*" is a bad compound, and neither word is applicable to the white of the daisy. The "stars of gold" in that flower are not "*tiny*"—they are, in fact, its "better half." To what "mid perfume sighs," in the end of this stanza, refers, we cannot clearly see. In the next verse "*moon-dyed*" is a good and unhackneyed epithet for the primrose. "*Bronzed wallflowers*," though equally new, is not so true to nature.

"Summer hours
Are by the sweet bell-flowers
Ushered to life,"

is poetry; but what a falling off in the next passage?—

"And fed
By the young zephyr's wing."

Now, though the *wing* of a fowl, roast or boiled, may be a very good thing, the *wing* of a zephyr would be rather unsubstantial fare even for a "sweet bell-flower." The flowers may have been fanned, or covered, or sheltered, or anything else within the power of wings to do, but it could not be *fed* by them.

The only other defect we shall point out is the faulty grammar in the last line of the last-rhymed stanza—

"New life and joy from nature's lovely
bosom *swells*."

These faults are so obvious, and so easily removed, that we must again express our surprise that the author has allowed them to remain. We would undertake in a quarter of an hour to weed every one of them out of the poem, and to leave it as good poetry as it is now.

We could go through the entire of Mr. Ouseley's volume, and almost in every poem point out the same beauties, and the same defects, if not worse. For, along with such grammar as—

"Waking *dreams*,
That o'er the wizard fancy *streams*
And *drives*," &c., p. 121,

we have such rhymes as "*morning*," and "*dawning*," (p. 13); "*gone*," and "*born*," (p. 150); "*doom*," and "*swoon*," (same page); and a hundred others, which have much more of *Ludgate Hill* than *Parnassus* about them; and less of the *Muses* than the *Minories*; but the task would be invidious and unnecessary. There are, however, two or three other stanzas which we have marked, that in their several ways are so remarkable that we must notice them. The first is taken from "A Dirge on S. T. Coleridge," p. 53. It must be premised that a favourite form of versification with Mr. Ouseley, is to begin and end every stanza of a poem with the same line, which has often a strange effect, as in the following instance:—

"Earth thou hast lost a *spark*!
Not of dull fire like thine own
Ætna's blaze,
But one immortal! *E'en the sun were dark*,
Clad in a robe of mist through night's
dim haze—
Compared to light like his—tremble—
ah, hark!
Earth thou hast lost a *spark!*"—p. 54.

We trust that Mr. Ouseley had too much respect for the lamented author of "*Christabel*" as to pun upon the word *spark*, though it reads dreadfully like it. There can, however, be no mistake about his eclipsing the sun. This passage nearly approaches the sublimity of the Young Hebrew Lady's "Bright image of our God divine."

Our author can, however, be as successfully the laureate of a living queen as of a dead poet, as the following remarkable stanzas will prove:—

“ THE CONTRAST.

[On the evening of the day on which the Queen prorogued parliament, she embarked at Woolwich for a continental tour. Her dress was plain, consisting of a purple-shot silk, a black satin mantle, and a straw cottage bonnet, trimmed with striped blue ribbon.—*Britannia.*]

I.

“ In the morning—in her pride,
With her nobles by her side;
On her head a jewelled crown,
Robed in gorgeous regal gown;
All her officers of state,
Round the royal presence wait,
Every eye, and every ear,
Attent the monarch's speech to hear.

II.

“ In the evening see her stand,
On her native British strand;
A plain dress of purple hue,
Cottage bonnet trimmed with blue;
Brow, where diamonds without flaw,
Glittered—sheltered now by straw.
“ How is she best loved, *I ween*,
As a woman, or a Queen ?”—p. 116.

In the first of these stanzas, the faculty of *hearing* being imparted to the *eye*, is perhaps the most remarkable feature. In the second, we ask—or rather (to use our author's phrase) we “*ween*,” why the “*black satin mantle*” and the “*purple shot silk*” were not immortalised as well as the straw bonnet “*trimmed with blue*.” To supply these important omissions, we descend from our critical throne, and take up the lyre. Let the reader judge between us and Mr. Ouseley:—

Being quite hard up for rhyme,
We forgot to say in time,
(Deuced hard to bring this *pat* in!)
That her mantle was “*black satin*”
Purple, too, the silk was *not*,
It was only “*purple shot* !”
When a bard describes a queen,
He should be exact, “*we ween* !”

We would not wish, however, to leave an unfavourable impression on the mind of the reader. This volume contains many very beautiful passages, a few of which we shall presently give. We must, nevertheless, repeat, that we do not consider Mr. Ouseley has as yet finished his apprenticeship to the art and mystery of the poet's craft. To obtain a place among the great living *masters*, he has something yet to learn and unlearn:—

From “*Heaven is Life*.”—p. 132:—

“ The moonbeam kisseth the pearly
brook,
The silver stream
Windeth through many a shady nook,
Even as a dream:
Brightly the water rippleth on—
LIFE is the stream.”

In the next line of this stanza—
“ Darkness her pall spreads—the light
is gone,” the flow of the metre is so broken, that the effect of the entire verse is nearly lost.

From “*Last Words*.”—p. 129:—

“ The garden flow'rets die,
Leaves fade—the rippling rivulets are
still;

Darkness o'erspreads the sky;
E'en birds have ceased their sweet me-
lodious trill;

Yet Spring will beautify,
And they return, for such is Nature's
will.

“ These will again renew,
The birds their songs, the trees their
leaves, the flowers

Bloom in their rainbow hue;
And silver streams, fed by the summer
showers,

Sing to the heaven's calm blue:
But these are not of us—they are not
ours.

Ours are the dearest ties:
Once fled, what voice the lost one can
recall?

In climes beyond the skies
The spirit soars too purified to fall:
Memory alone can rise
Upon the wings of love:—yes, that is
all.”

The broken but sweet melody of the following, though not breathed out as perfectly as we think it might, still pleases us very much. With the first and third stanzas of this poem, we shall take our leave of Mr. Ouseley's poems:—

“ THE BRIDE.

I.

“ See where she stands in beautiful
array,

Youth smiling on her,
E'en as the rising of a summer's day;
Sad though she joyeth!
Simplicity is strewn o'er form and
dress,

Love looks upon her,
Her doating heart thro' tear-drops he
doth bless,

Her soul he buoyeth,

Is't not her bridal morn, her life's
sweet day,
Her dawn of pleasure?
Then why should sorrow o'er that soft
brow play
Marring her blessing?
When the fond soul has met, no more
to part
From its own treasure;
What then pours bitterness upon the
heart,
While love's caressing?
Oh! 'tis the shadow of the days
gone by,
That mocks her joying,
That dims the lustre of that speaking
eye,
Her hopes alloying.

III.

"How steadfastly in faith she walketh
forth,
On him relying,
Who is to be the guardian of her truth,
Through pain, through pleasure;
On him she trusteth with her first of
love,
Nature outvieing;
Who can express the feelings that so
move
Joy's tuneful measure?
None but those beings who have truly
felt
Its magic power,
For strongest minds love's influence
will melt
With its sweet breathing;
Ay, many is the stubborn heart, I
ween,
Hath had to cower,
Abashed beneath the light of beauty's
beam,
When 'tis enwreathing.
Now she breathes freely, for the
morning breeze
With kisses presseth
Her sweet lips with its music from the
trees,
Sighing it blesseth."—pp. 171, 172.

Notwithstanding the sweet savour
of these latter delicacies, we fear that
the appetite of our readers, healthy
and vigorous as we know it to be,
must by this time be well nigh gone.
Indeed from our own various and
onerous duties of cook, caterer, com-
mentator, and critic, we feel well nigh
exhausted: we must, therefore, refresh
ourselves and our guests with one so-
litary dish more; but we promise

them it shall be of the most piquant
and stimulating description. At this
feast, whereunto we have invited so
many of our friends, there has been
nothing produced at all to be com-
pared, for novelty and attraction, to
the poems* we shall presently lay be-
fore them. As to the feast itself, now
that we are about concluding it, we
are quite at a loss for some suitable
name by which it can be best described.
Ovid and George Chapman have had
their "*Banquet of Sense*;" but we fear
that such a minute portion of that
useful ingredient went to the compo-
sition of our dishes, that the misnomer
would be too glaring. Plato had his
Symposium—much too fine a word for
the attenuated fare at our table. Sir
George Strickling and Leigh Hunt
had their "*Feast of the Poets*," which
is equally inapplicable. In one word,
we confess our inability to supply the
proper name, so that in every respect
the anonymous must be upheld.

The writer that Mr. Sutton princi-
pally reminds us of is, that "sweet
singer of the temple," George Herbert
—not so much in the religious char-
acter of his poems, although those of
Mr. Sutton have occasionally that re-
commendation at least, but in the
 quaint language and extraordinary
conceits in which he so often indulges.
In these, the disciple has far outshone
the master, and must for ever be pro-
nounced the undoubted lord and ruler
of this narrow but curious domain.
We shall give the first poem in the
collection entire, as a riddle, or poe-
tical Sphynx, the mysteries of which,
we are confident no "learned Theban"
among our readers will be able to un-
ravel:—

"CORRESPONDENCIES.

"I saw seven shades, lean as the death,
That in consumption languisheth;
Each lay alone, deader than stone,
Devoid of sense or breath.
I saw seven gods go gently by,
With each a passion in his eye—
A different passion. These by the
hand
Took the seven shades: making them
stand
Upon live feet: making them start
Within their bosoms with a heart

* "Poems." By Henry S. Sutton. Nottingham, 1848.

Never their own : making them
spread
Their arms out for the strong embrace
Which the gods owed them.

Then, instead
Of fourteen, there were twenty-one—
Seven shades, seven gods, seven
fairies lithe
Born of this union. Ever blithe
About immortal business, they
A many-fangled task began,
And waved or whirled away.

“ I saw seven Rays swiftly come on ;
One drest in the deep emerald stone,
One with a marigold had grown
Mockingly friendly ; and a third
Had robbed the ruby-breasted bird ;
One was arrayed in the purest skies ;
Or in the deepest pansy-dyes ;
Or in the light of violet eyes ; [Good !]
Or in the gold cloud, whereon lies
In his chamber of molten imageries,
The western sun before he dies.

“ I saw seven shapes stand by the Rays,
While seven Tones their several
ways
Took by me :—
And when any Tone
Gave voice, a Ray, its friend to own,
Sparkled and shook ; and a fine
glance
Of recognition sly did dance
In each Shape's carven countenance.

And when any God,
By any accident, did nod,
A shade must nod, as if it knew,
And so must one of the Fairies too ;
And one of the seven Shapes must
choose
To smile ; nor durst a Ray refuse
Sparkling to quiver ; nor a Tone
To sound its gentle flute alone—
Between these sevens, so deep and
good
The understanding was that stood. (?)
The seven Gods now busy grew,
Hither and thither lively flew,
With swiftest change and counter-
change,
Attraction and repulsion strange ;
While at their heels, on rapid wheels,
Followed the Shades and Fairies too,
Three thrones they reared, three
kings appeared
And set their kingdom there—(?)
One diamonds had, instead of eyes !
And for a tongue, the wind's deep
sighs,
And earths and stones for arms and
thighs,
And foam for hoary hair.

“ The second was mossed over,
And his hair was grass and clover ;

And his legs were roots of trees,
And his arms branched out to seize
Heaven's precious influences ;
For he loved the first king's showers,
And his coronal was flowers.

“ But the third king had *eyes for eyes,*
And feet for feet, and hair for hair ;
And sometimes he would shake his
locks
Into a mane, or in a bear
Go shaggy ; or in silly flocks
Of sheep, hang wool about his *thighs,*
Look cunning through a brushy fox,
Or in an owl look wise.

“ I saw, amid the kings, up to the skies,
A golden Altar rise,
A Lamb upon it lay ;
The Lamb a sword did slay ;
Upon the Lamb a Fire did prey !
When from a smoke, up-going, did
for aye
Take to the seven Most High Ones
its little trembling way.

“ I saw three Bows,
Three—sevenfold each—
Like rainbows, which
The great world span ;
The first upon the Altar goes,
And with the Lamb—
The second over the first—the third
Over the second ran—
With seven Most High Ones the
third did close :
From the King's feet their bases rose ;
I looked, and called them man.

“ The one was of deep raging'dyes,
Lurid and thunderous ; dyes, which
beat
Like heart's blood, in a wild pulsation ;
Pale first, then glowing deep, then
pale again,
In fitful alternation ;
The next was icy, formal, sparkling,
clear
Transparent, *geometric.*

And the third
Was bright, sparkling, and clear like-
wise,
But warm and fresh as lover's word
And sweet as woman's eyes, [Good !]
Wonder, and mystery, and dread,
with awe,
Like smoke, did o'er it rise—
O, 'twas a perfect thing, without a
flaw !
A miracle so full and deep,
That when that *Holy Bow* I saw
My soul perforce did weep.

“ As the first Bow lightened and shone,
The Shades and Rays shook every
one,
And the first King smiled it upon,

When the second Bow its light
The Shapes and Fairies at the sight
Danced, and the second King grew
bright.

“ But when the third Bow flamed, each
Tone and God
Did give a voice or nod ;
And the third a solemn finger keeps
Upon his awe-struck lips ;
And the whole universe did rock and
shake,
As if in twain to break ;
And Shades, Fays, Gods, Rays,
Shapes, Tones, Kings—and Bows
Of earth and ocean,
In dread did prostrate fall ;
While the seven Most High Ones
o’er the commotion
Calm, grand, majestic rose :
And they had done it all.” (?)

We give the entire of this strange production to the reader, as a curiosity of literature. Not that we under-

stand it, indeed ; for, like the worthy Scotchwoman mentioned by Southey, we “ wad na hae the presumption,” but solely for its singularity. Let our readers exercise their ingenuity upon it. As for us, did we exercise our *seven* senses for *seven* hours a-day, during the *sevenscore* years and ten allotted to mortal life, it is *seven* to one that we would be as much in the dark at the end of our studies as we are now at the beginning. We suppose we must “ give it up,” as to all our inquiries neither the book nor the author would give a more satisfactory answer or explanation than in Wordsworth’s Ballad, “ We are Seven.”

From the remaining “ Poems” we must cull a few more rarities for the entertainment of our readers. The sky at night is called a “ beautiful blue meadow” (p. 13). In the next page a still more singular figure is used:—

“ But, oh, thou *blue cloak*—God’s own vestment wide,
Blue sprinkled o’er with twinkling drops of gold,
Would that some wind would *blow thee once aside*
And *lay all bare* the glories thou dost hold.”—p. 14.

This, it must be confessed, is *inexpressibly* sublime. In “ The Daisy” (p. 22) are to be found some new and pretty fancies ; but the entire piece is so overladen with forced conceits, as to leave only a comic impression on the mind. The bee is described as never coming to woo the daisy—

“ Except he brings
His pocket on his thigh.”

“ *What’s that to thee*, thou foul and gluttonous Grave ?
When did I give thee leave to set thy tooth
Against my breast’s red secrets ?—I am free !—
Who made my flesh thy slave ?
Come, *shew thy warrant.*” &c.

And again—

“ What right hast thou, O Grave, to *moulder me* ?”—p. 31.

And lastly—

“ *Let me alone*, thou pensioner of Death !”—p. 31.

In the lines “ To a Star” is the following stanza:—

“ It gleams ! it gleams ! the gentle
sprite
Its eyelids deigns to part,
Swift shoots a wiry lance of light,
Straight tilting at my heart !

The gnat is called an—

“ Old back-bent fellow
In frugal *frieze coat* drest.”

We suppose he must be a countryman of ours. In a poem addressed “ To my Grave,” he puts two or three home questions to the personification of that unpleasant object of contemplation, *e. g.*

“ It seems a friend to recognize ;
Darts through the wide door of my eyes,
Falls on my soul’s neck with a kiss
Of lovingest surprise !”

In the next stanza, the important question is asked—

"Do stars weep? Sure, to 'that *shy*
wink,
Some mist, like tears, was given!"

To which an answer is given,
though not very confidently, in the
following verse:—

"And it may weep,—a *star may weep*."

Of course, for the same reason that
"a Shade must nod," as mentioned in
our first extract. The last four lines
of this poem gives our author's idea of
"the whole duty of man," which must
shock any Malthusian poet or critic
who may chance to read them:—

"For there's no glory, save to try
To breed smiles in the human eye,
And cut off the posterity
Of every tear and sigh!"—p. 34.

Some of the author's peculiar phi-
losophy is given in the poem called
"The Hills"—p. 35. Addressing
those who may differ in opinion with
him, he says:—

"Yes, *Messieurs*, right well I bear you."
—p. 37.

In the Sonnet, p. 40, is the fol-
lowing curious image, descriptive of
the sweet pea:—

"What's quieter than death of flower
forlorn,
Uprooted where the pitiless sun can
see?
Or marriage of the affectionate sweet
pea,
That put a ring on every *fingery thorn*."

In the fragment called "Eugene,"
along with a great deal of extrava-
gance, there is manifest a thorough
appreciation of natural beauty, and
more than a glimmering of poetic
power. It of course contains many
passages quite worthy of those we
have already quoted, from which we
select a few:—

"Or watch when March sends out his
windy elves
To shake by the shoulders the deep-
slumbering trees,
To bid them wake, and dress their
drowsy selves
In haste, the approaching Lady Spring
to please;
Nor may those tiresome breezes cease
to teaze,

Till their Briarean whispers of soft
psalms,
Draw a green cloth over their naked
arms."—p. 49.

This is the first time we thought
arms was pronounced *alms*. Further
on, we have "*award*" rhyming to
"*broad*" (p. 56), &c.

In a former poem we gave some
pertinent questions put to a star, by
the following it will appear that the
Moon does not pass uninterrogated:—

"What mean thy rays, O thou religious
Moon
Meddling so freely with our inward
parts?
What dost thou then, playing such
gentle tune
On the most private octaves of our
hearts."—p. 51.

According to our author the sea is
not the sea:—

"'Tis no sea thou seest in the sea,
'Tis but a disguised humanity."—p. 77.

Which we respectfully deny.

The remainder of the volume is
taken up with a long poem called
"Clifton Grove Garland," which we
regret our space will not permit us to
do more than mention. Could we de-
vote an entire article to it, we would
find a difficulty even then in pointing
out all the fantastic conceits and affec-
tations both of thought and language
that we have marked in reading it. Of
these we must be content to offer but
one, which, however, is sufficient to
immortalise the author and the poem.
It is descriptive of the river Trent,
which he calls—

"That preacher of Time's lapse, aye
eloquent,—
That LIQUID PRESENT PARTICIPLE,—
TRENT,
PASSING, NE'ER PAST!!"—p. 12.

When Lindley Murray can supply
a poetical image, there is hope for all
things. With this passage we shall
take leave for the present of all our
friends, poets as well as readers. We
trust both classes are pleased with the
manner in which we have arranged
this poetical banquet—the former with
the way in which they have been
dished, and the latter with the mode
in which they have been served. The
opinions which we have pronounced

upon the several books that came before us, may be right or may be wrong, all we can say with certainty is, and we say it in all seriousness and solemnity, that those opinions are honestly and deliberately formed, and are expressed without favour, prejudice, or partiality. We would consider our duty a pleasanter one, if the judgment passed on those writers were, on the whole, more favourable and complimentary. Though we are reconciled to it, from the conviction that a little timely severity may prevent much heart-burning and bitter disappointment, and waste of time and misdirection of talent on the part of most

of them. With regard to such of the writers as we have condemned, our intention were really much less to amuse the reader at their expense, than to good-humouredly laugh them out of their several delusions. The last author reviewed (Mr. Sutton) gives special permission to the critic to be truthful, and we have taken him at his word :—

“ Do you love me? Come thou nigh me;
Prick me, man—never relent!
Cut, and hack, and scarify me;
If the truth can make me sore
Let me be a wound all o’er :—
 Do this but with pure intent,
 I am yours for evermore.”—p. 59.

PICTURES IN THE DARK.

BY A DREAMER.

In the deep quiet of the Midnight hour,
 When Memory sad her lonely watch is keeping,
 What visions burst on my rapt senses, sweeping
 Across the wandering soul with stayless power!

Old forests wave Vast mountain-ranges tower
 To heaven, with clear and glancing rills down-leaping
 Their rugged sides Calm, moon-lit bays lie sleeping,
 O’er-watched by stars Summer landscapes flower

In their rich beauty Loving forms attend
 And gather round me, an ethereal host—
 The childhood’s Comforter, the boyish Friend,
 The Known of riper years. But, welcom’d most,
 A sad and gentle face doth o’er me bend—
 Thine, Una! once-loved and early-lost.

North Esk, 29th September, 1848.

EASTERN RAMBLES.

CHAPTER II.

A MEDLEY, COMPRISING A NEW USE FOR A MEDICINE CHEST—THE BOY BOTTLE—AN HAREM IN THE DESERT—A DITTO IN NUBIA—ARAB PHLEBOTOMY—ROUGHING IT ON THE NILE—CROCODILE SHOOTING, AND A CROCODILE CEMETERY—LYNCH LAW IN EGYPT—SLAVE MARKET AT ASSUAN—THE MOTHER'S GIFT—DESCENT OF THE CATARACT—ODE TO THE RIVER NILE.

"A LITTLE knowledge is a dangerous thing," so says some wise old saw, and not a doubt of it. "Never meddle with edged tools," unless, at least, you understand the use of them—a moral maxim indelibly impressed on my puerile faculties, by the early and constant contemplation of a veracious picture, wherein was faithfully represented a country bumpkin who had actually cut his head off by the indiscreet application of an unwieldy axe, whereupon the body of said bumpkin remained standing bolt upright, with arms outstretched, in highly natural amazement; while the head, with hair on end, bristled from its unwonted position between the legs, looking up, in grim consternation, at the involuntary dissolution of partnership between itself and trunk. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing;" grant it; but a little knowledge is, on some occasions, a very diverting thing, as my own practical experience testified in the delights of a medicine-chest. One material component of our outfit for the East was, of course, a medicine-chest, not one of your gim-crack, glass-stoppered, mahogany affairs, but an honest, substantial oak box, well filled with every known combustible, for the cure or prevention of any ordinary disease—not that I previously pretended to any acquaintance with, or skill in, the use of medicine. I had not (like Tony Lumpkin) been "dosed ever since I was born;" nor, like him, had I "gone through every receipt in the *"Complete Housewife"* ten times over;" nor had my respected mother (like Mrs. Hardcastle) any "thoughts of coursing me through quinsy the next spring,"—as far, at least, as I was aware of; yet, having purchased a medical treatise to instruct me in the due application of my drugs, I naturally considered myself qualified for the purgation of the Arab race in general, or any member of my own party in particular, whose malignant star might guide him under my hands. On the

Nile my practice was extensive, and of a very flattering description; for Egyptian boatmen, I spread blistering ointment on old mummy cloths—I thought the idea classical and appropriate; of eye-waters and cathartics I was profuse beyond example; but in the Desert I "came out strong." The circumstances were as follow.

A favourite Sheik, belonging to our escort, had suddenly fallen ill soon after we left Lucy, and becoming daily worse, he got himself strapped on his dromedary, covered up his face, and stoically resigned himself to fate. At this juncture it was discovered there was a Hakeem in the caravan, and my patient being brought alongside me as I rode, I promptly administered, internally, a potation of oil of croton, and, to aid and abet the same, applied externally an enormous blister, which was twisted round the throat. It was now two to one against my patient, for poor Sheik Embarak had to struggle against both doctor and disease; but whether I roused any latent energy, or vitality was deep seated in the man, the upshot was, that from that day the Sheik began evidently to amend, and, marvellous to relate, in about three days more was nearly as well as ever. In fact, the Sheik recovered, and I became famous. My name was bruited through the camp; indeed, I became so respected, that no Bedawee of distinction now lit his shebook on the march without first presenting it to the Hakeem, to take a preliminary puff or two—a distinction with which I could have dispensed.

A few days after, as I was riding beside the learned man of our party (the orator of the convent, as you may remember, in the preceding chapter), two Bedawee on foot came beside him, and accosted him after a ceremonious salute. One of them was a fresh-looking fellow, young and hale; the other a little sun-dried, used-up old Arab, grisly and grey.

"This man has no children," commenced the youngster, partly addressing my friend, partly apostrophising his senior; "this man has no boys."

"And how can *I* help that?" remonstrated our orator, who, from his deep acquaintance with Egyptian lore, had gained the *soubriquet* of Rhamesis the Great; "and how can I help that?"

"You can," rejoined the Arab; "are you not the friend of the Hakeem?"

"Suppose it—what then?"

"Then you can get a medicine from him to give this man boys."

Rhamesis thought to give a turn to the conversation.

"Pray, how old," said he, "do you take this Hakeem to be?"

"How old?" replied the Bedawee, eyeing me curiously, "why, he is four-and-thirty, but not more." (My age to a nicety.)

"Balash," cried Rhamesis, "if he is a day, he is above a hundred years of age! He was, in his own country, a great Hakeem. Kebeer! Kebeer! (lifting up his hands and eyes) he amassed a heap of gold, which he is now going to spend amongst the Arabs; but he did better than that—he made out the elixir of life, and every day he takes a spoonful he becomes younger by a year."

"By Allah, and by the soul of your mother, but this is wonderful!" exclaimed the Bedawee, "he is a great Hakeem." And then he repeated every word of the extravagant falsehood to his ancient comrade, who, however, had already drunk in the narrative with ears and eyes.

"Now, then," chimed in the old man, "he can give me boys, for all things are possible to this Sheik."

"But you have children, no doubt, already?"

"Children I have; but what of them, they are only girls—the Hakeem must give me boys."

It was in vain I protested my incompetency—in vain I urged it was out of the power of medicine to comply with his demand. The reply was the same to every dissuasive—"All things are possible to this Sheik; the Hakeem of a hundred years can give me boys—the Hakeem *must* give me boys."

The more I proclaimed my inability, the more obstinately my extraordinary powers were thrown in my teeth. What was a score or so of male in-

fant to the discovery of the elixir of life? My refusal was looked on in the light of a personal injury, and the matter became too serious for a joke; so for nearly three days I was besieged by importunate mediations in behalf of this unfortunate father, till, on approaching Sinai, where the old Arab was to leave us to return to his tents, we found we must bring the affair to a conclusion.

Well, one bright morning I unlocked the medicine chest, and compounding, under the special direction of Rhamesis, a medley of every hot essence the said box contained, the daughter-stricken Bedawee was summoned to the tent. Never shall I forget the joy that lit up the old fellow's eyes when he heard his petition was to be granted. He watched every motion as we corked the precious liquid, showered benedictions on our unbelieving heads, for we still decried the efficacy of the potion; and on Rhamesis handing him the miraculous mixture, remarking, "There are boys in that bottle—keep it safe," the anxious patriarch thrust the pipe into his bosom, kissed both our hands, bounded across the camp, and set off instant for his home in the desert, to test the powers of the Hakeem's prescription, alone, amidst his household gods.

From the day we left Sinai, in our progress through the great desert, as regularly as the morning broke, I held my daily levee. Where all my patients came from, or how the news of my arrival spread, I am utterly at a loss to conjecture; but each day new faces greeted the Hakeem: not that one in ten had anything the matter with him, but the rage for bolting drugs grew with the opportunity; every man seemed bitten with it, even to the Arabs of our own escort. I had to reduce my practice to a regular system. The routine was thus: out of some twenty fellows kneeling in a circle, I picked one, say, for example, he was afflicted with sore eyes. Now, knowing what one got, all must get, eye-water and croton oil was the order of the day—the one dabbed in with the end of a feather, the other wiped across the tongue with the cork of the phial; for I always turned the bottle upside down, and gave each what would stick to the stopper; except, indeed, in one instance, when a troublesome Sheik,

who was leaving us, pestered me for a present of clothes, with such importunity and impudence, that I was constrained to give him a Benjamin's portion of the croton, which laid him under the feet of my dromedary, incapable of stirring any member of his body, except his tongue; if he ultimately recovered, he must have been a man of unexampled constitution. And so on; varying from day to day, as any particular drug got low; aperient pills (which were always crunched) and blistering ointment being in high request. What would I take to figure as Hakeem on the same route through that desert again, O, ye afflicted ghosts and incensed survivors? But my practice was not confined to male Arabs, for of female Arabs I had no lack. This was, however, a more delicate branch of the business. I would be directed to a wife, daughter, sister, mother, grandmother, or great-grandmother, as the case might be, "off there," my informant pointing to some rock, shrub, or hillock, at a discreet distance from the camp. "Off there" I would trudge, with becoming gravity, and find some disconsolate damsel, veiled and covered up, lying in a wisp, like patience personified. "Owezy ya bint," "What will you, oh, girl!"—they are all *girls* in the East, as all are *boys* in Ireland—then issued a discordant catalogue of complaints, ending invariably with "an impression on the heart." I, as in duty bound, shook my head wisely, stroked my moustache, felt the pulse, pondered the symptoms, promised to send medicine, and returned to the place "from whence I had set forth."

My doctoring, however, introduced me unexpectedly to some Bedawin Hareems, curiosities not generally accessible to less scientific travellers. My adventure was the following:—When some few days from Sinai, as we had got into marching order for the day, Sheik Embarak rode up, and gave me a polite invitation to pay a visit to his tents; he said they were not more than four hours distant, and not far from the place we were to encamp at for the night. The invitation was, of course, one to be accepted; and accompanied by two of my own party and some Arabs of our caravan, we placed ourselves under the Sheik's orders, and set out for his temporary

home. Our path was rough and difficult: we were conducted through defiles of mountain, bleak and desolate as can well be imagined; the dull monotony of our ride being broken at intervals by the howling, sing-song chant of our attendants, who irritated the wild echoes of the dismal hills to an alarming degree. More than once the gloominess of the scenery took possession of my mind; I thought of the Towarah, hanged by proxy in the short desert; and the menaces of his tribe, the blood for blood system of the wilderness, was anything but pleasant to reflect on. Still the good-humoured features of Embarak, from time to time dispelled my apprehensions; and as I remembered how often I had physicked him "free gratis," independently of once delivering him from death, I felt my confidence in Arab honour and Bedawin fidelity gradually revive. At last we came to a more open line of country, and, entering a pleasant wadi, our cavalcade was brought to a halt. A few lowly graves, humble but not neglected, marked a burial-ground in the desert, and a palm tree threw its shade across the dead, while a few shrubs and an acacia grew around.

Our Sheik, who had dismounted, was standing by one of the little mounds, apparently engaged in prayer; if he were so, it was the only instance of devotion I had noticed since I came amongst the Bedawin. Embarak then took some green but faded branches he had brought from Sinai, and planted them on the grave; he remounted, and we went on our way. Some three hours brought us to a tolerably extensive valley, at the foot of a long range hills. At a distance we discovered the low black tents of the encampment, while in our immediate neighbourhood some women were tending a few scattered flocks of ragged, long-eared sheep. Our Sheik rubbed himself up, put his dromedary into a sling-trot, and rode gallantly along the tents—we, with sore bones and teeth chattering from the unwonted velocity of our mettlesome brutes, following as we best might. Our arrival was greeted by a shrill cry, issuing from within the tents, accompanied by the tinkling of various little bells; but our Sheik, no doubt proud of exhibiting himself and the strangers to his lady friends, made

a triumphal circuit of the encampment, and finally pulled up at a large open tent about the centre of the row. Here we were permitted to dismount, a number of Bedawin welcoming us very cordially, and conveying our saddles, carpets, saddle-bags, &c., into the interior, with which they constructed an extempore divan.

New arrivals, meanwhile, continued to pour in on all sides—the sundry salutations between the new-comers and our entertainers being conducted with a degree of stateliness and decorum, which, contrasted with the wild features and ragged habiliments of the parties, amounted at times to the ludicrous. Each bent his head till it nearly touched that of his opponent in politeness; each then kissed his own hand—the palms of each party touched, and the guest sat down cross-legged, on the ground; preparations for a *wheat* were speedily commenced; coffee was roasted in little iron ladles, next pounded to powder, boiled, and served boiling in the usual tiny cup, but on the present occasion outrageously sweetened, in compliment to the Europeans, who are supposed to delight incontinently in sugar. Our pipes, which we, of course, had with us, were lighted, humoured, and presented in true Arab fashion; and we were soon puffing a cloud, and sitting cross-legged as contentedly as if the great desert were our private property, and sheep, goats, camels, and Bedawin our farming stock thereon. But by this time the preparatory repast was ready. A small modicum of water being poured from a copper ewer over the right hand of each of us, we were invited to join a select party of Arabs round a huge wooden bowl of porridge. The proceedings were simple and primitive in the extreme: with the right hand and knee advanced to the dish, the left leg uncomfortably bent under one, half-sitting, half-kneeling, we thrust our fingers into the mess, the two first fingers scooped up the quantity required, and the thumb plugged the morsel down the throat. Some gentlemen used three fingers; but they were evidently a sharp set, and inclined to take more than their share. I cannot say much for the mess itself, but our friends seemed to relish it amazingly, and in a few moments the platter was cleared; we were then

watered, a few swallows being allowed each, and restored to our pipes and the process of digestion. But hospitality is not disinterested even in the desert; the Arab understands the "*quid pro quo*" as well as any man in existence. This I speedily ascertained; as our host, advancing with a *salâm*, requested my services in the medical department in behalf of sundry hareems then awaiting a visit from the "Hakeem of a hundred years." An Arab tent, which is merely a tabernacle consisting of four low poles, covered over with dark-coloured haircloth, forming roof and walls, is either divided into two apartments (the inner being devoted to the women), or contains one apartment only; and in this case the women of the family appear to have a tent to themselves—the former arrangement is, however, the most usual, at least such was the case here. Skins, arms, and culinary utensils were scattered in the outer room; but the ladies' apartment was unadorned in the extreme—dark, close, and dirty; there were a few dried sheep-skins on the floor, perhaps a little bundle of wearing apparel in the corner, a brown baby or so, and the females of the establishment veiled, and seated in the background—one could not well stand upright inside any tent.

My first patient, as I well remember, was a young lady of distinction, and considerable personal attractions. To do her honour, I suppose, the old Bedawee, who acted gentleman-usher, creeping all-fours through the outer room, backed stern-foremost into the presence chamber, and having established a breach in the curtain, very decorously withdrew. A very ancient lady, saluting me, directed my attention to the suffering fair one—a maiden with brilliant eyes, remarkably fine black hair, which was greased, and elaborately platted as well as ornamented with several ghazees; her arms and ankles were bare, very prettily tattooed and adorned with armlets and anklets of massive silver, with which, like the lady in the nursery rhyme, she made music wherever she went. I must allow there was a total innocence of soap and water, and a consequent incrustation of dirt, which dimmed the lustre of her charms. The loose blue garment which she wore also prevented her figure from

being seen to perfection : and the long face veil rather left her lower features a matter of speculation than beautiful reality. But still the fair maiden was evidently an Arab belle ; and sheep, dates, and dromedaries would go hard to buy her.

At first introduction, the young lady seemed taken rather aback by the splendour of my appearance : a gold-spangled kerchief, converting my gay tarbouch into a turban, my flannel waistcoat, with broad crimson stripes (it was shirt and jerkin), being girded with a voluminous silk scarf of very violent colours, my pistols peaceably protruding therefrom, my legs encased in bright red Turkish boots, a world too wide for them, and tricked out with yellow tassels, to which add a face raw as an undressed beef-steak, set off by a long moustache of very questionable *auburn*, and you may easily imagine how well calculated my rawney figure was to prepossess any young lady of pretensions at first sight. Well, at first my patient stared, then the dark maiden tittered, finally she minced her words in reply to my kind inquiries about her health, and became so wonderously coy and prudish that I could not make out what was the matter with her at all. However, the chaperon came to the rescue, and entering into a detailed account of the maladies of her young friend, I felt my patient's pulse, and requested her to allow me to examine her tongue. She at once testified the most unqualified surprise at my assurance. In vain the matron scolded and persuaded, "she must submit to the directions of the hakeem." Submit she declared she would not—nothing could tempt her to such an act of indelicacy as to expose her face even to a hakeem. She pouted, got into the sulks, and having gone through all her paces, let fall the veil when no one was asking her, and disclosed a very pretty face, with a row of teeth like ivory. I promised her a powerful potion from the medicine chest, and took my leave.

One harem was so like the other I won't detain my reader by going farther into detail, suffice it to say, for the next two hours, young, old, fat, lean, plain, pretty, handsome, and hideous, of all sizes, forms, figures, tempers, and stations, came under my medical hands. My curiosity was completely

satisfied, and my good samaritanising becoming a perfect bore, when Sheik Embarak sent a formal summons to say that dinner waited. It did not wait long for me ; in five minutes I was cross-legged in the company tent, where my companions had remained, from the time I left them, enjoying their pipes. Our "whet" had not been an unsubstantial one, but the dinner was the entertainment of the day. Our sheik, on my departure for the harem, had privately asked the loan of a long knife I used to carry about me, a great object of desire, by the way, to many an aspiring Bedawee ; and it would appear the knife had not been borrowed for show, for in addition to undeniable tokens of bloodshed about the blade, our first platters were heaped with huge fragments of a recently-dismembered goat, the parboiled and sinewy pieces still quivering with life ; then followed huge wooden bowls of broth, of a very watery quality, fowl, torn piecemeal, and covered with yolk of egg, tempting piles of dourah cakes, copiously larded with gee, milk in a variety of shapes, parched maize, dates, coffee, and pipes to wind up with, not to mention an unknown sort of liquid, which we took for granted was sherbet ; in fact, if a man could not feast to his satisfaction, he deserved to go hungry for all "the dear days of his life." One fastidious gentleman of our party, forsooth, found fault with what he termed the "filth of the dinner service," and no doubt the sides of our bowls and platters were incrustated with the debris of many a previous repast ; but this surely spoke of plenty rather than the squalor or nastiness of poverty. Another anathematised the kid for having had so slight an acquaintance with fire ; but that gentleman himself confessed he had always had bad teeth ; indeed, any one who doubted the excellency of the viands had only to turn his eyes on the guests assembled, and marking how dainty disappeared after dainty, while the fragments were handed to the brats, his scepticism must vanish in a moment, and his inner man yearn to revel in our Sheik's profusion ; and Sheik Embarak was the very fellow to play the host, arrayed in a flowing garment of crimson silk, chastely striped with yellow—blooming like a peony of the desert. His hospitality knew no

bounds; fresh relays of fresh guests, assailing fresh bowls of delicacies, were cheered to the attack by Embarak, as if his flocks, his herds, his corn were all as unbounded as his heart.

Poor Sheik Embarak, you would not let us off till half-past four o'clock, and, as you pocketed our ghazees, you looked as if you did it all for love.

A weary way it proved to us, as leaving these "tents of Kedar," we attempted a short cut across the country to our resting-place for the night; darkness soon set in—the moon had not a thought of rising—our guide lost his way—we all got separated one from the other—my dromedary got bogged in a watercourse, and threatened to lie there for the night, thanks to the Kourbash he didn't; though never were four men more agreeably surprised when suddenly descending into a wádi, we found ourselves in the midst of our encampment. Cheerily blazed the camp fires—pleasant was the sound of old, familiar voices—gladly we dismounted from our dromedaries, and stretched at our ease in the capacious tent of the great Rhamesis, we recounted at full length our day's adventure, and the blow-out in the desert.

Time, place, or distance cannot much incommode the tourist who sits at ease in his arm chair, and travels comfortably on paper. Now, then, over a few hundred miles, and take a glance at a harem in Nubia, "doctoring there also"—doctoring I confess it.

We had returned from the second cataract above Wádi Halfa, and our boat was moored opposite Philæ—there is a village there, but I forget its name—it is above the first cataract.

I was cooling down, one January afternoon, lying in my cabin, thermometer 96° in shade—the upper country, as they call it, is, after all, the place to winter in—when Paulo abruptly made his *entré*, to say an embassy was without waiting on the hakeem, to conduct him to visit a poor woman who, if Paulo was to be believed, had for the last four months been possessed by a legion of distempers, so I begged the embassy would retire, and promised to attend the patient as soon I had had tea. It was after night fall when, accompanied by Paulo and our Nubian pilot—the husband of the woman—I repaired to the lady's mansion in the

village. Clearing the little quay, we found ourselves speedily involved among the mud hovels of the hamlet, winding through narrow lanes, floundering over the debris of dilapidated cabins, and getting ourselves into sundry personal quarrels with the lazy, snarling curs that infest the region. At long last we halted before a rather retired habitation, quite as dingy and deplorable as any of the surrounding edifices—for more so it could scarcely be—and stooping through a narrow doorway, we found ourselves in a little, dark den, the right-hand side of which was occupied by a mud dewan, on which lay a female, calmly reposing in her upper clothing and inexpressibles. This I took to be my patient, and as I was about to rouse her from her slumbers, my attention was attracted by the strife of tongues proceeding from some quarter beyond the room wall to the left, and, for the first time, I discovered, low down in this left-hand wall, a narrow aperture, securely fastened on the inside by a piece of board. At this the master of the house kept knocking, and after some angry discussion, the obstacle was removed. The female voices now rose in a loud tone of deprecation, which the pilot never heeding, he was eventually permitted to worm himself through the aperture, and disappeared by "the hole in the wall." Paulo followed next; and as soon as I saw the soles of his feet, I also plunged head-foremost, and found myself amongst a crowd of women, in a little low room, of a most overpowering temperature. One side of this apartment was occupied by a low dewan, like that in the outer room. At the end of it there was a kind of stove or hot-hearth made of clay, on the top of which was burning a lamp-wick in an earthen vessel filled with rancid oil. The walls, in the dim obscurity, appeared hung round with mats, sheep-skins, culinary utensils, and some farming implements; and here were congregated a bevy of squalid, filthy-looking women, harranguing, in their native dialect, at a fearful rate; evidently they had rebelled against the inroad of the males into their sanctuary. At length, after much altercation, way was made for the hakeem; and I found my patient stretched on the dewan motionless, but, alas! not speechless. When she had

rated us until she was well nigh exhausted, I commenced tender inquiries about everything but the state of her lungs; for of their healthy action I had been abundantly assured. The pilot translated his wife's Nubian into unintelligible Arabic, which Paulo again rendered into a compound of French, Italian, and English. My patient I was glad to find not by any means so ill as I had been led to apprehend; a few simple remedies setting her on her legs in about two days after. At the time, I directed the husband to come to my boat for medicine, and gladly beat my retreat from an oven in which I could not have believed it possible for human beings to exist. "Oh, Mr. Pea," cried Paulo, drawing in a deep breath, as we gained the outer side of the establishment, "I *swell* as much as if I had worked all day." Apropos to doctoring: much as I wished to meet one, I never met with an Arab physician; indeed, the only operation I could hear of the natives performing on one another was that of phlebotomy, which was carried to perfection in its way. We had, one day, a rare example of this amongst our own boatmen.

One of them appeared one morning returning from shore, with an old razor in his hand, from which he was carefully wiping off some recent stains of blood. On being asked whom he had murdered, he replied with a grin, he never had murdered any one, but he had just been bleeding a man, requesting us, at the same time, to return and witness his skill. Of course we readily complied. At a little distance on the bank, a knot of idlers were collected round an unfortunate Arab, who was hopping on one leg within the circle—the other leg being ingeniously tied up so as to prevent his setting that foot on the ground. The leg on which he hopped was gashed and wounded from the knee downwards, and the blood oozed slowly from the cuts. Way was cleared for us, and our medico approached the saltatory gentleman, telling him, at the same time, it was necessary he should be bled again. The poor fellow winced, and protested against a renewal of the operation. Much to the amusement of the bystanders, however, the operator persisted, and made unequivocal demonstrations of assault.

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The patient actually howled as he drew near, and hopped dementedly about, to the unfeigned delight of the spectators, who declared he must allow the Khowages to see him bled. In vain he prayed, protested, threatened; the surgeon rushed forward with the razor-blade between his forefinger and thumb, and watching his opportunity between every plunge of the sufferer, snigged away at shin or calf, whichever presented itself, till the lower portion of the poor delinquent's leg streamed with blood. Escape he could not, and the more violently he hopped, the faster the blood flowed, until at last he threw himself on his back in the sand, and kicked so viciously with the maimed member, that what with laughter, heat, and exertion, his persecutor was fairly forced to desist, and patient and physician lay amicably rolling side by side.

It was a scene nowhere to be witnessed but amongst those rare specimens of humanity that "grow spontaneous" on the banks of the Nile.

The Nile! What a host of pleasant recollections does that name recall!—what pleasant days, and erewhile plaguy perplexities, novel scenes, odd characters, and old faces! Truly, your traveller enjoys himself far less in the reality than the reminiscence—

"He fights his battles o'er again,
And twice he slays the slain."

Your actual travel is all very well in its way. There is in it a great degree of pleasurable excitement; there are great charms of novelty, much interest, and the opportunities of acquiring much valuable information. But once beyond the region of hotels, railroads, coaches, diligences, and the like—once beyond the range of European civilisation—the annoyances, difficulties, hardships, and, it may be, dangers, of your route, vastly tend to counterbalance its advantages. Yet, once again at home, seated by your own fireside, restored to your former habits and accustomed occupations, let memory call back past scenes, past toils, and past adventures—revisiting in thought far distant lands, and how marvellous the transformation! Your happiest days come out in brighter colouring—your saddest hours are undarkened

by a cloud. Speaking of the Nile, however, I must draw my pen across the words difficulty, hardships, danger—hardship, above all; for an easier life than that of the traveller afloat on the broad bosom of the Nile, I, for one, know not of. Notwithstanding, strange as it may appear, my companion and I were unaccountably prepossessed with an insane idea we should have to *rough* it on the Nile; and, consequently, never was a brace of philosophers more stoically prepared to bid adieu for a season to all the pleasing “amenities” of civilised existence; in fact, Diogenes in his tub was a prince to us. Yet, somehow or other, in the very outset, from a hundred boats or more at Boolak, it took us a full week to select one which came up to our ideas of convenience; then a full fortnight was consumed in painting, purifying, and provisioning the Kandgia. An excellent Arab cook was voted an indispensable commodity; and Hollands, wines, and bottled porter were stowed in a convenient locker, in case Nile water might run short. An extract from my journal will prove how ascetically we lived:—

“Rose this morning at eight o'clock. Walked for half-an-hour, while breakfast was being laid on deck beneath the awning. Breakfast a highly creditable and substantial affair—fowl in omelette a devilled drumstick, some unknown edibles in fried pumpkin, poached eggs, mutton chops, tea, coffee, a huge bowl of rice boiled in goat's milk; and by way of a wind up, a continued and consolatory smoke of excellent jibley and lataka mixed.

“After breakfast, a very pleasant ramble with our guns along the bank. Dinner at three o'clock—a more ornate and *recherché* affair than its matutinal predecessor. Read for an hour after dinner. Tea in C—s boat.”

This amphibious mode of living, however, was confined to the periods of contrary winds or no wind, when the slow and laborious process of tacking left us at perfect liberty to progress by land or water. Scudding before the breeze we had also our appropriate amusements. Books or conversation wiled away the time; a stray shot at a passing flock of waterfowl, or a crack at the pelican along the bank, afforded continual excitement. Besides the having to read up for the

antiquities we were to “do” on our return from the second cataract, obliged us to devote some hours in the day to a new and interesting study. Crocodile shooting, I regret to say, engrossed, after a while, more than a due share of our attention. No matter how serious the occupation—whether reading, eating, smoking, or sleeping (a nap in the shade on a sultry day is excessively seducing), the moment the cry of “timsah” was sung out by the crew, or “crokerdile” by the sagacious Hadge Bourie, every gun on board was in immediate requisition. There would recline the huge animal, stretched like a log of dry wood, unconsciously reposing on a mud bank, till the pattering of the bullets on his scaly sides broke in upon his slumbers, and warned him of his danger.

In all the Basha's dominions there are no such persecuted individuals as these very unoffending aborigines of the Nile. Countless as are the tales of his ferocity and bloodthirsty rapacity, I never heard of one well-authenticated instance, in which man, woman, or child, had been assailed or injured by the crocodiles. On the contrary, they appeared timid in the extreme when out of the watery element, and even when in it. Not only have our boatmen who were constantly in the river, returned invariably without let or hinderance, but I have again and again bathed in the very water where, five minutes before, I saw crocodiles rising to the surface in considerable numbers; indeed it has not unfrequently happened that when we were just plunging into the stream, we have roused a crocodile, which had been lying unseen on the bank, and then directly followed him into the water. Yet such is the perversity of human nature, master and man, cook and dragoman, reis and boatman—all, to the extent of their respective means, waged unceasing war on the unoffending crocodile. The first view I ever got of the timsah was under the following circumstances. It was a Christmas morning, and we were making up the stream for Kinneh; my companion and I had gone on board a friend's boat, where we were to dine and spend the day; soon after service, the wind rose, and it came on to blow very fresh; the boat, a crank little vessel, carrying a long lateen sail and a trinketta, went

staggering along under her canvas, running gunwale under, to our discomfort, and to materially interfering with the operations of Paulo and the cook, who had put their heads together, and were determined to produce "*the grand pudding*" (so a plum pudding was designated) in honour of the day. Mournfully they regarded the half-roasted turkey, which lurched uneasily on the spit from the pitching of the *Kandgia*, and firmly they held on by the portable kitchen, resolved to sink or swim with the objects of their professional solicitude.

Lazily extended at full length across the deck, I was, with no small amusement, watching their several manœuvres, not without a sneaking apprehension that turkey, grand pudding, and all, should share in an involuntary bath, when suddenly the battle-cry of crocodile was raised by Paul; and true enough, on a bank in the middle of the river, there lay seven veritable crocodiles, enjoying themselves in the sunshine. As soon as we neared them, six plunged with remarkable activity into the river; but one huge leviathan, more lethargic than his comrades, his enormous jaws wide open, continued sleeping in the sun. B. opened forthwith a battery from his double-barrel; the bullets rattled on the brute's ungainly carcase, but much to our amazement, accustomed as we had been to see a brace of balls, eighteen to the pound, produce at a reasonable range an effect of some sort, the big fellow very leisurely shut his mouth, wagged his long tail, turned round to look at his assailant, and with the most perfect composure returned into the river, from whence he came.

This bank, by the way, near *Kinne*, we found to be a famous resort of crocodiles. One fine afternoon, on our voyage down, B. and I went on shore there, the boat, according to our directions, falling some distance down the stream, after having left us on the bank. There was no cover on this little island, so we lay down about the centre of it, patiently expecting a visit from our amphibious friends. Presently huge heads rose slowly from the water. Then one after another great crocodile emerged from the stream, crawling cautiously along the margin of the

bank; but they soon perceived us as we rose from our recumbent posture, and before we could cover a *soft spot* on any of our "quarry," they were all in motion, gliding with great rapidity into the river, for it is quite a mistaken notion to suppose the crocodile cannot exhibit considerable agility on land. We were obliged to be contented, therefore, with a promiscuous blaze, without any perceptible effect, and to betake ourselves, rather crest-fallen, to our boat, disappointed in bagging a crocodile. On a subsequent occasion I was rather more successful.

Indulging one evening in a nap after dinner, I was roused by the report of a gun in the distance, and found that we were running alongside of a huge mud bank, a very usual retreat for somnolent alligators. My attention was directed by one of the boatmen to a crocodile in the act of escape into the river. A large Swiss rifle lay close to me, ready loaded, and though not well wide awake, I fired on the instant. The shot evidently took effect, for the crocodile staggered, and then remained still. I reloaded, and aimed behind the forearm, fired, and the brute rolled over. By a violent effort he recovered his legs, and being on the very brink of the river, plunged in heavily and disappeared. The Arabs tell you if the timsah is mortally wounded he always comes on land to die; and all being of opinion the gentleman in question had received his *quietus*, there was no small stir and excitement amongst the crew; lances were pulled out from unknown receptacles, staves were in instant requisition, and Hodge Mohammed, the cook, who was of a very sporting turn, appeared from behind the kitchen, bendogee in hand, viz., a steel-mounted piece, with a nearly endless longitude of barrel. The wounded animal was soon seen at a distance, making with much difficulty his last journey to the bank. I leaped on shore, but not so my ragged battalion; for finding the affair was likely to terminate in a death or victory transaction, either from a spirit of fair play (which I doubt), or a prudential regard to their own proper persons, they all of them hung back to a man, and left me "alone in my glory." By the time I reached the spot to which the crocodile was swimming, the dying animal had very nearly gained the bank. Some

reeds growing out of the water partially screened him ; my finger was on the hair-trigger, I almost counted the prize my own ; but before he had exposed a vulnerable spot, with one last struggling effort to gain the bank, timsah sunk beneath the waters, and was seen no more ; it was exceedingly provoking, for it is not every day a man can bag his crocodile. As we are on the subject of the crocodile, to the honour of the ancients be it recorded, that in some cities he enjoyed the dignity of a place amongst their sacred animals ; and if not exactly canonised after death, he at least was entitled to posthumous honours, being embalmed and made a mummy of in common with the sacred ibis, and even entombed in the same sepulchre in which the Egyptians of old deposited their dead, deities and devotees thus amicably returning to their dust together.

Our party visited one of these cemeteries, the name of which I forget, but it is on the top of the hilly range nearly opposite Manfaloot, at the other side of the river. An account of our excursion may not here be out of place, as I believe the spot is not generally visited by travellers ; and I have rambled so much at random in this most discursive paper, that the reader who has followed me in my meandering must be blessed with the patience of Job.

Crossing over, then, from the village of Manfaloot, donkeys, drivers, dragomen, and gentlemen, all having embarked together in the ferry-boat, we happily arrived at the opposite shore, not without many hairbreadth escapes from death by drowning, in consequence of the unconquerable objection which our quadrupeds manifested to navigation. Our route lay for some distance through a well cultivated strip of land, our Arabs making more free than welcome with the luxurious bean crop through which we passed ; and the path at length terminating in a straggling, dirty hamlet ; Paulo was sent off as plenipotentiary to hunt up the sheik.

The sheik of the village was, in due time, found sunning himself outside a respectable mud edifice, a pipe without tobacco in his hand, and a jar of water at his feet. He was a kiln-dried, dingy, seedy-looking old gentleman ; you would not have given the mode-

rate sum of sixpence for all the clothes on his back ; yet on perceiving our approach he mustered up uncommon dignity, and affected an air at once patronising and condescending.

Having mentally calculated to what probable amount he might cheat us, he pocketed our present, and saddling us with three guides, dismissed the party with a pious benediction. We now faced the hill which nearly overhangs the village, the ass boys urging our reluctant donkeys, who with more prudence than their riders, declined the unprofitable task of clambering up a mountain by a breakneck path, simply, so far at least as they were personally concerned, to come down again ; and as we had not bridle nor even halter wherewith to guide them, they fairly turned tail on the adventure, and left us to continue our journey on foot. Horace stigmatises the ass as an animal "*iniquæ mentis*," but I candidly confess our quadrupeds in the present instance judged discreetly and well.

The ascent was steep and stony, the sun intense, and the toil of climbing to the summit utterly unrewarded by the scenery that the hilltop presented ; around us was a desert in its dreariness, not a blade of grass, not a tree or bush to relieve the dazzled eye ; clusters of low rocks or pointed crags protruding from the sandy soil, just big enough to tumble over, but for shade or shelter naught. An old gray fox seemed the sole inhabitant of the region ; he eyed us with an expression of pity for a moment, shook his patriarchal pate, and leisurely went on his way. In due time we arrived at the *ultima thule* of our expedition. It was a pit, or rather cleft in a parcel of rocks, penetrating directly downwards, and apparently of considerable depth. We sat down for a few moments to arrange the order of descent ; indeed the question now came to be canvassed, whether or not we should descend at all. The celebrated example of "The King of France and all his men," &c., afforded an inviting, if not exactly pertinent, precedent.

Paulo, always a Job's comforter in a dilemma, stroking his beard and drawing his tarboosh over his eyebrows, descanted with gravity and great unction on the peril of the undertaking. "He had cause," he said, "to know

the dangers of the cavern, for fifteen years ago he had lost his way for seven hours in its endless passages." Our Arabs must also put in their oar; they told us of two travellers and three guides who had perished in attempting to penetrate the secret chambers of this subterraneous region; indeed, if their account was to be credited, the entire range of hill was excavated, and a tunnel formed to the bank of the Nile; otherwise, they stated, it was impossible the bodies could have been conveyed to the interior. So that altogether it appeared a pleasing and profitable adventure.

Our party, having first joined with great unanimity in heaping abuse on my unfortunate head, as the planner and instigator of the excursion, next, with laudable consistency, prepared to run all chances first, divesting themselves of all unnecessary clothing, and procuring wax tapers and oranges from Paulo, who had generally the foresight to provide himself against every emergency. Notwithstanding the veritable narrative of Paulo and the Arabs, my only apprehension arose from the circumstance, that while we descended into the pit, our followers from the village still remained above; it seemed to me too favourable an opportunity of imprisoning us within the cavern, by simply stopping the aperture, for those industrious gentry to overlook. Very true I had my pistols in my pocket, lucifers, an extra candle, and a small supply of oranges; but how long could we hold out if the enemy was determined on the blockade—an unconditional surrender with backsheesh, "at discretion," must have proved the *finale* of the adventure. The villagers were, however, men of honour, and my apprehensions consequently groundless; so, commencing with good courage our subterranean travels, we burrowed on for some time in a horizontal direction; the passage being so low and narrow, that we were constrained to crawl on face and hands through the sharp slippery rock which obstructed our path. The rock both above and beneath us was black and clammy; the atmosphere heavy, foul, and oppressive; the stench from the confined air intolerable; the darkness just rendered "visible" by the dim glimmering of our tapers, which burned so faintly as scarcely to shed any light: indeed a slight effort of imagina-

tion might have converted the way we were traversing into the main road to purgatory, with the sole reflection to support us, that the length of our weary journey should be commensurate with the purses and affections of our surviving relatives and friends. At last we arrived at a portion of the cavern in which we were able to stand upright. The sooty rock was hung with sable stalactites, and as well as we could discover them, in the dim obscurity, a labyrinth of passages appeared to radiate from the place in which we stood. Here our Arab guides, who had stripped for the occasion, appeared to be fairly at fault, snuffing into every cranny like ferrets in a deserted rabbit warren, scrutinizing every orifice, and in doubt as to which they should enter. As for ourselves, we presented a very tolerable picture of a band of respectable banditti in concealment from the myrmidons of justice, half clothed, and partly armed; begrimed with damp and dirt, the perspiration streaming from our bearded visages, perplexity depicted in each countenance, and disorder in our array; but beauty bears candlelight, and we now were very tolerably lit up. Our guides had disappeared for the moment, and our party, disheartened by their absence, began to indulge in very mutinous expressions: "they had gone far enough on such a wild-goose chase; no one was acquainted with the intricacies of the place. The three Arabs, for aught we knew, were, perhaps, giving their expiring kick in some mummy-pit; in fact nothing was left us but to return." Paulo seemed elated with the success of his unregarded predictions, and grinned diabolically from a nook in which he had ensconced himself; so matters looking worse and worse, I fell quietly into the rear, fully determined to act as "stopper," if the mutineers attempted a retreat. Happily, at this juncture, our guides shouted to us to say they had recovered the track, and Paulo, starting forward at the sound, we were all instantly in motion. Up we scrambled, mounting to an aperture in the top of a rock to our left, every turn and projection being chalked by Paulo as we advanced. My position in the rear was most satisfactory; no one could recede if he purposed it, except by backing stern foremost, and even then he must remain stationary, unless I consented to give way. The pas-

sage was extremely tortuous. We dragged our "weary lengths" slowly and painfully along. I could hear W. groaning philosophically about fire-damps and mephitic air. B., who immediately preceded me, would occasionally kick out very viciously, but his shoes were off, and a discreet application of my taper to an obvious extremity of his portly frame, caused him to move on with accelerated alacrity.

We now came into the region of bones and mummy cloth. Presently, we crushed over the mortal remains of a very ancient Egyptian, who inhospitably opposed our progress; and here our guide warned us of the very palpable danger of holding our lights incautiously, as a single spark, falling amidst the debris of mummies, dried reeds, old linen, and resinous substances that we were crushing through, must infallibly set the mass in a flame, and cause the instant suffocation of the whole party—a peril by no means easily to be avoided in our present position, where the candles were held horizontally, and within a few inches of the ground. Add to this, the aroma from the mummy dust was as pungent as snuff, so every sneeze put us in danger of our lives. We at last arrived safely at a rude chamber solely inhabited by human dead, mummy piled on mummy, so as nearly to fill the apartment. Here Paul, who was possessed with an inordinate passion for dissection, sat down by himself to peel a very perfect mummy predicting he should find rings, bracelets, gold coin, and a variety of valuables on the person of the defunct; but he had scarcely commenced operations when, overcome with fatigue, heat, foul air, and the strong smell proceeding from his "subject," he suddenly fell back, and nearly swooned off: had he actually fainted, the catastrophe must have proved a serious one.

We had no means of restoring animation; drag him out of the cave we could not, and desert him we undoubtedly would not; but as, after a little fanning and shaking, he gradually came to himself, we left him sucking oranges, and ungraciously repining at his fate.

We now entered the chamber, which was the immediate object of our search; it was a cavern, opening into the one I have described, and piled with mummied crocodiles, swathed and packed like their human neighbours,

but many of them had been unrolled, and the fragments were scattered round us. Some specimens were in perfect preservation, and of a large size. Packed in with the seniors, we found numerous bundles of little crocodiles, each about nine inches long, and containing a dozen or so of the tiny reptiles wrapped separately in coarse linen, and in complete preservation also. From some of the larger crocodiles we extracted eggs, but the shells were so easily broken, we were unable to bring any away. How these huge animals had been brought into this receptacle was a perfect mystery; certainly not by the way we entered, and we could discover no other mode of ingress. This cemetery is well worthy of investigation, for there doubtless exist several other chambers as yet unexplored.

Chalking our names in very legible characters on the black wall of the cave, and charitably taking charge each of a little orphan family, we rejoined Paul, who was by this time sufficiently recovered; and after a toilsome crawl through the same long winding passages, we bade farewell to these regions of darkness and the dead, and gladly scrambled into day.

On reaching the village, our sheik very hospitably presented us with a gulleh of unfiltered river water—a cheap but very acceptable refreshment, and urging our donkeys across the plain, we were soon luxuriating in the turbid waters of the deep and dirty Nile.

In travelling in the East, one cannot fail to be struck with the frequent recurrence of the same customs, and even the same phraseology with which we are familiarised by the Holy Scriptures; but while this is to be expected amongst the Arab tribes in the desert, or in Syria, one scarcely expects to meet with it amongst the mixed races of Egypt. Yet so it is. You are often startled by hearing even not very usual Scriptural phrases in the mouths of the fellahs.

A friend, for instance, inquiring from the reis of his boat whether the fair wind which was blowing at the time was likely to continue till evening, was answered by the boatman's replying in the words of Jacob, "Am I in the place of God?" So, amongst other patriarchal customs we find the old system of the avenging of blood by the

next of kin to the murdered person, still existing in Egypt.

Of this I had a striking instance during my visit to Thebes. As we were mounting one morning for some "lion-hunting" excursion, Paul, from the many brought us for hire, selected the very worst looking donkey of the lot, a proceeding so much at variance with the habitual discretion of our dragoman, that I could not help inquiring the cause.

"I take this donkey," replied Paul, "because it belongs to that little boy, the son of my old guide, who was murdered since I was last at Thebes."

He then related the following particulars:—

"The murderer of the deceased guide was his own and only brother. In a fit of uncontrollable passion, arising from some petty dispute, the man's own brother had publicly shot him dead, leaving his wife and a young family in utter destitution."

I asked who had provided for them. I was told they had been all taken to the uncle's house, who was bound to maintain the mother and the children, until the latter were of age to support themselves.

"And was no punishment inflicted on this fratricide?" I inquired.

"None," said Paul; "we must wait until this eldest boy grows up."

"And what then?"

"What then! Why of course as soon as he is able to handle a gun, this boy will shoot his uncle."

"But there are two parties to that: will the uncle be fool enough to permit him?"

"How can the man avoid it; it is the custom, the villagers will see justice done."

A delightful family arrangement, thought I, and yet it is the old patriarchal law, as ancient at least as the flood.

"And surely the blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it; and at the hand of man, at the hand of *every man's brother*, will I require the life of man."

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed, for in the image of God made He man."

Talking of family arrangements, one indispensable article in the household department of a well-regulated establishment, is an Abyssinian boy. Hadge

Bouri, my Arab dragoman, who, it may be remembered, was a respectable burger, when he retired, after a travelling engagement, into private life, was quite a connoisseur in slave boys; selling them as they approached manhood, and buying in a fresh supply of small boys as occasion required. On engaging with me he was intent on a mercantile speculation of this sort, stating: "him want buy boy at Kat'rakt, where him sold ver' cheap." On our arrival at Assuan, we accepted the Hadge's polite invitation to accompany him to the slave market, and assist him with our opinions on his purchases, before he concluded the bargain.

In Cairo this inhuman traffic in human flesh has received a check, at least ostensibly, the basha having closed the slave-market in the city, and imposed a duty on the imported article, so we were rather curious to witness this slave-dealing, even on a minor scale.

The so-called market at Assuan was a little beyond the village, on an open spot of rising ground, at one extremity of which grew a few date trees; here we found collected a group of some twenty boys and girls, varying in age from about nine to thirteen years; they were unbound and unguarded; the dealers, three in number, were seated at some distance on the other side of a low tent, which we were informed contained two young Abyssinian beauties. Round the dealers lounged a few idlers from the village, who smoked and chatted with them from time to time. The slave boys were in a state of primitive nudity. The young ladies were accommodated with the narrow leather fringe, which girded below the waist, forms the major portion of a Nubian gentlewoman's summer dress. The girls wore their hair tastefully arranged in a multitude of short diminutive braids, the whole well greased and dusted over with a white powder, their black limbs and bodies being also copiously lubricated with very rancid oil, giving them a wondrously sleek and slippery appearance.

The skulls of the boys were closely shaven, with the exception of the usual top-knot, whereby his guardian angel hauls the pious Moslim to paradise; their heads and bodies were also oiled and powdered; yet, notwithstanding

the evident exertions made by the owners to have their luckless live stock "well got up," a more uninviting set of little urchins I never laid eyes on; the features bore a startling affinity to those of the Moor's face on a hall-door knocker, while the polished scull might be aptly represented by the old-fashioned cocoa-nut sugar-bowl that was in vogue with our grandmothers in days of yore. But captives as they were, the youngsters seemed in high health and spirits, jabbering and laughing together until they noticed our approach, when rising in a body, they surrounded us, all clamouring loudly for backsheesh; all—no, there was one excepted, and that was a poor lank lad who sat apart from his noisy fellow-captives, with drooping head and sunken eye, worn and emaciated. There he lay, cowering under the partial shelter of the tent, as regardless of all around him, as those about him were regardless of him; no one appeared to care for or even pity him; he was sick, a dealer told us, and left to take his chance! in that little group before us we had the dark as well as sunny side of slavery. Though the slaves are generally brought from what is termed the upper country, I believe the Nubian women are rarely, if ever, induced to sell their children. Indeed, I had, one day, a rare opportunity of laying in a cargo of sable innocents, if the mothers had been so inclined.

I was wandering one afternoon up the river, in search of a village, where I could procure a few of those small straw baskets that the Nubian women make so neatly, when, just as I was about to enter a little hamlet, I met a portly matron, with a diminutive blackamoor in her arms. I told her I wanted to buy some baskets, and asked if she had any to dispose of. The woman replied that she had; and coolly coming up to me, demurely committed her infant to my charge, saying, "Take it—take it," suiting the action to the words. I confess I inwardly entertain neither affection for, nor antipathy to, very young children; but to become dry nurse to a black baby was something too overpowering to my nerves; so starting back in consternation, I was about to betake me to my heels, when the tender mother, laughing outright at my alarm, delivered me from my horrors, by calmly shouldering the rejected one, and setting

off full trot to her hovel, which happily lay hard by. In a little time she returned with the baskets; and not with the baskets only, but with three-fourths of the women of the village, for a Nubian female neither affects the reserve nor indulges in the licentiousness of her Arab neighbours. While the bargain was being made for the baskets, my fair friend was varying the dry details of business by relating to her admiring audience her pleasant proposal to the khawagee, and his consequent dismay—acting the scene for their amusement, and drawing a ludicrous picture of my astonishment. They evidently were highly tickled with the joke; one in particular, who ran forthwith to her hut, and returned with a bundle of rags in her arms. The rags were carefully unrolled, and out of them the good woman picked the smallest possible red infant, with which ugly specimen of humanity she kindly presented me, asking, as usual, for backsheesh. To get rid of her, I gave her a piaster, gratifying my first patroness with a like munificent donation. Never did two women appear more surprised and delighted—she with the skinned rabbit in particular, kissing the coin, and placing it on the face of her "raw head and bloody bones," which piped up on the occasion to the utmost stretch of its tiny lungs, crying, I suppose, for joy. Ill-timed and ill-advised was my liberality. In a few seconds, the whole bevy of matrons had disappeared, and returned with children of all ages and conditions—sucklings and weansters, crawlers, creepers, and toddlers—all were poked at me in succession, every mother clamouring for backsheesh, and all enjoying my manifest perplexity. Croesus himself could not have stood it. I was neither governor of the Bank of England, nor even possessor in fee of the gold mines of California; so I speedily declared myself insolvent, turned my coat pockets inside out in attestation of the fact, and without the least temptation to bring over a stock of little Nubians to improve the population of Ireland, laid hold of my baskets, and disengaged myself from the throng.

I had just cleared the village, and was turning my steps to the boat, when one woman overtook me, and forcibly

arrested my progress. It proved to be "bunni's" mother, who thrust on me a large straw dish of dried dates, praying the khawagee would accept her present, who gave his silver to her little babe. Poor woman! though her dates were an incumbrance, I had not the heart to refuse the gift.

The Nubians, generally speaking, are a fine, athletic set of men, far more trustworthy and honest than their fellows, the Arabs, but not by any means so quick-witted or intelligent. They make good, steady boatmen, and have no lack of energy when occasion requires it. We had a fine example of this in descending the cataract. The day after my visit to the pilot's unruly hareem, was the one fixed for our passing the rapids, and our party had determined to "stick to the ship," and see out the fun in their boats, instead of having recourse to the safer and more usual mode of transit, on asses along the bank. As the sun was rising next morning, we were roused from our slumbers by an unusual uproar outside the cabin doors, and calling to mind the exploit for the day, my companion and I were soon up and dressed. Scarcely had my toilet been completed, when in rushed Hadge Bourie, purple with rage, and almost inarticulate through excess of passion, muttering some incomprehensible jargon, of which I could only catch the words, "Raskàl Barbarino." The Hadge retiring as precipitately as he had burst in, out I ran after him. What a scene of confusion was before me! The boat was rocking under the crowd that all but swamped her; a multitude of heads were swaying to-and-fro—laughter, curses, shouts, resounded in all quarters. Now a cloud of red slippers would suddenly take flight for the shore; then skull-caps and tarbouches were seen flying in the same direction; anon, a dozen or so of black fellows tumbled over into the river. In fact our Arab crew were endeavouring to repel boarders, and endeavouring in vain; Hadge Bouri and our cook Mohammed valorously leading the van, Paulo, with characteristic caution, keeping carefully in the rear. At length the matter was compromised by our crew's giving up the ship to a select company of Nubians, two or three of the latter sitting at each oar. The reis of the

cataract, with two pilots, took charge of the helm, and we gradually cast off from shore. As we glided into the centre of the stream, one of our oarsmen raised a wild ditty, on which the rest joined in a very tumultuous chorus; it was the signal for the men to bend to their oars, and give way.

The Commodore (as our old boat was named), propelled by her ten long sweeps, and the increasing current, dashed forward with unwonted velocity, and passed under the cliffs that skirt the cataract at an amazing pace. The river here was broad, and the surface without a ripple; but we could feel that the force of the current was momentarily increasing. The Hadge and Mohammed sat, like tutelary deities, on either side of the kitchen; the one, I suppose, because he loved the good things that used to be served up therefrom—the other, because it was the narrow sphere of his dominion, as well as the scene of his gastronomic triumphs. But at that moment they were anything but complacent deities; both, in fact, were horribly afraid—and Mohammed, by his tell-tale features, the Hadge by his convulsive pulls at the Nargilleh, forewarned us the crisis was approaching. Our Nubian crew, like mighty men of valour, now warmed to their work, rose stoutly to their oars, and shouted out their chorus. Swifter rushed the Commodore—now swifter still. The reis gave the word—a simultaneous cry responded—the steersmen on the poop bent over the helm; the reis stood beside them erect and watchful, his long red scarf streaming wildly in the wind. Our men began to pull like demons, and away we dashed at racing speed for the great gate of the cataract.

The stream now rushed through its narrowed course with prodigious violence, and the fall of the water was quite perceptible. Onward we dashed, "helm a-port," and, in a second, our old tub plunged headlong down the foaming waters; up she was again like a wild duck, tossing the spray off her bows, and rising to the swell; now through a labyrinth of rocks; one moment bearing down on one—then, "bout ship," like magic, grazing the angle of the reef, and away again in her mad career, dancing gaily on the surging flood. Here rose a sea in

miniature, boiling above our bulwarks—there sprang up cliff after cliff, rising from the turbid depths, as if to bar our progress. On bounds the Commodore, doubling and winding; our Nubians shout the louder, and pull like maniacs. Now we touch a rock—what matter, it's a bare rub, we are off again; but hold hard here, the stream has taken us "mid-ships"—we are alap upon a reef: there we go bumping and grinding; now we are fast in it, and the river is breaking over us; we'll "keel over," or go to bits. The crowd on the bank are jumping with delight at the prospect of plunder; our crew are tumbling over one another—the reis tears off his turban, and stamps with excitement. Who could be heard where every one is shouting. Now, gentlemen, no time to lose, make your wills, and leave your chattels to the Nubians. Hurrah! we're off again; well battled, stanch old Commodore—the great gate of the cataract is cleared!

"Salam àt, Salam àt Khowagee;" the reis kisses his hand, and flings about congratulations. His pipe is not well-lighted before we pass the little gate; and here we are floating placidly between the tall cliffs on either side of the river: and, in ten

minutes, we are moored by the mud bank at Assaun.

Farewell to the cataracts.

ODE TO THE RIVER NILE.

I.

"Flow on, thou shining river,
But ere thou reach the sea,"
My compliments deliver
To all who ask for me.

II.

Farewell, ye alligators,
Farewell—I have not time
To mention half the creatures
That might figure here in rhyme.

III.

Now let all who seek diversion,
Or dull winter to beguile,
Set off on an excursion
Of pleasure up the Nile.

"What verses!" Really I can't help it; nature never made me a poet, and that's plain; but a leading Irish journal having lately complained of the deficiency of poetical effusions in the pages of the "UNIVERSITY," I here set a brave example in doing "my possible."

And, until better hands take up the cudgels, I trust the "entente cordiale" will be generously accepted by the *Evening Mail*.

THE LEGOFF FAMILY.

CHAPTER III.

THE three brothers, followed by their servants, ran immediately to the shore. They found the fishermen of Bignic, who had also hastened there at the first signals of distress. Christophe ordered large fires to be lighted at intervals. From the moment the ship perceived that her signals were answered, and that she was about to receive succour, she did not cease to fire guns every three minutes. She was so near the shore that, notwithstanding the roar of the tempest, the people on the strand could hear the cries of the sailors and the whistle of the boatswain; but the surf ran so high that no boat could live in it, and the night was so dark that all they could perceive, was the flash preceding each firing of the guns. They conjectured that the ship had run aground on one of the sandbanks so common on those coasts. In fact, at daybreak, they discovered at some cable's length from the shore, the yards of a frigate sunk in the sand, and by her flag they recognised her as belonging to the English navy. By times the sea retiring left the hull of the vessel exposed to view, or beating over her with incredible fury, buried her under mountains of foam. The deck appeared deserted, the cannon were fired no more, and already had the waves cast many a corpse on the strand. At first they thought that all the crew had perished, when, by the aid of a telescope, Christophe ascertained that there were still some souls on board.

"Come, lads," exclaimed he, addressing the fishermen, "all is not over yonder; they are Englishmen, 'tis true, but coward is he who being able to save even a drowning dog lends him not his aid."

At these words, helped by Jean and Joseph, he dragged one of the boats towards the sea, and when the frail skiff was near being carried away by the waves—

"Boys," cried Christophe, laying

hold of an oar in each hand, "I require but six arms to reach the wreck and save the survivors."

"Right, uncle; right, brave Christophe!" exclaimed Jeanne, embracing him fondly.

The young girl had passed the entire night standing at her open window: at daybreak she hurried to the cliffs. She stood by her uncles, wrapt in her cloak, her head uncovered, and her hair floating in the wind.

However, none had responded to the appeal of Christophe; although the sea was somewhat calmed, it was still rough; not one of the fishermen stirred.

"What! you parcel of scoundrels!" exclaimed Christophe, passionately, "you remain motionless, your hands in your pockets, when over there are unfortunate men who require your aid! What! amongst twenty of you, knaves, are there not three men of courage or goodwill?"

The fishermen looked at each other abashed.

"Don't expose yourselves any longer in the open air," said Jeanne, scornfully; "the wind is sharp, you run the risk of catching cold. Return to Bignic and send us your wives, they will take your oars whilst you spin! Go! and now for us four, uncles!" added the fearless girl, ready to jump into the boat; "Joseph's arms and mine will be of no great assistance, but he will pray for our success, and I will sing to enliven the passage."

Seeing so much resolution in this young girl, the fishermen were ashamed of their cowardice, and instead of three that Christophe had demanded, they all offered themselves. Christophe chose three of the most vigorous and gave them strong oars, he kissed his niece, pressed his brothers' hands, then followed by his three companions, sprang into the boat. It was no small trouble to get her afloat; at length a mighty wave lifted and carried her off.

His eyes towards heaven, his hands crossed on his breast, Joseph prayed with fervour. Silent and grouped here and there on the rocks which bound the shore, the young girl, Jean, and the fishermen followed with eager gaze the course of the boat, which appeared now and then on the high crest of a wave, and disappeared almost as soon in as deep an abyss. It seemed as if the ocean, irritated by such audacity, had redoubled its fury. Terror and hopelessness were painted on every face; Jeanne was the only one who still hoped. Vainly did the waves break beneath her with a horrible uproar; excited by the heroism of Christophe, she was calm, almost serene, and, trusting in God, seemed to rule the tempest. However, at one moment a cry of terror burst from every lip; an enormous wave had broken over the boat, and seemed to swamp her. There were ten minutes of deadly expectation; at last a shout of joy rang along the shore, the boat had reappeared within gunshot of the ship. Jeanne rested the telescope on the shoulder of her uncle, and applied her eye to the glass of the instrument.

"Jeanne, what do you see?" asked her uncle the soldier.

After a moment of silent observation she replied—

"I see a ship in a frightful condition; the masts are broken, the waves rock her to and fro, as it were to capsize her; by intervals the keel is lifted into the air. On deck not a soul! Wait a moment; yes, I see a man alone, who holds on by the rigging, the others must have perished—poor fellows! He makes signals, doubtlessly to Christophe, as though beseeching him to return; he does not seem afraid. He wears a blue jacket and carries a sword."

"He must be an officer," said Jean.

"The boat, here is the boat!" exclaimed she. "Lord! it is going to be dashed to pieces against the ship. No; Heaven be praised! a wave has deadened the shock. They throw a rope to the officer. Why does he not hasten down? Why does he delay? What time lost! He speaks to Christophe—Christophe answers him. What madness! Is this a time for deliberation? Christophe is in a passion, I guess it by his gestures. Good! he springs on

the deck of the frigate; he takes the officer by the waist; he lifts him as a feather, and throws him into the boat; he in his turn gets into it. God protect their return!"

The return was rapid; the wind and waves carried to the shore, the skiff, shot like an arrow from a steel bow, and after a few moments it grated over the strand. Scarcely had Christophe set foot on land when Jeanne sprang to his neck and embraced him several times.

"I am proud of you," said she, with an expression of sweet tenderness.

"It's not worth it," answered Christophe, who thought that what he had done was but natural; "we came too late, and could only save one; yet, *mille tonnerres*, it was not without trouble, for that devil of a man had determined to perish with his frigate; he made more ceremony about being saved than others generally do, when conducted to death. Boys," added he, speaking to the sailors who had accompanied him, "you'll follow us to the castle, where we'll take care of you," then, turning to the English officer, he was about to question him, but remained silent and respectful, beholding his grief. The stranger contemplated with melancholy the corpses which the sea had cast on the strand. He walked slowly from one to another, calling them by name. He had named several of them, when suddenly he recognised one, whose life had, doubtlessly, been most dear to him, for no sooner did he perceive him, than he knelt by his side in sullen despair, and long remained thus, as though the dead could hear him. All who witnessed this scene were deeply moved.

"Unfortunate man!" said Jeanne, "he mourns over a brother or a friend."

"Yes," said Christophe, who understood English a little, "he calls him his brother, his friend, his dear and unfortunate Albert. Although they are but English, no matter, it breaks the heart. Come, sir," added he, approaching the officer, "were you to weep for ever, you could not restore these brave fellows to life. It is a misfortune, but you can't help it; and after all you've done your duty. I acknowledge you to be a man of honour, and a brave and true sailor; and

if it were necessary, I would bear witness before the English Board of Admiralty. The Devil! sir, have courage, people may be wrecked, run aground, or lose their ships—it happens every day, and might befall the first admiral of France or England. There is no disgrace in such a thing. The ocean is master of us all; he is a bad bedfellow who, when you expect it the least, throws you savagely over the bedside. I can tell you, you are a gallant man, and had we met some five-and-twenty years ago at sea, within gunshot, you in your frigate, and I in the brig *La Vaillance*, by Neptune! we would have saluted each other after a strange fashion."

Christophe added some words to induce the stranger to come to the Coat D'Or; but he seemed not to hear what was said. He stood motionless, his arms crossed on his breast, his eyes fixed on the frigate, which the waves continued to beat with redoubled force. Thus he remained a long time before it was possible to remove him from this heartrending spectacle. At last, from the incessant assault of the waves, the hull of the ship broke in two, and in a few seconds the sea rolled without an obstacle on the place which she had occupied. The officer pressed his hand upon his heart, and silent tears trickled down his cheek.

By a sudden movement of sympathy, Jeanne and Joseph each seized one of his hands. He bent a sweet, yet sorrowful, look on the young girl; then, without saying a word, thoughtlessly offered her his arm, and allowed himself to be led away like a child.

They soon reached the Coat D'Or: Jean and Christophe walked in front; Jeanne followed them, leaning on the arm of the English officer; Joseph had remained on the shore to look after the corpses cast up by the sea; not a word was uttered on their way. Once in the drawing-room—

"Sir," said Christophe, addressing the stranger, "you are in France, on the coast of Brittany, in the castle of the three brothers Legoff. Here is Jean, I am Christophe, our third brother watches over the dead sailors; this fair child is our beloved niece. Had I not saved you against your will, we would nevertheless be inclined to fulfil towards you all the duties of hos-

pitality: I beg, then, that you will consider this house as your own: and believe me, we'll forget nothing to help you to bear the misfortune which has befallen you."

"You are our guest," added Jean.

"We are your friends," said Jeanne.

"Noble hearts! generous France, that I always loved!" exclaimed the stranger with emotion, carrying the hand of Jeanne to his lips; then re-assuming the Britannic phlegm, he held out his hand to Christophe, and said. "My name is George Whitworth, a naval officer, but this morning captain of an English frigate. You have saved me despite myself; I wished, I ought, to have died on board my vessel. However, I do thank you."

"Before you express your gratitude, wait until you have tasted our old French wines," replied Christophe, inviting him to sit at a table which had just been laid. "I mean to show you, sir, that however sad be a life, it has still some good sides."

The officer was exhausted as much by want as by emotion. Before seating himself, he begged leave to retire to the room that had been prepared for him in great haste, but over the arrangement of which the foresight of Jeanne had presided. When he returned he had taken off the boat cloak, which covered his uniform, and had repaired as much as possible the disorder of his dress. In the excitement of the first moments, Jeanne had not thought of remarking if the guest sent by the tempest were handsome or ugly, old or young; she beheld but the grief, and was pre-occupied only by the disaster of the man. Moreover, it would have been difficult to judge of the appearance of George Whitworth. His boat-cloak wrapped him entirely; his hat was pressed down on his forehead, his dripping hair half concealed his face; his hands bore traces of the hard work in which he had been engaged. When he re-entered the room, Jeanne and her uncles were at once struck by his youth and prepossessing exterior. He was a tall and handsome man, about twenty-eight years of age; the fairness of his complexion agreeably contrasted with the clear and deep blue of his eyes; his light and silky hair, carelessly thrown back, exposed to view a high and intelligent brow; his figure was

elegant, and his uniform became him well. No sooner was he in the drawing-room, than going to Jeanne, he offered her his hand to lead her to the table.

"By Jove, sir," cried Christophe, making him sit beside him, opposite to his niece; "you might have laughed when I spoke to you of what could have happened, had my brig and your frigate met some five-and twenty years ago; you were hardly born then; so young, and already captain of a frigate! You have lost no time. And yet you wished to die; young man, indeed it would have been a pity, for if you go on thus, you may be admiral at thirty."

George answered at first by a faint smile; then narrated in all their particulars the misfortunes which had just befallen him. Commissioned to protect the interest of the English commerce on the French coast, he had been surprised the evening before by a furious squall, which breaking his masts, had driven him into shoals. He had fired guns all night long. Shortly before daybreak, the ship threatened every moment to founder: they lowered the long boat, all the crew sprang into it, and he himself was about to follow, when it was violently carried away by the waves. From the cries of distress which suddenly arose above the clamour of the tempest, and the deadly silence which followed, the officer knew that the boat had been swamped, and that it was all over with his friends and sailors.

"Yes," exclaimed he, "I wished to die, and at this hour still, though you should accuse me of ingratitude, I regret you saved me! I wished to die, for all my crew had perished, and never again could I expect to see my friend Albert, the dearer half of myself. I prayed that the sea which had swallowed him up, should be my grave, and my ship my coffin. Alas! it was the first vessel I commanded," added he, blushing with a noble shame; "I loved my frigate as a first love; she was to me like a young and fair bride. It would have been sweet for me to perish with her."

"Your language pleases me," said Jean: "you are a gallant young man," added he, stretching his hand over the table; "as to your government, that is

another question—we will speak of it by-and-by."

"Come, drink away," exclaimed Christophe, filling his glass, "it is the same with frigates as with sweethearts and brides—one lost, ten found."

"Albert was your brother?" asked the young girl, with timid curiosity.

"He was my friend; the same leanings, sympathies, and ambition, had bound us together from infancy. We followed the same studies, shared the same labours; so tried was our friendship that none could have thought of separating us. What sweet dreams did we not exchange, on the deck of our ship, during the calm nights of starry heavens! How many hopes did we not mingle, when silence was mellowed by the harmonious murmur of that perfidious sea which so soon was to sever us. One was our will, and one our soul—still, *he* is no more and *I* live."

Having thus said, he leaned his head on his hands and buried himself in a melancholy reverie.

"Unfortunate young man," exclaimed Jeanne, feelingly.

"Those Englishmen have some good in them after all," said Jean, emptying a glass of claret.

"There are good people everywhere," said Christophe. "Come, captain," added he, slapping him on the shoulder, "cheer up—don't be cast down. You are young, therefore destined to lose many a frigate and many a friend. A sailor must be ready to face everything; you know the proverb:

'Women and the sea,
Who trusts—mad is he.'

I, for my part, have weathered many a stiff gale in my time—the sea is our common enemy; from you it has snatched a friend; from us, an old father and a young brother ——"

"Ay," interrupted Jean, "each of us has had his common enemy; war has been mine, for it deprived me of my wife and only son."

"Come, come," returned Christophe, "brother Jean, don't give vent to your usual lamentations. Fill up your glasses and let us drink to the memory of those dear to us."

George stood up, and before carrying to his lips the glass just filled by Christophe—

"To the memory of those you loved, and may heaven pour all its benedictions on this hospitable dwelling!"

Jean, Christophe, and the young girl, had risen at the same time—

"To the memory of your friend Albert," replied Christophe, "and may heaven pour into your heart all the joys and consolations of earth!"

"To you, also," added the officer, turning to Jeanne with a grave politeness—"to you, young and fair amongst the fairest, who, to use the words of an old English poet, are a 'young flower mingled with the gloomy foliage of the cypress!'"

They then all sat down, and the conversation continued its course; George spoke the language of his hosts with a remarkable facility, and rather a pleasing accent.

Meanwhile, the young girl observed him with an astonishment that can be easily conceived. Jeanne had been reared in feelings of hatred towards England. Thanks to the education which Christophe and Jean had given to their niece, hitherto it was to her but *La perfide Albion*, the country of Hudson Lowe, an iron cage in which Napoleon had died a slow death, a serpent's nest in the middle of the sea. Besides she knew from infancy, that her father had been killed by an English naval officer; in fine, she naively thought until then that all sailors, save those of Byron's poems, swore, drank, and smoked, had big hands and proverbial *embonpoint*, a long beard, and, in a word, resembled the ex-lieutenant of the brig —

The repast being over, the officer went without further delay to make his report to the English consul residing at St. Brieuc. Christophe and Jean accompanied him, and strengthened his depositions by their testimony. As is customary, it was decided that George should wait the departure of the first vessel sailing for England, to present himself before the Board of Admiralty. Until then the consul offered him hospitality, but unwilling to offend the Legoffs, who insisted warmly that he should return with them, George requested leave to establish his residence at the Coat D'Or, where it might be necessary for him to watch over the wreck of the vessel.

On the evening of that day an affecting ceremony took place at Big-

nic. At dusk, the three Legoffs, Jeanne, and the servants, accompanied the officer to the village cemetery. When passing along the shore, the officer perceived the remains of his flag, washed in by the sea—he lifted them, kissed them sadly, and pressed them reverently to his heart. Thanks to the care of Joseph, all the corpses found along the strand had been placed in a common grave, dug at the angle of the cemetery nearest to the ocean. The old curate had said for them the mass of the dead, without minding whether they had been Protestants or Catholics. It was he who, after blessing them in their last abode, threw on them the first handful of earth; George threw the second; and when the gravedigger had ended his task, amidst the silence and recollection of the assistants, the officer planted over the tomb of his brothers a wooden cross, wrapped in the tatters of the English flag. Having bid them a last farewell he slowly strolled away, and the little cortege returned to the Coat D'Or.

The supper was short, gloomy, and silent—a truly funereal banquet. Besides the sorrowful impressions under which all laboured—the guests were weary. The night and day just elapsed had been hard and laborious. George being no longer stimulated by the sense of the imperious duties he had just fulfilled, could sustain himself no further. Jeanne was the only one who felt no lassitude. Emotion and curiosity, the charm and attraction of novelty, had triumphed over fatigue. Having retired to her chamber, instead of seeking rest, she remained a long time leaning on the sill of her window, contemplating the magic picture which unrolled itself before her. The tempest had abated—the moon climbed full and bright in the azure sky—the ocean quitted the shore, and, mysteriously attracted, swelled its still-heaving bosom as if to hang upon the lips of its pale love.

At the same hour also did Joseph watch, the prey of an uneasiness and oppression, the cause of which he could not explain. Like Jeanne he had been struck by the distinguished appearance of the English officer; and more than once did he suffer during the evening, finding the eyes of his niece fixed upon the stranger.

Jeanne watched far into the night : when at length sleep closed her eyes, she saw passing in her dreams, under

vague and confused types, all the graceful forms revealed to her by the books she had recently read.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning Jeanne rose with the day. She opened her window : the air was mild, the sky serene. The sun promised one of those fair winter days, which seem to herald the return of spring. Save the servants, every one was still asleep in the castle. Under the pretext of killing time until breakfast hour, the young girl put on her riding habit, and having ordered her horse, she cantered away, accompanied this time by Yvon, who followed on horseback, according to the orders given by Joseph, since the last ramble of the young girl. She glided lightly along the coast. Never had she felt at the same time so calm and so joyful. Why? She knew not, nor did she ask herself. At some distance from the Coat D'Or she perceived George, who, standing motionless, contemplated with melancholy the sea now smooth as a mirror. Explain who may the presentiments of these two young hearts ! None of the servants had seen the stranger go out ; without wronging his vigilance, it might be supposed that he still rested after his late fatigues. Although unknown to herself, Jeanne when setting out was almost sure of meeting him. At the noise of the approaching gallop, George turned his head and beheld the young girl coming towards him, beautiful, haughty, and graceful, like the Di Vernon of the Scotch novelist. A few yards from the officer, Jeanne's horse reared under the slight pressure of the curb, and then stood immovable. After the usual salutations—

"Mr. Whitworth," said the young girl, "you must be more at ease on the deck of a ship than on horseback; however, if you have no objection to join in my ride, I offer you Yvon's horse; we shall go on to Bignic, and return to the castle together."

Yvon, having rejoined his mistress, dismounted, and the captain of the frigate vaulted gracefully into the saddle, and almost immediately the two horses set off abreast, following the narrow path which wound itself like a serpentine ribbon along the coast. Jeanne

remarked at once that, for a naval officer, George was a very agreeable cavalier, and might have given lessons in horsemanship to uncle Jean. Having galloped for some time, in silence, they slackened their pace, and by degrees fell into conversation. Jeanne narrated with charming simplicity the history of the Coat D'Or, and the strange manner after which she had been reared. More grave and reserved, George told nothing of his life ; but it happened, that in everything they had the same tastes, and sympathies. Jeanne was not entirely a stranger to English writers ; the officer knew a little about French literature. They communicated their ideas and sentiments. No one can tell to how many growing affections writers thus become accomplices. Hearts unite in the same admiration, and what they dare not express, the poet sings. Having arrived at the summit of a steep cliff, they stopped to let their horses take breath, on a spot whence they could discover a vast extent of country : the sea on one side, on the other fields of reeds and heath ; here the slender spire of Bignic ; yonder the massive towers of the Coat D'Or. At this picturesque sight, whilst the young girl patted the trembling shoulder of her bay horse, George having let the reins fall on the neck of his, cast around an astonished and dreamy glance. Struck by the attitude of her companion, Jeanne asked him the cause of his reverie.

"I hardly know how to explain it to you, mademoiselle," replied he, "but you—have you never felt what I now feel? Did you never imagine that before bearing your present charming form, you lived in another country, under other skies? Are there not perfumes and harmonies, which awaken in you the vague remembrance of a mysterious land? Oh! these feelings, these thoughts now mine, shall one day be yours, fair girl, when you return to heaven. Methinks I recognise these places, though beholding them for the first time; that my soul once wandered on this lonely strand and

over these solitary moors. Have I not once breathed the strange fragrance of this wild nature?" added he, inspiring slowly the odour of the heath and wild flowers, mingled with the exhalations of the sea: "thus, strange to say! each time I have seen an unknown shore streak the horizon, I have felt my heart beating, and my eyes filled with tears; never did I tread on a foreign land without being tempted to kneel and kiss it; to kiss it with emotion, and to call it my mother."

"That mysterious land which we vaguely recollect, 'tis not here below we are to seek it, Mr. Whitworth," gravely said the young girl, remembering the pious teachings of Joseph.

"It is true," added George, with sadness, "the unfortunate and the exiled have no fatherland on earth."

Jeanne guessed that some painful secret hung over the destiny of her companion. She dared not question him; but their looks met, and when they returned to the castle, an invisible chain already linked their two souls. The presence of George gave new life to the inmates of the Coat D'Or. The repasts became more cheerful; conversation shortened and enlivened the course of the evenings. The officer had travelled, seen and observed much: under an apparent phlegm and a real sadness, he concealed a heart prone to enthusiasm, a mind flexible and by times mirthful. To use the energetic expression of Christophe, "the officer was a Frenchman, sewed up in an Englishman's skin." He seldom spoke of himself, and liked not to put himself forward, but he related very agreeably his travels in distant lands. Though young, he had navigated on all seas, and had sailed nearly round the world; the ices of Norway, the shores of the Bosphorus, and the banks of the Indus, were as familiar to him, as to Jeanne the rocky strand of the ocean extending from Coat D'Or to Bignic. He knew both the old and new world; had visited the ruins of ancient Egypt, and the forests of young America. He told as a poet what he had seen, what he had felt. In all these descriptions, the name of Albert was ceaselessly mingled; and Jeanne, when listening, appeared to hang on the lips of the speaker.

Then came the old feuds of France

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and England. It was on this ground that Christophe and Jean liked specially to entice their guest; George nobly upheld the honor of the British flag, but it was easy to perceive that his heart inclined towards France. He loved all her glories, respected all her misfortunes, and almost always, to their great disappointment, they found an accomplice in lieu of an adversary. The young man carried into all these discussions an elegance of manners, an elevation of ideas, and a chivalrous eloquence, which excited the more the imagination of Jeanne, these accomplishments forming a striking contrast with the uncultivated manners of her uncles. Seated by the fireside, Joseph mixed but little in these conversations; his hands on his knees, his feet on the fender, more sad and thoughtful than ever, he observed, by times, with a secret feeling of jealousy and grief, George, and also Jeanne, whose entire attention was devoted to the officer alone. Both were young and handsome, and poor Joseph, when contemplating them, could not restrain emotions of sorrow and envy. He suffered: how could he but suffer? From the day the stranger had first crossed the threshold of the Coat D'Or, scarcely had the ungrateful girl found for her uncle an affectionate word or a kind smile. George reigned absolutely in her heart, and Joseph was merely a dethroned king under that very roof, where he had so long held the double sceptre of affection and intelligence. Alas! the sight of these two young hearts, which loved without avowing, or perhaps knowing it, revealed to him, in its whole extent, the evil of his soul: he knew at last the secret of that strange malady, which for some time had disturbed his days and his nights. Perturbed and miserable, kneeling every evening before his crucifix, he called upon Heaven to aid him. As for the two other Legoffs, they remarked nothing, suspected nothing; their guest amused them, and, seeing their niece re-assume the serenity of her disposition, Christophe and Jean, without any further alarm, enjoyed their former tranquillity. Thus all three played unconsciously—Joseph the part of a deceived and jealous lover, Christophe and Jean, that of two confiding and blind husbands.

The inexperience of these two men in all that regarded love, prevented them from perceiving what actually passed under their eyes, and also from foreseeing what should naturally follow the arrival of George at the Coat D'Or.

Aye, doubtlessly, they loved each other, these two young hearts. By what spell could it have been otherwise? Long since, Jeanne was a ready prey for love. She was entering that time of life, when the fair swarm of our dreams hum around the first hive offered to it; that matinal hour, when we hail as an angel, descended purposely from heaven, the first being chance or Providence sends us. Charming age! hours too swiftly fled! youth is like a tree blossoming on the wayside; it is ever on the brow of the first traveller, sitting beneath its branches, that it sheds its freshness and its perfumes.

It so happened that destiny gratified all the dreams of Jeanne, and imagination had nothing to lend to reality. Nothing was wanted, not even the accessories, which far surpassed the exigencies of a poet. The dark night, the furious sea, the cannon mingling its deep and terrible voice with the clamour of the tempest. A frigate wrecked within sight of the coast, all the crew ingulphed in the waves, the captain alone snatched, against his will, from the abyss ready to devour him. In his life lay a painful secret, the poetic mystery of which gave the last touch to that resemblance to one of those shadowy figures, which almost every young girl has beheld in her dreams.

Many a time, Joseph, who followed with an anxious eye the progress these two young people made in each other's affection, was on the point of questioning his niece; the fear of awakening her heart restrained him. Moreover, he reckoned on the approaching departure of the officer; yet weeks elapsed and there was no mention of it. By a feeling of delicacy, which the coarsest natures will have no trouble to understand, the Legoffs scrupulously abstained from any allusion to the subject. Jeanne, abandoning herself to her happiness, did not even think of it, and George himself forgot that he was to depart one day or another. Joseph counted

the days with anxiety; several times he had secretly gone to St. Brienc, to inquire if there were any ship ready to sail for England. He was not actuated by jealousy alone—he trembled also for Jeanne's peace, he troubled himself rightly when considering the destiny of the child. Oftentimes, he had attempted to arouse the solicitude of his brothers. It so happened that Christophe and Jean, so susceptible and jealous as to what regarded their niece, had, from the first, taken the greatest fancy to the only man who ought naturally to have given them umbrage, and even placed in him the most blind and naïve confidence.

Jeanne and George continued, then, to see each other without restraint; and in this Christophe and Jean saw no harm. They were not sorry to let the English naval officer know how hospitality was understood on the French coast; we may add, that they showed off their niece to the stranger, as a jewel of which they were proud. More clear-sighted, Joseph watched them with suspicious vigilance; albeit all the poor fellow could imagine, he lost his time and trouble. The young girl ever found, to escape him or send him away, some innocent ruse, some ingenious pretext. If he accompanied them in their strolls by the seaside, and the breeze freshened, Jeanne soon perceived she had forgotten her shawl or her cloak—if the sun shone brightly, it was her veil or her parasol. Then would kind Joseph run to the Coat D'Or to hurry back, a shawl on his arm, or a parasol in his hand; but vainly sought he Jeanne or George—vainly did he call their names to all the echoes of the shore; the two birds had flown: and when the evening brought them home, if Joseph seemed inclined to lecture the young girl, Jeanne, assuming immediately an angry look, would assert that she had waited for Joseph, scold him for not returning sooner, and complain beforehand of a sunstroke, or a cold, for which she was indebted to his negligence—all this with such grace and wit, that Christophe and Jean soon took her part, and Joseph found himself rebuked by every one.

Thus the cruel child played pitilessly with the most tender and devoted affection. Scarcely is love awakened when all the rest in life is counted as nothing:

friends, parents, family, the most sacred attachments—all grow pale and glimmer before the first beams of love. Love is the first chapter in the great book of ingratitude.

What need, after all, had these two young people of *ruse* and mystery? Feared they that Joseph might guess the secret of their glances and conversations? These were such as the guardian angel of Jeanne might have rejoiced to hear; the glances they interchanged were ever the purest rays of their noble and elevated souls. They went gently along the strand, conversing of all they knew—cheerful by times, oftener serious—Jeanne leaning on George's arm: both abandoning themselves to the charm that attracted them. The usual end of their walk was the little churchyard, where lay the companions of George. There he found a melancholy pleasure in speaking to her of that Albert he had so dearly loved. When the sun had heated the fine and golden sand of the shore, they retired to some lonely spot; seated side by side, whilst the waves broke at their feet, they read the book they had brought, but they soon shut it to resume their *causeries*. Thus fled their days; and Jeanne's happiness would have been cloudless and free from regret, had not the sombre melancholy to which George oftentimes yielded, filled her heart with unceasing anxiety and sadness. Many a time had she attempted to lift, with a gentle hand, the veil which hung over the life of this young man, but ever vainly; and fearing to appear indiscreet, Jeanne resigned herself to remain ignorant of that life, which she wished to know but to sympathise with its misfortunes.

One day both were seated on a retired part of the sea-shore: it was spring time—April had just begun. Little white and pink flowers bloomed here and there in the crevices of the rocks, rejoicing in the warm kisses of the sun. The birds were singing on the heaths—the earth, young again, mingled its sweet perfumes with the fresh sea breeze. Jeanne and George were unknowingly affected by these enervating influences. The young girl was dreamy; George, silent and agitated. They endeavoured to read, but the book fell from their hands, and they thought not of taking it up. They were so near each other that the hair of the young girl, tossed by the breeze,

caressed the face of her charm-stricken lover. They were silent. The wave flung at their feet its silvery crest; the ocean rocked them with its ceaseless murmur; the sun bathed them in golden light. What was to happen, happened. Long since attracted, their souls soon mingled together. Unconsciously, Jeanne rested her head on the shoulder of George, their hands met, and for unmarked hours they sat silent, motionless, and forgetful of aught save the vision of their happiness.

Close by stood Joseph in a care-worn attitude, gazing with a jealous eye upon them, both charming and young, like the flowery spring. The sun beamed upon them lovingly—the breeze seemed happy to caress them—the fields—the sea—all nature were accomplices of their felicity. Beholding this, Joseph felt his heart breaking within him—he hid his face in his hands, and, poor fellow! he wept.

Meanwhile, the sun sank towards the horizon. Jeanne and George rose and re-took their way to the castle. They had not exchanged a word, scarcely a look, yet they understood each other. They returned slowly and silently, hearkening to the sympathetic language of their souls.

Joséph hurried to the castle; his jealousy urged him to undeceive, at once, his too-confiding brothers. He entered the drawing-room so pale and dismayed, that Christophe and Jean, who had just finished a game of chess, rose, affrighted at the discomposure of his countenance. Their thoughts turned immediately to Jeanne.

"What is going on—what has happened?" was their first cry.

Joseph threw himself into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

"Speak, then," exclaimed Christophe, shaking him by the arm.

"What has happened?" repeated Jean, with anxiety.

"What has happened, brothers?" said Joseph, at last, in a trembling voice—"you ask me what has happened. Great God! do you not know it?"

"But, triple goose," said Jean, stamping, "if we knew we would not ask you."

"Well, then," said Joseph, making an effort on himself, "Jeanne, our beloved child, our niece, the joy of our hearts, the pride of Coat D'Or, our love, our life; in fine —"

"Dead," cried the two brothers with one voice."

"Dead to us, if we do not look to her," said Joseph, despairingly.

"But speak, wretch, speak!" exclaimed they, in a tone of supplicating passion.

"Well," replied Joseph, "that stranger we sheltered under our roof—that officer—that Englishman, George—oh, brothers, accursed be the day that man crossed the threshold of our home!"

Christophe and Jean were on burning coals.

"Well, Jeanne and George?"

"They love each other."

A thunderbolt tearing down the roof of the castle, and falling at their feet, would have less stupified and affrighted them. They remained motionless, voiceless, and overwhelmed.

"It cannot be," said Christophe, at last; "Vaillance Legoff could not love an Englishman."

"Jeanne would not forget so far, what she owes to her name, to her country, to her father, to the memory of Napoleon."

"Jeanne is sixteen, she loves, and forgets all," cried Joseph.

He then recounted what he had seen and observed since the arrival of George at the Coat D'Or. Not only did he show that they loved, but more, he demonstrated clearly that they could not do aught else than love, and that the only thing to wonder at was the blind confidence of the two uncles. However, in all he could tell there was nothing very alarming; but hurried on by the jealousy that spurred him, Joseph threw into his recital so much emotion and warmth, that his brothers were naturally led to suppose the evil greater than Joseph himself believed it to be.

"*Malediction!*" exclaimed Jean—"why, being aware of their love, did you not speak sooner?"

"I delayed, I doubted still," humbly replied Joseph; "I reckoned upon the approaching departure of our guest; I feared to disturb uselessly your repose and that of Jeanne."

The sailor and the soldier strode up and down the room like two caged hyenas. To imagine the fury and exasperation of these men, it is necessary to comprehend their insane love for their niece. Two wild beasts,

just deprived of their young ones, would not have been more furious.

"Now, then," abruptly exclaimed Christophe, seizing a pair of pistols hanging over the mantelpiece, "let us avenge by the same blow, the death of the father and the honor of the child. If I be killed, Jean, you shall take my place. Should Jean fall, once in your life will you have courage?" demanded he energetically of Joseph.

"If you have not courage enough to fight," rejoined Jean, "swear that you will take him treacherously, as he took us, and will assassinate him."

"Kill him like a dog," said Christophe.

"He is an Englishman," exclaimed Jean: "men will bless, and God will forgive you."

They were sincere in their hatred, and expressed themselves with more coolness and earnestness than might be supposed. The love burning in their hearts could make these men caressing dogs or furious tigers.

"This is what I dreaded," exclaimed Joseph with affright; "for this reason did I still hesitate to converse with you on the subject. Brothers, the harm is not so great as you imagine, and you would only aggravate it by acting as you wish to do. Thank God! the honor of Jeanne is not to be questioned; it is but the happiness and quietude of our niece that are threatened. You calumniate our niece and our guest. They have simply obeyed, perhaps thoughtlessly, that charm of youth which attracted them towards each other. Jeanne is as pure as handsome, and M. George——"

"Is a wretch," exclaimed Christophe; "I hold him as a coward, and take upon me to tell him so to his face."

Scarcely were these words uttered when the door opened, and George entered more grave than usual; his look was so cold, calm, and dignified, that the three brothers remained mute beneath his glance. At last Christophe laid on the table the pistols he held in his hands, and walked up to the stranger.

"I repeat, sir, that I hold you as a coward," said he, laying his hand on his shoulder.

Having politely removed the heavy hand which Christophe had laid upon him,

"Sir," answered George, with his

wanted coolness, "I doubt if it can be to me such language is addressed."

"To you, sir—to you alone. Listen to me, sir," instantly replied Christophe, not leaving him time to answer—"when I saved your life at the peril of my own, I merely did my duty; I don't boast of it. That duty fulfilled, all ended between us, I owed you nothing; nothing, in fact, compelled me to open to you this house. In danger of death, you were a man for me; living and saved, you were but an Englishman. Our nation at all times detested yours. We, Legoffs, we hate you as a people, as a government, as individuals. The name of an Englishman sounds badly in our ears. 'Twas an Englishman killed our brother Jerome. However, moved by your misfortunes, we received you as a brother: you took your place at our table, slept under our roof; in a word, you became our guest. Say, did we break the laws of hospitality? Have you not always found under this roof friendly hearts and friendly faces?"

"I shall never forget," said George, "your generous hospitality ——"

"Please to believe, sir, that our memory will be as true as yours, and that we shall ever remember the manner in which you have acknowledged it. That hospitality had at least the merit of being open, hearty, and sincere."

"What do you mean?" haughtily demanded George.

"I mean, sir," exclaimed Christophe, in a voice of thunder, "that you have shamefully betrayed our confidence. I mean that we had a treasure for which we cared more than for our lives, and that treasure you have basely endeavoured to steal from us. I mean that you have treacherously taken advantage of our confidence to subdue a defenceless heart. I mean, in fact, that to repay the welcome you received, you have brought to this hearth, trouble, shame, and despair."

"It is the act of a felon and a traitor," added Jean, "and we are three here ready to take revenge."

Joseph breathed not a word; he had retreated under the mantelpiece, during the blowing up of the mine, the match of which he had lighted.

"I understand you, messieurs," said George, at last, with dignity. "It is true," added he, raising his voice

and addressing himself to the three brothers, "I love your niece; if it be a cowardice and a felony not to have contemplated such grace and such charms, so much innocence and beauty, without being captivated, you are not mistaken—I am a coward, and a felon too; but I take heaven to witness—and you may believe a man who knows not how to lie—I have never spoken but with respect to that young heart—you accuse me of having attempted to surprise and disturb. Towards that noble girl, my bearing has ever been that of a brother, grave and respectful. I do love her, but never have my lips betrayed the secret of my soul."

"If you love her, so much the worse for you," bluffly replied Christophe, who, albeit reassured, thought that George wished to conclude by the demand of Jeanne's hand. "Listen to me, sir," added he in a softened tone, "I will speak to you candidly. Our niece, do you see, is our life; to separate us from her would be to tear out our hearts. You are young, the world is wide, and women are not scarce; you will find twenty for one, and have but the trouble of choosing. We, on the other hand, are growing old; this child is our only joy; we love her beyond what I could express. Question Jean and Joseph; like me, both will answer, that as long as one of us lives, Jeanne shall not marry."

"But who tells you ——?" exclaimed George.

"All you could add would be useless," said Jean, interrupting him; "we have decreed that Jeanne shall never marry, and you may well comprehend, sir," added he, dwelling on each word, "if we were to depart from such a resolution, it would not be in favour of England."

"We don't wish," added Christophe, "the ghost of our brother to rise against us as a curse."

"Nor the shade of our emperor," said Jean, "to pursue and accuse us of having mingled French blood with that of Hudson Lowe."

"Mr. George," said Joseph mildly, "let your heart endeavour to understand us. Jeanne is our adored child; she is the air we breathe, and the sun that gladdens us. Only think that we were lost! Our family threatened to die away in shame and misery,

when God, to draw us from the abyss, sent this delivering angel! However worthy you may be to possess such a treasure, never shall we consent."

"Once more, messieurs," exclaimed George, rather impatiently, "to what tend all these words? I did not come here to demand the hand of Mademoiselle Jeanne. Better than any one do I know the reasons which interdict me such happiness, and what folly it would be to expect it. God knows," added he, with melancholy, "that I never for one moment cherished so sweet a hope. Scarcely a few hours since, I was still ignorant of the secret of my heart; discovering it, I felt that I was no longer at liberty to stay amongst you, without forfeiting my honor, and I came unhesitatingly, my hosts, to take leave of you."

On hearing this, Christophe and Jean were almost as much astounded as when receiving the disclosure of Joseph. Joseph, for his part, felt relieved of a great weight, and began to breathe more freely. All three were affected by the straightforwardness of the officer; but they hastened to take him at his word, little anxious as they were to keep such a guest, and rightly thought they that the best-intentioned wolf in the world was somewhat out of place in a sheepfold; and, although acknowledging that in all this George had behaved as an honourable man, they felt not the less against him a strong feeling of rancour and jealousy.

"Since it is thus, sir," said Christophe, drily, "I retract the hard words I addressed to you in a moment of passion, which I thought justifiable. If I knew of any other reparation, I would not hesitate to offer it."

"I require no reparation, sir," nobly replied George; "the words you addressed to a coward could not apply to me."

"We acknowledge Mr. Whitworth to be an honourable man," said Joseph.

"Surely, surely," added Jean; "since Mr. Whitworth earnestly desires to sleep at St. Brieuc this evening, I will instantly order a horse to be saddled, and Yvon shall accompany him."

"Your peace being more in question than ours," said Christophe, "I think it would be unbecoming of us to detain you any longer. Your

honesty is a sufficient guarantee to us that you will not again seek to see our niece.

"I pledge you my word," replied George, with an expression of heroic resignation.

Two saddled horses pranced in the courtyard. Ere departing, George cast around the chamber he was leaving for ever, a long, melancholy glance; then, in a sad voice—

"Adieu, my hosts," said he. "Farewell, frankness, honor, and honesty, that I found seated at this fireside! Farewell, grace and beauty, of which I treasure the perfumes in my heart! Farewell, hospitable dwelling, the remembrance of which shall everywhere follow me! If my prayers mount to heaven, long shall be your days, free from sorrows and *ennuis*, and you shall grow old in joy of heart, beneath the protecting wings of that angel who dwells amongst you. Come, messieurs," added he, stretching out his hand, "my hand is worthy of pressing yours."

At this solemn moment, the three Legoffs felt moved. They entertained for this young man a strong and sincere affection. Joseph himself, notwithstanding all the grief George had caused him, could not help doing justice to his noble qualities. Seeing him ready to depart, his eyes filled with tears. Christophe opened his arms, and held him in a long embrace. Jean warmly shook his hand again and again.

At length, when Joseph's turn came, they embraced each other eagerly, and shed many a tear. They both suffered from the same evil: it seemed as though their sorrows understood each other.

"Yours is a noble heart."

"*Mille tonnerres!*" said Christophe, wiping his eyes. "Why has this brave fellow fallen in love with that little girl?"

"The devil take love!" added Jean, passionately.

"Farewell! farewell!" exclaimed George, in heartrending accents, tearing himself from the arms of Joseph; "once for all, farewell!"

Having said this, he went out abstractedly, rushed into the yard, threw himself into the saddle of the horse waiting for him, and, followed by Yvon, set out, to halt only at St. Brieuc.

Meanwhile, what was the occupation of our young heroine? Joy, like sorrow, loves solitude. Jeanne, on her return to the Coat D'Or, had retired to her chamber; and, whilst George departed from the castle, she fondly caressed the happiness which now was flying from her. She thoughtlessly abandoned herself to the sweet hopes of the future, and built up, complacently, the castles of her destiny. At that age, love knows no obstacles. Moreover, accustomed to see her uncles obey, like slaves, her most frivolous caprices, Jeanne could not suppose that they would resist a serious desire of her heart; such an idea did not even enter her mind. She refused to come down at dinner-time: she wished to be alone, to hearken to the thousand voices singing within her bosom. For the first time in her life, she took pleasure in gazing at a mirror, and finding herself beautiful. She wept and smiled together: she threw herself on her bed, all in tears, then ran, all smiles, to the window, to contemplate, with gratitude, the sea, less vast, less deep, than the felicity which bathed her soul.

"He is sad," thought she; "I'll console him. Doubtless, he is poor; I'll make him rich. He loves France; I'll give her to him for his fatherland. To me he shall owe all; and yet I shall be his debtor. We shall live at the Coat D'Or, embellished by our mutual tenderness; our uncles will grow old by our side—our happiness will make them young again; the caresses of our children will gladden the close of their days."

Yvon surprised his young mistress amid her dreams and transports. He entered noiselessly, delivered her a letter, and glided away without uttering a word.

The shudder of death passed over the heart of the young girl: she grew pale, and, for several moments, gazed with dread upon the letter, not daring to open it. At last, she broke the seal, with a trembling hand, and, in one glance, read these few lines, hastily written:—

"Mademoiselle—I felt bound to depart without seeing you, but I could not do so without addressing you an eternal adieu. Your life will be happy, if heaven, as I implore, adds my share of happiness to yours: thus

may fate acquit itself towards me, *Jeune amie!* I now retake the burden of my days; but one star I shall now behold shining through my sombrest nights. Go, by times, and sit on the turf covering the remains of my dear Albert, and remember, that he was, for years, all I loved most and best on earth. When spring shall enamel the meadows, gather a few flowers from his tomb, and throw them, one by one, into the sea; often shall my eyes seek them—often shall I imagine they follow the track of my ship. You are young, you will doubtless forget me; I would wish to leave you a token that should constantly recall me to your heart; but the waves have left me nothing—nothing but this little relic! Wear, oh, do wear it in remembrance of me! Often have I questioned it, often covering it with kisses and tears, did I ask it the sad secret of my life; now that I have no more to hope for here below, accept it—it is my only inheritance. It is sweet for me to think that *I*, having detached it from my neck, *you* shall suspend it at yours.

"GEORGE."

To this letter was annexed a little silver relic, suspended to a hair chain, frayed by time and wear. Jeanne knew not feint or dissimulation; her disposition was so chaste and pure, that she had not the least idea of the reserve which the world imposes on love; being under the influence of a strong emotion, she could act but spontaneously, without reflection or restraint.

She at once hurried from her chamber to the drawing-room.

The three Legoffs were there, seated together at their fire; they consulted about the best means of announcing to Jeanne the departure of George. They were fully aware of what remained to be done, and the difficulties they would have to encounter in overcoming the feelings of their niece.

Joseph, who well knew her heart, had the presentiment of its revolt and despair. They all dreaded the future, for they had already experienced what a difficult treasure a young girl is to keep.

"I hope," said Jean, "we will, for a long time, be cured of the evil of hospitality. Should an angel even come to knock at our door, I'd never open it."

"Brother," said Joseph, ever frightened at the impiety of the ex-corporal, "remember that for preventing the Son of God from sitting at his door, the Wandering Jew was condemned to walk unceasingly."

"The devil take you and your wandering Jew!" exclaimed Jean, shrugging his shoulders vexedly; "don't you think it agreeable to receive a pilgrim, who sips your claret, and expresses his gratitude by stealing the heart of your niece?"

"They may all be drowned like rats, and I'll be hanged if I ever cast them a rope's end," said Christophe.

"Yes," said Jean, "your salvage has been well paid. A pretty success it is; you may boast of it."

"Brothers," replied Joseph, "it is unchristian to regret the good we may have done; God rewards us for it, sooner or later, here or hereafter."

"Thank you," said Jean; "meanwhile get us out of the dilemma," added he, seeing the door thrown open violently, and Jeanne appear, pale as marble, her hair dishevelled, and her eyes sparkling.

"M. George, M. George—where is he?" said she, in a trembling voice.

"My little angel," replied Christophe, in a most coaxing tone, "he received orders to go without delay to St. Brieuc; a sloop waited for him to set sail for England at once. Our guest regretted much his not being able to take leave of you before his departure; but, you comprehend, he had no time to lose."

"Gone!" exclaimed Jeanne, vehemently: "it's impossible, uncles; he must not go."

"Dear child," said Joseph, "M. George has serious duties to fulfil; he has an account to render to the Board of Admiralty of his country. It is more than life that is at stake—'tis his honor."

"I tell you it is impossible!" exclaimed Jeanne, with firmness; "there are motives which forbid him to depart. You must hurry after him, and bring him back. It is not of his own will that he has quitted this place; I feel it—I know it—I am sure of it. There is no sloop at St. Brieuc ready to sail for England; the wind is against it. I know all about it: you deceive me."

"Come, come," said Jean, in his turn, insidiously; "'tis all child's play. Tell us, is there anything

changed around you? Are we not still your old uncles?"

"Yes!" exclaimed she, changing at once from passion to tenderness—"yes, you are my old uncles—my good old friends—you are. Yes, I am always your beloved child," added she, in a supplicating voice, going from one to the other, and kissing them alternately. "Uncle Christophe, you called me after your brig. You, uncle Jean, you are my godfather; 'twas you who first hushed me on your noble heart—it was you who first taught me to cherish the glory of France, and to love your emperor. And you, my good Joseph, whose prayers are so agreeable to God, I am your pupil, your sister, and your companion."

"Oh, siren!—ah, you serpent!" said Christophe, vainly striving to hide his emotion.

"If you love me," replied she, "you don't wish me to die; for it would kill your niece if you separated her from George."

"Die!" exclaimed all three.

"Uncles," said Jeanne, with a noble pride, "I love George Whitworth; he loves me. I have already named him my husband in my heart. If I lose him your niece is a widow, and must die."

"What nonsense," said Jean—"a paltry little naval officer, who isn't worth a penny."

"I love him, and I am rich," replied the young girl.

"A botch," said Christophe, "who has not even the first notions of his profession, whom the British admiralty ought to order to be whipped like a cabin boy."

"What matters it if I love him?" haughtily demanded Jeanne.

"A young man," said Joseph, "whose life and family are perfectly unknown to us."

"I love him, and *will* be his wife," replied the inflexible girl.

"But, Jeanne, you're not thinking of it," exclaimed Christophe; "you forget that M. Whitworth is an Englishman; and it was an Englishman who killed your father, and made you an orphan."

"Consider, my dear Jeanne; probably he is a Protestant," said Joseph.

"I care about nothing in the world; I love him, and *will* have him for my husband."

Thus were seen struggling, on one

side, the egotism of love—on the other, the egotism of family: they were both inexorable. The brothers proceeded at first, by tears and prayers; at last they came to recrimination and anger. Christophe, Jean, and Joseph himself, thought that Jeanne's love for George was a mere childish passion; but even had they well appreciated all its importance, they would never have consented to give their niece to George, so well convinced were they that thus married, she would be lost to them. Vainly did she then beseech them—they showed themselves without pity; and vainly did they endeavour to win her over to their side—they found her unshakeable.

"Dear and cruel child," said Joseph, trying a last effort, "are you not happy? What insane desire makes you wish to change your young liberty for the cares of marriage? Scarcely have you begun life, and already you would bind yourself by eternal links! What is wanting to your happiness?"

"George," replied Jeanne, with imperturbable *sang froid*.

Poor Joseph had not courage to prolong a discourse, the exordium of which obtained such brilliant success.

"Oh! how ungrateful, Jeanne," said Jean, bitterly.

"Oh!" cried Christophe, with vehemence, "I don't think there ever was a heart more ungrateful than yours. Forget, then, all that your uncles have been to you. Hasten to lose the memory of the past, lest your conscience should rise up against you."

"I understand you," said Jeanne, weeping: "at last, I read your souls. You never loved me!—no, never; you never did love me, hardhearted uncles! Now do I know the secret of your selfish affection. I was, at first, for you but a plaything, an amusement, a pastime. Later, it was your pride, not your love, that decked me. To your vanity alone do I owe your gifts and caresses. If you adorned my youth, it was simply to animate your home, to distract your leisure. Even, at this moment, it is not your fondness that trembles to lose me: 'tis your self-love that revolts at the idea of my destiny being no more limited to beguile your idle days, and it is *I* who accuse *you* of cruelty and ingratitude. If I could open my heart to you, there, heartless men, would you see that I associated you joyfully in all my dreams of happi-

ness. And even were I ungrateful," cried she, with despair, "is it my fault if, in your Coat D'Or, I die of weariness and *ennui*? Is it my fault if you three alone be not the whole world to me, and your affection suffice not to my life? What care I for your dresses, your diamonds, your jewels, if I am to be young and beautiful but for the seagulls of yonder shore? Beware, uncles! Your blood flows in my veins. You have called me *Vaillance*; and I am a girl to prove myself, sooner or later, worthy of my name."

"But, unfortunate and misled child!" exclaimed Jean, fatally inspired, "do you see nothing, understand nothing? The mystery hanging over Mr. Whitworth, his melancholy, his reluctance to converse about his life and family—did all this reveal nothing to you? Did you never think that he was not free, that, perhaps, he was married?"

This supposition flashed upon her with horrible truth. She rose, made a few steps, uttered a cry, like a bird mortally wounded, and fell lifeless into the arms of Joseph.

"Ah! the cure is worse than the evil: you have killed our child. And, moreover, Jean, 'tis a lie; God never permits a lie."

"A lie—how do we know?" said Jean.

"Faith," added Christophe, "the English are capable of everything."

Jeanne was carried to her chamber. Fainting was succeeded by a violent fever, followed by delirium: and every fear was entertained for her life. 'Twas Joseph who watched over her, for he was the only one the young patient would allow to approach her bedside; she repulsed the two others with horror. Nothing could express the despair of Christophe and Jean; nothing could tell the remorse of poor Joseph.

"Miserable that I am!" would he exclaim, at night, kneeling by his niece's bed, and holding her burning hands in his own; "'tis I who have done all the evil! Oh, Lord, forgive me! Dear and unhappy child!"

But Jeanne heard him not. She called George, tenderly; then, at once, uttering a heartrending cry, would bury her head beneath the bedclothes, as it were, not to see menacing phantoms that came con-

stantly between her and her lover. Vainly did Joseph whisper to her that George was free, that she had been deceived: the poor girl heard but the cries of her own heart. Beholding so deep a grief, Joseph had drowned his jealousy in tears of repentance. He would willingly have given his life to secure the happiness of Jeanne, and thus redeem a moment of error and selfishness. More than once he besought his brothers to recall George; but Christophe and Jean answered—the one, that they must consider—the other, that they must wait. It was, indeed, a terrible and violent struggle between egotism and affection. Undoubtedly, love would finally have prevailed. The danger lasted but a day: that danger over, egotism triumphed.

The delirium had subsided, the height of the fever was abated, Jeanne seemed to be resigned; but seeing her pale and sorrowful face, it could be easily perceived that she was dead to every joy and hope. Whilst she slept, Christophe and Jean would glide softly into her chamber, for she persisted in refusing to admit them. They would approach her bed, look upon her with a kindly gaze, and retire, like true children, as they were.

"Brother," said Jean to Christophe, one day, "it breaks my heart to see her in so sad a condition; I think we'd do well to recall that infernal George. I don't like him, *mille canons*; but, in truth, Christophe, let it be he or another, we, sooner or later, must submit."

"I can't conceive," said Christophe, "the mania young girls have for marriage."

"How the devil, can you help it, my poor Christophe?" replied Jean, sighing. "It appears to be the case everywhere—fine ladies, country girls, and *vivandières* wish to try their luck."

"We must see: there is no hurry," said Christophe; "besides that Whitworth must be gone."

"How do we know?" said Jean.

"I am sure he is gone," said Christophe, positively.

"If such be the case," added Jean, with secret satisfaction, "we've done our duty, and have nothing to reproach ourselves with."

An unforeseen incident suddenly changed the state of things. One night, overpowered by emotion and

fatigue, Joseph was obliged to give up his sweet watch over Jeanne. It was Jean who took his place, happy to pass a few hours beside the beloved child. He found by chance the letter of George, which Jeanne, in the excitement it had caused her, had neglected to put away. Jean read this letter by the pale light of the lamp; the last lines disturbed him. He rose, ran at once to the bedside of Jeanne: the young girl reposed calm and serene. He bent gently over her, perceived round her neck the hair chain by which hung the relic of George. At this sight his limbs failed him: he was compelled to sit on the foot of the bed. At last, with a trembling hand, he unknotted the chain, came close to the lamp, and the breaking day found him in the same place, pale, motionless: his eyes fixed on the chain and on the relic. It was the freshness of the morning that awoke him from the kind of stupor into which he had fallen. He raised his hands to his face, to assure himself that he was awake, that it was not a dream. By one of those sudden revolutions of the human heart, his assumed irreligion gave way before the tide of strong feeling swelling within his breast: moved by a supernatural impulse, he fell on his knees and exclaimed—"Oh, my God! thy ways are impenetrable. Whilst with one hand thou strikest us, with the other thou dost lift us up. Thy mercy is still greater than thy wrath is terrible. Thy name be blessed, oh, Lord! and grant that this young man may not yet have quitted our shores."

Having said this, he rushed out of the room, got a horse saddled, and without acquainting his brothers of his departure, started at full gallop towards St. Brieuc.

"Oh, that he may still be there!" repeated he, spurring his horse. On approaching the town, he stopped to speak to some labourers going to work. He asked whether any ship had recently sailed for England.

"No, sir," said one of them, "unless the captain of the *Waverly* weighed anchor last night, as he intended."

"It can't be," said another, "for the wind was against him."

"At midnight the wind changed," added a third, who pretended he had seen at sunrise, from the cliffs, a ship sailing towards the open sea.

"Oh!" said the first, "then it was the Waverley."

Whilst they were discussing, Jean, burning with anxiety, galloped away and stopped only at the residence of the English consul. When Jean heard that the Waverley had not yet sailed for England, and, being under repairs, would not depart for some days, he blessed heaven, and requested to be shown to the chamber of George. When Jean entered, George was leaning on the table, his head resting on his hands. At the noise of the door opening, he turned round and recognised Jean. George's first inquiry was for Jeanne; but Jean, instead of answering, stood before him, and gazed upon him with silent and deep curiosity. At length, he drew from his breast the chain and relic which he had detached from the neck of his niece, and presenting them to George, asked in an anxious voice—

"Is it really from you, sir, that my niece has received this relic and this hair chain?"

"Yes, sir, it is from me," replied the officer, gravely.

"Can you tell me also," rejoined Jean, "from whom you got them? It is not mere curiosity: on it depends the happiness of us all. Who gave you this chain and this relic? Where did you find them? How long did you possess them before you gave them to Jeanne?"

"Sir," replied George, who had caught the emotion of Jean, "many a time have I questioned my fate; but I can answer nothing. Fate has remained silent."

"But, at least, do you know from whom you hold this relic and chain?" asked Jean, in an impressive tone. He could hardly hold up: he was compelled to lean on the back of an armchair.

"I know it not, sir," replied George, who himself felt greatly moved, and became more agitated. "All I can say is, that until I detached it to send it to Mademoiselle Jeanne as a token of my respectful affection, this relic had ever lain on my heart."

"Ever!" exclaimed Jean.

"Ever," repeated the young man.

"But, sir, can you not tell me in your turn to what tend all these questions?"

"Then you say," exclaimed Jean, pursuing the course of his ideas—"you

say that this relic has at all times been placed upon your heart; you are ignorant, say you, of the hand which suspended it round your neck? But then, sir," added he, with some hesitation, "you never knew your family?"

"Sir," coldly replied George, "you should have guessed it by my silence and my sadness, every time you questioned me on the subject, during my sojourn at the Coat D'Or. You should, above all, have understood it from my prompt resignation, when it was decided that I should quit the place where I had left all my soul."

"Speak, speak!" exclaimed Jean; "'tis a friend who entreats you. Interrogate your memory, and relate to me all you know of your life."

"Indeed, sir," replied George, surprised and affected, "I really know not if I ought."

"If you ought!" exclaimed Jean, astounded—"if you ought," repeated he several times. "The chain is made of my wife's hair; this relic—it was I who attached it, the day of her death, to the neck of my boy, my only child. I could not mistake; it bears the date; I engraved it myself with the point of a knife."

At these words George grew pale, and both for some moments looked at each other silently. George thoughtfully carried his hand to his brow, as a man seeking to remember; then he replied—

"I know nothing of my childhood: all I could learn from the fisherman living at Hull, and by whom I was partly reared, was, that in February, 1817, I was entrusted to his care by a Russian merchant, who left him a sum sufficient to provide for my future wants."

"Wait, wait," interrupted Jean. "Can you tell me how old you were at that time?"

"As far as these good people could judge, I must have been between five and six."

Jean, whose emotion was increasing every moment, murmured, "1812," and counting on his fingers, exclaimed—

"Yes; 1812—1817; it is about the dates," and saying so, he examined the figures which he had traced on the relic.

"Continue, continue, I beg of you, for more than you can believe am I interested in your life."

"Two years passed without the

good fisherman hearing from the merchant. However, I was adopted by him, called from his own name, George Whitworth, and reared with his son Albert. My adoptive father died when I was still very young. I have seen since so many different countries, that all these remembrances are almost effaced from my mind. I have spoken, heard spoken so many different languages, that I do not remember that which I first uttered. Yet I never spoke yours but my heart vibrated at the sound of my own voice. I ever thought it the language of my mother."

"Then," said Jean, gazing upon him with a loving eye, "when you went to England you were but a child?"

"Yes; hardly six years old."

"And you had round your neck——"

"This chain and this relic. But now you, sir, speak—speak, what have you to disclose to me?"

Jean, who had dropt into an arm-chair, suddenly rose, tore open the shirt which covered the breast of George, and finding on it the cannon which he, himself, had tattooed there a short time before losing him, threw his arms round his neck, and pressing him on his heart—

"Is it you?" exclaimed he, in a broken voice—"is it you, my own Louis?—the only son of my dear Fanchette. Heaven be blessed, can it be you?"

CHAPTER V.

THE same day, a few hours after the scene which had taken place that morning at St. Brieuc, Jeanne awoke from a long trance. On opening her eyes she beheld seated by the bedside Jean, Joseph, Christophe, and George. Joy and gladness shone in every face. George and Joseph each held a hand of Jeanne. "Sweet dream! do not wake me," murmured she; and gently closing her eyelids, she fell into that half sleep which is like a twilight to the soul; 'tis no longer dark, 'tis not yet day. At length, actuated by a vague sentiment of reality, she again opened her eyes, and comprehending this time that it was not a dream, fell into the arms of Joseph, and a moment after called her other uncles to embrace them. As to George, not a word, not a sign, and scarcely a look: for the three others the most coaxing caresses and affectionate looks. Yet a vague inquietude dwelt at the bottom of her heart. All on a sudden her countenance became gloomy. She turned to Jean, and said in a trembling voice—

"Uncle, you told me he was not free?"

"I have told you the truth," returned Jean, with a knowing smile.

"Uncle, you told me he was married?"

"To be sure, and here is his wife," exclaimed Jean, covering with kisses the head of the fair child.

The three brothers had secretly agreed that their niece should learn

the truth at the hour of her marriage only; as to George, he took pleasure in prolonging a mystery which allowed him to feel himself loved for his own sake. On the other hand, the three uncles were not sorry to appear to have yielded solely to the wishes of their niece, and to let her, for a time, believe in their disinterestedness.

"I have no country of my own," would George say.

"You have France," would answer Jeanne; "did you then dream of a sweeter fatherland?"

"I have no fortune."

"Ungrateful heart!" would reply Jeanne, smiling.

"I have no family."

"You forget my uncles."

"Consider I have no name."

"George!" said Jeanne, closing his lips with her hand.

"You were so obstinate about him," exclaimed Jean, "that we were obliged to give him to you; that George!"

"Did we ever refuse you any thing?" said Christophe.

"Oh, you are very good!" exclaimed Jeanne, with real fondness.

It seemed as though heaven had taken pity on the tenderness and selfishness of these men, and even of Joseph, by so combining the event that Jeanne could marry without changing dwelling, name, or family. However, our veracity, as historians, compels us to state, that Christophe and Joseph did not at first bow with a very lively enthusiasm to the decree of Providence:

especially Christophe, who, little religious as he was, cared but slightly about the resurrection of this new Moses.

"But tell me, brother Jean," said Christophe, one evening that he took him aside, "are you quite sure he is your own Louis? All this appears to me rather romantic and tolerably fabulous."

"There can be no doubt about it," replied Jean, nodding his head, with a smile of the deepest contentment. "I recognised on his chest the cannon which I tattooed myself. I still see my poor Fanchette holding the dear child. Moreover, it was the eve of our last battle. Methinks——"

"No matter," interrupted Christophe, "your son is a happy devil: we have reared him his wife like a pet bird. I must say, too, brother Jean, that both your Fanchette and you behaved elegantly. After all, sooner or later we should have seen the dear girl get married. Far better is it that George be the happy man, than that such a fortune had blessed any other. Our little angel won't quit the family. Jeanne will still bear our name, and perpetuate the race of the Legoffs."

"True!" answered Jean, "and Joseph was right enough in saying that Providence some day or another might turn a benevolent eye upon us."

"And a nice compensation you find, Jean, in the fate of your offspring: a cousin, a wife, and a princely fortune—a pleasant family—a name glorious in the annals of the army and navy; all that for the loss of a frigate; it was well for him he was wrecked. Nevertheless, after the first movement of jealousy and egotism, both Christophe and Joseph submitted sincerely to their destiny, and thanked Providence for giving to Jeanne the only husband who could satisfy all their exigencies. Joseph, faithful to his laudable practices, continued to sing the praises of God, and called down all His blessings on these two young and fair heads. Happiness and love are great doctors: at the end of a week Jeanne was completely restored. It was decided that all the family should accompany George, or rather Louis Legoff, who, though he had recovered his father, his name, and his family, remained for a time the humble subject of England.

At length they all embarked on

board the "Waverley," and it was really an enchanted voyage, except for Christophe and Jean, who resigned themselves with difficulty to set foot on the soil of *La perfide Albion*. They declared London to be a horrible place, far inferior, as to monuments, to Bignic, and, above all, to St. Brieuc. In the streets they had a certain way of looking at the passengers, which many a time was near getting them into trouble; Jean, who had hitherto imagined that St. Helena was the gaol of London, had asked to visit the dungeon where his emperor had died. After a few days, George had concluded his affairs with the Board of Admiralty. Jean and Christophe accompanied him to assist as witnesses; Jean found means of introducing the great name of Napoleon, and expressed himself in so unbecoming a manner, that he was silenced, and politely shown to the door. The young officer, nevertheless, obtained his end; he offered his resignation—it was accepted: and, ere they had been absent a month from France, they returned to her happy shores.

Joseph, as most competent in such matters, had taken upon himself to obtain the necessary dispensation from Rome; and, thanks to the kind intervention of the bishop of the diocese, they found on their return to the Coat D'Or, the papers which set aside all obstacles to the union of Jeanne with her cousin, George Louis Legoff. It was only on the day of her marriage that Jeanne knew that she was going to marry her cousin. You may easily imagine her transports of joy on hearing that she should continue to bear the name which Joseph, Christophe, and Jean had taught her to love.

As we conclude this tale, seven years have passed over the marriage of our young couple. Their hearts always beat with the same fond affection; Jeanne has lost nothing of her grace and beauty. Grave, and smiling, as becomes a young mother, she is, more than ever, the pride and joy of the Coat D'Or. Two handsome children are playing at her feet, and her old uncles redouble their love and respect.

"For it was you, sweet Jeanne," say they often—"it was you who opened to us the paths of virtue and family duties."

EXPERIENCES OF UNION, AND APPREHENSIONS OF REPEAL.

"This separate meeting of the Irish members at the summons of the prime minister, is but following out the principle of the rate in aid. The latter was the establishment of a separate Irish Exchequer; the former seems to assume that there is a defect in imperial arrangements, which can only be supplied by a separate council of the representatives of Ireland.

"Important principles of policy are often indicated by apparently trifling events. Who will take upon himself to say, that these involuntary recognitions of the essential character of Ireland's separate nationality, produced by the embarrassments of our local concerns, may not foreshadow a time when, if those embarrassments but a little more increase, there may be found an English ministry ready to hand over the domestic affairs of Ireland to our own management, and having reduced Ireland to ruin and confusion, escape from the difficulty by leaving Irishmen to mend matters as they can?"*

THESE are the presages of no ordinary man. He who has uttered them will long be remembered as one who advocated, under extreme difficulties, and with a power commensurate to the occasion, the principle of the legislative union, and whose reputation for abilities and attainments, forensic and political, has been steadily and rapidly progressing since the period of that memorable conflict. The provisions of such a man are not to be classed among conjectural anticipations. It would be a day of deep alarm for this country if such presages, from any man, were to be made light account of.

But is it wise to admit a thought, that a time may come, when Great Britain shall relieve herself from Ireland as from an incumbrance too galling to be longer endured? Can any good come from the entertainment of such a thought? May it not serve to produce the result it apprehends? May not the entertaining a thought that separation is possible, promote the views of those whose purpose it is to effect a repeal of the Union, by reconciling the friends of British connexion to the calamitous result? To prepare for separation is to become exposed to the temptation of desiring it; would it not be better, therefore, to resist or avoid such temptation from the beginning, by rejecting all thought of Repeal as a possible event, and by maintaining the cause of British connexion in the spirit of those resolute leaders, who burned their ships when they landed on the coasts they came to

invade, and, as they advanced into the country, broke down the bridges behind them?

This is a policy which we have never recommended. We are as firmly persuaded as any man in the country, that it is desirable for the interests of every part of our great empire to maintain British connexion as established by the act of legislative union; but we have long since lost our faith in the stability of the great national compact, and we have therefore been persuaded, that, while doing our utmost to maintain a cause in which we have so deep an interest, we should not be insensible to the apprehension *that the cause may be lost*. There will be a difference of vast amount between being surprised by a repeal of the Union, and being found in something like preparedness for it; and it has, therefore, been our abiding conviction, that, while zealous and diligent in maintaining what we think best, we should also be careful that the worse, if it come, shall take us at the least possible disadvantage. With this persuasion and purpose we proceed to set before the reader some of the grounds on which we regard Mr. Butt's presages as, independently of his high name, and solely for their own reasonableness, eminently worthy of attention.

The administration of British affairs is now conducted in a spirit essentially different from that in which, previously to what may be termed the great legislative revolution, the country was governed. Parties have been broken up, but factions have arisen in their

* Rate-in-Aid—Letter to Earl Roden; by Isaac Butt, Esq.—advertisement to first edition.

stead ; and purposes of personal aggrandisement or personal spite, which would, in times past, have been controlled by considerations of principle or party, are now prosecuted through the agency of legislative discussions and enactments. In former days a class of men were in power to whom the permanency of British institutions was all-important. Elevated in rank, and nurtured in habits and associations which linked their private advantages with their country's greatness, they could seek no personal end which they did not at least persuade themselves to hold compatible with the general welfare. The interest of their party they held to be inseparable from that of the country, and, generally speaking, to involve also their own private good. The factions which have arisen out of the ruins of two great parties, have narrower views and ends more selfish. Those who take a lead in them are, generally, not persons who have been habituated to think country or party the first great object of their political exertions, and to hold personal distinction secondary. Faction is usually the embodiment of a vicious principle, or the instrument of an ambitious man who has formed it, that it may promote his purposes. To attain this purpose, new things are aimed at, and the old are not respected. In such enterprises, the traditions which guided reformers who revered the fabric they would restore, have no authority. It is not of the British honour and interest the modern reformer thinks—his thoughts are primarily bent on his own aggrandisement :—

“ Party has a principle—faction has a purpose. Party can postpone its immediate interest for the sake of a future advantage, can deny itself when public good is gained by the denial, and is seldom guilty of looking to its own ends exclusively, when the interests of the commonwealth demand especial attention. It is not thus with faction: a devouring passion possesses it ; keensighted to the object on which it is precipitated with the force of a passionate instinct, it is regardless of all but its own selfish ends, and will remorselessly inflict irreparable injury on any national interest that obstructs its way.”*

It is a change not less than revolu-

tion which has rendered this dangerous agent a fourth estate, as it were, in the realm. While it retains power we never can feel secure that the legislature of Great Britain will make due provision to preserve the integrity of the empire.

Are we at the mercy of faction? Let any reflecting man ask himself this question—let him ask by what agencies every great measure of legislation has been carried in the British Parliament for the last twenty years—let him ask whether the parliamentary sections of the present day bear any resemblance in principle or power, in spirit or dignity, to the great parties of old—let him ask who are the men who have exercised most power in England during the eventful period which has intervened since the Duke of Wellington became prime minister, down to the memorable night when that great instrument to deliver his country from impending ruin, lent himself to the perilous experiment of abdicating her maritime dominion ; and he will find the agencies which have most prevailed through all those years were factious, that the most successful arguments were crimes, and that the men of most power were those who led factions, or who betrayed and ruined parties. Faction is now pestilent as it was at any former period ; the shadows of party which still haunt the scenes of past renown move at its dictation. Is it irrational to believe that the agencies which prevailed against the best interests of England, or at least, which influenced her time-honoured parties to renounce the principles in which they had their being and power, may have the further success of so augmenting difficulties in Ireland, and so misleading opinion throughout Great Britain, that we shall be cut off as a gangrened member, lest we infect with our distemperature the whole body politic?

It is our deep conviction, that if results are to be anticipated from processes, the fatal termination is near at hand. Should the meditated confiscation of Irish property become complete, and should Sir Robert Peel's colonisation scheme share the fate of his other liberal enterprises and undertakings, it is our full conviction that England will seek to disembarass

* Rev. M. O'Sullivan at the election for the University of Dublin, 1847.

herself of the wretched country taken by her into partnership, only to be the victim of her experiments in legislation. And, humanly speaking, we see nothing to arrest the progress of that devouring agent which is daily slaying the poor by famine, and reducing to the state of paupers the industrious and affluent; nothing to promise that a partition of the lands between the laborious colonist and his "sleeping partner," the pauper, will improve the general condition. We cannot flatter ourselves, or our readers, with a hope that we are much longer to be favoured with such protection as the legislative union professes to afford us. No, unless we are true to ourselves, resolute to do and to endure what dangers and difficulties almost unprecedented demand of us, it would be madness and guilt to hope for any good.

We have spoken of separation from England as the calamity for which we should be strenuous in making preparation: ought we not rather speak of contriving how we are to endure the evils inflicted upon us as a consequence of the legislative union? How are we to sustain, without sinking under it, the burden of poor-rates? How are we to avert or to withstand the spirit of injustice or hostility in which the new Irish poor-law has had its being? Will the possessors of personal property hold themselves secure, because, as yet, wrong, to the extent of ruin, has been done only to those whose revenues are immediately derivable from land? This would be a fatal error. Wherever injustice is embodied in law, the interests of every man are placed in peril. Laws are among the agencies by which opinion is formed. Where they are unjust, they serve to vitiate morals, and to undermine the social system. It is a very odious abuse of power to administer public affairs by a partial and corrupt exemption of one class from the discharge of duties, and a no less criminal denial to another class of their indisputable rights. Such exemptions are never more than temporary. The monied interest may have for a time the reward of its inert participation in the injustice wrought against the agricultural; but the time of enjoyment is sure to be brief, and the precedent which, by connivance, it has aided in establishing, will soon be turned against it. Already, indeed, it has begun to be felt that agri-

culture cannot suffer alone. It was a general and a generous benefactor. All estates, classes, and conditions prospered while they could profit by its liberal resources: with the failure of these resources, commerce has languished, professional income has declined, and, with the single exception of the fundholder, even the monied classes have shared in the calamity from which landed property has so seriously suffered. The fundholder may feel assured that his is an invidious and indeed a dangerous exemption from the common lot. If he were wise he would hasten to make common cause with the wronged, and to complete the union which all Irish subjects ought to make against an injustice which all are equally interested to expose and defeat.

But is it possible to escape from the persecution of laws which have already wrought desolation in Ireland? Is it possible to obtain such an alteration in their character as shall reconcile them with the principles of justice and expediency? However these questions are to be answered, we can confidently affirm, and are sorry to have such a power, that there has been no general and well-ordered effort to effect a change in the laws, by exposing their inclemency and unfairness. Strange as it may seem, we are strongly disposed to think the great mass of the British people altogether unaware of the extent to which the poor-law for Ireland offends against the principles of eternal justice; and we feel constrained to add that due pains have not been taken to instruct or disabuse them. They have lived under the operation of poor-laws—have grown from childhood to maturity surrounded by their influence—have accounted them an essential element in their glorious constitution, and they believe that to grant them to Ireland is a boon by which a vital defect will be cured, and the British constitution, in its beneficent integrity, vouchsafed for the first time to a long-misgoverned people. As to the idea that the law is unjust in its operation on the rate-payers, the British people have no perception of it. *They imagine* that they pay poor-rates themselves, and are not aware of any such distinction between their condition and that of their fellow subjects in Ireland, as should exempt owners or occupiers of Irish property from a burden which.

they believe, is sustained by proprietors in England.

This is, no doubt, a very misleading delusion. It is utterly untrue that English owners or occupiers sustain any burden in paying a rate for the poor. In England, the rate is a charge—in Ireland it is a tax. There is no such thing as proprietorship of land in England; there has been no such thing during the operation of the existing poor-laws. In England, real property has been a species of trust—the residue, after supplying the wants of the poor, being the only portion of revenue which the proprietor can regard as his own. The poor's-rates in England are the rents on which property is held; in Ireland they are a new tax, by which land is partially and ruinously encumbered—we would add, unjustly encumbered. An instance will serve to illustrate our meaning, and to justify the expression of it.

Among the witnesses examined before the parliamentary committee appointed to inquire into the state of the Irish poor, in the year 1830, one was “James Weale, Esq., principal Clerk on the Irish Land Revenue Department of the Office of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests.” In the course of this gentleman's testimony, he made mention of a sale of crown-property, and was examined as to the circumstances connected with it:—

“When did the sale take place?—Last November.

“At how many years' purchase, as compared with the valuation, did that property sell?—About thirty years' purchase of the amount of a sworn valuation. *I consider these two allotments to have sold for a higher price than lands of the same quality, and similarly circumstanced, in the neighbourhood of London would have produced. I mean if situated at equal distances.*

“At what distance were they from Dublin? The Crumlin allotment is about three miles from Dublin, and produced £75 per acre; the Newcastle about twelve or fourteen, and sold for £47 per acre.”

In the year 1830, “land of the same quality, and similarly circumstanced,” would have sold for a lower price in the London than in the Dublin market. In England, the vendor and the purchaser, among the incidents

of the property offered for sale, were bound to consider the poor's-rate, and to make due allowance for it. In Ireland, no such abatement was to be made; and thus, notwithstanding the insecurity of property occasioned by the unhappy circumstances of our country, the terms of sale were higher here than in England. Supposing the value of money the same, and to be represented by the term of thirty years' purchase, or £3 6s. 8d. per cent., we are to understand the difference between the English and the Irish valuation of land, as the exponent of the rates to which the land in Ireland was not then liable. Let it be imagined, then, that, in the year 1829, lands were sold by the crown to two British subjects—one purchasing in this country, the other in England—and that, in the year 1848, or 1849, both are found liable to a poor's-rate—in the one case the liability is a new and uncompensated tax, in the other it is a charge for which the debtor has had an equivalent in the low terms on which he purchased. The Englishman retains the £3 6s. 8d. per cent., which he had purchased—the Irish buyer has had his revenues very seriously injured by a new impost laid upon him, and is taught to accept it as a grace if the diminution do not exceed seven shillings and sixpence in the pound; leaving him, instead of the £3 6s. 8d. which he bought for a sum of £100, and for which he had the king's name and honour as his security, a return of but a small fraction more than £2 1s. 10d. In a word, the English purchaser retains his covenanted benefits—to the Irish proprietor they are diminished by considerably more than one-third; and *because* the English contract implied that a part of the price was laid down, at one payment, in money, and part by an annual charge under the name of poor's-rates, it is now enacted (as if thus the two purchasers were placed in the same condition) that the Irishman, who paid at once the whole purchase of his lands, must also add the annual rate for which the Englishman had allowance in the terms of sale. A purchaser in England pays, let it be supposed, sixty pounds, *and an annual charge* of one pound five shillings for property of a like value to that sold in Ireland, *free of the annual charge*, for one hundred pounds; and, after

the lapse of a few years, this charge, from which, in equity, the proprietor had purchased exemption at a high price, is imposed on *him*, because it is levied, *according to the terms of sale*, on the purchaser in England. Thus *because* the capitalist who invested money in an English estate is required to observe the conditions on which he acquired his advantages as a proprietor, he who made a purchase in Ireland is denied the benefit of his bargain. In England, the purchaser acquired a share in a partnership concern, and paid for it as such. In Ireland he purchased, at its full price, a proprietorship; and the state, from which he purchased, reduces him to the condition of a partner, *and does not return to him the amount of his over payment*. The Irish purchaser paid, let it be supposed, one hundred pounds, the English purchaser sixty pounds and an annual rent, for the same extent of property; and the state,

which made the sale to each, leaves the one purchaser in possession of all his advantages, withdraws from the other purchaser a portion of revenue equal in amount to the Englishman's stipulated rent, and retains the forty pounds by which exemption from this annual charge had been purchased.* There is something so manifestly and so odiously unjust in a procedure of this description, that we cannot think the British nation incapable of understanding it, and are willing to believe that the iniquity needs only to be exposed in order to ensure to it universal execration. If we are deceived—but we will not allow ourselves to prejudge the people of England, and to condemn them without due trial.

It is urged against our views that the poor ought to be maintained, and that the purchaser of land should have made his bargain in a provident spirit, which contemplated the hazard of future liabilities and injustice. It is not in such

* It may be thought that we have dwelt at too great length on this seemingly self-evident proposition. That no man in England pays poor-rate otherwise than as a charge among the incidents of his property, is undeniably true, and is a circumstance constantly recalled to his memory by some economist within or without the walls of parliament, if he utter any complaint against the impost as a grievance. But, nevertheless, the truth is often forgotten, when the remembrance of it could promote the ends of justice or protect the Irish occupiers against oppression. Thus, for example, in a pamphlet, by no means conspicuous for its absurdity (*"Irish Poor-Law—Past, Present, and Future"*), it is said—

"The limited taxation under the Irish Poor Relief Acts, *in comparison with that of England*" (where there was no "taxation" whatever under the poor-law), "raised a strong sense of injustice in the minds of English tax-payers, and a determination that, until the resources of landed property in Ireland had been brought more fully into play, England should not be called on to support the poor of Ireland as well as her own."

It is because of such fallacies as this, plausibly enumerated by many dishonest persons, and received by the simple and unreflecting as truths, that we have selected the testimony of Mr. Weale, and craved attention to it. The case of a purchase made in 1829 will serve to illustrate the condition of Irish proprietorship in general. Whether the state sold then, or on any former occasion, or whether it gave, it bestowed the land not subject to a poor's-rate. Neither Elizabeth nor James applied to Irish adventurers or colonists the law which was enforced in England. In the one country, estates were divided so as that one portion belonged to the poor—one to the *quasi* proprietor. The heir or the purchaser could acquire no more than his part, and *paid for no more than he acquired*. In Ireland, lands were given freely; the owner was the actual proprietor. As regarded the poor, he was subject only to the divine law, and was left to the guidance of his voluntary benevolence. *He paid for these immunities* in the purchase, in the improvement, and, at an earlier period, in the defence, of his possessions. This may have been a good arrangement, or an evil, one which ought to be altered or to be retained; but assuredly the condition of English property offered no just reason why it was to be changed. An Englishman who purchased a *partnership* for sixty pounds, ought not to insist that an Irishman's *proprietorship* (for which he had paid one hundred pounds) should be reduced in value, that it might be similarly burdened with his own possessions. There are lands which have a legal exemption from tithe or tithe rent-charge, and which, accordingly, command higher prices in the market, or higher rents if let to farm. Who would insist on having such lands burdened, by a new law, with the liability to which other lands are subject, and simply on the ground that the owners of these encumbered lands had not an exemption which they had not paid for? And yet England has inflicted this injustice on Irish proprietors.

a spirit we would desire to see contracts entered into between British subjects and the state. There should be protection on the one side, confidence on the other—justice on both. It does not suit our purpose, and is forbidden by our limits, to inquire how poor's-rates in England have become the heavy and too-exclusive impost they are felt to be on one description of property. The law of Queen Elizabeth is not chargeable with this partiality, although the circumstances of the times—the large transfers of landed property—the non-existence of interests, now very powerful, and of funded property, at present little less than half the real property of Great Britain, may have influenced parochial arrangements as to the mode of levying rates. It was natural, too, that (where the rates were raised, not for the purpose of enabling paupers to eat the bread of idleness, but on the contrary, for providing them with employment) the species of property which was most likely to benefit by their labour should bear the greater portion of its cost. But we are to keep in mind that the lands were not, unless as a consequence of mal-administration, oppressively or unequally burdened; and that, in the protection given to agriculture by our laws, there was a compensation for its peculiar liabilities. Injustice was done when the counterpoise of protection was withdrawn. In the opening of our markets to foreign produce, it was pretended that we were serving the poor, while in truth, we were invalidating the claims which we professed to recognise, and for which we affected to make provision at the risk of ruin to our agricultural system. To discountenance agriculture was to disregard the poor. If the state recognise as a principle, and embody as one of its laws the divine appointment, "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread," and if it arrange that the land shall supply the means of carrying this appointment into effect, it should provide, to the best of its ability, that agricultural labour shall be reproductive. If, on the other hand, it adopt, as the principle on which its poor-laws are based, that, whether in idleness or in employment, the poor are to be maintained, it must, to be consistent, distribute the responsibility it has contracted, so as that all who enjoy the privileges of subjects shall share in it. No man should

have a right to indulge his appetites while any pine in hunger.

This is, our instincts teach us, a law of nature; that it is in conformity with the divine law, revelation instructs us with authority. Where is the man to be found who would not impart of his abundance to an unhappy fellow-creature perishing in his presence with hunger? Where is the community which would not execrate the man who could protract his own repast while a neglected human being watched at his board expiring in the agonies of famine? That the divine law condemns such sordid and sensual uncharitableness, demands no proof. The two pictures, described in our Lord's parable, of the rich man, while on earth, abusing his prosperities, and "in hell, being in torments," impressively admonish us of the duties of our stewardship. If they are duties for which we have been made accountable at a heavenly tribunal, but which the divine law classes among voluntary relations here on earth, it is, manifestly, because it would not be good for the poor that they should have authority to compel the observance of them. The law of God so imposes the obligation of charity that it shall not engender idleness or encourage improvidence. Therefore, while the rich man is commanded to give, the poor are not privileged to extort. But the obligation of the law is undeniable, and it is commensurate with the talents confided to each man's stewardship—that is, to his means and resources, *of what sort soever they may be*. Unless human law be at variance with the instincts of the human heart, and the dictates of science at variance with public opinion and with the law of God, it must respect the spirit of the injunction that such exactions as are made upon a people, in order to provide a maintenance for their poor, should be apportioned to the ability to meet them. We firmly believe that superfluities in most societies, certainly in ours, are equal to wants; that to tax the rich man in order to feed the poor (if the spontaneous exercise of a Christian benevolence be interfered with) should be the rule on which such assessments ought to be made; and that if you tax the poverty of one description of persons heavily, and leave the affluence of other persons undiminished, you will rather "counteract the distributive justice of Pro-

vidence" than promote the edifying ends which the diversities of affluence and destitution are appointed to serve in the uses of society.

We boldly affirm, then, that every man who consumes articles of luxury, comfort, or necessity, should set apart something from his possessions, should abridge, if it be found requisite, something from his enjoyments, in order that the poor may live. We waive the question, ought the claims of the poor be legalized?—we suppose that question settled by our government in the affirmative. The only question which remains is, whence should a provision for the destitute be procured? and to this we unhesitatingly answer, as we feel the laws of God and the instincts of nature teach—*from all who have means to give, and, especially, from consumers, in the processes of consumption.* Our daily petition to God, in private as well as public, is, "give us," not "give me." We dare not ask of our Heavenly Father to grant us the means of prolonging life, unless we are of a disposition to be careful for our brother's wants as well as our own. Law should learn the lesson which prayer teaches, and should make provision that every man who avails himself of the advantages of civilized society, and employs the wealth of which he is a steward, to the indulgence of his appetite, shall, of necessity, disburse a part to supply his poor brother's wants. This part is his alms and oblations to society—the national acknowledgment of an imperative duty—the tax paid, as it were, to the Redeemer's representatives, *His poor.*

It is not in this spirit the poor-law has been constructed. While it has imposed crushing obligations upon many who have been wholly unable to discharge them, it has not laid "its little finger" on possessions larger than those of princes. It has left the luxury of many a rich man unclouded, unchastened, unconsecrated, and it has swept, with harpy wing and beak, the simple board of many a poor family, and left the plundered group without a morsel of food. How criminally has this iniquitous system profaned the name of charity. We have known instances—we know that there are many such—where a landed proprietor, accommodating himself to the constraint of times of rebuke and chastening, has adjusted, by a new standard, his

whole domestic economy—has parted with servants, disposed of articles of elegance or luxury, made sale of his costlier wines, and omitted to replace the more ordinary—has retrenched the comforts of his table—has increased the number of his labourers, and has been mulcted to the amount of more than half his income, in the form of poor's-rates, to maintain paupers on properties over which he has not, and never had, authority or control—paupers, the victims of some middleman's rapacity, or the "used-up" hands of a factory, which, after having exhausted all their strength, and made large profit from it, returns them, in their decrepitude, to a district which never had any benefit from their labours. And while it is charity thus to oppress the faithful, humane, and self-denying, it also belongs to the same virtue, as by law established, to leave the well-paid officials of the state, the fundholder, the mortgagee, in the untaxed enjoyment of their great wealth, and not to exact, even from their luxuries and their sensual indulgences, some scant offering for the poor. The poor farmer must be stinted and "sore pinched" at his wretched meals, that paupers, in their idleness, may fare more plentifully and more daintily than he. But the rich fundholder, or commissioner, may squander, to a most exorbitant profusion, in his sumptuous festivities, and even "the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table" are not gathered up and given to the needy. Truly could it be said, "the spoils of the poor are in their houses." "The harp and the viol, the tabret, and pipe, and wine are at their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands." "Their honorable men are famished, and their multitude dried up with thirst." So long as landed property could feed the poor, its produce was eaten up, its owners were impoverished, and the multitude was fed; when such supplies were exhausted, and the resources from which they were derived were dried up, horrible to tell! thousands of human beings were abandoned to die the ghastly death of famine; and the sumptuous feast, the song and dance, went on as of yore in the gorgeous saloons of salaried officials of the state. It is a dreadful truth to utter, a portentous

theme to reflect on. The hardy yeomanry, the brave, and, in a majority of instances, well-deserving, proprietary, were reduced to destitution—no thought for them; and until the last portion of substance was withdrawn from them, the poor had some of it. So long they were kept alive; when the land failed they were cruelly forsaken. The funds of the annuitant, the mortgagee, the fundholder, the placeman (not to speak of commercial gains and uncertain professional emoluments), were sacred against the cry of the poor destitute. The state took care that the orgies of its officials should lose no jot of splendour. “Dogs,” if they list, might “lick the sores of the dying,” might “growl over carcase and limb” of the miserable dead—but the salaries of men in office were punctually paid; to supply their revels with the customary lights, and odours, and music—with stimulating delicacies and dainties—it left the poor to starve.

And the multitudes thus cast out to perish, the state had proclaimed as objects of its especial protection—had endowed with a title to such maintenance as was needful for human life. Fatal boon! It encouraged idleness, it oppressed industry, it ruined property; and when pauperism had done its natural work, and a destruction of landed property was achieved, the deluded objects and victims of a bad law were doomed to learn, that, although there was wealth in the country thrice or four-fold greater in amount than that species of property which had been given them to prey upon, they could win no hope to benefit by it. The wealth of the monied interest was to be available for purposes of intemperance and vice, but starving multitudes had no legal claim on it.

We would not be understood as imputing to any class of our fellow-subjects such a temperament as characterised the framers of the desolating poor-law. We are well aware that the monied interest has entitled itself to high place in the assemblies of the benevolent; that the voluntary contributions of many who belong to the professional or the commercial classes would have been worthy of note and praise in the best days and in the times of sorest trial recorded in our history. It is not of what voluntary benevolence has done, but of what a

law, not benevolent, has provided, we are writing; and we have not been deterred from offering our comments on the law by a feeling of respect and gratitude for the faithful and humane whom it could not influence to uncharitableness. We would ask, was it better to impose the burden of maintaining the destitute, as the new Irish poor-law has cast it, on the classes who were suffering most from the calamities which have caused our distress? Was it better, when landlord and farmer in certain districts have sunk under the infliction, to heap up additional burdens on victims of the same class, and scarcely less distressed elsewhere, than it would be to make wealth of every description contribute its part to alleviate the general suffering? Was it better that industrious men should be ruined, and neglected paupers in thousands be starved to death, than that the luxurious, for their delicacies, and the general public, for their comforts, should make some small acknowledgment as a duty which should be dedicated to the purpose of feeding the poor? Was it better to impose on Lord Farnham, one of the best landlords in the empire, a poor's-rate of four thousand pounds in the year, than it would be to raise a rate to which Lord Clarendon should yield some trifling part, through the agency of the viceregal festivities? Was it better to disable men who would otherwise have employed labourers, than it would be to aid them in their wise and benevolent exertions, and to lighten the pressure of poor-laws upon them, by throwing part of the burden on parties who could be brought in no other form to contribute to the relief of the poor than in that of an income-tax, or of duties on articles of consumption?

Unless the poor-law were designed to effect the ruin it has caused, the answer could not be doubtful: the rate would be more fairly and more wisely collected by being more widely distributed. If, under profession of relieving the poor, the ruin of landlords and farmers was designed—if, under pretence of improving the condition of Ireland, it were purposed to abase and afflict the country, the answer to our queries would be different; the poor-law has, to no small extent, fulfilled its mission and accomplished its object.

"Address to the Public from the Relief Association of the Society of Friends in Ireland."

"Dublin, 8th of 5th month, 1849.

"From these various sources a large amount of relief was afforded at a period of great distress, and many persons were preserved, for a time at least, from that starvation which, without such assistance, appeared inevitable. But we are saddened by the conviction, that, with very few exceptions, no permanent good has been done. We feel that the condition of our country is not improved, that her prospects are even worse, because her people have less hope. Many of those who were most active in administering to the relief of their neighbours have fallen victims to exertions of mind and body beyond their capability to sustain. Others have withdrawn from the work, in despair of effecting any good. The pressure of private affairs, and, in many cases, of pecuniary difficulty, has forced others to discontinue their efforts. Thus, voluntary exertions have almost ceased, and even for the administration of the legal relief, paid agents are necessary throughout a large part of the country.

"The calamity fell first on the lowest class, especially the labouring population of the south and west. In losing their crop of potatoes, they lost all, and sunk at once into helpless and hopeless pauperism. The small farmers still preserved hope. With great exertions, and submitting in many cases to extreme privations, they again cropped their ground. A second failure of the potatoes pauperised these also. Then came the increased poor-rates, heaviest in those districts which were least able to bear them; weighing down many, who, without this last burden, might have stood their ground; alarming all by the unaccustomed pressure of an undefined taxation; and greatly reducing the small amount of capital applicable to the employment of labour. The landed proprietor, in order to provide for the payment of rates, has been obliged to leave much useful work undone, thus lessening the number of labourers employed. In many cases his chief effort has been to diminish the population by a frightful system of wholesale eviction, and thus get rid of a tenantry, who, under happier circumstances, would have been a source of wealth, but whom his inability to employ, after the failure of the potato, had converted into a heavy burden. Despair of succeeding at home has driven and is still driving vast numbers of the most industrious of the middle classes to transfer their energy, and a considerable amount of capital, to other countries, which offer a free scope for exertion. The paupers are

merely kept alive, either by the crowded workhouses, or, in alarming numbers, depending on out-door relief; but their health is not maintained. Their physical strength is weakened; their mental capacity is lowered; their moral character is degraded. They are hopeless themselves; and they offer no hope to their country, except in the prospect, so abhorrent to humanity and Christian feeling, of their gradual extinction by death. Many families are now suffering extreme distress, who, three years since, enjoyed the comforts and refinements of life, and administered to the necessities of those around them. Thus we have seen the flood of pauperism widening more and more, engulfing one class after another, rising higher and higher in its effects on society, until it threatens, in some of the worst districts, to swallow up all ranks and all classes within its fatal vortex.

"Meanwhile, there is much land lying waste which was formerly cultivated, while the strength of the country is standing by idle, anxiously asking for work, and willing to accept the lowest wages; but finding no one to employ them, because the owners of the ground have not the money to pay them, and the dread of undefined taxation, and uncertainty as to the future, prevent others from taking the land on lease."

Such is the testimony borne to the operation of the poor-law by a society which must be accepted as a competent witness. The Relief Committee of the Society of Friends has had a part in the activities of benevolence, during the trying season which has not yet passed away, in every part of Ireland; and it now comes before the public to declare that the poor-law has been effectual in making paupers, but that it has not maintained, and cannot maintain them. "I have seen," said the Archbishop of Dublin, in a debate on the Rate in Aid Bill, "the sons of clergymen going out to break stones on the public roads in order to support their families, and students in the university enlisting in the army for the same purpose. The poor-law took away his cow, his seed, his implements of husbandry from the poor farmer, and thus, reduced to the condition of the most indigent, he came and sought relief at the workhouse." The archbishop, it must be acknowledged, "sees what he foresaw." His anticipations when warning the House of Lords, some years since, contain a history of the consequences of that unhappy measure, to which he offered an able but

unsuccessful resistance. To this hour, as it would seem, he reasons and warns in vain. The promissory principle on which British legislation has for years back been conducted, seems to demand that the promises it relies on shall wear something of a bankrupt character. The prophets who have deceived the empire again and again continue to be her chosen counsellors.

The remedy by which the "Friends' Society" propose to correct the evils we labour under, has the merit of being in accordance with the opinions prevalent in our senate, and has in our judgment little else to recommend it. The remedy proposed is, that every facility shall be offered for the sale of estates in Ireland. The promised result seems to be, that lands would pass into the possession of parties who could give employment to labour in the development of resources hitherto unexplored, and who could thus at once diminish pauperism and augment the wealth of Ireland.

To this mode of redress our first objection is, that it is unjust. There are two classes of poor persons in Ireland—one consisting of those whom the poor-law found in a state of destitution; the other, of those whom it *reduced* to such a state. To us it would seem, if justice is to be an element in our system of law, that we should endeavour to remedy the evils *we have caused*, as well as those *we have compassionated*. The potato blight impoverished the labouring classes in Ireland, and the British parliament enacted a poor-law for their relief. The poor-law has impoverished owners and occupiers of land—are they to be relieved? Yes; they are to be empowered, that is, compelled, to sell their properties. But the *possession* of property is not the malady they labour under; it is depreciation—very great *depreciation* of property which constitutes their embarrassments and distress. If justice is to be done, this is one of the evils which demands a remedy. The poor-law entering into Ireland as the ally of famine and free trade, has reduced the value of property sixty per cent. or more: and the remedy proposed to meet this grievous affliction is to transfer property from the ruined owners at a third of the price they paid for it, or a third of its valuation when it came to them by inheritance.

When a proposal is liable to a

charge of injustice like this, we think it hardly worth the trouble of further examination. "I have a scheme to propose for the advantage of the state, but it is unjust," is a proposition which should not find more favour with a Christian than it found in a heathen commonwealth. Perhaps it is in deference to those instincts or principles by which injustice would be discountenanced, that modern projectors do not name it among the incidents of their plans and speculations. Neither Mr. Bright, nor Lord John Russell, nor Sir Robert Peel, ask permission to propose a demoralising measure of expediency; they merely say that it is good for the country and the poor that estates shall be sold. The peculiarity of compelling sales at quarter price may concern owners, encumbrancers, minors, and others, who have a reversionary interest in the property to be made away with; but their ruin is not to be paraded before parliament or the public, nor is a thought of it to retard the march of national improvement. It is certain, we are told, that the country will improve under the new system, if we only change the landed proprietary. Should not the ousted owners be satisfied by being taught to feel that their ruin was inevitable; or if they are too selfish to rejoice that their penury has had ample compensation in the public good, should the nation take any thought for their sufferings?

But, we are strongly persuaded, injustice is ever inexpedient. To enact laws which virtually plunder one class of persons that another class may be fed, is to do a certain wrong, and, as the experiment of our poor-laws has proved, may be to fail of the contingent advantages. We have testimony to this effect from parties whose authority can less be disputed even than that of the most active agents of volunteer relief societies. The Poor-law Commissioners themselves have collected and published evidence of undeniable authority as to the pernicious effects which have resulted from the system they administered.

The eighth series of papers published by the commissioners affords some information as to the state of our poor and of the country, through the close of the last year, and to the month of February in this. In January last they issued a circular to the temporary inspectors and vice-guardians, contain-

ing a list of queries, of which the following was one:—"Are the means of the proprietors and occupiers exhausted, or likely soon to be exhausted, and if so, how is this proved?"

"Have you a surgeon." The quere produced, as might have been anticipated, answers, exhibiting sad variety of wretchedness. We shall endeavour to convey the spirit of them:—

"Ulster; County Cavan; Cootehill Union.—The means of many of the proprietors are, I fear, either exhausted or nearly so."—p. 4.

"Connaught; County Mayo; Ballina.—Thousands of acres formerly occupied and cultivated, have now the appearance of being devastated by an enemy."—p. 6.

"Labourers hardly able to work—a robust man rarely to be met with—most of the landlords cannot pay for work—those who can are afraid of the undefined prospect of rates."—p. 7.

"Erris; District of Ballina.—The obstacle to the collection of the rates is the very general destitution of the ratepayers of the lower class, and the almost universal bankruptcy of the higher class."—p. 11.

"Mayo and Sligo; Swineford.—The means of proprietors and occupants are exhausted; their lands waste; their privations severe. One-half of the occupants little better in circumstances than the recipients of relief."—p. 13.

"Mayo; Castlebar.—Means of the principal portion of the proprietors and occupiers likely to be exhausted; lands in great quantities laid waste, neither paying rent, taxes, nor yielding crops."—p. 17.

"Mayo; Westport.—Farmers of from three to four acres have given up their holdings, and left the lands waste; proprietors unable to reclaim them, being, with but few exceptions, reduced to most straitened circumstances."—p. 18.

"Mayo and Galway; Ballinrobe.—Proprietors and occupiers are in a most embarrassed state for funds; the few who gave employment cease to do so, some for want of means, and some lest their improvements be subject to additional taxation."—pp. 21, 22.

"Galway; Clifden.—Means of proprietors and occupiers exhausted, or nearly so; many who paid rates last year are now in the workhouse. Those who employed labourers cannot do so now."—p. 23.

"Galway; Galway Union.—With very few exceptions, the means of the proprietors and occupiers are exhausted."—p. 27.

"Galway; Gort.—Lands surrendered,

deserted, waste; roofless cottages; absence of cattle, sheep, stacks of corn, pits of potatoes, give many districts a disheartening and desolate appearance; little employment for labourers, little preparation, unless in proprietors' demesnes, for a future crop."—p. 28.

"Galway and Roscommon; Ballinasloe Union.—Means of many proprietors and occupiers are already exhausted, and those of more are becoming so."—p. 35.

"Galway; Tuam.—The proprietors and ratepayers in general are quite exhausted as to means."—p. 34.

"Sligo; Sligo Union.—Rates well collected, considering the impoverished state of the union. As to the means of the proprietors being exhausted, I say, they decidedly are."—p. 40.

"Leitrim; Manorhamilton.—Means of proprietors and occupiers are exhausted; many townlands waste and deserted."—p. 41.

"Leitrim; Mohill.—Great majority of the resident proprietors have not capital, or have merely sufficient for farming purposes. The means of the occupiers are exhausted, or nearly so."—p. 41.

"Leitrim and Roscommon; Carrickon-Shannon.—Means of small occupiers and proprietors for the most part exhausted, or likely soon to be exhausted."—p. 48.

"Roscommon, Mayo, and Galway; Castlerea Union.—The means of very many proprietors are very much reduced, and a great many occupiers have surrendered their land, stating that from the low price of agricultural produce, and the pressure of taxation, they are unable to employ labourers, or to pay even what might be considered a moderate rent."—p. 52.

"Roscommon and Galway; Roscommon Union.—The resources of all classes of ratepayers are now very considerably exhausted."—p. 53.

"Roscommon and Westmeath; Athlone Union.—The means of all classes are seriously curtailed, but from the small occupiers nothing is to be expected at present."—p. 56.

"Longford and Roscommon; Longford Union.—In many cases the means of the proprietors exhausted, so far as regards any annual benefit from the land, and in still more numerous cases, the means of the occupiers, at least, those means which are available to the enforcement of rates, are exhausted."—p. 59.

"Longford, Westmeath, and Cavan; Granard Union.—Available means of proprietors and occupiers are exhausted."—p. 62.

"Meath, Westmeath, and Cavan; Kells Union.—Smaller class of occu-

piers entirely exhausted ; several of the large proprietors insolvent, or unable to meet their demands. The low price of agricultural produce scarcely affords a remunerating price even for the labour on the land."—p. 65.

"Kilkenny; Kilkenny.—An amount could not be collected this year equal to what was collected last year. The difficulty of collection, caused by the difficulty of the ratepayers meeting the demand with diminished means."—p. 69.

"Kilkenny and Tipperary; Callan.—Means of the smaller classes of occupiers, generally speaking, in a low condition."—p. 69.

"Wexford, Kilkenny, and Carlow.—Considerable distress prevails among the great mass of the ratepayers."—p. 70.

"Waterford and Kilkenny; Waterford.—A great number of small landholders under ejectment, and all classes appear to feel the severe pressure of the times."—p. 71.

"Tipperary; Cashel.—The means of numbers of the occupiers are already exhausted, or very nearly so. The means of proprietors not generally so low, but they also are in a very reduced condition. Both, to a considerable extent in process of exhaustion."—pp. 74, 75.

"Tipperary; Thurles.—Means of many proprietors and occupiers have been very much diminished by the events of the last three or four years. One proprietor, a deputy-lieutenant, assured me lately, that in the event of being forced to pay another rate, he would be obliged to break up his establishment and leave the country, as he had not received twenty per cent. of his rental since 1846."—p. 80.

"Tipperary, King's Co. and Queen's Co.; Roscrea.—With very few exceptions, the means of proprietors are exhausted; the means of occupiers are also exhausted."—p. 83.

"Clare and Galway; Scariff.—With some exceptions, the means of the pro-

prietors and occupiers in this union are every day becoming more exhausted. This is notorious."—p. 83.

"Clare; Ennis.—The means of all classes in the Ennis Union seriously deteriorated by the agency of the famine, *except those having property not connected with land.*"—p. 85.

"Clare; Ennistymon.—The tenant being unable to pay his rent, it follows as a consequence, that the landlord becomes embarrassed, in difficulties, and in many cases, wholly unable to meet his engagements."—p. 87.

"Clare; Kilrush.—The ratepayers in this union have, with few exceptions, paid their rates honestly and cheerfully, *while suffering severe privations.*"—p. 89.

"Limerick; Rathkeale.—Means of a number of occupiers and proprietors more or less exhausted."—p. 92.

"Limerick; Newcastle.—Proprietors and occupiers in this part of the country in very distressed circumstances."—p. 93.

"Kerry; Dingle.—Means of both proprietors and occupiers, if not quite exhausted, very soon will be."—p. 98.

"Kerry; Kenmare.*—No room to doubt the exhaustion of means of occupiers of land, and that those of proprietors and those dependant on them are in an equally exhausted state."—p. 100.

"Cork; Bantry.—The means of occupiers and proprietors are nearly or quite exhausted, and not likely to improve."—p. 102.

"Cork and Kerry; Kanturk.—Means of proprietors and large occupiers greatly deteriorated; means of small farmers nearly exhausted."—p. 105.

"Cork; Macroom.—Means of the proprietors and occupiers in the western and northern divisions of the union are nearly exhausted."—p. 106.

"Cork; Cork.—Proprietors and occupiers severely pressed, not obtaining remunerating prices for the produce of farms, and from loss of the potato crop, &c."—p. 107.

* This union has acquired a very unenviable celebrity, owing to the testimony of a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, the Rev. John O'Sullivan, the witness who declared that he valued the poor-laws for the facilities they afforded of annoying and mulcting landlords. The following remarks from the graphic pen of Colonel Clark, temporary inspector of the union, are worthy of attention:—

"There is no social evil existing in any part of Ireland, save that of combining for deliberate assassination, that has not its ramifications in this union. Middlemen, with all the consequences of infinitesimal sub-letting; political agitation, which, though now slumbering, has produced its demoralizing effects; religious animosity, habits of idleness, with all their vicious fruits—these, combined with a state of semi-barbarism, consequent on remoteness of geographical position and non-intercourse with the civilized world, are sufficiently evident causes of the existing destitution; and although it may be universally affirmed that the failure of the potato crop is the true and only cause, I cannot but express my conviction that it only hastened that crisis, which was long since foreseen to be inevitable by every reflective man having a knowledge of the country."—*Report on Kenmare Union.*

"Cork; Fermoy.—Means of proprietors and occupiers exhausted or very nearly so."—p. 108.

This is a harrowing detail. We have not, it is true, given evidence from all the districts on which the inspectors and vice-guardians reported. Some representations, it may be said, were of a more cheery nature. We lay them before the reader:—

"Ulster; Fermanagh, Tyrone, and Cavan; Enniskillen Union.—We have no reason to believe that the means of proprietors in this district are exhausted, nor likely soon to be so, *but we believe that the occupiers, even of large farms, and who pay only a moderate rent for their land are daily growing worse, and several of the holders of small farms, say from three to six or seven acres, and who were ratepayers one or two years since, are now receiving relief in the workhouse.*"—p. 3.

"Mayo and Galway; Ballinasloe Union.—The means of the majority of proprietors and occupiers are not exhausted, nor soon likely to be, *but there are some of both classes in very straitened circumstances.* There can be no doubt that both proprietors and occupiers are in a most embarrassed state for funds. *Many of the former have large tracts waste, and there is also a great scarcity of stock upon the lands in general.*"—pp. 20, 21.

"Galway; Loughrea.—The middle class of farmers are still possessed of money to a considerable amount, and the large extent of land which has been thrown into pasturage, and stocked with sheep and cattle afford ample means in most parts of the union of providing for the rate. Ratepayers valued at from £50 to £10 *will in a short time be obliged to purchase food for their families, which will press severely on their already much exhausted resources.* . . . The converting of large tracts of land, hitherto under tillage, and furnishing employment and support to numerous persons, into pasturage, *tend, as they naturally must do, to increase and perpetuate the destitute condition of the poor in this union.*"—p. 34.

"Roscommon, Sligo, and Mayo; Boyle Union.—The means of the proprietors and occupiers are not exhausted, nor in this union is society dissolving so rapidly into that common mass of destitution as *we are told is becoming general elsewhere* [Vice Guardians, Jan. 23, 1849]. The majority of the ratepayers will be wholly unable to pay another rate until harvest, *as their means appear completely exhausted* [Temporary Inspector, Feb. 5, 1849]."—p. 50.

"Westmeath; Mullingar.—The means of the proprietors and occupiers are not exhausted, *although in many instances they are very limited.* In a few of the divisions throughout the union, where poverty exists to a great extent, the occupiers are unable to meet the landlord's demand for rent, and consequently the means of the proprietors as well as the occupiers of those divisions are greatly exhausted."—p. 57.

"Meath, Westmeath, and Cavan; Old Castle Union.—No reason to believe that the means of the proprietors in the *Meath district* are exhausted, or likely soon to be exhausted. . . . In the Cavan district, in the electoral divisions of Castlerattan and Ballyjamesduff, I understand that the circumstances of both proprietors and occupiers are very different to those of their neighbours in Meath, and that *a few more rates struck in the union would soon exhaust their resources.*"—p. 63.

"Meath; Trim.—No reason to think that there will be any difficulty of meeting by a rate any destitution likely to occur; and further, from the willingness hitherto evinced by the ratepayers, and the continued exertions of the collectors, of whose upright conduct and general activity we take this opportunity to report, we see no reason to apprehend that much difficulty will be experienced in the collection of such a rate."—p. 66.

"King's County and Westmeath; Tullamore Union.—We cannot say that the funds of the proprietors are *altogether* exhausted, although they in many instances complain bitterly. There will be a large amount of arrears at the close of the collection of the present rate in Tullamore division *where the parties rated have had no means of paying, a considerable portion of which will eventually come upon the proprietors.*"—p. 67.

"Kilkenny and Tipperary; Callan.—As regards the proprietors in this union, their rents have been (*taking into account the existing distress of the times*) pretty well paid them. . . . *The means of the smaller class of occupiers, generally speaking, is in a low condition.*"—p. 69.

"Tipperary and Waterford; Clonmel.—No reason why funds sufficient for the support of the destitute in the union should not be raised by rates, provided they are judiciously and economically administered. . . . The farmers also having suffered by the very defective yield of wheat, during last season, and from the low prices in the markets, and feeling pressed by the poor rates, endeavour to curtail their expenditure. The supply of labour, in short, is at present much beyond the demand for it."—p. 73.

"Tipperary and Limerick; Tipperary.—Means of proprietors and occu-

piers not exhausted, nor likely to be so by any rate necessary for supporting the poor, although there can be no question that the circumstances of these classes are much reduced in consequence of the last three years of national distress."—p. 77.

"Tipperary and Galway; Nenagh.—I have every reason to believe that the means of proprietors and occupiers are not yet so exhausted as to interfere with the collection of the rate."—p. 83.

"Kerry; Tralee.—Generally speaking, I do not think the means of either proprietors or occupiers are exhausted yet; but should destitution continue to the extent it has, much longer, I fear I could not speak so favourably. No dishonesty on the part of either collectors or ratepayers."—p. 97.

"Kerry; Killarney.—Great exertions have been made in this union to relieve the destitute from the natural resources of the country, without soliciting aid from government or the British Relief Association. It is a matter of inference rather than evidence from the vice-guardians' reply, that they do not consider the means of owners or occupiers exhausted."—p. 104.

When the fair side of the picture is no brighter than this, it can but little relieve the lineaments of gloom and discouragement. We have not endeavoured to deepen the traces of despondency, nor have we intentionally omitted any incident which could give the piece a more cheerful character; and, if we have not been very unskilful in our interpretation of evidence, we would say that the few instances in which debilitated proprietors and occupiers are represented as yet able to endure some further depletion, are not less condemnatory of laws which have so far reduced them, than even those deplorable cases in which they are represented as having yielded the last drop that can be drawn from them without drawing the last breath of life with it.

Such is the condition of *fifty-seven* unions, containing a population of more than four millions of human beings, and valued at considerably more than five millions sterling, more than half the population—nearly half the valuation, for Ireland—*having once*, we should rather have said, such a population, and *rated* at such a

valuation. At this moment, we believe the people to have been greatly diminished, and the value to be very much below the valuation. We spare the reader further proofs of the indigence to which the country has been reduced, as found in answers to the circulars inquiring as to the clothing of the people, and as to their transactions with pawnbrokers. Suffice it to say, every attribute of poverty, debasement, decline, and ruin is now discernible among the characteristics of our social condition. Let no man tempt God, by saying that this desolation is ascribable to the potato blight. No—it is the disgrace and the sin of most unwise legislation. We do not undertake to say, that any three years within our memory have been so fraught with agricultural calamity as those through which we have recently passed; but we must remember, thankfully, that during no period of the same extent has the bounty of generous and pious hearts poured so rich a stream upon our country. Remembering this unparalleled mercy, as a compensation attendant on our afflictions, we would confidently affirm, that Ireland has successfully struggled through difficulties not less formidable than those which, by the aid of legislation, have recently overcome her. The earth has been smitten with sterility—pestilence has been breathed upon the air—commerce has been arrested, and has drooped—and the charities of benevolent men have been blessed to deliver the land. Potatoes have been sold at 1s. 3d. per stone, oatmeal at 7s. 6d.—typhus fever and cholera have been sent amongst us—bankruptcy has, by its effects, impoverished whole masses of our people—trade has stood still; but the country has recovered, because legislation never before was so inconsiderate or malignant.

During the period that elapsed between those two momentous epochs—in one of which rebellion had been put down, and in the other disaffection and sedition had obtained a signal concession*—from the year 1798 to 1829, Ireland passed through many severe afflictions: how she survived them has been placed on record.

* We allude to the arguments in favor of "Emancipation," and to the manner in which it was carried, rather than to the measure considered in itself.

In the year 1830, when the Tory party had broken in the shock in which "Emancipation" was carried, and the Whigs were waiting the moment when they were to enter and take possession, there was a committee appointed by the House of Commons, to inquire into the state of the poor in Ireland—a committee which was predominantly, we may affirm, "Whig" in its constitution and character. A few extracts from the report of the Committee, and the evidence taken before it, we lay before the reader:—

"Committee of the House of Commons on the State of Ireland, in the year 1830.

"JOHN MUSGROVE, ESQ., WATERFORD.

"Is there any improvement within your knowledge in the habits of the people?—Very great among the better class of farmers. Are the number of slated houses increasing?—Very considerably. Has the clothing of the people improved in your experience?—Very considerably since the removal of duties between England and Ireland. Have you observed the extension of bakeries in the country?—Yes, certainly: in country villages and towns you find a much greater number of bakers than there were a few years ago.

"CAPTAIN ROBERT OWEN, WEXFORD.

"Is the agriculture of the County Wexford in a state of improvement, or stationary?—It is in a state of very rapid improvement. Is the number of slated houses in the country increasing?—Increasing every day, &c.

"MR. JOHN LOUGHLIN, BALLINA, MAYO.

"Are the habits of the people improving within your observation?—They are. Is their clothing improving?—Certainly. Is the description of house improved?—Considerably in the town, and I notice it in the country also. Have the number of small bake-houses in the villages extended in your neighbourhood?—Yes; I hear the flour-dealers speak of it.

"CHARLES WYE WILLIAMS, ESQ.,
LIVERPOOL.

"Have you perceived amongst this class of persons in Ireland, since this new intercourse has been established, an improvement in their clothing and their mode of life?—A considerable improvement is very visible in their clothing. The inhabitants of Liverpool are quite aware of the altered appearance of even the Irish reapers. They no longer come in the tattered clothes they formerly appeared in; they are getting ashamed of their old clothes, and are, apparently, a different class of persons."

"Mr. Mahony observes—'That the state of the peasantry has improved very rapidly of late years; that the country has greatly altered for the better; that the peasantry are better clothed, and in every way seem to be more comfortable, and that their houses are improving.'—Report, p. 4.

"The statement made by Mr. Wiggins, an English land-agent, in describing the south-west of Ireland, is equally satisfactory—'A very great improvement has taken place, in all respects, during the last twenty-two years'; and in a subsequent part of his examination he adds—'I think the improvement of Ireland has been more rapid than any improvement I ever saw in England in any large tract of country.'—*Ibid.*

We shall add two extracts from the testimony of two witnesses, which we hold to be not the less pertinent that they contain the opinions of able and experienced men on the subject of poor-laws for Ireland, as well as their testimony to the improvement of the country:—

"JAMES WEALE, Esq.—1698. I do not think that any system of compulsory relief could be introduced into Ireland at the present moment, without being productive of serious and permanent evils.

"Of what kind?—I have never met a peasantry who are as well disposed as the Irish are to exert themselves for the provision of a maintenance. I think that the effect of a legal provision of relief to those who might represent themselves to be incapable of working, or otherwise destitute, would bring such an immense body of claimants on that fund, for relief, as would immediately destroy it: it would render it impossible to collect adequate funds for their relief, &c.

"1701. Do you consider that there is a spirit of improvement now acting in Ireland, which tends to produce those beneficial results?—In every quarter, in every corner, I may say, of Ireland, evidences of growing, and rapidly-growing, improvement may be perceived.

"1702. Was that evidently such within your own observation, as within the interval between your first visit and your last to Ireland, to show you, by your own experience, that these improvements were going on?—It is, from my first visit up to the last hour I was in Ireland.

"1703. Do you consider that it is safer to rely on that spirit of improvement, than to introduce any system of

compulsory assessment, with a view to the relief of the distressed?—I am decidedly of that opinion."

"A. R. BLAKE, Chief Remembrancer, April 28, 1830.

"3765. Do you consider that the introduction of a compulsory system of relief for the distress that exists in Ireland, could act upon the causes that have produced that distress, and thereby have a tendency to check the recurrence of those causes?—I think quite the contrary.

"Have the goodness to state the reasons for your opinion?—I think the evil policy so long pursued towards Ireland—a policy which kept the country continually distracted, which palsied industry, and prevented anything like natural union—has been the great cause of want and misery in Ireland. That cause is now removed; but the people have not as yet sufficiently learned to venerate themselves as men: it is by teaching them to do so, and affording them means of profitable employment, that you can effect a solid improvement in the country. A compulsory provision for the poor would tend to prevent the growth of those independent feelings and industrious habits through which alone I look for the regeneration of Ireland.

"3767. Independently of political causes, do you not conceive that there exists, at present, in Ireland, in the condition of society, the management of land, and other matters, causes that tend to produce a mass of distress in that country at all times?—I conceive that those causes are upon the decline in Ireland. I think—I speak from a good deal of examination into the subject—that Ireland is becoming, from day to day, more and more prosperous, that capital is spreading throughout Ireland; and in proportion as capital does spread, so will the general state of all classes be improved."

Such was Ireland as a Whig ministry received it from their Tory predecessors—what it is now the reports of their officials mournfully instruct us. Friends and partisans of ministers may ascribe our miseries to a visitation of nature. We do not

deny that the potato blight had its part in the calamities which have followed, but we affirm that the law had its part also. Failing crops had their effect directly upon one part of our people; injurious laws exerted a pernicious influence on all. Never was there legislation more unworthy a just, a generous, and a merciful nation; never was there legislation more abhorrent to the principles of sound wisdom, as declared and acted upon for ages of British rule. In the distribution of lands placed at the disposal of successive sovereigns, the reservation of a portion for the poor, after the model of England, was never an incident in the plantation. In the act of legislative union, when the two countries were incorporated into one, Ireland was received with her immunities, and they were guaranteed to her in the spirit of those articles which concluded the great national compact. At various periods, and under varied circumstances, the imperial parliament took the state of the Irish poor into its consideration, appointing committees or commissions to inquire into their condition, and advise such remedial measures as their wisdom might suggest. No parliamentary committee, no royal commission ever recommended such a system of poor-laws as was forced upon Ireland; no commission or committee reported without uttering a strong monition against that most baleful element introduced into the modern system, its provision for outdoor relief.

The concurrent testimony of all parties in whom the Whig ministry professed to have confidence, in conformity with what they themselves professed to believe wise and good, pronounced outdoor relief a measure of confiscation to the landlords—of ruin and corruption to the poor; and Lord John Russell made this pernicious measure law—passed it into a law even at the moment when its operation must have been most disastrous.* Three millions of persons habituated to feed

* "There never," wrote the inspector, Colonel Clarke, "could have been a more unpropitious time for trying a gigantic experiment in political economy, than that when the present law for the relief of the poor came into operation with the mass of the people demoralised by being gratuitously and almost indiscriminately fed during the preceding two years, the effects of which will naturally clog the union for years to come."—*Irish Poor-law Past, &c.*, p. 24.

The writer of the pamphlet from which this extract has been taken describes the unseasonableness of the experiment:—

"In March, 1847, not less than 700,000, able-bodied Irish poor, with

in idleness—three millions of persons whom one of her majesty's ministers encouraged to take arms, demanding food, and Lord John Russell creates for them a right and a power which God's law never gave, to feed at the cost of the industrious, and to live, if so it please them, improvident and idle.

Three classes of persons have advocated the adoption of a system of poor-laws (with their excrescence the rate in aid) for Ireland—the benevolent, the malignant, and the sordid. One class has been influenced by charitable commiseration of the poor—one has confessed that its actuating principle has been hatred of the landlords—one has declared its purpose to purchase land when its market price has been sufficiently depreciated. The views of the two latter classes (whether with or without the designed aid of government) have taken effect—those of the former have been frustrated. Since the days of the Desmond wars, the plague of famine has never made such havoc in Ireland; and no commotion or disorder since those days, it may be added, has so shaken the stability and so abased the value of property in land. The natural conclusion to which admitted rules of reasoning would conduct us is, that the poor-laws have accomplished what they were designed to accomplish. What benevolent men regret as among unhappy sequences of the system, those who most assiduously promote it rejoice in as its expected consequences.

This truth is made more clear by the adoption of a measure wholly at variance with the principle of the poor-law as the measure by which its mis-haps were to be corrected. Real property, after having for the year 1848 contributed to the poor rates £1,619,646, about an eighth of its valuation, a third, probably, of the net income of its owners, was found over more than half Ireland unable to continue these enormous supplies, and a "rate in aid" was demanded. How was it to be raised? Justice would say, from those who could best afford to contribute. Not so modern politicians.

They say it must come from Ireland, and from the classes, too, in Ireland, upon whom calamity has pressed most heavily. Landed property in fifty-seven unions has broken down under the pressure of the rates. In these the poor-law has done its office. Let the properties be sold, and the purchaser protected against a similar calamity, by enacting a law that henceforth there is to be a maximum which the rate shall not exceed. Assuredly this is new principle and practice. A. bought land from the sovereign in 1830, we will suppose, and paid a price for it which implied that he had a monarch's guarantee against the imposition of a partial rate or tax; in 1849 a law is enacted which throws upon him the burdens from which he had purchased exemption, and when he has thus been ruined, a successor is invited to take his place and his possessions, by an assurance that he is not to be circumvented after the fashion of his predecessor.

But to return. What is the rate in aid which justice, and charity, and pure morals would suggest? A rate which should come from those who could best afford to pay it. The same laws which have made the agricultural classes poor have enriched the monied interest. The salaries of official persons—the dividends in the funds—the interest of mortgages, are what they were, but each pound sterling represents thirty shillings in the depressed produce of the land. It is among the classes thus enriched, justice would demand her rate in aid. It is among these classes true charity would seek it. If the state become in such sort guardian of the poor that it legalises the obligation, whether in idleness or employment, to feed them, every subject becomes, in a certain sense, his "brother's keeper;" and where it is of positive law, that no man shall continue to be an hungered, it should be a correlative obligation that no man be permitted to indulge his own appetites without contributing to provide for his brother's wants. Not, therefore, among the poor agriculturists only, but

their dependants, were fed on the public bounty at a cost of four millions sterling in as many months; the other four months (May, June, July, and August) of the same year more than a million and a-half were expended, feeding on the 4th of July about 3,000,000 poor; and in the face of this army, say rather nation, of expectants, the out-door relief portion of the present Irish poor-law was introduced."—*Ibid*, 18, 19.

among the wealthy monied classes, would charity seek her rate in aid. Among them, too, pure morals would demand it. To give exemption to luxury, and to overload frugality and temperance is not to teach purity of morals. All these considerations instruct us where to seek a rate in aid. All articles of consumption should contribute to it. There should be a duty imposed on everything that we consume, to constitute a rate in aid for the relief of the poor. Such duties have been raised under the plea of protection to agriculture or manufactures—they have been raised as a revenue for defraying the expenses of the government;—let a proportion of them henceforth be collected as the offering which every man, to whom God has given food, makes of his prosperities, to relieve his brother's wants. This is the "rate in aid" which charity demands and true expediency will acknowledge—the divine law, in principle, recommends it—the best instincts of the human heart would give it welcome, and an improved state of society would soon bear testimony to its excellence. It would encourage enterprise, relieve industry, invigorate hope, and would cast out the baleful spirit of jealousy and estrangement which now arrays the classes and conditions of men in mutual and ruinous animosity. Why is it that the imperial legislature despises or condemns this salutary scheme, and takes in exchange for it a system which outrages justice, oppresses native industry, ruins ratepayers, lays heavy burdens on laborious men, applies criminal incentives and affords fatal facilities to luxurious indulgence; and, after exhausting the resources of owners and occupiers, leaves the destitute to die of hunger?

Is there no reason for this guilty preference? Is it a caprice? Dread, or at least prepare for, fearful results when fantasy can move the power which makes the laws. Has the evil choice a reason and a purpose? Is the purpose discernible in results? If it be, it should awaken upright Irishmen to a wakeful and sustained apprehension; a scheme to maintain one class at the cost of ruining another, would never be tolerated in England unless public opinion were abused by calumnies successfully propagated against the proscribed class, or unless their misdeservings merited odium. If the owners and occupiers of land in

Ireland would be safe, they should at once take their cause into their own hands, should endeavour to win favourable opinion by proving themselves entitled to it, and while drawing closer the bonds of brotherhood, which bind good men together, should act as if they felt that an enemy was at hand ready to take advantage of everything that may be turned to their disadvantage. There are parties ready to purchase their possessions when they shall have become drugs in the market—there are parties who desire to work the poor-law so that it shall be effectual for their undoing, and there is a predominant body in the senate which consents to make legislation an instrument for cupidity and hatred, to pass laws which lessen extremely the value of property, and then to pass laws in a spirit of revolutionary innovation which will serve to precipitate the sale of property while its value in the market is unnaturally low. Can anything be done to counteract such machinations as these? Nothing, perhaps, by which they can be wholly disconcerted. Many victims, in all probability, will attest the efficacy of the measures which have overthrown them; but the evil is not without hope or remedy.

Let it be remembered that, deficient as we are in the current and accredited representative of wealth, we have the true riches which yield their treasures up to the prudent and industrious. We have a fertile soil, and a climate not discouraging to industry. For our domestic uses we have at command almost all that is requisite for life, and even comfort. How shall we make the most of these advantages? In the first place, within our homes, by cultivating the thrifty virtues as those which the season elevates into virtues of the highest class; in the second place, by entering into combination with each other to develop and promote to the utmost of our power everything of Irish produce and industry. In the former effort, we must make patriotism enlighten and govern our pride—we must learn to feel that our parade and show should be of the kind that is neither boastful nor shame-faced, but that if there be any domestic arrangement, any personal inconvenience, with which we are dissatisfied, it should be the inconsistency which assumes in a time of rebuke and difficulty the attributes or offices of a prosperous season. We should cultivate in

our homes a generous parsimony, which, in taking care that not a crumb be lost, has the thought ever present, that its hoards, whatever they may be, are dedicated to the necessities and the improvement of our country. Let us leave to those who love such honour, the praise of basing the financial fabric of a nation on *consumption*, and testing the prosperity of a season by the indulgence that has been afforded to appetite:—

“Feed and be fat, my fair Callipolia.”

Let us form a different estimate, and seek a far different glory: be it ours to adopt retrenchment, where others stimulate consumption, and let the self-denial which facilitates acquisition, have the place with us which others have assigned to the luxury which pampers appetite and wastes substance.

No doubt, cases will be found in which retrenchment comes too late. Of the owners and occupiers of land, many, we fear, must sink into a far inferior condition than they have lived in: but there are many whose difficulties are not insuperable, and whose circumstances a few years of rigid economy, vigilance, and exertion, may retrieve. All, even the most distressed, may be served by a combined endeavour to obtain redress of serious grievances. What we recommend may appear to the desponding and the slothful (who say “there is a lion in the way”) visionary and extravagant, but we will not fear to offer the suggestion. The owners and occupiers (to a large extent) of land should meet in every county or barony of Ireland, and take counsel together. The time is come when there should be no concealments of difficulty or distress, actual or apprehended. *Let none meet for counsel but such as resolve to submit their circumstances to the probe.* Among those who assemble, there will be a majority of proprietors who pay heavy interest to annuitants and mortgagees—there will be none who have not suffered by the laws establishing a free trade in corn, and recognising pauperism as a lucrative trade for the idle. A temperate and faithful statement of the injuries thus inflicted, and their effects, should be submitted to the public, and an application made to creditors of every description, asking of them such forbearance, accommodation, and com-

position, as most severe and unlooked for laws have rendered just and reasonable. Those laws have removed, one stage, the claims of every creditor; they have interposed the new right created for the pauper, between the creditors' just demand and the security assigned to him. As a species of recompense for this injustice, the creditor has an augmentation of his wealth. His revenues can now purchase three barrels of corn, or three sirloins of beef where formerly they could have but two. The monied interest has had this gain at the sore cost of the landed. It is not unbecoming on the one side to ask, and will be prudent, as well as amiable on the other side to grant, that they who have had partial benefit from an unjust law, shall offer some contribution or concession to the relief of those on whom the whole pressure of its injustice has most crushingly fallen. We may be told that to hope such a result is chimerical. *There are some* to whom it may seem so—*are there any* who think, that, in the existing circumstances of the landed interest in Ireland, it can be amiss to make the experiment?

At the meetings we recommend, the parties assembled should come to an understanding how they may mutually aid and countenance each other in carrying out schemes of economy, retrenchment, and encouragement of native industry. It will soon be seen that many of the appliances which were set down among the necessities of life owe their place there to unsound opinion, to foolish rivalry, to a paltry sense of shame; and it will be found, as soon as rectified opinion has pronounced a judgment, that much wealth is at our command, which had lain too long unregarded. The gift of God to his chosen people was not a Californian region; it was “a land flowing with milk and honey,” a land abounding in vegetable and animal riches—He has given us such a land. We have milk and honey, fruits and corn, cattle, and fowls, and fish, wool and flax. To use them, and, so far as is practicable, to confine ourselves to the use of them, is not to convert them into, but to recognise them as the true natural riches. We shall find when we regard wealth in itself, not in its arbitrary representative, that we are not so poor as we feared we were.

At these meetings too, which we recommend, arrangements should be

made for deriving from the Boards of Poor - Law Guardians the benefits which these district parliaments are capable of affording. These assemblies represent the property, and make provision for the poverty of our country. They should be diligent and discreet in the discharge of their onerous duties, so that their constituents be not unnecessarily oppressed, nor their clients demoralised or neglected. They should take care that the unemployed be few in number, and that the distinction between the helpless and the voluntarily idle be never lost sight of. Every workhouse should be a normal school of industry; employment, if practicable, should be found for every inmate not disabled; and while the cost of maintenance was thus lightened to the payers of rates, new processes of labour and productiveness should be introduced into every part of the country. To render the Boards of Guardians an effective institution, a system of correspondence should be arranged, by which if not all of one mind, all might be found conspiring to the same end. Each Board should appoint its committee of supervision and correspondence, and from time to time conferences by baronies, counties, and provinces should take place, until the affairs, resources, and difficulties of every portion of our country—the drains upon our wealth for the benefit of creditors and absentees—the amount of our taxation, direct and indirect, poor's-rates (as they ought to be) included—the profits of our commerce to the empire at large and to ourselves, and the duties paid by us in British ports as well as Irish, had become thoroughly known, and a system of mutual accommodation, by which the superfluities of one place, and the wants of another, would redress and relieve each other, was established for the benefit of every part of our country. We venture not upon details in thus intimating what we believe may prove beneficial in the agency of our poor-law system. When the various Boards address themselves to their duty, under a presiding feeling that the country has been given in charge to them, we are satisfied they will soon discover to how great things their labours may become conducive. We would content ourselves with urging the remembrance of

one truth which we feel ought never to be lost sight of—it is, that every article of Irish produce is the exponent of a certain amount of Irish labour. Of the price of the produce of an acre of oats, twenty-four shillings (a fourth, or perhaps a third) had been previously disbursed for labour. Discontinue labour by displacing the native produce for foreign, and the twenty-four shillings will be changed from wages into poor's-rates.

There is, however, a duty which the various Boards of Guardians should never neglect. It is that of giving publicity to their grievances, and of protesting against the injustice of the law they are appointed to administer. That law has had the assent of the British people through the operation of a most dishonest misrepresentation. Property in England has been purchased or acquired subject to a burden from which Irish property was exempt; and therefore Irish proprietors were to be saddled with a burden for which no consideration was given them. As honestly might it be claimed, that inasmuch as a majority of landowners in Ireland inherited with their estates encumbrances by which they were burdened, English property should be required also to take upon itself obligations from which it had had exemption. It may, to be sure, be said that the poor, by divine law, have claims which ought to be respected. That is not the question. The matter in dispute is against what class of persons should those claims be enforced. In England they take effect on persons who hold property on the condition of respecting them, who pay rates for the poor as part purchase of the possessions they retain. In Ireland they take effect on persons, who paid at once the whole purchase of their estates, and to whom, when the precedent of England was adopted against them, that portion of the purchase or value of their estates ought to be returned, which an impartial commission should declare equivalent to the poor-rate. Every Board of Guardians, every assembly of landowners and occupiers, should enter this protest; there may be difficulty of gaining for it a patient consideration, but when it has been thoroughly understood it will not be inoperative.

In all the activities we recommend,

there is nothing in which the British people, and even the British legislature, may not with much propriety be called upon to aid us. We put away from us altogether every thought of seeking Repeal. That momentous change may be effected. Independence, or the counterfeit of independence, may be forced upon us. England may complete her series of aggressions by proclaiming a separation. If so—unsought for and undesired by us, it ought not to find us unprepared. We may learn administrative habits, and acquire the wisdom meet to direct them in those parliaments which have been set up in an injustice for which we are not answerable. In them we may be trained amidst influences of justice, benevolence, and discretion; these are wholesome influences. If there be virtue among us they will draw it out. We have little to hope for from the legislature if we are not true to ourselves. The British legislature has experienced a mighty change; men now, even of ability, enter into parliament in the spirit in which they embrace a profession—personal advantage their first object, their country's honour and interest but the second. A place in the senate is regarded matter of privilege to the individual, not of duty to the state; England, with her glorious constitutions, her world of colonies, her majestic associations, is

looked upon as something to trade upon or conjure with, not to serve in; discussions arise, not on the question who is worthy to be her minister or her champion, but upon her right to refuse confidence to any who may desire the distinction of holding an office in her service. The question of right and duty has been transposed, and the individual takes precedence of the nation. In a parliament where such discussions engage attention, and encounter no rebuke, there is an absence of real greatness. But the people of England ought not to be confounded with the faction which has acquired a temporary influence in the national councils; and whilst it is right that we should, to the utmost of our power, prepare for the worst extremity, we should make our preparations in a spirit which strives to promote and cherish a cordial union, a true brotherhood, with the benevolent people of England. And this we can do; the measures and the habits calculated to win, by meriting, the esteem and respect of the best of our fellow-subjects in the British empire, are those which will best prepare us for meeting the perils of the emergency, if, influenced by councils in which a thirst for gain supplies the place of a spirit of honour and integrity, the British empire is prevailed against to repeal the Union.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

As friends must be torn by Fate from the embrace of individuals, and what was affection be subdued into memory, so is it decreed that celebrated characters must pass from time to time from before the eyes of the community they had shed a lustre upon, leaving in place of the gladdening influence of their presence a void, occupied only by the melancholy satisfaction that at least the honoured names belong to its permanent history.

Maria Edgeworth is no more. At this period of the month we have not time to enlarge upon an announcement, which indeed is in itself sure to arrest public attention without any comment of ours. English literature claims the calamity as her own, and will find a voice wherever its influence reaches—and where does it not reach?—throughout the civilised world. Our part is a more peculiar one—a more painful and difficult one, too, than any mere formal panegyric: we have to mourn, *on the part of Ireland*, the loss of its brightest literary ornament.

In the brilliancy of her more extended works, the true grounds of this gifted lady's fame are apt to be lost sight of. As in the case of a desultory and inconsistent though eminent legal philosopher of our time, the less-observed and humbler achievement of cheapening knowledge, and bringing that illustrious guest to doors she would not have previously condescended to visit, will form with posterity the true foundation of his greatness; so, in estimating Miss Edgeworth's services to literature, we ought to do what future generations will do, and make it her title to the place she is destined to hold in public estimation that, with a very few exceptions, she it was who first brought the rational morality and exalted sensibilities of maturer life to a level with the comprehension of childhood, forestalling the teaching of schools and colleges in this respect by the power of combining ethics with entertainment, suited to attract the young, and teaching the language of truth and virtue, in its alphabet.

That she was a highly successful novelist, when that field was less trodden than it is now, is inferior praise to this; and we have ever held that the lessons of morality, which all her writings aimed at conveying, were then most conspicuous and most conducive to human benefit when they cast off, as it were, the gravity and reserve of society, and introduced themselves, in sportive guise, as the playthings and companions of the nursery.

If we are to measure the importance of literary efforts by the effect they produce, the influence they exercise, and the changes they work, then, in other departments as well as this, Miss Edgeworth stands eminently conspicuous. The tone of thought and feeling of the generation now already passing its maturity, has been moulded unquestionably to an appreciable extent on her educational works; but when we recollect that to her earlier novels Scott confessed himself indebted for the first idea of illustrating the character and scenes of his own country by means of popular tales, we shall see to how large an extent that one intellect has made the world its debtor. Indeed, it is one of the circumstances which enhance the interest creative talent is ever invested with, that it operates beyond itself, as it were, developing powers and originating actions lying without the orbit of its own career.

On the young the effect of Miss Edgeworth's writings was striking. The wisdom derived from them was not, as Lady Mary Wortley Montague has expressed it, the

———"Slow product of laborious years;"

the operation was going on every hour; we could see precepts reduced, before our eyes, to practice; and the tender mind becoming visibly impressed with those patterns which, falling within the grander outline of Christianity, serve to fill up the details of the human character, and blend the whole into one chaste and harmonious design. Within many a family circle we can imagine the event we are now recording to fall as a sensible blow, and can fancy the eye, bent over the favourite page, to be dimmed with a tear, which, dropping on the familiar words, consecrates them from thenceforth a sacred memory in the youthful heart.

But we are straying beyond our limits. This distinguished lady has passed from amongst us. To all except the few who enjoyed the inestimable advantage of her friendship and acquaintance, she lives in her influences alone. In these, indeed, she still survives—she exists for every one as long as they continue to peruse her writings with delight and profit. In the increased power she affords to one class of self-instruction, and to another of disciplining the minds under their charge, she stands beside them an ever-present good. *Being dead, she speaketh.*

To that favoured few, alas ! her loss is less easily repaired. For many years, she had, it is true, secluded herself within the ancestral groves of Edgeworthstown, from which of late, she rarely emerged, except when she lent herself to the affectionate importunities of members of her own immediate family : but she continued to the last to keep herself in communion with the great world without by means of constant and unrestrained correspondence with a circle of friends, including some of the most gifted and eminent individuals in Great Britain and America, statesmen and philosophers as well as authors. These friends can best testify to the justice of this encomium—they can witness to the freshness of heart, retained to the verge of extreme old age, and surviving not only the common assaults of time, but the attacks of more than one severe domestic bereavement. They best can exonerate the writer, when he speaks of the keen and affectionate sensibilities beating as strong within her bosom up to the supreme hour, as when they instigated the happiest effusions of her fancy, and attracted the most ardent admiration of society. They know that not a feeling flagged—not an energy failed. Alive to everything around her, and responding to every exalted and humane emotion, she might be said to partake of that comprehensive philanthropy, the expression of which earned for the dramatist of old the plaudits of assembled Rome. Nothing was foreign from her affections, except what was unworthy of them ; and she retained to the termination of her existence that power, generally judged to be the exclusive characteristic of youth, of admitting *new* interests into the companionship of old ones, and of allowing the heart to warm for a cause, or an individual, the meridian of her life was a stranger to.

It is fortunate that these qualities are known as they are by so many friends and connexions competent to give the world the benefit of a personal narrative. We should otherwise have feared lest the unostentatious humility of Miss Edgeworth's private virtues should cause them to be overlooked, or overborne rather, in the current of her literary history.

Nor can we, in our editorial capacity, be suspected of being influenced by any undue bias. In her views respecting the relative publishing claims and capabilities of England and Ireland, many of our readers are aware that she differed from us very widely. Her sentiments—dare we call them prejudices?—were all in favor of the metropolitan centre. She considered London the natural soil of Irish as well as English literary enterprise, and felt little interest in promoting any local rivalry. Whilst, like Moore, she was inspired with a truly patriotic regard for her native land, and, like him, shed a lustre upon it by the brightness of her genius—like him, too, she was an *English* writer born in Ireland, and connected her literary existence exclusively with the sister country.

She is gone from amongst us. She has done much good that the world knows of—much that it may yet know of—and much that it will never know of. Instances will spring to many an affectionate memory. They throng to *one* breast which might seize the tempting opportunity of discharging the burden of gratitude that weighs upon it. But unfortunately the same feelings towards that revered friend which prompt the tongue to utterance, restrain the expression of acknowledgments that might have done violence to the sensitive delicacy of her nature. It more redounds to the honour of the dead, and profit of the living, to have it known, that one of the last acts of government bounty extended to native literary merit, was influenced in no small degree by the ardent and disinterested eloquence of this true-hearted Irishwoman.

Maria Edgeworth is no more. This is but a hasty offering cast upon her hearse. Around her urn will twine more costly wreaths, but there will be none presented with truer respect or more heartfelt devotion.

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